

FRANK LESLIE'S

MONTHLY.



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INDEX TO VOL. VII.

LITERATURE.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
A		How Gold Lace is Made	511	What Say the Clouds?	145
Arab Suffering and Courage	13	He Didn't Like It	512	Unbeloved	150
Adele Dupassier	17			The Best Gift	155
An Artist's Story, 97	193	I		The Legend of St. Christopher	160
Asses in the East	224	Idlewild	67	Hern Castle	161
Alpina Scenery	342	Interior of a Convent	80	The Three Kings	198
		Incidents of Frontier Life	310	The Blacksmith	216
		Iceberg, The	549	The Returned Letters	225
B				The Listening Angel	287
Blow Hot—Blow Cold: A Love Story, 1	161	J		The Son-West	294
Bull's Blood as Poison	207	Jefferson's Rock	135	Dreamland	338
Bee in the Bonnet, The	218			The Sea Bird	343
Boa Constrictor Shooting	223	L		Dark Gordon's Bride	400
Brutus	236	Last of the Abbés, The	24	A Secret	408
Buried Alive	306	Lost Diamond, The	55	Life and Love	433
Butterflies and Soap Bubbles	356	Living in Part of a House	79	Elfin Meadows	449
Bringing of Gold from Ophir to King Solomon, The	514	Large Oaks	399	Faces in the Fire	507
Pegone Days	545	Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	417	The Diver—A Ballad	513
		Lady of Lyndhurst Hall, The	447	Myrtilla	529
C				The Fireside	537
Cassell, John	73	M		Two Twilights—Morning—Evening	544
Carlyon's Vacation	117	My Last Hunt	28	A Score of Years Ago	545
Coronation of Hugh Capet, The	209	My First Love and My Last	60	R	
Castle of Lowenthal, The	213	Makona, The	139	Russian Fair, A	71
Cabinet of the Sixteenth Century	367	My Cousin Clare	148	Reptiles and Insects in the Orinoco	239
Country Post Office, The	411	Mr. Traddles' Tale	153	Rhodes	337
Captain Thomas	438	Major André's Watch	207		
		Masked Ball, The	225	S	
D		Maiden's May, The	243	Sculptor's Love, The	22
Duel with Swords, A	133	Madame Prudence, 257	289	Ships Embedded in the Earth	72
Devil's Looking Glass, The	136	Mrs. Haddock's Hairpins	263	Strange Land in Central America, A	113
Disappointment Hall	145	Modern Buccaneering	321	Spirit Painting	150
Death Warrant, The	202	Moth, The	353	Science of Matrimony, The	294
Donkeyshoe Militia, The	226	Myself and Alice Fulton	401	Soirée Artistique, A	309
Divining Rod, The	249	Mary in Haste and Repent at Leisure	507	Snail Supper, A	318
Design for a Monumental Museum	255	Marrying an Ideal	529	Sprig of Wild Thyme, The	429
Divorce a Vinculo; or, the Wrongs of an English Husband	495	Maude Herapath—Founded on Fact	540	Story of the Volunteer Ball, A	443
		Marriage and Style of Living	554	Sole Survivor of the Battle of Bunker Hill, The	456
E		N		Salutation	536
Eastern Magnificence	72	Notes on Ornamental Flower Culture, 47, 170	265	Somnambulism	544
Editorial Gossip, 74, 172, 268, 363, 460	555	New Method of Dissection, A	79	Surprising Funeral, A	554
Extraordinary Shot	79	Napoleon at the Tomb of Frederick the Great	158	T	
Effect of Music on Sheep, The	543	Noctuary of Terror, A	433	Three Creole Queens, The	49
		O		Tom Langley's Visitors	209
F		Oddities of Great Men, 8, 9, 110	206	Two Scenes in the Life of a Picture	252
Francisco de Medicis	33	Our Pets	40	Tenants at No. 27	344
First Inhabitants of Switzerland, The	39	Order of Isaacar, 51	129	Thrilling Adventure, A	415
Flogging Round the Fleet	358	Old Man's Memories, An	332	To Our Readers	481
Friendly Visit, A	369	Otterburn, the Painter	338	Temper	521
Fair Incendiary, The	432	Our Travelling Inspector	397	The Tailor's Birthday; or, what came from Putting off a Pleasure Trip	524
		Old Player's Story, The	404	U	
G		Our Cottage near Limerick	441	Unwelcome Monitor, The	457
Greek Mariner, The	69	Our School	537		
Gate of Royal Library at the Louvre	320	Our Young Minister. By Martha Haines Butt, M. A.	548	V	
Governess, The	336			Very Imprudent	30
Gentility and Vulgarity	352	P		Valley of Souls, The	200
"Give a Dog a Bad Name and—"	385	Pitcairn Islanders, The	420	Virgin and Child	305
Gluttons	526	Portuguese Superstition	432	Vicar's Daughter, The	449
		Prophecy, The	514	Verona Brent; or, the Wayward Course of Love	482
H		Poetry—		W	
Hasheesh	11	Sir Isaac Newton's Tobacco-Stopper	8	Willis, Nathaniel Parker	67
How I Told My Love	14	My Heart and I	17	Waking of the Birds, The	247
Hepn Revisited—also Miss Emma	155	Six of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other	32	Winking Consent	354
Humboldt, Alexander Von	241	Life's Teachings	39	Wanted—A Diamond Ring	409
Haunted Horseman, The	248	The Three Maidens	144	Wren's Nest, The	519
Head-Master's Sister, The	348				
Hand of Glory, The	421				

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ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
A		H		P	
An Artist's Story :		The General's Patronage . . .	392	Vice-Chancellor Shadwell's Hydro-	108
M. Boyno recalls Italy and Youth . .	97	Cecil and Lily Thornton . . .	393	pathic Injunction . . .	
Brocklebanke's Interview with the				Rowland Hill and the Refractory	109
Countess . . .	104			Servants . . .	
M. Boyno speaks a Few Words . . .	105			Our Pets :	40
Asses in the East . . .	224	H		Owls . . .	41
Assassination, The . . .	225	Hern Castle . . .	161	Victor and Prisoners . . .	41
A Score of Years Ago . . .	545	Hunted Horseman, The . . .	248	After the Battle . . .	44
		Hand of Glory, The : . .	421	The Protegé . . .	45
		Simon Gogo and the Conjuror . .	424	The Raven's Nest . . .	
		The Duel . . .	424	Ox Cart used by Mexicans in Harvest	112
B		Master Cornichon's Servants seize	425	Time . . .	117
Blow Hot—Blow Cold :		Simon Gogo . . .		On the way to Monkstone Manor . .	
A Mother's Recognition . . .	1			Old Uncle Ralph Farnham's Portrait	456
Gathering Shadows . . .	4			and Residence . . .	
Bal Masque, The . . .	17				
Butler Ward acts the Gallant . . .	145	I			
Blacksmith, The : . .		Idlewild, the Residence of N. P. Willis	65		
The Concealed Firearms . . .	216	Incidents of Frontier Life : . .		P	
The Traitor's Death . . .	217	Winkle aroused from his Reverie . .	310	Professor Longfellow : . .	416
Brutus and his Neighbors . . .	237	Perry Winkle, Whistling Ben and the	311	Residence at Nahant . . .	417
Baron Von Humboldt, The Late : . .		Indian Chasing the Wolf . . .	312	Portrait . . .	
In his Study at Berlin . . .	240	Winkle Dismounted . . .	313		
Portrait . . .	241	Sleepy Bet wishes to take Boat . .	316	R	
Bringing the Gold of Ophir to King	512	A Murderer Lynched by Californian		Robber's Revenge, The . . .	153
Solomon . . .		Emigrants . . .	316	Rosa Matilda at the Piano . . .	440
		Iceberg, The : . .			
C		The Baby was lying in a Cradle by	552		
Coronation of Hugh Capet . . .	203	the Fire . . .	552	S	
City of Rhodes, The . . .	337	Sketch of the Berg . . .	552	Sunrise—The Fisherman's Haunt . .	16
Cabinet of the Sixteenth Century . .	368			Six of One and Half a Dozen of the	32
Conviction of the Approver . . .	441	J		Other . . .	
Coast Scene . . .	528	John Cassell . . .	76	Strange Land in Central America, A :	
Comic Pages :		Jefferson's Rock : . .	128	Sacrificial Stone; Hunting the Leap-	113
Mr. Yellowglove takes his Cousins for		Lower View . . .	129	ard . . .	120
for a Pleasant Row on the Hudson,		Upper View . . .	129	Indian Tombs . . .	121
79 . . .	175			Cavern for Worship . . .	152
Household Proverbs, 283 . . .	384	L		Spirit Painting . . .	
How Snoodles got a College Educa-	464	Last of the Abbés, The : . .	24	Science of Matrimony, The : . .	296
tion, 463 . . .	464	The Dejeuner . . .	25	The Wandering Jew . . .	297
The Boarding-School Miss—Course of	559	A Sad Adieu . . .	160	A Glimpse at the G. C. Club . .	300
Education . . .		Legend of St. Christopher, The . .	193	The Wandering Jew Dancing . .	301
		Last Embrace, The . . .	520	Surprised by his Wife . . .	408
		Lady Rosstrevor and Lady Maude at the		Secret, A . . .	
D		Opera . . .			
Duel with Swords . . .	153			T	
Devil's Looking-Glass, The : . .		M		Three Creole Queens, The : . .	
Beelzebub sees himself in a Mirror . .	136	My Last Hunt : . .		The Empress Josephine, Madame de	49
Celeste reading Poetry to Robert . .	137	The Panther Leap—Frightful Preci-	28	Maintenon, the Sultana . . .	
Donkeyshire Militia, The : . .		pice . . .	29	Scarron at his Window seeing Mme.	53
The Marquis's Arms . . .	232	Descent to the Rescue . . .	204	d'Aubigné . . .	
Going to the Archery Meeting . . .	233	Major André's Watch . . .	257	The Old Negress telling the Fortune	56
Design for a Monumental Museum . .	256	Madame Prudence : . .		of Mdle. de Rivery . . .	
Dark Gordon's Bride . . .	400	In the Public-House . . .	289	Phemie predicting the Coronation of	57
Divorce a Vinculo : . .		Madame astonishes M. Brillat . .	321	Josephine . . .	144
Injured British Matrons at the Divorce	496	Modern-Buccaneering : . .		Three Maidens, The . . .	
Court . . .	497	The Southern Cross . . .	321	Tenants at No. 27 : . .	
Mrs. Barber visits the Divorce Milli-	497	Fred Manning restores the Lost Jewel	324	Captain Luard, his Daughter and Ser-	344
ner . . .	497	View of Panama from the Battery . .	325	vant . . .	
Cupid and the Barrister . . .	501	View of the Old Battery of Panama . .	328	Welford and Carry at her Father's	345
Dr. Dodge and Counsellor Lamb ex-	502	Mr. Shellback makes Love to the	329	Grave . . .	520
amining Mrs. Barber . . .	504	Duenna . . .	353	This Little Sketch tells all . . .	
Dr. Dodge . . .	505	Elopement of Fred and Clara . .			
The Prosecutor's View of the Outrage	513	Moth, The . . .		U	
The Defendant's Explanation of the		Marrying an Ideal : . .		Unpleasant Encounter . . .	209
Case . . .	513	Jonah Quogg, Office Boy of Dr. Gay	529		
Diver, The—Schiller's Ballad of . .	513	Dr. Gay is introduced to the Ship-	536	V	
		Chandler's Daughter . . .	537	Valley of Souls, The : . .	
E		Captain Toolypse discovers a Long-		The Goddess Sheetala announcing the	200
Elfe Meadows . . .	449	lost Daughter . . .		Decree of Brahma . . .	201
				The Girl of Patna accepting her Des-	305
				tiny . . .	
F				Virgin and Child . . .	
Francisco de Medicis and the Greek	33	N		Verona Brent : . .	
Philosophers . . .		Nathaniel Parker Willis . . .	65	The Inn of the Flying Horse at Stoke-	431
		Noctuary of Terror, A : . .	432	Dorne . . .	
G		The Corpse in the Dissecting Room . .	433	Mrs. Gower telling Dr. Thornton of the	488
Goldsmith and his Peach Blossom Coat	203	The Ghost in the Churchyard . .		Sick Lady . . .	489
Gate of the Old Royal Library at the	320			The Chase at Brent Moodna, near	
Louvre . . .	320			Stoke-Dorne . . .	
Give a Dog a Bad Name : . .		O			
General Glamour's Bespeak is Pla-	385	Oddities of Great Men : . .	8	W	
carded . . .		Sir Isaac Newton's Tobacco-Stopper-	9	Waking of the Birds, The . . .	272
		Stewart and Mackintosh balancing		Wanted—a Diamond Ring . . .	409
		Peacock's Feathers . . .			

GAZETTE OF FASHION.

LITERATURE.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
B		F		P	
Buffalo Hunt, A - - -	283	French's Conical Washing Machine -	96	Pews in Churches -	91
C		G		Porcelain Tea Set -	478
Curious Castle, A - - -	190	Growing Old Happily -	95	Prince's Ball, The -	568
Cromwell, Richard - - -	191	Gentlemen's and Boys' Fashions, 478 -	568	R	
Clouds and Sunshine - - -	379	Glories of War, The - - -	479	Review of Fashions, 83, 178, 275, 374, 474, 562	
D		Glassware - - -	565	Remarkable Dream, A - - -	94
Description of Colored Fashion Plates:		I		S	
85, 179, 279, 377, 475 - - -	565	Instructions for Enlarging Diagram -	568	Styles for the Month, 84, 179, 278, 375, 474, 565	
Description of Fashions, 86, 179, 279, 475, 565		L		Shawl Mantelet - - -	92
Description of Needlework, 86, 179, 280, 378, -	475	Leaves for the Little Ones - - -	87	W	
Directions for Enlarging Pattern of Zouave Jacket - - -	478	Love Secret, The - - -	187	What to Buy, and Where to Buy it, 81, 177, 273, 369, 465	
Diagram of Boy's Renfrew Jacket - - -	568	M		Whole Art of Tatting - - -	571
E		Mysterious Warning, The - - -	183		
Epaulette Waist - - -	568	N			
		Notice to Lady Subscribers, 95, 182, 383, 478			

ENGRAVINGS.

A		L	
Aprons, Two - - -	84	Lappet in Swiss Lace - - -	92
Art of Tatting, The - - -	572	Linen Work - - -	188
B		Lady's Necktie and Band - - -	281
Bonnets, Three - - -	273	Lady's Necktie, Chemisette and Warm Cuff - - -	284
Band of Embroidered Cushion - - -	285	M	
Bonnets, Three - - -	465	Mitt in Maltese Netting - - -	381
Braided Mat or D'Oyley, and Embroidered Name - - -	476	N	
C		Names in Embroidery - - -	188, 189
Colored Frontispieces, 1, 93, 193, 289, 385 - - -	481	Napkin Ring in Beadwork - - -	373
Carriage Toilet - - -	88	Netted Whatnot - - -	480
Centre of Card Basket in Application - - -	89	P	
Card or Work Basket - - -	192	Pincushion in Berlin Work - - -	285
Cover for Music Stool in Crochet - - -	376	Porcelain Tea Set - - -	468
Chemisette for Zouave Jacket - - -	284	Pattern for Boy's Renfrew Coat - - -	569
Collar and Cuff in Embroidery - - -	373	Pattern for Epaulette Waist - - -	570
Cover for a Music Stool or Work Basket - - -	377	S	
Coat and Jacket - - -	468	Shawl Mantelet - - -	81
Cloak and Two Bonnets - - -	561	Scarf Mantelet - - -	281
D		Section of Carriage Blanket - - -	285
Dress Braided with Passementerie - - -	88	Scarf and Section - - -	472
Designs for an Embroidered Sofa Cushion, 180 - - -	181	T	
Duchess Toilet Cushion in Crochet, The - - -	185	Tidy or Pillow Cover - - -	96
Design in Square Crochet for a Tidy - - -	277	W	
Design for Patchwork - - -	372	Walking Costume - - -	280
		Work or Handkerchief Bag - - -	369
F			
Design for Braiding Slipper - - -	373		
Design for a Napkin Ring - - -	472		
Dressing Robe and Boy's Zouave Suit - - -	564		
Dresses Worn at the Ball given to the Prince of Wales in New York, 566 - - -	567		
E			
Embroidered Sofa Cushion - - -	88		
Embroidery for a Skirt - - -	189		
Embroidery for Skirt Trimmings - - -	376		
Embroidered Cross and Fringe - - -	469		
End of Imperatrice Cravat and Embroidered Name - - -	477		
F			
Front of a Braided Shoe - - -	89		
French's Conical Washing Machine - - -	96		
Full Length Visiting Toilet - - -	184		
G			
Girdle - - -	85		
Glove Band of Black Velvet - - -	284		
Glassware - - -	564		
H			
Holly Berry Collar in Swiss Lace - - -	177		
Head-Dress - - -	276		
I			
Initial Letters - - -	93, 380		



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BLOW HOT—BLOW COLD: A LOVE STORY.

BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

CHAPTER VII.—FULL OF CHARMING EXAMPLES OF RAPID LOVE.

Oh! so happy! so completely happy! both of them, poor things—he such a devoted husband, she such a perfect, amiable wife. To any one fond of such delicious scenes of intoxicating domestic bliss, it would have been a great treat to watch this affectionate couple. They quite forgot the earth and its inhabitants. They even forgot me. With pain I write it; my society was no longer wanted. I was neglected—treated with rude oblivion; in fact, it was evident I was in the way. After all I had done to help them both! Dear! dear! It is a funny world.

Often did I meet the waiter carrying to madame's apartments elegant little luncheons, but no invitation came to me, though they must have heard me whistling in the passage. I was requested not to wait breakfast or dinner for them, which meant I was to live at my own expense on such food as I could afford, whilst they sat down to positive feasts. Is it then to be wondered at that I did all I could to awaken them from their dreams of bliss, and humanise this selfish couple? I allowed them a honeymoon of three days,

To be candid, I was in a highly nervous condition lest that unmitigated scoundrel the Capitano Paolo should pounce down upon us. Such a rogue could have no sense of justice, and was just as likely to attack me as Alfred. I will admit that I was afraid to venture into the streets after dark. I fully expected the villain would creep up behind me and slash away at my poor back. It became evident that unless I could get these lovers away from Italy, my health would

suffer. I began to burn night-lights. I fancied I saw crouching forms in all dark corners, and trembled if my curtains moved in the draught from the windows. My only object in visiting Rome was, of course, to amuse myself, so why stay there to be miserable.

I hit upon a very clever scheme for effecting my purpose. I sent for Alfred and told him, putting on a look of great fear, that I had been followed all day long by a fellow in a thick cloak, who, however much I tried to escape him, stuck to me like a shadow. I pretended that this fellow was the bandit captain. He wanted to know what the man's face was like, but I escaped the difficulty by saying that his features were concealed under the broad rim of his hat. The moment Alfred appeared alarmed, I warned him of Paolo's only, could he have one, object in coming to Rome, namely, to avenge himself on the lovely Rosa; and I entreated him, for her sake, to fly Italy.



A MOTHER'S RECOGNITION.

Leaving him to his thoughts, I next sought out the lady, and, after favoring her with the very same story, I implored her, unless she wished to see Alfred fall a victim to the robber's jealousy, to make for Paris (I had not seen that elegant city) with all speed. The next day we started.

And a very insipid journey I had. I made up my mind at the time that nothing on earth should again induce me to travel with a sentimental love-sick couple. Such pretty attentions, so tender and useless. They were not comfortable unless they were holding each other's dear hand. It positively disgusted me to notice the way in which they would stare into one another's eyes for half an hour at a stretch. The people on the steamer must have laughed at them. Every puff of wind was an excuse for arranging dear Rosa's shawls and cloaks. His inquiries after her health nearly made me feel ill, and as he asked her about every two minutes whether she was fatigued, the wonder is how she found the strength to answer him. Their greatest enjoyment was to creep into some secluded corner where she could rest her head on his shoulder, whilst he supported her with his arm round her waist. If ever I approached them, it amused me wonderfully to see the earnest important way in which he ordered me not to speak or make the least noise for fear of disturbing his darling's slumbers. I wonder he didn't insist upon having the engines muffled. I left them to their own ideas of enjoyment, and delivered myself up to hearty feeding and strengthening nature with copious refreshments.

The worst of these sweet lovers is, their unbounded selfishness. By jingo, sir, they'll work you like a footman if you are fool enough to give their whims full scope. Whilst that lazy Alfred was simpering with his adored, I was made to look after the luggage, rush about for carriages, engage apartments, chapeau bills, or abuse porters, carry trunks, and, in fact, do a courier's duty, whilst he, when my labors were ended, stepped into the comfort, and never turned a hair with the slightest exertion. But mark me, though I slaved, I was not to enjoy myself. I must give up all my pleasures. My cigar oppressed dear Rosa. My glass of greg was unpoetical and offensive. My chair must be pushed back that the darling's couch might be nearer the fire. When the train arrived at a station I must sacrifice my miserable five minutes, the only opportunity I might have perhaps for hours of restoring my system with a few creature comforts, that I might dance attendance on the interesting pair, fetching for them fruits, cakes, or other delicate lovers' food; and, as a climax, I was asked to carry shawls! To be expected to imitate his tenderness and anxiety, and put on a despairing look if Rosa was pale, or appear distracted if Rosa could not eat her dinner. Rubbish! the girl was as strong as I was, and to make such an absurd fuss about her was most ridiculous and insulting—especially as I knew all about her private history.

I so lost my patience with them, that the moment we reached Paris, I left them to enjoy themselves after their own moony, lackadaisical fashion, and excepting at dinner time never bothered them with my society. The cafés, the public gardens, the picture galleries were more to my taste than their insipid fondling. I preferred studying French life and character as seen on the Boulevards. Under the cool awning of the café, with my small decanter of excellent brandy by my side and plenty of iced water within reach, I, as I smoked a big but pleasantly soft cigar, took notes of that amusing and strange people. Or amid the fairy groves of the gardens of Mabilly, or the illuminated walks of the Château des Fleurs, I sauntered about hunting for character. I philosophised over the nation. Their wines I like and their boots are excellent. The cooking is agreeable, but too easily digested for a man of limited means.

As the time drew near for our starting for London, I noticed that Alfred's high spirits left him, and the calm contented expression of the happy lover was changed into the unmistakably anxious look of a man in difficulties. Poor boy! I could follow every thought that passed through his brain. As he sat examining his nails and biting his lips, I knew why he frowned and fidgeted. He would soon have to face the terrible madam and render up the account of his past conduct. That little interview would have to be endured. How was he to break to her the news that he had brought home with him a Mrs. Alfred? It was, to be frank, a dangerous and bothering undertaking. I

could see he was dying to consult me, but was too proud to acknowledge himself afraid of the old lady or confess that he had behaved recklessly in taking unto himself a wife.

How he did sneak round me to be sure, and pet and coax before he could take me into his confidence. He bought me a handsome box for my cigars and a very elegant watch-chain and charms. It was like old times come again. Could I help giving way before such expensive attentions? I am human, my dear friends. It was finally agreed that on a certain morning we were to leave Rosa at home and breakfast together. Not one of your dry toast and weak tea meals, but a noble one o'clock repast, at an open window of the café Riche, with oysters and chablis, with meats made aromatic with truffles and wines that perfumed the air. I had the ordering of that breakfast, and trust me, when money is no object, which means when I do not pay the bill, for ferreting out a delicacy. He watched my face until he saw it completely under the influence of the rapturous diet, and then, after beating about the bush a little, he introduced the subject for my consideration.

We should soon be back in London, he said, in just such a tone as men assume when they talk about bills falling due. I answered "Yes, confound it," or something to that effect, for I was merely a passive listener waiting for the facts of the case to be stated.

"I wonder if the madam will be glad to see me," he pensively remarked.

"Of course she will! she dotes on you," I replied, with pointed emphasis on the you.

That made him cough. "Do you mean she will behave rudely to Rosa?" he asked.

"My good Alfred," I said, laughing; "who ever said the madam would or could behave rudely? It isn't in her. But she'll be so brutally civil, the poor girl's heart will break."

"Don't you think Rosa's pretty face will melt the old lady?" he inquired, "when I tell her I owe my life to that lovely creature, don't you think her motherly gratitude will pardon my little wife's humble descent?"

Who could help smiling? "Dear old enthusiastic fellow," I cried, "you judge all the world by your own generous impulses. If you were to plead your case before a jury of men, no doubt Mrs. Berthold's heavenly countenance would insure you a favorable verdict. But what do old ladies care for pretty faces? They stick out for noble descents—the fine rich scrofulous old English blood. Your wife might have been small-poxed; her face might be dented like an old warming-pan, so long as her settlements were satisfactory and she could brag of a duchess in her back generations."

"You are making out my mother to be simply a fool," he objected.

"If I am, I make a great mistake then," I answered. "She is the shrewdest, cleverest party I know. All I try to prove is, that she will not go into raptures when you introduce her to Mrs. Alfred."

That was pat and downright. He turned white, and began to roll up his bread into pellets. "What do you think I had better do?" was the next question.

I knew what he wanted me to say, so I said it. "If I were you," I advised him, "I should keep my marriage secret for a little time, and by degrees, break it to the madam. See if you cannot fall dangerously ill, and confess to her on your sick bed; or threaten to blow your brains out, if you like. That is the easiest method I can think of for extorting her forgiveness."

He drew himself up grandly, and said, in an insulted voice, "You talk as if I were ashamed of my wife, sir." I shrugged my shoulders, as much as to say "You know what I mean." After a moment's silence, I added, "If you prefer it, you can go upon the other tack and defy the consequences. I dare say the madam will rave a little, but she must give way after a time, I suppose; she may refuse to see your wife to her dying hour, and that sort of thing. If I were you, I tell you frankly, I should manoeuvre and trust to art."

He saw it was no use trying to deceive me, and growing calm, he said, as if addressing his wife, "Unfortunate girl, I am afraid I have dragged her into misery. It will break her heart if my mother should receive her unkindly. You see, old boy, I very foolishly deceived my Rosa as to the madam's character.

I made out that the fondest welcome awaited her at our house. It's awkward, isn't it? What shall we do?"

I thought it would come to that "What shall we do?" Wm! As if I had anything to care for. She wasn't my wife! I hadn't married a fruit girl! Yet, if any dirty work was to be done, I must be dragged into the job. Well, well! I never could refuse a helping hand. I undertook to break the evil tidings to Rosa and manage for the best.

She had noticed that Alfred was dejected, and had been wondering for the reason. The instant I touched upon the matter she bristled up and became all curiosity and attention. I merely enlightened her as to the kind of lady she had for a mother-in-law, observing that she was the proudest, most offensive and absurd old woman I had ever tried to avoid, and warned her that she must prepare for a terrible scene when she arrived in London. Instead of replying, she settled into a sulky silence. Not a word did she utter beyond "My poor husband." So I left off.

Presently Alfred entered. When he stooped down to kiss her forehead she took his head between her little hands and forced him to kneel by her side. Whilst caressing him and pushing the thick hair from his temples, she began to whimper and sigh, and call him her "generous, good husband." Why had he deceived her? Why had he not told her the truth? Was it not cruel to force her to be her dear Alfred's ruin! O that she was dead! But she would die! Yes! her Alfred should be free, and no longer be afraid to meet his mother because of the poor Italian girl that loved him.

It was a wonder he did not suffocate Rosa, for he put his hand before her mouth to prevent her reproaching him, all the while pressing her to his bosom with his powerful arm. "Pure, beautiful angel," he cried, "I love you better than all—mother, friends, everybody. I did deceive you, or rather I deceived myself. I imagined nobody could see your pretty face and blame me for my love. But we will find courage to face all our troubles. You are my dear wife, and that is all I want to make me happy. I was frightened lest they should say cruel things to you, dearest, and pain you, darling. I was a coward and mean. I wished to prepare the way before I said to my mother 'I have a wife.'"

"What need is there to say so at all?" was her simple reply. She was a wonderfully natural obedient child.

Alfred was taken aback. He did not see one making signs to him to close the bargain. He seemed ashamed and crestfallen. "My wife must be acknowledged openly, and share with me for good or evil. I must not treat her as if I was ashamed of her and repented my choice," he answered. I could have flogged him.

"Why distress your mother for such selfish reasons," she rejoined, "we are married, are we not? We know it; God knows it; what further testimony do we require?"

Thus did this singular creature argue against herself, persuading us into keeping the marriage secret. Alfred wept over her and called her by every flattering name he could think of; and vowed that before a month was over his mother should herself fetch her in the grand state family coach, and escort her to the family drawing-room. I rejoiced mightily in the settlement of this vexatious question, for most certainly I should have had notice to quit had this confounded marriage come suddenly to the madam's ears.

The next question for private discussion between myself and Alfred was, what was to be done with Rosa during her concealment? Now I have an uncle, a worthy and fine-looking man (if he would shave oftener) of limited income, but extended liabilities, who lives at St. John's Wood, where he carries on the business of a coal agent. He is also connected with the corn market—when he gets orders. His office is on one side of the house, and was, I am told, formerly the scullery. According to his brass plate, he is also agent for three life insurance companies. But despite the number of irons he keeps in the fire, I doubt if he makes a very good thing out of his profession. I know the milkman was saucy the day I took tea with them. Besides, his office bell is broken; the almanac over the fireplace is five years old, and he has burnt up all the samples of coal blocks left with him for exhibition. His name is Sadgrove—Jabez Sadgrove—a name which, in the city, I believe, is not much respected, commercially speaking.

This uncle once lent me his name in a bill transaction, and I owed him a good turn. His drawing-rooms had never been furnished, and it occurred to me that Rosa would make a profitable lodger. My aunt Ruth was a good careful body, with a bleak nose and long wrinkled throat, who was well able to protect the lovely girl, if any impertinent wretch should dare annoy her first-floor lodger. I pointed out to Alfred all the advantages of such, as a home for his wife. How secluded! How quiet! How nicely everything could be arranged.

I took him to my uncle's and introduced him to my aunt, and he was shown the drawing-room. He did not seem favorably disposed towards either the dwelling or my relations. I will admit the house was a little out of order. The want of oil-cloth in the passage and the absence of carpeting on the stairs, the wonderful accumulation of dirty marks around the door handles, coupled with the fact of a few of the bannister rails being missing, to say nothing of the wild uncultivated condition of both front and back garden, or the green-house being in ruins, gave a dissolute insolvent appearance to the otherwise desirable residence. He declined the offer, saying that for the present he intended staying at some family hotel.

So we tried the hotel. A room was engaged for me as a sort of companion to the little wife. She had a splendid suite of rooms. He informed the landlord that the lady was his wife, and tried to explain that his business would very often take him away from her society; indeed, he entered into a variety of particulars which would have been much better unsaid, for they only excited suspicion and mistrust. It was thoroughly stupid and thoughtlessly absurd to touch upon the matter at all; considering that Alfred Berthold was well remembered by every waiter in the establishment, as one of the richest and wildest young fellows about town, and the story of the lovely Italian wife was, to their fancy, too old a trick for them to believe it. The landlady was almost rude to us the very first time we had occasion to speak with her.

The result was, the mistress talked scandal, and told her husband her house would lose its character; the waiters chatted with the dashing young fellows who had seen the pretty Rosa at her window, and had a thousand questions to ask concerning her. There was a vast deal of looking, knowing and saying mysterious things. My good little Rosa's character had to suffer from many unkind and vulgar insinuations. Indeed, every gentleman of any pretension about the house became inspired to carry off the beauty. The ignoble idiots began to smoke their cigars, walking up and down the pavement facing our apartments. If I scowled at them, they stared back at me with the greatest unconcern. The moment the rooms adjoining ours were unoccupied, a fellow with a pretty ladylike moustache took them, and passed the day lolling from his windows staring towards our balcony, in the hopes that Rosa's head might peep forth. Directly our door opened he rushed to his, and many a time did we stand face to face, I in a frenzy of indignation, he scanning me with the coolest and most consummate impudence. It was a delicate matter to mention to Alfred, and I held back as long as I could; for my life I dare not quit the girl.

By degrees the news got into the club-rooms that Alfred Berthold had returned to England, bringing with him the prettiest creature it was possible to conceive. The rheumatic old beaux, the gouty wine-soaked old lady-killers, when they met Alfred, began to joke him about his "little tots" and "pretty puss," trying to draw him out and induce him to brag (as they would have done). But he frowned them down, and then escaped from their cross-examinations. Once, in his indignation, he had the courage to assert to a gay old rip who was joking him, that the lady in question was his wife; but the remark was received by the dashing Methuselah with shouts of laughter, and it was agreed that Berthold was a confounded knowing fox, and as jealous as a Turk.

It ended by the listless, neatly got-up dandy in the next room taking it into his head to rap at our wall and sing Italian love songs outside our door. One day Alfred had the honor of listening to the serenade. There was no mistake about the fellow's intentions; for he had wormed out from the chamber-maid or somebody else that the stranger's name was Rosa, and he used it at the end of every line in the poem. My dear Alfred sprang from his chair, a steam-engine of boiling rage, and before I could stop him he was driving the minstrel before



him in unmistakable flight. Then came the hubbub—a regular scene. He requested an instant interview with the landlord, and had the double honor of meeting the landlady as well as the lord. Very much excited, he requested to be informed how it was that a lady staying at the hotel was subjected to the drunken insults of the other inmates. The landlady, a very fierce female, smiled when Alfred called dear Rosa a lady. She further added, that if ladies chose to encourage the attentions of strange gentlemen, they had nothing to complain of that she could see. She accused the dear girl of passing hours with her head out of window, for the men to stare at her; and when Alfred stormed and raved, she dared him to show his marriage certificate—dared him to take his “wife” to his mother’s house, and wound up by ordering him to leave the hotel on the morrow.

My good Alfred—brave, generous friend—would I had been there to help you. He limped back to our room, a broken-hearted, spiritless man. When Rosa kissed him and inquired why he looked so pale and sighed so mournfully, he looked sadly into her beautiful face and asked her to forgive him the great injury he had caused her. The dear boy’s voice trembled, and he spoke with a thick tongue as he told her he had been a coward not to acknowledge before men that which he had not feared to do before his God; and now, he told her, he was being punished for his weakness, until his heart was sore and well nigh broken. It moved me very much to listen to him, there was such melancholy and contrite earnestness in his words; it fastened my love to him with a strong double knot.

We left that hotel and tried another. For a time we lived in peace and quietly enjoyed ourselves. He never left his bride for longer than an hour or so. He became more affectionate than ever, and as tenderly careful of her comforts as if he had been nursing her back to health after a long sickness. Good little girl that she was, though he kept her almost a prisoner in her room, she never once grumbled or longed to go shop and sight-seeing. It was not from jealousy that he locked her up, though it looked like it, but from a dread of her meeting with insult. Occasionally at twilight he would take her for a stroll, her face hidden under a heavy lace veil; but all the time he was in a state of great anxiety, and looked about him to see if they were followed; indeed he gave me the notion that he expected insults and was prepared to punish them. Sometimes

he would say to me, “I wish Rosa was not so pretty; I am sure I should love her as well, and what uneasiness we both should escape.” To which I usually replied, “Stupid man! Because everybody thinks you the luckiest fellow in the world you actually want to throw away your treasure. Why complain because Rosa is Rosa?”

Whilst Alfred was leading this retired hotel existence, the madam fired up with indignation that after his long absence on the Continent her son should so soon desert her. The first time Alfred went to his club he found five scolding letters awaiting him, each more and more violent than the preceding one, so that the last effusion was dangerous to read, so explosive were the angry reproaches. The old lady had been puzzling her clever head to account for her son’s laches. She instinctively came to the conclusion that he must be under the fascinating

influence of some evil woman who lured him from his duties. (Unfortunate little wife, that was the way she spoke of you!) If she met any friend the first question she put was, whether he could give her any news of “her naughty boy.” But although the story of the pretty Italian girl was very generally known by both the men and women of the Berthold set, yet nobody had the courage to repeat the scandal to the mother.

Men had joked and laughed together at the club, and wondered whether the girl was really as pretty as report made her out. They did not talk very respectfully of “the Italian woman” either; certainly not in such delicate language as Alfred would have wished to be used when his wife was the subject for discussion. Some of these gay old clubmen were married, and it was not very long before the scandal spread among the women. Then not a visit was paid by these fashionable ladies but nearly the first phrase was if “my dear had heard about Alfred Berthold and that horrid foreign creature!” Some tittered, others—those who had daughters—held up their hands in horror, and said it was a pity he was not married and settled. So it happened that nearly a thousand tongues were abusing this most innocent little Rosa, before mamma was allowed to add her outcries to the general chorus. She smiled very blandly when her turn at last came to listen to the slander, and appeared to treat the occurrence as a very ordinary event in a fashionable young gentleman’s town life, saying Alfred was a wicked boy, and she would scold him; and she trusted he would recover his wits some day and repent of his sad behavior. But at heart she was bubbling, boiling and fuming. She would have given a handful of sovereigns to have learnt her son’s hiding-place and to have been able to dash in upon him as he sat fondling his deary, and abash the jade to the very ground by flashing upon her a piercing look from her bright, cruel eyes. Yet there was not a more virtuous woman in Europe than my gentle, good Rosa, nor one less able to bear the evil words that were hourly aimed at her pretty head. Goodness gracious me! it was a thousand pities that Alfred had not the courage, when first he came to London, to call her “wife,” before he gave the world time to give her a worse title. Then he could only have been blamed for his imprudent marriage, and I cannot think that it would have caused him much regret; but now she had to endure the hard words and the insulting sneers; and, on my word, it was too bad to

subject her to the ignominy of being joked about by drunken coxcombs or hissed at by spiteful women.

It so fell out, that one day we grew bold at being left so quietly to ourselves, and it was determined we should venture abroad and let the little foreigner have a peep at wonderful London. It would do us all good. We would take Regent street on our way to Westminster Abbey, and show Rosa the handsome shops. The Tower, the river and Greenwich were to complete our day's sight-seeing. It was to be a regular jolly, happy day. The only drawback was that Rosa was obliged to wear her thick lace mask of a veil.

It was a pretty sight to watch the little woman and listen to her cries of wonder as we drove along. She was a perfect child, and gave full scope to her enjoyment, like a little girl after seeing a pantomime. "What a number of houses! How could the coachman remember all those streets? She never saw anything so beautiful as the parks! Why were there so many horses and carriages about?" These were some of the innocent remarks she passed, and we, happy to see her so happy, laughed as if she were the first joker going.

As I had expected, the finery of Regent street was too much for her. The shop fronts overcame her, and she so evidently longed to be as near the plate-glass as possible, that, at last, Alfred, remembering the lace veil was very thick, could not resist the temptation of seeing her enjoy herself. Silly fellow, he must have spent fifty pounds that morning. If she said a brooch was lovely, he bought it. Everything she admired was in a few minutes carried to her carriage, her paid for property, until really the number of parcels made it extremely inconvenient for sitting down, especially as they were always placed on the cushions on my side. The most curious circumstance of that morning's shopping was that Rosa did not, like most ladies, go into raptures over the costly silk dresses, the elegant bonnets or the expensive mantles, but the common printed cotton gowns, the fine linens and table damasks seemed to monopolise her admiration. She was a funny little body.

We were looking in at one of the large mercers' shops, she jabbering out in Italian her ecstasies of delight over some wonder marked fourpence halfpenny the yard, when I happened to look round (for, to be candid, Rosa was talking very loudly, and, you know, it does not require much novelty to attract a crowd in the London streets; so I was keeping watch, as it were). Well, I happened to turn round to gaze on a remarkably fine footman, with hair as nicely powdered as if he had just come off a plasterer's job, who was staring at Alfred as intently as wax-works. My eye seemed familiar with the man's dense whiskers; I beheld his velvet legs, and no longer doubted. One of the madam's menials stood before me! Of course his mistress could not be far off. My selfishness advised me to fly; my friendship forced me to remain, and warn my favorite pupil of his danger. To prevent a scene, and yet, if possible, hurry him, I pretended I had seen a man to whom I owed a heavy bill, and telling him I would meet him at the end of the street, I darted across the road, hoping he would follow me. Instead of that, he and Rosa sauntered onwards as leisurely as along a garden walk, she looking up into his face, and leaning, with clasped hands, affectionately on his arm; he, with his head bent down to hers, enjoying her pretty tattle, and as happy as Momus. As I watched them, I beheld the dreaded madam emerge from a shop and come plump upon her children. They were too occupied to notice her, but she recognised them in an instant. She drew herself proudly on one side to allow them to pass. Had she chosen she could have touched him with her parasol, but she was in full dignity, and declined to interfere with his open-day amours. The thoughtless girl had lifted her thick veil for a moment, but I perceived the madam did not get a good glimpse of her daughter-in-law's face, despite the piercing glance she shot at the bonnet. She watched the receding couple for a moment or so, and then, white with rage, entered her carriage.

All this I related to Alfred when he returned home from our agreeable dinner at Greenwich. I did not like to spoil his day with any unpleasantness, at least until the pleasure was over. Whilst he was thinking over what I told him, I obliged him with a few words of good, sound, common-sense advice.

"You will agree with me, my dear Alfred," I said, "that by keeping away from the madam you are not only getting your-

self into disgrace, but actually doing the greatest possible injury to Rosa, by making your mother hate her. There was no mistaking the look she sent after you both, I can assure you. If the madam is permitted to consider Rosa her unworthy rival in your affections, why, good-bye to all hopes of pardon. Now do follow my advice. Let me take the drawing-rooms at my aunt Sadgrove's place. Your pretty wife is safe there from all chance of annoyance. I shall always be near her to watch over her like a brother, and you will be at liberty to visit and conciliate the madam. Come, do be reasonable. I know the house is not at present fit to receive your wife; but a carpenter or two, a plasterer or so, the furniture and carpet men, will, in less than a week, convert the dirty rooms into a palace fit for an ambassador. She can amuse herself laying out the garden, and gain health and strength, whilst you are coaxing over the madam, and preparing the way for your wife's reception.

Thus I persuaded him into being my aunt's lodger. The next day I had taken the rooms on lease, and given my orders to the nearest carpenter. My only difficulty was in restraining the grasping, avaricious propensities of my confounded relations.

"I shall not give one penny more," I cried stubbornly, frowning at Mr. Jabez Sadgrove; "already you've got for your dirty rooms nearly double the rent you pay for the entire house."

"But Tom, dear," answered Mrs. Ruth Sadgrove, "think of the risk we run; you should remember this Italian woman is a Roman Catholic."

My aunt belongs to the Methodist flock, and sits under Reverend Bellows, at Napish Chapel.

CHAPTER VIII.—WIFE AND NO WIFE.



EAR aunt Sadgrove's dirty, greasy, tumble-down house was rapidly transformed into a magnificent, highly-painted, tastefully decorated, glittering dwelling, fit for the Grand Serag himself. I personally superintended the alterations, and, like a true artist, allowed the beautiful to have full play. I think I must have been intended for an architect. Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the grand fellows of the golden age, were architects as well as painters. It is born in us, sir. All we want is the chance. I am only waiting patiently for St. Paul's to be burned to the ground before I try my luck at a design.

Never was a house in such dismal repair as that blessed villa. The rats had gnawed it worse than a rabbit hutch; it was rusty and corroded. I condemned the kitchen stairs, as dangerous to life, especially when bringing up a heavy dinner-tray; and observing that the chimney-pots shook in the wind like leaves, I had them all taken down, and replaced by elegant Gothic crimson ones, that gave the roof quite the air of a *petit* Hampton Court.

I was much struck by the indefatigable energy displayed by my aunt Ruth in hunting after and bringing under my notice the million defects that disgraced the premises. I remembered that, when first Alfred visited her, she had solemnly and emphatically protested that there was not a better house than hers to be found in Great Britain or the colonies. But the moment she heard that Alfred was to pay for the alterations, she fell to abusing the rooms, sneering at the low ceilings, attacking the small windows, and down-crying the old-fashioned grates; so that, had I been base enough to listen to the cry of a blood relation instead of the voice of honor, I must have expended on her whims hundreds of Alfred's money. I could not convince the perverse old woman that a marble mantelpiece in her own sitting-room, although it might add to her own grandeur, would not in the least increase Rosa's comforts. As it was, I exceeded my limits in repapering my uncle's bedroom. The questions of fresh window curtains, throwing out a bay window, pulling up the drains, and building a more imposing coal office, I dismissed with a sarcasm that hit her like a stone.

Just to give you an idea of what good taste and judgment,

when well directed, will effect, I will mention that the entrance hall was decorated with fresco paintings, *à la Pompeii*, such as would have rejoiced the heart of brave old Cicero himself had he been spared to us. The drawing-room was a blaze of gilding. You could stand in the centre of the thick carpet and see yourself in six different looking-glasses, each varying the attitude, and allowing you to arrange every portion of your costume. I went in for the Louis Quatorze style of furniture, sobering it down with a few Cromwell chairs, and a charming pair of Queen Ann's card tables. The view from the back window, which commanded the knife-house and the dusthole, I shut out with painted glass. The ceiling was tinted a delicate rose blush, picked out with silver stars. What it wanted in height was compensated for by the delicacy and correctness with which the stars were manipulated. My aunt Ruth was so astonished by the completeness of the embellishments that she wanted to raise the rent.

Rosa was delighted when she took possession of her elegant rooms. Alfred, after a few remarks—which, to my mind, arose from jealousy—admitted that I had worked wonders. He insisted, however, on sending back the imitation stone statues which ornamented the shrubbery. But there certainly was no necessity for his comparing the garden to one of the New Road manufactories. The fine stag he laughed at was emerging—very prettily, it struck me—from a grove of promising little laurels; the four seasons were playfully guarding every corner of the building; winter being wittily placed next the coal office, and the huge squatting dog was very useful in concealing the door scraper—never at any time a pleasing object. But I allowed him to have his own way and send away these works of art, though I had of course to refund my commission, which, situated as I always am, was hard and inconvenient.

Directly Rosa was comfortably settled, Alfred was at liberty to return to his mother and make his peace with her. I was to live at my aunt's, and protect the little wife. I furnished of course at his expense, I was greatly affected by the earnest tenderness with which Alfred implored me to see that his wife lacked nothing that could add to her pleasures. He left everything, he said, in my hands. Poor boy! he could not have fixed upon a better guardian for his beloved. That very day I ordered in for the pretty Rosa a complete miniature cellar of wine and spirits. Nothing does a fretting, silly, fond wife, so much good as a glass of sound sherry.

"You will not leave me for long, dear Alfred," begged Rosa, when the moment for the first parting arrived, and Alfred stood brushing his hat, and looking as sad as transportation for life. "If I do not see you every day, your little wife will die."

"Could I live for a whole day without one kiss from darling Posey?" he answered in that tender, half-moaning, drawling voice peculiar to the deep affection. Posey is, in lover's language, "the fond" for Rosa. "Does my dearest think I can be happy away from her? Silly little wife! soon I will take her with me to see this mother, who frightens us so much. Then, nothing shall again part me from my little beauty. So, my Posey will be a good girl, eh? and will not talk of dying, eh?"

Poor things! They were both taken very bad. I thought, if they only knew how insipid this courting was to a third person, they would reserve it for their private interviews. Such baby nonsense irritates me. I call it indecent.

There was plenty to be done during Alfred's absence—indeed he was much better away. My little lady's education had to be repaired and finished off in the best guinea lesson style. First came the mistress who undertook to make good the faulty English, mend the pronunciation, and polish up the spelling. It took a month before the girl could speak her th's like a Britisher. Next came the mistress who presided over the piano, and formed the voice; and afterwards, the lady who belonged to the dancing profession had her innings—a very fine young woman, who was kind enough to glance at me out of the corners of her eyes when we met in the passage. Aunt Sadgrove, whilst the first music lesson was going on, called me into her room, and savagely inquired what all that noise meant. She also objected to the dancing, saying, she would not have her house turned into a casino, for all the foreign Roman Catholic women in the world. My method of subduing my aunt was simple and sure. I threatened to order our coals of some other

merchant, and deprive my uncle of his only customer. He had bought a penny memorandum book on purpose to keep the account, and talked largely of his growing connection, to say nothing of his palming off his guinea railway Silkstones at fabulous over prices. I was a hard thrust at her pride and income. They had often told me, that as soon as they could make a little show of business, they should either advertise for a monied partner, or sell the whole concern, and go as deep as they could into Roman cement and slates. So I had them both under my thumb.

Regularly as clockwork each day came Alfred, full of impatient love. The expectant Rosa knew the sound of his horse's hoofs, and before he could leap from his saddle, she was smiling on him from the door step, dressed in all her pretty ribbons and fallals to do honor to her lord. The first hug was on the door mat, the second under the hall lamp, and how many they partook of with closed doors this deponent knoweth not. I generally allowed them half an hour before I interrupted their delights.

It was understood between Alfred and myself that in Rosa's presence we should never discuss the question of the madam and the secret marriage. This was done to save her sorrow and disappointment. Whenever the anxious little woman asked if he brought her good news, he would call her an "impatient, naughty child," and say that it was merely a matter of time; that everything was going on capitally; that in the end all would be well; in fact, put her off with any commonplace remark. But presently Alfred would beckon me from the room, and retiring to my private apartment, he would give me the real state of the case. I remember the first of these consultations—the day after his return to the madam:

"Well! what did the old lady say?" I asked; "did she scold?"

"Not a bit of it," he answered; "seemed half crazy with joy at seeing me. We were friendly in a minute. Never said a word about my little wife. I cannot make it out."

Our next conversation was not quite so cheering. After dinner, the madam had said to him, in a careless, sly way, "Who was that lady I saw you walking with, Alfred, down Regent street—with a very thick, mysterious veil hiding her face?" He, with assumed indifference, replied, "A lady I was introduced to coming home." She, still checking her restlessness, added, "You should be more careful, my dear, or you will compromise this lady. You were making the most desperate love to the poor creature."

Pretending to laugh, he tried to turn the conversation, but the madam is a very perverse old general. "Is that the lady I have heard so much scandal about?" she asked.

"As she is a very amiable, virtuous woman, I shouldn't be at all surprised if she has been abused," was his cynical reply. After a time mamma wanted to know if this lady was married or single. He told her she was married. Then where was her husband? "In London," he informed her. "He must be a very strange man," muttered the madam, "to trust his wife so much to your care—a very strange man indeed!" She was evidently pleased to hear the lady was married. Little did that ambitious woman suspect that the "very strange man," the husband, was her own blessed son.

"I wish I had courage enough to tell my mother the whole truth, and risk the consequences," he cried, when he had finished his news; "I was nearly doing so more than once; I am such a coward! By Jove, I am allowing my dear little one to be talked of as a bad woman, because I am afraid to proclaim her honor and purity. It will be too late soon."

To celebrate her son's return, the madam gave a soirée, a first-rate, elegant turn-out, splendidly got up, with an awning reaching out over the pavement, and crimson carpeting across the footway. There were at least a dozen linkmen to roar out the titles of the invited. I was asked. The profusion of refreshments and the magnificence of the supper gave one a faint idea of what fairy land must be like. The music was quite as good as the promenade concerts. As for beautiful women! I can only compare them to a cargo of pineapples. It made me jealous of every man in the room, merely to gaze upon that delicate, heavenly, soft-looking, exquisitely jewelled mob of beauty. The ugliest girl there was a pretty woman. Such nights as those do indeed make a poor seedy chap like me feel

very lonely and discontented. I couldn't flirt with a barmaid for months after.

Of course Alfred was the king of the night; everybody had something pretty to say to him. The little dears positively ran after him with compliments. Isabel was there, looking up into his face with her deliciously melting eyes, and little dreaming that there was no chance of ever marrying him; Leonora was there, witty and fascinating as ever, calling him "wretch," and encouraging him to flirt. "Oh, Mr. Berthold! do tell me all about this beautiful Italian girl," she cried, skipping up to Alfred with graceful boldness; "everybody is talking about her, so you needn't make any secret of it with us. Is she so very beautiful?" The spiteful puss was, I suppose, jealous, and chose to punish her faithless admirer after her own disagreeable fashion. Half a dozen other young ladies, giddy little creatures, sprung from their seats, and, hemming in the unfortunate husband with a barricade of crinoline, joined their entreaties to Miss Leonora's. They made such a noise they quite attracted the attention of the company.

Alfred saw there was no escape for him, so he tried to frighten them away by looking serious. "She is very beautiful," he answered, gravely, scarcely knowing what to say, and yet thinking it would be utterly infamous to deny his wife. The madam was close by, listening. "How solemn! how tragic!" cried the Lady Leonora. "Do you love her so desperately as all that?" The other young ladies giggled.

"I love all things good and beautiful," he replied. The Lady L—seemed to wonder why, if that was the case, he did not love her. "How excessively romantic!" she said, with a half sneer. "I am sure you are keeping back some wonderful story of adventures. Is she a heroine? You must tell me that. I know she saved your life and all that sort of thing—that is perfectly understood."

"She did save my life!" he calmly replied. I saw the madam start and turn round suddenly towards her son, as he made this confession; but the other young ladies did not exactly know whether he was joking or talking truth. They all giggled little cries of surprise, and waited for him to tell them more.

I cannot say whether it was to test the character of this beautiful Italian girl, or whether Miss Leonora really meant what she said when she asked, "Will you introduce me to this lady? I should very much like to know her."

"I will ask her," he replied, "and if she consents I shall be delighted."

Alfred was evidently suffering, and she could not have helped noticing his emotion; but instead of releasing him from his embarrassment, she continued, in a playful, smirking manner, to question on, from revenge, I suppose. "Since introductions are so difficult, of course she is a lady of very high birth and noble parentage?"

"As noble as any in the room," he replied, almost grandly.

As I told him afterwards, such a chance of proclaiming his marriage would never occur again. He ought to have spoken it out like a brave man and defied the lot of them. I was almost tempted to forfeit my three hundred pounds and do it for him. A man has no right to hold back the truth when an innocent, helpless, pure creature is made the victim of his cowardice. That dear soul at home, sitting up so patiently for my return, that she might hear the last news of her loved husband and pester me with a thousand questions, that to her were all important, was less able to bear the evil chatter of the world than he, strong, burly man, backed up with gold and lands, to endure the mean comments that might be passed on an imprudent marriage. He was actually defaming her, that he might escape a sneer or so. He should have thought of all this, I say, before he made her Mrs. Berthold. He took her for his wife, a virtuous and noble girl, tested and proved—as he well knew; it was all she had for her marriage portion; yet, actually, this Alfred was permitting the world to rob her of the very qualities which in every decent person's opinion would be justification enough, and to spare, for what society would term the folly of an unequal match. Bless my heart, if he had dressed our dear Rosa up a little and stuck a few diamonds about her, he might have led her into his mother's drawing-room, and even the girls in the room would have fallen in love with the beautiful creature.

I waited at home all the next day, impatiently expecting Alfred, and longing to hear the sequel to the confessions forced upon him by that female torturer and head executioner, the Lady Leonora. As the daylight was failing, Rosa recognised the long-listened-for clatter of hoofs. The door was opened in a minute and both of us waiting to receive him. He had been riding hard, for the horse was steaming and its sides heaving as if it would burst the girths. Something was the matter—something serious had happened, for he was pale, and his dress very slovenly, as if the mind had been too much occupied to think of external appearances—in him a remarkable proof of singular excitement, for he was every inch of him a dandy. At the sight of Rosa, he plucked up a little heart, and fell to kissing her so fervently, that a thought crossed my mind that he had promised the madam to leave her and travel abroad. He quite forgot the street door was open, and that whilst he was embracing his wife his groom was staring at master; he apparently forgot everything, himself included, in the enjoyment of his embrace. If Rosa had not been there, I should have cried out, "Good heavens! Alfred, what has happened?" or some similar inquiry, so evident was his discomfiture.

When Rosa led the way to the drawing-room, expecting him to follow, he excused himself from following her, saying he must talk to me first alone, on business, dear, very important business. Lest she might pout and coax him from his intentions, he bounded up-stairs, taking from three to four at a time, and dashed into my bachelor's barracks.

He took off his hat and dashed it on the ground, knocking in one side beyond the reach of blocking or smoothing irons; a good hat, too. Whilst I was standing in perfect wonder to see the demure Alfred so uncontrollably excited, he said, in a choking, parched voice, "If you have any brandy, wine or anything handy, I wish you would give me some." Wonder of wonders! A lemonade and spring-water man, a fellow who after the second glass replaced the stopper in the decanter; this abstemious model being to call for brandy before he had dined! I began to suspect murder. He gulped down what is termed a stiff tumbler. Then I ventured to ask, "What on earth had happened?"

"It's all over!" he answered, throwing himself back in his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets like a ruined gambler.

"All over!" I cried. "You don't mean to say you have told your mother you were married?" I never take liberties with a man in distress, or else I should have called the old lady the madam.

"It came to the same thing," he continued. "She knew well enough what I meant." A paroxysm of rage here seized him. "She is a cold-hearted, worldly woman. If she hadn't been my mother I should have insulted her. By heaven! I'll follow the oath I swore, and throw up parents, home and country, to cleave unto my wife. I will! I will! I'll never see that mother of mine again! I'll kill her that way!" Of course when he said "kill," he didn't mean emphatically "kill." He was very excited, and, consequently, not particularly choice in his selection of words.

After this, if the big fellow didn't pull out his handkerchief and begin to sob. I couldn't stand that! I liked him too well to witness such grief. We had been companions too long, and he was always so good to me and generous! By Jove! I felt my chin quiver and my nose twitch. Another instant and my own millhead would have overflowed. I took his hand—white, slim, delicate thing as it was—and pressed it with truthful sympathy, saying, "Alfred, if I can assist you in any way—if you think that my advice is worth the taking, I beg you to let me be of some use to you; but have strength enough, dear boy, to look boldly at your calamity and without wet eyes, and do not give up your manhood and courage until every hope has been thwarted. My dear old friend, what has happened? why are you so broken and downcast? Friend, speak to me!"

"God bless you, dear Tom!" he answered. "I can't help it, I am so very sad and utterly miserable. I will give up the fight. I and the little one will run away and be happy in spite of the world and my mother. Dear little wife! she shall be my reward, and, perhaps, some day—who can tell—my hard-hearted mother may hunt us up and force us to love her again."



ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S TOBACCO-STOPPER.

SIR ISAAC having weighed the laws
Of gravitation and attraction,
Their ev'ry "wherefore?" and "because,"
Disposed of to his satisfaction;
(Vainglorious of his knowledge clear
On subjects of the Fall and Apple!)
Felt drawn to matrimony's sphere,
And dared with Woman's Love to grapple!

A dame was found who thought the sage
Would a celestial body deem her,
Who sought to make the knight her page,
Her wakeful slave, the star-struck dreamer.
But ah! her conquest, boasted loud,
Proved of an absence most provoking,
For ever wrapt within a cloud—
In fact her flame was always smoking!

One day her lily-hand he seized
(A thing he might have thought of sooner :)
A thrill of hope the damsel seized,
He'd now descend to thoughts sub-lunar!
But, 'stead of pressing it with lip,
As would have been but right and proper,
Its dainty little finger-tip
He used—as a tobacco-stopper!

The lady screamed—the knight implored :
No! 'twas an insult nought could wipe out.
His tears she scorned, his gifts restored,
And put, for good and all, his pipe out.
The story proves (a moral's yoke,
If thread so slight has strength to carry)
Either that husbands shouldn't smoke,
Or dreamy smokers shouldn't marry.

By degrees I gathered the details of his grief. The madam, who, as we know, had overheard the conversation at the party, rose in the morning full of war, and attacked her son as they breakfasted together, determined to sift the mystery and worm out every particular. "You never told me, Alfred," she began, "that you had been in any great bodily danger during your visit to Italy. How did it happen that this Italian lady, this strange woman that I hear so much about, was able to save your life? Were you ill of a fever?" She had not the courage to look him in the face, though she addressed him in a dry, sarcastic voice—a clarion voice sounding to arms.

He, somehow or other, summoned up pluck enough to tell his story, following it pretty closely, but yet carefully hiding such facts as his wife's relationship to the brigand chief. That would have been too strong a dose for the madam's pride. But he dwelt rather lengthily and with earnest thankfulness on the heroism and devotion of our good Rosa. He proved how certain was the death from which she rescued him; and, above

all, he enlarged on her perfect virtue and the religious sense which controlled her actions. Naturally he was greatly excited while telling this romantic story. But on the other side of the table sat the madam, calm as one of a jury-box—a determined, cool-headed listener to evidence.

"I hope you rewarded this good girl munificently, as your station in life warranted your doing," she remarked, when Alfred, exhausted for want of breath, was silent for a time.

"As long as I live she shall share with me," he answered, gaining courage, as he grew angry with his mother's indifference.

"That's right!" she replied. "I should wish my son to prove himself grateful for such an important service."

"We are one and indissoluble," he cried. "Her life and mine—the life she preserved—are linked together for ever more."

It must have cost the madam an effort—for I cannot imagine any heart being so callous as to permit such words to leave the



ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—STEWART AND MACKINTOSH BALANCING PEACOCK'S FEATHERS.

DUGALD STEWART, Henry M'Kensie, Sydney Smith and Sir James Mackintosh were all welcome guests at the same happy board. The philosopher forgot his academic dignity, and even his natural gravity, amidst the playful distractions that surrounded him. One morning after breakfast, he and the youthful historian were discovered running round the dining-room,

each balancing a peacock's feather on his nose. The names of the fortunate individuals who surprised the amateur jugglers are not recorded. We trust that Sydney Smith was not one of them, and that the sober author of the "Elements" had no harsher a critic of his peculiar application of the Philosophy of Common Sense than M'Kensie, the "Man of Feeling."

mouth, unless some tremendous exertion backed the utterance—it must have cost her a great effort when she said, "I shall make it my duty to send this worthy young person a present of fifty pounds. It will enable her to marry happily with one in her own class in life."

Alfred started up and focussed a broadside of indignant glances at the old lady. "Neither you nor I, madam," he said, "have yet proved ourselves worthy to rank with her class in life; neither, I fear, shall we, when life has gone, stand in the same rank with that good and noble girl."

I was listening to him—so interested, that my limbs were powerless; he was telling me his story, "fighting his battles o'er again," the old feelings of indignation and pity influencing him as they had done during the original interview. Scarcely had he finished his narration, when a voice we neither of us expected to hear said, in a foreign language, "Alfred, God help and protect me and reward you!" Then a little round head, with smooth, shining hair, buried itself between his knees very humbly and with great devotion. A kneeling, sobbing woman—the dear, self-sacrificing being he had made his wife—was begging for pardon for the sorrow she had so unconsciously brought upon the man she would have died to make happy.

She had heard all. We spoke in English, it is true; but she was clever and quick—perhaps inspired—and understood every word. Alfred's excited manner, his desire to speak to me before he entered her room, had alarmed the fond little woman, and, without control, she had followed up-stairs.

The bitterest week's work I ever endured in my life followed this overheard confession. I had to watch that girl as I would a lunatic. My fear was lest she should attempt her own life. She was capable of either giving or taking it to serve the man she loved so truly. I had to follow her from room to room—now shaking her into sense as she lay on the sofa, or coaxing her to leave the open window, through which for hours she had been staring, perfectly unconscious, yet so fearfully full of thought.

CHAPTER IX.—LOVE LIES BLENDING.

Be there no medicines to cure man's inconstancy? Is there no shilling bottle with a three-half-penny stamp; no forty drops to be taken fasting, in a wine-glass of water; no little thimbleful of famous elixir—to be kept well corked, bulked out by testimonials to look like a pint bottle? Surely in this land of

genius and Divorce Courts some master mind might devote himself to discovering this crying want, and earn a penny subscription monument. Bless me, how it would pay! I know a hard-up medical man, who would go into the speculation, and start it with an elaborate professional opinion; vouching that "the drops" were, at one and the same time, anodyne, yet pleasantly stimulative, agreeably corroborant and decidedly carminative, besides being mildly alterative. I would myself get up the testimonials. Clarissa should write to me—"Mr. Eyle—Sir: Since Mr. Lovelace has taken your inestimable specific, his behavior has been most engaging. Every day he insists on my sitting for a shilling photograph. Pray send me another gross of the drops." That mysterious gentleman the Stranger should favor me with his unsolicited testimony. "Drury Lane—Sir: The drops are working wonders. The pudding Mrs. Haller made for me on Sunday last affected me to tears. The children are well. Do not neglect sending me a further supply, or I will not answer for the consequences." The gentle Heloise should send word that "Thanks to your wonderful drops, Mr. Abelard has been forced to embrace the Protestant faith. The reverend gentleman is at present out with the perambulator." I am certain the speculation would answer, if anybody would risk a few hundreds to advertise it well. It is worth thinking of.

If such a medicine had been in existence, I certainly should have tried a bottle or two of it on Master Alfred Berthold. A tumbler full night and morning would have done him no harm, and saved a certain pretty Italian girl from a great deal of suffering.

I, the calm spectator, the audience of one, having my eyes open and my head cool, could see the turn matters were taking in that quiet villa by the wood of St. John, and judge without any great effort what the ending would be. I had prophesied, had I not? Could any one have bawled out "beware" more lustily than your humble servant? It certainly was rather gratifying to my judgment (however disagreeable it might be to Rosa Maria) to find how correctly I had foretold the future. There is a little of the Zadkiel in me.

I repeat again, that the rich sons of rich mammas—stately dames who consider powdered footmen and going to court among the necessities of life—have no business to marry with simple little fruit girls, however handsome their faces may be. I mean to say that it was cruel of Alfred, considering she saved his life, to doom her to certain misery by making her his wife. It was a mistaken sacrifice on his part and a real one on hers. She never dreamt of such a reward, and really made a favor of accepting it.

Do you think it requires no special education, no hard training, no drawing-room drilling, before a woman can play the fine lady? You can understand that if a man wishes to turn carpenter, or a girl become a milliner, they must first learn their business. Now a trade may be learnt in seven years, but to acquire the art of moving in distinguished society, takes twice that period. The she's that follow this calling must be put to the work when young—there are so many vanities to be studied. You fancy you can walk, but it wouldn't do for Belgravia. You imagine you can sit at table, but they would blush for you in Grosvenor-square. You flatter yourself that, on all occasions, you can behave yourself like a decent creature, but Kensington would call you a Goth. Could you, do you think, spend your afternoons in driving from house to house and leaving cards with kind inquiries? That must be done. How should you like the monotony of park drives, backwards and forwards, day after day, along the banks of the Serpentine? or what say you to the subduing of all emotions and the checking of all impulses? Pray, my dears, do not imagine that the mystery of grand society consists in putting on a Paris gown, and exhibiting diamonds. One of their secrets is the art of making a Manchester print look better than a Lyons silk. Another is, in appearing to care no more for gay clothes and trinkets, than the girl at the confectioner's does for a three cornered puff. You had better thank Heaven you were born "round the corner," and remain happy and contented.

Imagine our dear modest little Rosa Maria chatting with a duke, simpering with an earl, or even with a real baronet, and yet being no more afraid of them than if she had mixed with such grandees all her life. Wouldn't she be as fluttered as a

pork butcher's wife? Why, even when one—a real one at the madam's—trod on my toe, I couldn't say a word. Talk to a duke indeed! I, who came into the world in a first-floor back, I couldn't do it. If ever such an event should come to pass, before three minutes were gone, I should be asking him to buy a picture. If then a gentleman's son and a rising artist is unequal to such a situation, what could be expected of a poor child who, one day in Rome, was told to put down her flower basket and come to church. To assume that because she married a rich man, with a dandy mother, therefore she would leave the sacred edifice an accomplished belle, was trifling with Providence, and insulting the Blue Book.

Yet I, in a great measure, ascribe the diminution of Alfred's love for Rosa to her imperfect education, and the fear that she should bring ridicule upon him by her ignorance of great world etiquette.

There is another reason for his decreasing love. Wife and no wife is always a bad arrangement. When a man has closed his prayer-book, feed the clergyman, and satisfied the beadle, he should, if he wishes to live happily with his mate, be prepared to proclaim to the world "This is my wife." When it comes to slinking into private hotels under assumed names, or hiding in quiet suburbs with the landlady as a confidante, love does not have half a chance of doing its work properly. The man, despite his reasoning, feels that he has done something he is sorry for, and that is the first step towards being ashamed of your wife. Their life begins with a regret. From the moment Alfred left us to return to his mother's house, directly the system of daily visits to his wife was introduced, I guessed the end. He was teaching himself that he could dispense with her company. His comforts, his true home, his friends were away from her. If ever he passed a few days with us, I could see he was as much put out as if he had been staying at a country inn. He considered he was making sacrifices for her sake. Our quiet evenings bored him. There was always somebody asked to dinner at the other house. After the madam had retired to the drawing-room, the claret-jug was passed about in good style. Our table-service could not, of course, be compared to the rapid attention of the velvet-legged menials, and in the morning he missed his complete toilet-table and the arrangements of his dressing-room.

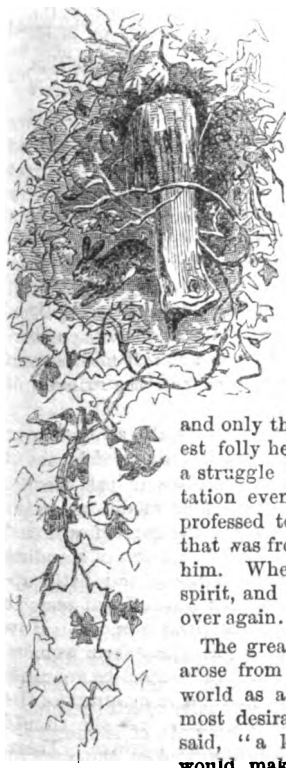
What chance, too, has a poor girl of continuing her power over her husband, when a flying visit is the only time permitted her for seeing him? She can only give herself up to her great joy at his presence, and repeat in a hundred different ways how much she loves him. But the love that shows itself in action—the thousand little tender cares, the constant proof that she thinks only of him, he will never witness that. He will never know the usefulness of his wife. He is deprived of the delightful evidence of the true purport of wedlock. What wonder, then, if he should in time come to think slightly of the life partnership. He might as well judge of the prosperity of a town from one glance at the church steeple, seen through the window of an express train.

No doubt it is a very gratifying thing to be able to show your wife to the world, and listen to the praise that is evidence of your good judgment in selecting such a woman. All this he, by his cowardice, missed. No pretty girls or affable mammas whispered to him "how lovely she is;" no young ladies circled about Mrs. Berthold and worried her into promises of spending evenings at their house. There were no delightful little appointments made for taking drives together, or offer of seats in the opera box, or books to read, or loan of new music. How proudly a man stands by and listens to this praise from women. He thinks to himself that such admiration must be genuine. After such an evening, no care can equal his, as he arranges the shawl about this peerless darling's shoulders, lest she should suffer from the night air as she skips into her carriage. Then, too, when the men, his companions, add their voices to the anthem raised to the angel, when all eyes follow her with unmistakable admiration, and—lady-killers all—give truthful evidence of their envy at his great good fortune. At the clubs they ask one another "Who was she? who and what was her father? had she any money?" But all agree about her beauty and call him a lucky man. How agreeable this must be to a man of Alfred Berthold's stamp. You might have different opinions about the value of these discussions, but he hadn't

your strength of mind. It would have been a moment of choking exultation with him, if a lord had reproached him with, "My dear fellow, you have never introduced me to Mrs. Berthold." We may not care about a lord's patronage, but Alfred did, and Rosa was his wife, not ours. He would have been sustained by the comforting knowledge that these dandies and club exquisites might lisp their pretty compliments, and put on their most conquering smiles, but let him beckon and she would follow him; and, if he wished it, walk barefoot after him to his house, carrying his umbrella, if he chose, and running on ahead to knock at the door, if he asked her. She is devoted to him, loves him even in her sleep, with all her heart, without heed or reasoning. All this did Alfred miss, and the loss of it was ruin. Yet, had he been a better man, he need not have foregone such pleasures, for his wife had a face that would have made a sheriff's officer feel poetic, and a heart to win even the madam.

I do not mean to say that Alfred's love flew away suddenly like a frightened crow. It failed him gradually—melting slowly and losing its sharp edges as he became accustomed to Rosa's beauty, and deadened to the novelty of her charms. The gallop round the Regent's Park grew in time to be monotonous. It interfered with his club appointments. He had to refuse many invitations, because he was due for the evening at St. John's Wood. For a long time he struggled with himself, and never missed his daily visit. When at length he did so, and came the next day with many excuses and extra fondness to make his peace, instead of the scolding he expected, Rosa (though the poor thing had been almost heart-broken) never looked or spoke a rebuke, but forgot, in the pleasure of seeing him, that he had been unfaithful. She should have flown at him savagely, and wept and screamed if she really wished to keep him obedient and true. That would have frightened him into constancy.

CHAPTER X.



WILL tell you the reasons why and how I knew that Alfred Berthold was growing tired of his wife (I do not like to say "growing ashamed" of her, though I might, if I was spiteful, and yet have spoken the truth). He was a fashionable man, a driver of mailphaetons, a Berkeley-square pet. The wife that would have suited him should have been a glory to him, and increased his importance. But Rosa was hidden away, kept secret as a fault, never spoken of, and only thought of with regret—the greatest folly he had been guilty of. It became a struggle with him to continue his affectation even decently. Before me he still professed to be contented with his lot, but that was from pride, because I had warned him. When by himself, he groaned in the spirit, and wished his time were to come over again. Unfortunate idiot!

The greatest opposition to his happiness arose from his still appearing before the world as a single man, a good match, a most desirable husband, or, as old ladies said, "a kind-hearted, dear fellow, who would make any woman happy." (Poor

Rosa! had he made you happy?) Mammass spoke to him in suave, affectionate voices. Young beauties teased him most encouragingly. If he danced twice with the same girl, "ideas" came into her head. He was scolded for "never calling." Sometimes he was invited to three dances the same evening, and went to them all, the favorite of each. Papa, in a jocular open way, would tell him that Eulalie, on her marriage day, would have £10,000. "A pretty sum, sir, I can tell you," and

then, in a whisper, add, "and three times that amount when her old father—he, papa—died." One night General Pounders, a very old friend, said openly at the supper-table, when proposing Alfred's health on his birth-day, "that if he—the general—had such a son, he should die happy;" and Miss Pounders burst into tears, and Mrs. Pounders looked at him like a dove-eyed mother. If he had married that lovely Miss Pounders, an estate in Yorkshire, and a mountain of ready money—left her by a grandmother—would have been among the pretty ornaments on the bride-cake. These complimentary attentions to Alfred, bachelor, frightened Alfred, the married man. He felt as if he were swindling these good people, and afraid lest he should be detected. How could he, after such flattering speeches, make public his marriage? What an insult that would be to the mammass and papas. What would General Pounders say? No? Rosa must keep her room, and he keep his secret. There was no chance of release from his hasty, romantic folly. He must bear his lot with patience. Her health was delicate, but he checked that thought, and his heart was ashamed of his brain for suggesting it.

I have told you that his visits to St. John's Wood had become excessively unpunctual and irregular; in fact, as if they had changed from pleasure to irksome duty. Neither his wife nor I could say with certainty in the morning whether he would honor us with his company that day or that week. When Rosa asked me for my opinion on the chances of a visit, I had to fudge up consoling answers, and screen my friend with the neatest falsehood I could invent. I hadn't the heart to undeceive her in her belief in his love.

(To be continued.)

HASHEESH.

BY H. N. DRAPER.

It would afford matter for much curious speculation, to imagine that the literature of a country was influenced by the national stimulant.

And after all may it not be so; may not the wild and warlike poetry of the northern Sagas have been, to a certain extent, inspired by the potent alcohol which from time immemorial has been the habitual beverage of the inhabitants of its chilly climes. I must confess that for my own part I connect the sterling value and solidity of most German writing with the universal use of beer; and it may perhaps not be too fanciful to attribute some portion of whatever of these qualifications our own English literature possesses to the same cause. The trashy and superficial emanations from the press of France are certainly well typified in the corresponding character of its wines; and the versatility of American writing we find accompanied by the total absence of any one beverage which can be called national. It is represented by gin cocktails and slings, mint juleps and sherry cobblers. I have a curiosity to learn Russ in order to ascertain the influence of *vodka* and rye beer in developing national character; and in the event of the writings of the Mexican bonzes ever becoming familiar to us, confidently look forward to some characteristic feature indicative of the use of *pulque*.

But there are three hundred millions of people on this earth who abjure alcohol and cleave to hashheesh. What are the peculiarities of their literature?

Did it never strike you, reader, that there was a difference, a wonderful, an almost inexplicable difference between the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" and any other book you ever read? Can you realize to yourself, as you again peruse or recall to your memory its wondrous word pictures of Oriental magnificence, its genii and its fairies, its abhorrent deities and its surpassingly beautiful women? Can you bring yourself to believe that all these were the creation of normal human brains? Does not Mahomet's paradise, with its scimitar bridge, its terra firma of musk, saffron and precious stones, its palaces of a single pearl, and its black-eyed houris convey to your mind the idea, that the worm which spun so gorgeous a cocoon must

have had some more potent stimulus than its every-day diet of mulberry leaves?

Moreover, did it never occur to you, that the only book that in the smallest degree approached in character to, or gave the slightest clue to, the mysteries of the Thousand and One Nights, was "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater?"

I will give you the key to the mystery.

These weird fancies, these bizarre and fantastic creations are, in both cases, the offspring of a potent drug.

Nearly every one knows the history of opium, from its poppy shrine to its place as ruby-colored laudanum in the decanter of De Quincey; but few have ever studied the philosophy of, many never heard the name of, the resin which has imbued with rosy light all Oriental imagery, and which is one great cause of all the associations which are connected in a western mind with the name of the East.

In Persia, India and Arabia grows a variety of the hemp plant, *Cannabis sativa*, which has been distinguished by the appellation, *India*. It is scarcely correct to call it a variety, inasmuch as botanists have satisfactorily decided that the one point of difference between it and our ordinary hemp is due to the modifying effect of climate.

The difference is this: In cold countries the plant nearly entirely consists of that fibre which is so valuable for cordage and canvas; indeed, the colder the climate, the better the quality of the fibre, if we may judge by the superior commercial value of Russian hemp. In warmer latitudes, on the contrary, the small quantity of fibre which is formed is almost worthless; but its place is supplied by a substance which is found throughout the entire plant in such quantity as to exude upon its surface. This is the resin of hemp and the basis of *hasheesh*.

Both the hemp itself and the resin which exudes from it are extensively employed throughout the East to produce pleasurable intoxication, and they are prepared in various forms to suit the tastes and purses of all classes.

The dried plant is made into bundles, each containing twenty-four individuals, and in this state is called *gunjah*. *Bhang*, or *beng*, consists of the leaves and seed capsules, from which the stalks have been removed. *Hasheesh*, *hatchis*, or *hashish*, is formed of the flowers and tender parts of the plant.

The resin is collected in rather a curious manner. Men either naked, or clothed in leather, run violently into the fields among the standing hemp, and the resin, which adheres to their skins or dresses, is subsequently scraped off, and is called *churrus*.

In Persia a finer quality is collected by hand, and is called *momea*, or waxen *churrus*. In this crude condition, however, the hemp resin is seldom employed as an intoxicant, but is prepared in the following manner: The *churrus* being boiled with water to which a small quantity of butter has been added, the fatty matter dissolves the pure resin which imparts to it its characteristic dark green color, while the impurities are left in the water.

The butter thus prepared is mixed with saffron, spices and other stimulants, to form a confection which is called by the Arabs *dawames*, and by the Turks *madjoun*.

In the different countries where hemp is used, one or other, in some places all, of these preparations find favor; but their action on the system is in every respect similar, and the name *hasheesh*, which is that most familiar to European ears, is usually employed in this country to denote any form of the narcotic.

The *gunjah* and *bhang* are either used by making from them an infusion which is swallowed, or they are smoked in a pipe—sometimes with, and sometimes without tobacco; while the *dawames* and all other preparations of the resin are taken in the form of pills or bolusses.

It is unfortunate that the peculiar species of intoxication produced by hemp has not been made the subject of more careful investigation. I can only account for it by supposing that its uncertain action and varying effect upon different individuals, especially Europeans, has deterred many from making an experiment which might be productive of very disagreeable consequences. The only information which it is possible to obtain upon the subject is that afforded by travellers, who, during their sojourn in countries where *hasheesh*-eating prevailed, have

been induced to make trial of it upon themselves, and by Dr. O'Shaughnessy of Calcutta, who has written a pamphlet upon its medicinal employment.

The peculiar stimulant property of Indian hemp appears to have been known from very early periods; for Herodotus relates, that not only was it cultivated by the Scythians for the purpose of making clothing, but that they threw the seeds upon red-hot stones, and that the vapor which ascended therefrom elicited from them cries of exultation. There is little doubt, too, that it was the *nepenthes* of Homer, the drug which Helen cast into the wine, and the effect of which was so potent that whoever should drink it "should not shed a tear down his cheeks for a whole day, not even if both his mother and father should die, nor if they should slay with the steel a brother or a beloved son before him."

In India it is called the "laughter mover," the "cement of friendship," the "increaser of pleasure," and many other names significant of its peculiar effect. What the nature of this effect is, I will attempt briefly to describe. For some time after the drug has been swallowed—I am supposing a case where a dose sufficient to produce intoxication has been taken—no symptoms manifest themselves, when suddenly a thrill of excitement is felt through the entire frame. This is succeeded by sensations of intense pleasure, and a consciousness of increased intellectual capacity. There is great exhilaration, and augmented appetite for food, while not unfrequently insensibility to pain is produced.

While under the *hasheesh* influence, distances of a few feet are lengthened into miles, and minutes or even seconds into hundreds of years. Although there is a decided tendency to lead away to the gay and ludicrous, the channel into which the current of ideas flows is inevitably decided both by their tendency at the time of the accession of the *fantasia*, and by external circumstances which are brought to bear upon it during its continuance. The shadow of a dark cloud converts the stream that an instant before had been the Nile or Euphrates into the Styx, and the intrusion of a gloomy thought effects the metamorphosis of Hades into Elysium, albeit the semblance of either shall have been conjured up from the commonplace materials of an ordinary landscape. A Jupiter Tonans sits on the throne of a supplanted Pluto, whose prototype has had existence only in the wood and rags of a scarecrow.

As in the case of all other excitant drugs, a reflex action follows the stimulating effect of Indian hemp; the stage of exhilaration is followed by a period of sleep. On awakening from this sleep, there are, however, none of the disagreeable symptoms attendant on the use of opium. There is no headache, no debility, only thirst, which soon passes away. But gradually and surely, the bempen demon draws its votary on to still further excesses. The rosy sky and gorgeous fairyland of *hasheesh* are not to be exchanged for the sober realities of every day life, and at last, despite promises and oaths of abstinence, he returns again and again to the enchanter, until all hope of shaking him off is unavailing. For when uninfluenced by the drug, he is incessantly haunted by reminiscences of past pleasure, shadowy forms press round his sleep-forsaken pillow, and point with mocking fingers, to a paradise, the gate of which opens only to the key of *hasheesh*.

There have been men, however, the De Quinceys of *hasheesh*—men who have been attracted by its undiscovered countries of romance, and its storehouses of the beautiful and terrible, and who have passed through the one and ransacked the other, until all hope of retrogression seemed in vain. There have been men, I say, who, despite the prospective penalty which its abjuration inevitably entailed, and the allurements of immunity held out to continue it, have, nevertheless, broken the spell, and never returned within the circle of its fascination. In the *hasheesh fantasia*, the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, is frequently very abrupt.

"The sense of limitation," says Bayard Taylor, "of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood, instantly fell away; the walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin; and, without thinking what form I wore—losing sight of every idea of form—I felt that I existed through a vast extent of space. It is difficult to describe

this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations, as they rose, suggested more or less coherent images. They presented themselves to me in a double form; one physical, and therefore, to a certain extent, tangible; the other spiritual, and therefore revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. My curiosity was now in a fair way of being satisfied; the spirit (demon shall I not rather say?) of *hasheesh* had entire possession of me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied with sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed by a sea of light, through which played the pure harmonious colors that are born of light. While endeavoring in broken expressions to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously—not having yet been affected by the drug—I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun, and the pile rose so high that it seemed to lean for support on the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it, and the wish alone placed me immediately upon the apex. Lifted thousands of feet above the wheat-fields and palm groves of Egypt, I cast my eyes downwards, and, to my astonishment, saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. The most remarkable feature of these illusions was, that at the time I was most completely under their influence, I knew myself to be seated in the tower at Antonio's Hotel in Damascus; knew that I had taken *hasheesh*, and that the strange, gorgeous and ludicrous fancies which possessed me were the effect of it."

On Easterns the effect of *hasheesh* is very different to that which it exercises on natives of other countries. A dose of a grain of the resin has been known to produce the full effect of the drug upon a Hindoo, while upon an Englishman or American ten times that quantity will often fail to produce any marked result. Upon Orientals, too, a great deal of its influence seems to be expended in causing animal excitement, while on the European, on the contrary, its action is almost entirely that of a mental stimulant. In India, moreover, a very small dose indeed has been known to produce catalepsy or trance, a condition of so rare occurrence that its existence has been almost doubted. The following case, taken Dr. O'Shaughnessy's pamphlet on Indian hemp, is quoted in Pereira's "Materia Medica:" "At two p.m., a grain of the resin of hemp was given to a rheumatic patient. At four p.m., he was very talkative, sang, called loudly for an extra supply of food, and declared himself in perfect health. At six p.m., he was found insensible, but breathing with perfect regularity, his pulse and skin natural and the pupils freely contractile on the approach of light. Happening by chance to lift up the patient's arm, 'the professional reader will judge of my astonishment,' observes Dr. O'Shaughnessy, 'when I found that it remained in the posture in which I placed it. It required but a very brief examination of the limbs to find that the patient had, by the influence of this narcotic, been thrown into that strange and most extraordinary of all nervous conditions, into the state which so few have seen, and the existence of which so many still discredit, the genuine catalepsy of the nosologist. We raised him to a sitting posture, and placed his arms and limbs in every imaginable attitude. A waxen figure could not have been more pliant or more stationary in each position, no matter how contrary to the natural influence of gravity on the part. To all impressions he was, meanwhile, almost insensible.'"

Many have been the tales told of the fakers of India, of their marvellous powers of endurance, of existence through prolonged periods, when totally deprived of food, of tortures supported, and even of animation suspended.

One of these extraordinary men has been known to proffer a request that he might be interred alive, either with the intent of fulfilling a vow or of procuring money. His wish has been acceded to, and with ears stopped with wax and wrapped in a winding-sheet, the votary of Brahma has been laid in the earth and a watch set over him. The grass has grown over his grave ere he has been exhumed, yet very simple means of restoration have sufficed to enliven the glassy eye and plump out the shrivelled body of the daring experimentalist, who has forthwith departed, as if nothing had happened.

This almost incredible feat is generally explained by saying that the fakcer possesses the power of throwing himself, by a simple effort of will, into the trance state; an hypothesis too absurd to need any comment. To those familiar with the effects of Indian hemp, and especially with Dr. O'Shaughnessy's experiments, as above detailed, a much more rational explanation suggests itself; namely, that all these phenomena are attributable to a large dose of *hasheesh*.

Hasheesh has added a word to the English language. Mount Libanus, in Asia Minor, was once inhabited by a band of religious fanatics, whose practices somewhat resembled those of the Thugs of the present day. While under the influence of *hasheesh*, they were wont to sally forth on their murderous expeditions, and thus gained the name of *hashashans*, which has finally become corrupted into assassin.

Not totally uninteresting in a notice of Indian hemp is its medicinal employment. Many cases of hydrophobia and lock-jaw have yielded to its influence when all other means have failed, and there is little doubt that when professional men have overcome, by more extended experiment, the almost universal prejudice against it, that it will become a valuable remedy in a class of maladies, the distressing nature of which is enhanced by the fact that medical science can do little more than alleviate the sufferings of their victims.

ARAB SUFFERING AND COURAGE.

THERE is a skeleton in the *Jardins du Roi* in Paris, which more than one, probably, has seen, without knowing to whom it belonged, or its history.

This is it.

On coming from Syria, after conquering the Turks at Aboukir, Buonaparte returned to France, where his ambition, and the dangers menacing his country, called him. But before quitting the East, where he had covered himself with laurels, he wished to assure the future prosperity of his Egyptian colony, by leaving it under the government of a man worthy of his confidence.

He selected among all the generals who had followed his adventures in that land, all of whom were men who had performed brilliant services, one whose name stands high among all the others, Kleber, the republican; we mean an ardent and enthusiastic man, a brave and talented general, Kleber, who was the idol of the soldiers, and, in fact, the only man who could make them forget the absence of the hero of Arcole and the Pyramids.

Scarcely, however, had this general added the name of Heliopolis to all these victories with which the East was ringing, when he fell by the hand of a fanatic.

On the 11th of June, after reviewing the Greek Legion in the Island of Boudah, he came to Cairo, to preside over the reparations which Monsieur Protain, one of the engineers who had followed the army, was making in his palace.

Both were expected to a breakfast with another general officer, which was given to several of his friends and colleagues. It was quite a fête of rejoicing, and General Kleber was unusually gay, for all had succeeded since he had been left in command. The Turks had been beaten as completely at Heliopolis as at Mount Thabor and Aboukir. The second revolt at Cairo had been put down, and everything seemed to predict that for the future the town would be quiet.

At two in the afternoon Kleber took leave of his host and friends, and taking Monsieur Protain with him, returned towards his palace, where, as we have said, numerous repairs were being made, under the direction of the architect.

There was not far more than five minutes' walk from the general's, where they had breakfasted, to General Kleber's, and to arrive there, it was necessary to pass by a terrace, sheltered by immense vines, overlooking the Place El Bekieh.

The general and the architect were walking slowly, and the latter stopped, from time to time, to trace something with a cane he held in his hand on the sand.

Suddenly a man, clad in Eastern costume, appeared at a short distance from the other two, bowed to General Kleber, and crossing his arms over his breast, saluted after the fashion of

the East. He then raised his hand and kissed it. Kleber was accustomed to these demonstrations; the Arabs who visited him to demand justice always acted thus, so he waited for the young man to explain what he wanted. Suddenly, with the quickness of lightning, the stranger drew a curved poignard from his belt, and buried it up to the hilt in Kleber's left side.

The general uttered a cry of pain and surprise, as he stepped backward, and then he leant against the balustrade, calling aloud to a soldier who was passing:

"Help, guard! I am assassinated!"

At the same moment, Monsieur Protain, who had only a cane in his hand, sprang on the murderer, who, after the blow had been dealt, stood a moment silent and motionless; but, finding himself unexpectedly assailed, with the rapidity of thought, he stabbed the unfortunate architect half a dozen times, who fell fainting to the ground.

Like a wild beast, greedy of blood, the man rushed again at Kleber, stabbed him several times, and then fled into the cover whence he had come.

The guard hastened, as quickly as possible, to the general's assistance, but he was obliged to go round to reach the terrace.

By this time, also, Monsieur Protain had come to himself, and, seeing the general leaning against the balustrade, pale and covered with blood, he made an effort to try and reach him, pointing out to him, now too late, unhappily, how imprudent it was to go about without an escort.

But Kleber, gently extending his hand towards him, uttered, "My friend, this is not the moment to give me advice; I am very ill!"

And he dropped dead.

The same day the soldiers found a young Arab concealed in the gardens belonging to the French baths; his dress was stained with blood in several places. At his feet a dagger was stuck in the sand, which was stained all round by it. This Arab was of very dark complexion, and fragile in make. When brought before the military tribunal appointed to examine him, he gave his name without hesitation, Soleyman El-Kaleby, a native of Syria, twenty-four years of age, a writer by profession, established at Aleppo.

As regarded the rest, he totally denied it all. The general at the head of the court-martial ordered him to be bastinadoed, according to the custom of the country.

After receiving it, he declared himself ready to tell the truth, consequently he was once more brought before the council of war. There he stated that he had been thirty-one days at Cairo, having come from Gaza on a dromedary; that his sole purpose in coming was to assassinate the general, being sent for the accomplishment of the deed by the chief of the Janissaries; for when the Mussulman troops returned from Egypt, they inquired at Aleppo for some one who would kill the general, promising both money and military rank to whosoever would do it, and he had accepted.

In the presence of the like acknowledgments, sentence, as may readily be imagined, was quickly pronounced, especially by a court-martial.

Consequently, Soleyman El-Kaleby, convicted of having assassinated the general-in-chief, Kleber, was condemned to have his right hand burnt off, to be impaled, and left there to die, and hang until the birds of prey should devour him.

This execution took place on the return of the crowds which had followed the remains of Kleber to the cemetery, close to the Institution, in presence of the army, in deep affliction, and a terrified population; for accustomed to the sort of justice in practice with the pachas and beys, who make a whole city responsible for the crime of one man, they could not suppose that the punishment now would stop with the criminal.

As regards Soleyman, he was the perfect Arab assassin, believing himself the one chosen by fate for the purpose, and he walked forward to his execution without fear or ostentation, but firm and calm as a martyr.

When he arrived at the place of execution, his vest which covered his breast was removed, and the hand held over the lighted brazier. The punishment had lasted five minutes before the poor wretch uttered a complaint, when a lighted coal jumped from the fire and fell on the inner part of his arm.

For a moment all his resolution abandoned him, and he struggled, screaming out for the coal to be removed.

The executioner could not help remarking, that it was amazing for a man like himself, who had borne the cruel torture of his hand being burned without a groan, should now cry out for a little burn on his arm.

The answer was peculiar.

"'Tis not the pain," he said, "which makes me complain, but I stand on my rights; this hot coal was not named in my sentence."

When the hand was burnt off at the wrist, the executioner led him to the spot where he was to be impaled. The spike was run into his body with twelve blows of a wooden mallet; the spike was then driven into the ground on the highest point near the Institution. There he remained four hours and a half dying, and almost incessantly repeating verses from the Koran, only interrupting them to ask for something to drink. A muezzin at last took pity upon him, and gave him some water. Soleyman drank it, and expired.

The body remained there about a month, and the birds of prey perfectly accomplished the remainder of the sentence.

The skeleton of this poor wretch was removed to France at the same time as the body of his victim, and is placed in the Jardins du Roi, in the first hall of anatomy, on the left on entering; 'tis that of a man of about five feet two, the bones of the wrist are burnt, and the traces of fire still remain.

The spike, in passing through the loins, had separated two of the spinal vertebræ. They are replaced by two wooden ones, which so well imitate the real, that it requires great attention to distinguish them.

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh-ride in the sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—keenly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright summer's day. Broad expanding plains—the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to the music of their chiming bells, make for the broad, boundless country. The fir-forests are clasped in a shadowy, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless funereal groves where the wolves aggregate in hundreds. To the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, which is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King. Ahead, and right before us—whither we are bound—over waste, and plain, and clearing—lies a snugly-sheltered village, the headquarters of the "lumberer" and the *voyageur*. Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broadly-spread, lowlying farmstead, with its almost numberless out-houses, consisting of cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for winter-fodder, woodstacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all palisaded by zig-zag fences, as so many outworks to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorous logs crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearded men and fair women are there—laughing maidens, and trapping hunters, who have just shaken the snow off their furs at the portals. Despite the stern yet musical baritone of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blasts; and our leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.

"In the mean time," asks the reader, "who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick Harding by name, but a few months back from the banks of the Isis, with the "bar" in prospect, my "governor" having a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my personal items. Rather good-looking; a fair shot; a stunning "stroke-oar;" can hit with wonderful vigor straight out from the shoulder; am five feet-ten-and—growing; can play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportsmen, "going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing-tackle, spears, and

"shooting-irons," had done no inconsiderable execution among the denizens of the Canadian woods and sounding "rapids," and hunted the bear in his own bold and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough of myself. Now for my companions.

Place aux dames therefore—for nestling by my side, wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville—a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested complacently upon. The Canadian mother and the French father were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had exercised their sorcery upon me ere this; and the modulations of a voice unequalled for its low, soft sweetness, completed the young syren's triumph. This by the way; for we had exchanged no confidences as yet on a subject very near to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy-gap Farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deer-hound, the third "individual," who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "Salt-licks" with him; had met Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hurrah!" Through the keen, sonorous air, sleigh and horses bound along! "Cling—clang!" go the chiming bells. "Crick—crack!" goes the long-thonged whip, with a sharp cheery significance. My "Madawaska Cariole," a sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less perfection than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive.

Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exulted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crick—crack!" like a double-barrel going off, and the sweet bells sang and chimed. "Oh! sweet echoes of far distant wedding-bells," I thought—and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond-dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the "runners," and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, wrapped up in moose and bearskins, and warm as toast. A sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!" she said.

"If I don't—." "Crick—crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! Phœbus Apollo never drove their like down the steep slopes of heaven! The wily Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his horses! "Crick—crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark, to myself, that the sky has deepened into an intense, still darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrous inkiness, betokening a coming snow storm. No matter—"Windy-gap" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go—but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—it's all right!

"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its encasement of white cosy furs.

"Oh! so comfortable," she answered, with a nestling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward.

But my attention was drawn away to the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not daylight, but blue light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather. This only made the long level plains of snow gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I remarked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering sense.

I had never (familiarily as we had grown, and I was "honest as the skin between your brows," as she was in fact)—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burthen. I loved her with all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to the mark of my man-

hood—to take what seemed an unfair advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down the words—but not for long.

Meantime, "Crick—crack!" went the long whip, and still "cling—clang" went the chiming bells, and the horses held on with unabated pace and splendid vigor, but—where had "Windygap" gone to all this time, for time was up, and we should be there by this?

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks; we shall have more snow—a heavy fall too."

"I fear so," I replied, "but *n'importe*, we'll soon be out of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have lost the track?"

The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark, presently."

"A clump of firs—an old mill, farther on; yes," she added, "I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer, and growing darker the while.

Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head, and uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound came all at once from windward, wailing like a death-cry—a prolonged, awful, groaning discordance—over the white gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death silence that fell like an eclipse over all.

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened. "It is the wind sighing, and dying away in the pine forest," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—what can it be?"

Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound broke forth; clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied; the horrible *crescendo*, howling, shrieking and ravelling, was not that of the wind this time.

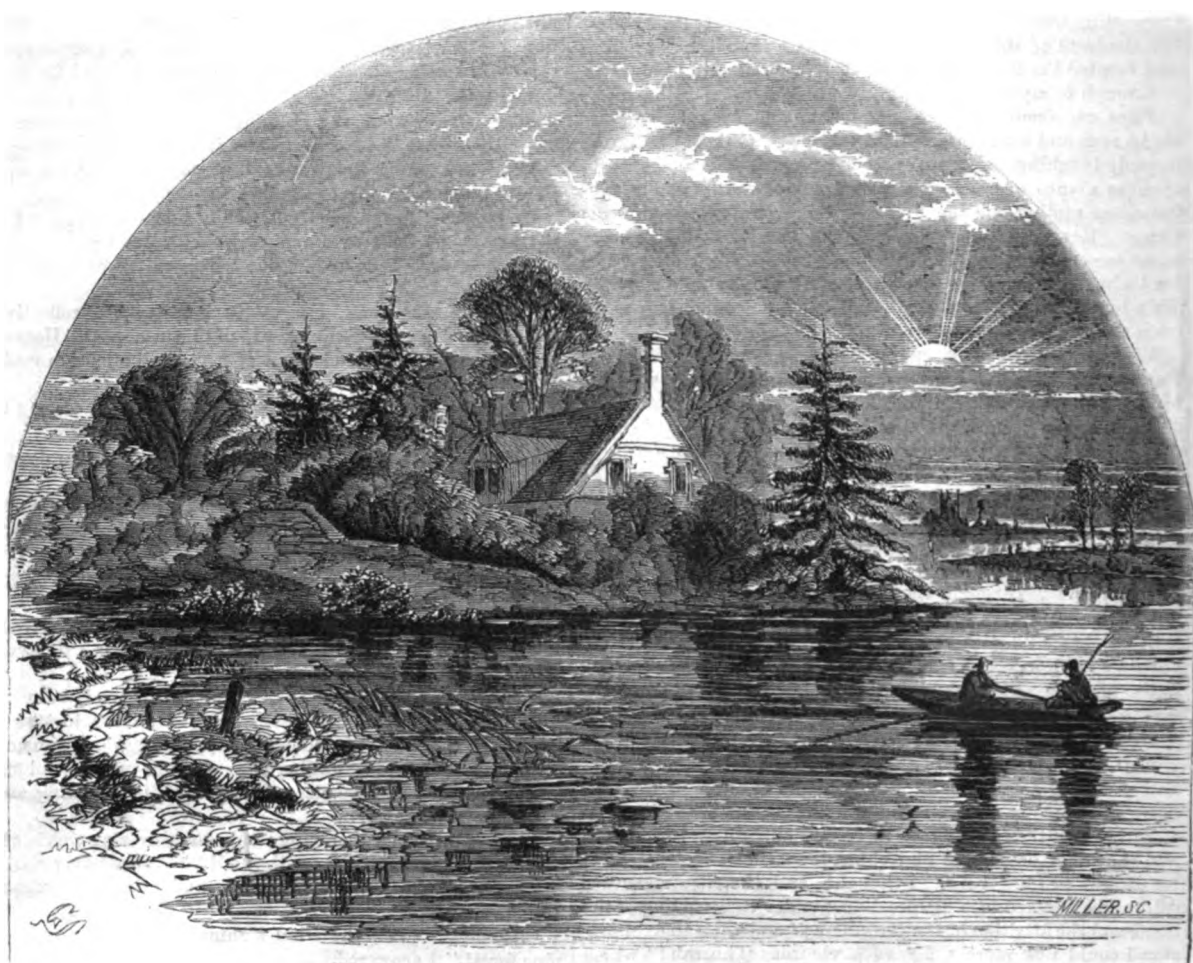
"Merciful God!" gasped Lota. "The Wolves!"

I never understood, till that moment, what the concentrated essence of literal, deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before, or since; and I have, in my hunting excursions, faced my danger and played out the game manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but the wolves! and Lota! An instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the migration or scarcity of the animals on whom these unclean creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice—were approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! as the infernal howl rose lingeringly again the horses darted away with a shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—beginning to recover myself—in an opposite direction, while "Terror," my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared, and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cool; Lota was pale, but calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain that if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then, horror of horrors! what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood-hatchet in the "sleigh." I conveyed my intention to Lota. "Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked. "Yes," was the answer; and she loaded a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle—looked



SUNRISE—THE FISHERMAN'S HAUNT.

back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their ravenous comrades; and still the horses sped on.

The accursed things were, for all this, gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes, trembling were at my heart as I turned to the sweet girl whose life or death were all and all to me, and said:

"Lota! if we die together, remember that I loved you—none but you! I tell it you now, if I may never again."

"Kill me first," she whispered; "I hear your words; I echo them. You have my heart. Richard——"

"Oh, Lota! what a moment to confess; and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most."

"There are now no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling; "take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—soh! they come. Save me from them at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded, every instant, that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us both; young lovers with beating hearts, for ever, from that hour, interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired—and missed him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh. A flash!—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat, to the spine, by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round

—Oh, Heaven!—to spare my darling a more hideous fate, when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid, and—and we were saved.

Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy-gap;" our firing reached the hearing of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved; and as I bore her fainting form into the hospitable hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon afterwards; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight with the wolves, how pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or the somewhat original but *apropos* mode in which "I Told my Love."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER.—The love of the French soldier for his mother is proverbial; it is a sentiment which survives every other; he can never be laughed out of it; and as long as he holds that sacred he will always be reclaimable. There were many touching instances of this characteristic attachment during the Crimean campaign. "One day," says the *aumonier*, after a desperate action, a young sergeant of chasseurs was lying awaiting his death, for a ball had passed through his body. He knew his case was hopeless, and I poured the consolations of religion into his heart. 'Ah, father,' he said, 'the approach of death does not make me uneasy; I have just been reconciled to God; I do not fear His justice; I know how loving and merciful He is. That which fills me with anguish is'—and he paused, for the tears rose to his eyes, and choked his utterance—'the thought of my poor mother. As long as I was receiving my pay, I always managed to put by something to send her. When I am no longer here, she will die of grief; and the tears flowed afresh, for he was praying for his mother. I recited with him a pater for her, and with the words, 'Give her this day her daily bread' on his lips, he calmly expired.'

MY HEART AND I.

BY ARA GRAY.

WE are all alone in the gloomy night—
 My heart and I.
 And shadows are passing before my sight,
 That bolder spirits than mine may fright,
 We are sorrowing here in the stilly night—
 My heart and I.

We are all alone in my darkened room,
 The room of death.
 And death there is in my spirit's gloom,
 The terrible silence of the tomb,
 We are shuddering here in this dreary room—
 My heart and I.

Look out, thou timid, fluttering thing,
 Look out and see
 The sky with starlight glimmering,
 The moonlight softly shimmering.
 We will fold up our dreary covering—
 My heart and I.

We are quiet here in the moonlit room,
 We are calm and still, as the shades depart,
 In the peaceful chamber of my heart
 There is no more gloom;
 For the shadows have vanished from off the wall,
 And we heard the voice of an angel call,
 "Look out! look out! where the moonbeams fall."
 We are looking out in the mellow night,
 And wondering why it was dark before;
 While a beautiful beam of golden light
 Comes peeping in at our chamber door,
 And peace comes down from the starry sky
 To my heart and I.

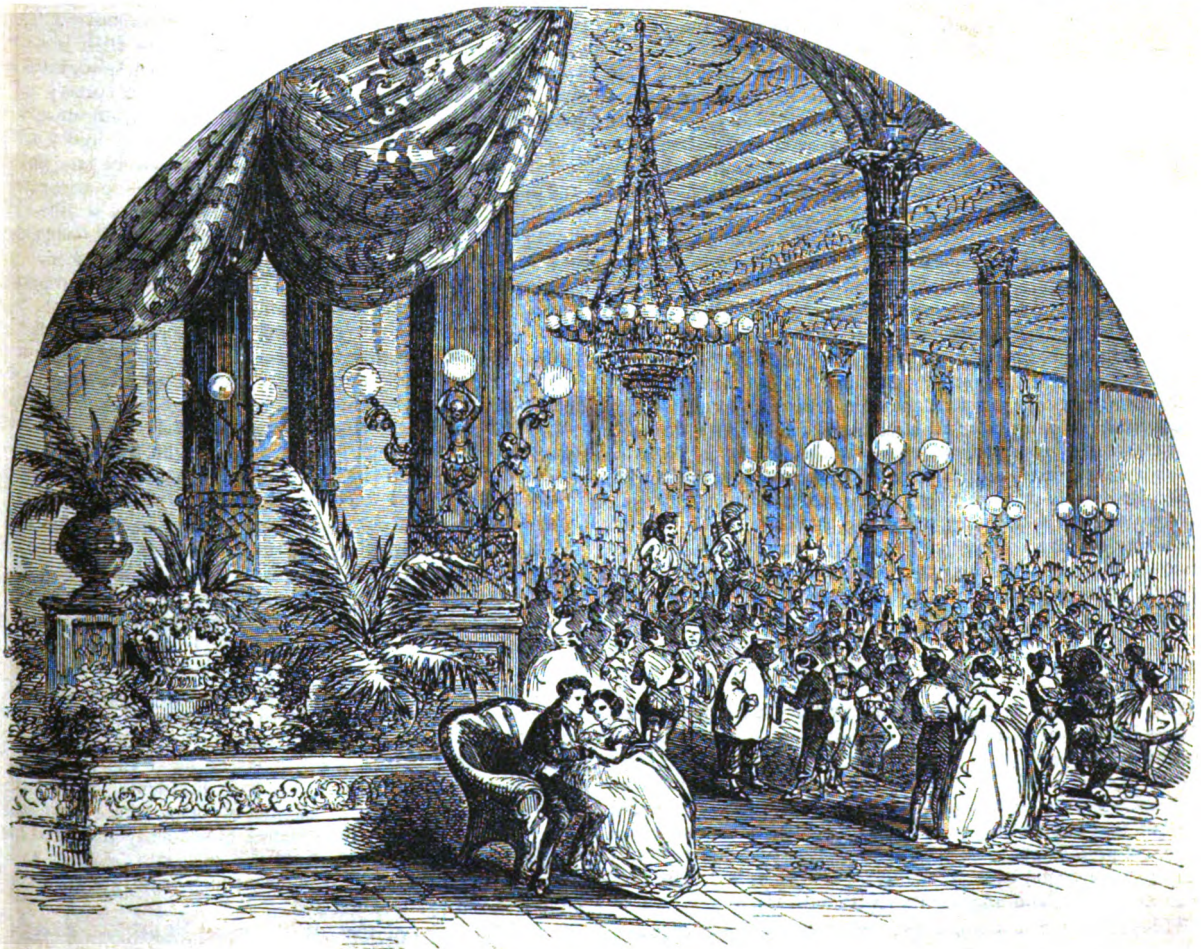
ADELE DUPASSIER; OR, A CONFIDING ENGLISHMAN
AT A PARIS BAL MASQUE.

BY C. W. STOKES.

I WAS seated at my chambers, wondering how I should break the monotony of an existence in London when everybody is out of town; I had seen all the pieces at the theatres once too often, and I found myself reduced to the frightful alternative of domesticating in the monastic seclusion of — Inn, or yielding to the drowsy excitement of the venerable Polytechnic, when a letter dropped into my box. It was from a French friend, who, with the characteristic fickleness and insincerity of that "gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease," had shown me unceasing kindness and attention for years. He reproached me for not corresponding more frequently, reminded me that I had not been to Paris for some time, and enumerated with the most tempting detail some of the attractions which he thought would be irresistible.

"We are *en pleine Carnaval*," he added, "and if you will but tear yourself away from the fascinations of rosbif and fog" (two horrors that the French imagine the English could not and would not live without), "I will undertake to say you shall not regret it."

When shall we do our neighbors justice? Will the communication between the two countries ever be sufficient to force us to acknowledge that, although the French are more anxious, and consequently more able to please than we, that they are not necessarily less sincere? I can only say, as far as my experience goes, that if they are not to be depended upon, it takes a long time to show it, for I have not discovered it yet. That the French are insincere, is a prejudice which is gradually passing away; the more the French character is understood, the more it is appreciated; and there are many, although they



THE BAL MASQUE.

would not confess it, who prefer a *suaviter in modo*—a sweetness of manner—which makes them feel happy and satisfied with themselves, to a *fortiter in re*, a rough goodnature which insults them to their faces.

My friend could not have written more *à propos*. My mind was made up in a moment, and without allowing myself time to change my determination, I quickly provided myself with the *de quoi*, and with the combined assistance of the French consul and some guineas, *me voilà*, by express, *en route* for Paris.

I will waive my prerogative as a writer of travels, and forbear to describe every circumstance, from the appearance of the cabman who took me to the London Bridge Railway Station to the appearance of the cabman who brought me home; neither will I allude to my fellow-passengers—although these last might not be altogether uninteresting, for, like every one else, old or young, I invariably find time to select the carriage with the greatest number of pretty young faces in it: why, I cannot quite explain, for it always ends in a *dolce far niente*—a sweet do-nothing; but, nevertheless, somehow or other, the prettier people are the more agreeable their presence is. Good, clever and amiable young ladies are all very well, but I am a believer in beauty. It is, doubtlessly, wickedly unjust; but when I am before a pair of sparkling black or soft blue eyes, it would not be the best time to ask me if I agree with Balmac when he says, "*Ce n'est que les laiderons qui sont méchants.*" (It is only frights who are wicked).

The reader may congratulate himself that mine is not a descriptive talent; one Sir Walter Scott, since the flood, is as much as the restricted limits of human life can afford. I will enter at once *in medias res*, and even beyond, for I have been at Paris a fortnight, and am dining with my insincere Frenchman, who, in the most unprincipled way, and with his usual duplicity, has devoted himself entirely to me since my arrival, introducing me to his friends, getting me invited to receptions, and, indeed, sparing himself no trouble or expense to procure me every kind of enjoyment. He leaves me to inquire after his mother, who is indisposed, and promises to meet me at the *Bal Masqué* at the Italian Opera, if she is no worse.

You can get a good dinner everywhere, from the *Café Vévour* all round the world back to the *Trois Frères*, if you have an appetite, and nowhere without one. You can see good pictures and handsome buildings in every city, amusing plays in every theatre, pretty girls in every party; but there is only one place in the wide world where a *bal masqué* is to be enjoyed to perfection, and that place is the *Grande Opéra* at Paris. There cheerfulness, gaiety and frolic reign supreme; there is excitement without intemperance, wit without spleen, freedom without vulgarity.

I am alone, and find amusement enough in threading my way through the dances—a spectator rather than an actor in the scene; contemplative, but certainly not philosophical. I had prided myself rather upon my dancing, but one quadrille was sufficient to convince me that the *Terpsichorean* branch of my education had been rather neglected, and I prudently declined a contest, the result of which would be likely to be more amusing to others than to myself. The boxes are crowded with with handsomely-dressed ladies, who would suffocate rather than remove their masks; and, shocking to relate, many vacant places in the dress circle and the private boxes demonstrate that the fair occupants are unable to resist the allurements of Musard's band; that

"Rank is but the guinea's stamp."

that

"Youth is youth for all that."

The *bal masqué*, so different from anything in England, must always have a peculiar charm to an Englishman, from the exquisite whose experience does not extend beyond a profound knowledge of human nature, to the garrulous patriot who makes his fortune or the good of his country. It is at a *bal masqué* that the striking features of the French character are the most prominently exhibited, and certainly in no unamiable light; to be so gay and yet so well-behaved, is a lesson that even moral England might follow with advantage.

Although alone, I was not entirely unobserved, for ever and anon I noticed a lady seated apart regard me through her opera-glass with particular attention. I complacently put upon

this the most flattering construction, but did not think much of it at the time.

The evening was far advanced; it was late enough for every one to have been long there, but not for any to have left; the crowd was enormous, the confusion of voices, the continued sallies and repartees, the incessant laughter, the increased animation of the scene, made it evident that the ball had arrived at its climax, that the next dance would be the quadrille *par excellence* of the evening. Danseurs and danseuses, in every variety of costume, were rushing frantically about for their partners; couples did everything but quarrel to retain their places. The crush-room was deserted; every seat was filled; even the lights appeared to burn more brightly; the colors of the dresses to be more contrasted and more resplendent. It was a sight perfect of its kind; a sight before which Melancholy would forget its rôle and even Diogenes drop his lantern; before which Xerxes, instead of weeping at the thought of where such hundreds would be a hundred years hence, would send the reward he had offered to any one who could find him a new pleasure to Musard, and take his place at the quadrille. I was jostled into a position which enabled me to see everything undisturbed.

The dancers are all arranged, the discordant tuning of the instruments in the orchestra has ceased.

"Anticipation forward points the view."

Musard, the observer of all observers, stands erect. Conscious of his importance, he raises the magic wand which in a moment will set this living mass in motion—not a sound is to be heard.

To describe the music of this quadrille, and it is really worth describing, I must allude to a play it represents, which was acted with extraordinary success at one of the theatres.

The object of this play was to excite the people against Russia; it was based upon a circumstance which actually took place when the allies were in Paris in 1815. The old Imperial Guard, conquered but not subdued, had secretly determined to strike a blow which would suggest to the Russians, who were peculiarly detested, the propriety of leaving the country. They had arranged to disguise themselves, as well as their weather-beaten faces and "those honorable scars, which brought them fame," would allow them, as industrious mechanics; and, meeting at a concert in the *Champs Elysées*, to fall upon the Cossacks sword in hand. A singer comes forward and sings a national song, which is tumultuously encored by the *Vieilles des Vieilles*. "No, no!" shout the Russians; the theatre enters into the spirit of the scene, and adds their bravos to those of the Guards. The lady comes triumphantly forward, sings the song again, adding as an impromptu chorus, "*à bas les Étrangers! à bas les Cosaques!*" the words are scarcely out of her mouth than a Cossack rises furious with rage and shoots her dead. This is enough; the fight becomes general; shots are exchanged; the Guards throw off their disguise: chairs are hurled—the gallery is stormed; a huge Cossack is dragged to the footlights by an old Imperial, who has got him in chancery, and amidst general hilarity tears out handfuls of his red moustaches by the roots, and pummels him to his heart's content. At length, fairly defeated, the Russians are driven off the stage, followed by the jeers and execrations of every one present.

Imagine music cleverly representing this, and hundreds of French people dancing to the tune. The instruments begin softly; the dancers seem to be reserving their strength; the music increases in volume; the dancers in exact proportion become more active; the lights are gradually turned down; at a distance is heard the portentous booming of the cannon; the storm threatens. It is now so dark that little can be detected, but every variety of costume, an indistinct mass of blue, yellow, white and red; those dancers near enough to be seen roll their heads in agony of excitement; the people, their necks strained, forget each other, intent upon the scene; the music is deafening. Musard, his hair disordered, sends forth thunder at every wave of his bâton; pistols are fired and scarcely distinguished. The theatre is suddenly illumined; a hymn of triumph bursts from the orchestra, changes to a galop, until the force of nature can no farther go, and the panting danseuse drops into her seat.

Can it be believed that, in the midst of all this hilarity, there throbs a heart bursting with grief? The lady I alluded to, seated alone, is as interested in everything that is going

forward as any one present, and yet she hears no music; her opera-glass is eagerly and incessantly turned in every direction, invariably resting upon me, and yet she sees no dancing. The quadrille is at an end, and I turn to leave, when I observe her approaching with a voice and manner which disclosed the effort it caused her to address me. "*Vous êtes seul, monsieur!*" You are alone, sir—she said.

Scarcely noticing her, I passed on.

"Pardon me, sir," she hurriedly exclaimed; "before I determined to speak to you, I calculated upon the probability of being received coldly, and perhaps with disdain, but believe me you are mistaken. I am different from what you take me to be."

"Really, madam," I replied, "If I have acted rudely, I am very sorry for it; the fact is, it is five o'clock in the morning, I am tired and want to get home."

"I am aware, sir," she rejoined, "that a *bal masqué* is the last place that I should be at; my reason for coming here is very different from the rest of the people; but perhaps, if the truth were known, I am not the only one amidst this excitement who is wretched and unhappy. You are English, are you not? I thought so, hence my reason for addressing you." Her voice trembled. "The fact is, sir," she added, hesitatingly, "I know an Englishman, and I could and would at this moment give five hundred pounds to see that man. Do you know a gentleman named Thornton, B—— Hall, Cumberland?"

"Madam, I confess to being an Englishman, but really I cannot say I know every one living in England." She was about to retire; I felt that I had been too abrupt, and hastened to repair my fault. "Excuse me, madam," I added, "if I appear to have behaved with unkindness; I can only say that I shall be very happy to be of use to you, if it is in my power."

"I know, sir," she continued, "I should not be here, and that you must consider it very unaccountable that I should thus address a perfect stranger; believe me, nothing but the terrible desperation of my position could induce me to do either. But if you will allow me a few moments to explain myself, it may not appear to you so very extraordinary. If you do not feel yourself interested in me, your politeness, I am sure, will prevent you from causing me to regret my boldness. But I cannot but think, that when you know everything you will commiserate me, for I have heard that the English are generous, and if you excite their sympathy they are ready to offer assistance; with very little trouble to yourself, you can be of infinite service to me."

It was evident that she was anxious to explain, and as the spot where we were standing was inconveniently crowded, I offered my arm and conducted her to a corner of the room, which was almost deserted. I said a few kind things to reassure her, and begged she would not hesitate to detain me as long as she thought proper, for I was not particularly desirous to go home, and I already began to feel very much interested.

"Since I have made up my mind to address you," she began, after we were seated, "and as you appear kindly disposed, I will tell you everything unreservedly; the circumstances, although they appear almost incredible, I am fortunately in a position to substantiate in every particular. I am from the South of France; my family, although not noble, are in good position, and rank among the first people of the place. About three years ago an English gentleman, Mr. Edward Thornton, B—— Hall, Cumberland—it is, I think, in the North of England, somewhere near Scotland—had occasion to visit our neighborhood; being well recommended, for he was highly connected, and his address being prepossessing, for he had travelled much and was exceedingly well-informed, he was well received in the best circles, by my family amongst the rest. His visits were frequent. Handsome and accomplished in an eminent degree, he knew well how to render himself agreeable, and soon became a favorite. I was nineteen at that time, and he twenty-three. I have determined to tell you all. I found soon that his society was necessary to my happiness. I will do him the justice to say, that he showed me no particular attention; he seemed even to treat me with greater reserve than the rest of my family. I dreaded that every day would be the last that he would stop in the neighborhood, and when I remembered that we were of a different religion, of a different country, and almost in a different position, for he was very wealthy, his god-

father having left him £8,000 a-year, I could not but be aware that my foolish affection must end unhappily. Had I reason to hope that he loved me, it must have done so; but I had every reason to believe to the contrary. Without hope of any kind, unable to make a confidante even of my sister, for I was ashamed to confess an affection which was not reciprocated, I felt my health was giving way: my parents noticed the change, but could not divine the cause. You will blame me, perhaps, sir; I know I am not blameless; my only excuse is, that I was of an age when women can the least control their affections. Sir, you are from a country where the affections are tempered by discretion, and the feelings of the heart are under control; the reserve of the English character is more capable of inspiring an affection than feeling it—at least, to any extent; with us, it is quite the reverse. The indifference of Mr. Thornton, instead of acting as a chill upon me, had a contrary effect; my imagination, inflamed by the little encouragement he gave me, pictured him to me even in a more amiable light. I loved him—felt he was necessary to my happiness, and that when he left I never could be happy again. Can you wonder at my health giving way? You will not, if you can appreciate the position of a woman under such circumstances. Her love is the source of all her happiness or misery in life, as I have learnt by bitter experience. Thus, when I found I loved him I did not attempt to check it; when I felt I was wasting away it gave me little regret.

"One evening I was strolling out alone, as it had become a habit with me. I had chosen a walk which in happier times was a favorite, but which now was particularly so; the vines clustered round a lake without a ripple, which reflected like a mirror the banks and the islands. The evening was balmy and soft, a gentle tranquillity pervaded everything, and the chirping of the birds as they roosted blended with the scene and sounded like their prayer. It was a time and a place which would have gladdened a heart less disposed to melancholy than mine, but I only brooded over my own misery, and I turned away dejected from that which contrasted painfully with my own bitter reflections. I had not proceeded many steps when I met Mr. Thornton. By a strange contradiction, although I am sure, if I could not without, I would at any time have given my life to have been with him an hour, I now would avoid him as an asp; for although I loved him so I was miserable, if not irritated, at his almost studied reserve. Whether he was struck by my manner, I know not; but he walked by my side for a few moments in silence. At that time I felt that I could not and would not attempt the ordinary conversation of an acquaintance, and that it would be hazardous to feign indifference, for indifference ill-feigned is the most eloquent confession, and I had a horror that he should suspect that I had felt any affection when I was sure he did not reciprocate it. We were clearly equally embarrassed. I would have given anything to have been alone. We had been together half an hour without having uttered a dozen words; at last, in a kind voice and gentle manner, addressing me by my Christian name, which he had never done before, he said, '*Adèle, I leave for Italy to-morrow, and I have come to say good-bye.*' Had he told me this when I was at home, surrounded by my family, he might not have detected the pang it gave me; but at that particular moment my emotions were such that I could not control them, and I burst into tears."

The lady hesitated; she had but once removed her mask, and then only for a moment: completely disguised, it was impossible for me to know what she was like. I could see she was elegantly dressed, her fan was handsome and her gloves were unexceptionable; her figure was slender and graceful, and her voice sweet, and her language, though expressed with an accent slightly provincial, was most elegant French; indeed, throughout she had spoken with a warmth almost amounting to eloquence.

"I hope, sir," she continued, "I do not fatigue you; it is very good of you to listen so attentively. I could, perhaps, be more brief, but you are the first I have spoken to unreservedly on the subject; and in addition to the anxiety I feel that you should think favorably of me—for you will find that you can be of great service to me, with very little trouble to yourself—I find a kind of relief to dwell upon a time which I then thought unhappy, but which I now, alas! regard as the hap-

piest that I have ever and may ever enjoy, for I have been disgracefully—cruelly treated! When Mr. Thornton found the effect his words had produced, without allowing me time to be vexed with myself, with a warmth and earnestness so different from his former behavior, he told me that he had admired me when he first saw me, that he had done everything in his power to conceal his attachment; that now he loved me with all his heart. Behold me, then, with a proud position before me—the *fiancée* of a man whom I adored, whose love I prized higher than my life; behold me now! My parents insisted that Mr. Thornton should write to his father and inform him of the step that he had taken. He objected for two reasons: in the first place, he was impatient that the marriage should take place directly; and besides, he said, 'I am independent and a major, so what good can it do? My family may object, and it may produce unpleasantness to act in opposition to their wishes: it is better that I should marry Adèle first and ask them afterwards.' But my parents were inexorable, and I added my entreaties. We waited six weeks, making preparations and expecting an answer, but none arrived. 'You see,' said Edward, exultingly, 'they know they cannot help it, and trust to my discretion.' The day was fixed, sir, the breakfast prepared, the bridal dresses made, the settlement was arranged—he, in the handsomest manner, settling the whole of my own property upon me, and a considerable sum in addition—the carriages were almost at the door, for in eight hours I was to be his wife, when a postchaise drove up to our door and an elderly gentleman entered, who, without noticing us, loaded Mr. Thornton with reproaches. It was his father—an obdurate man at all times, he was furious now. It was a terrible scene between father and son. I never saw any one so agitated; I thought he would have died upon the spot. His indignation at last gave way to entreaties: in an agony he endeavored to recall his son to what he called his duty; he told him that his mother was breaking her heart; 'And as for me,' he said, clenching his hands, 'I have lived too long already!' His face became absolutely livid; I trembled to see the old man. At last he broke forth, with a steady but hollow voice, which seemed to come from his heart—'I feel that I shall not leave this spot alive. Wretch! although I have failed to awaken you to a sense of duty, I have planted a remorse which will follow you to the grave. When you enjoy this bauble of the moment, remember that you have gained her by trampling upon the broken heart of a mother, and that the last words of a father, whose only fault was to love you too well, were to —' 'Oh, father! curse me not! I obey!—I obey! Drag me away from that which is dearer to me than life, but curse me not! Adèle!' he exclaimed, throwing himself into my arms, transfixed with horror. No one interfered. He left me, sir, he left me; and from that hour to this—now nearly two years—I have never seen him nor received a letter from him."

"Good gracious, madam! why this is incredible, monstrous —"

"I have never seen him," she rejoined; "and, excepting once or twice indirectly, I have not heard from him. I hardly know if he is dead or alive."

"It is evident to me," I continued, "that this Mr. Thornton is either a fool or a scoundrel; a fool to allow himself to be coerced to act dishonorably, even by his father; or a scoundrel for breaking his promises. I should recommend you to think no more of him, for it is clear he is not deserving of your regard. I do not say this because I am unwilling to put myself to some trouble to serve you, for I am so much interested in what you have told me that it would be a pleasure to do anything for you, but simply because I think it is the best thing you can do: the keenest disappointments are obliterated, or at least blunted, by time. Return to your family, and despise the scoundrel."

"Ah, sir," she replied, "I have tried this, and my failing health has convinced me that it is impossible. We can get accustomed to happiness, and a pleasure, however entrancing, palls by constant possession, but misery like mine is ever poignant, ever new; it were better to travel everywhere than to sit at home inactive, with the idea that I am being gradually forgotten, that my chance of happiness is dwindling away; besides, I have a reason more imperative, which, when I know you better, I must tell you. I will tell you all," she exclaimed.

She removed her mask, turned her face away, and burst into a passionate flood of tears:—"J'ai un enfant," she sobbed forth; "so I must seek him."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, indignantly; "that alters the case, madam. You may depend upon me. I leave for England in three days; in a week from that time you shall hear from me. I cannot, of course, mention the exact day; but I promise you shall have an interview with Mr. Edward Thornton."

"You do not respect me less, then," she said, anxiously, "for the terrible disclosure I felt myself compelled to make."

"Not at all," I replied; "in yours, as in almost every case, the man is alone to blame. It is now very late; will you allow me to see you home? I shall then know where you live, which will be better than trusting to an address, which may be mistaken or mislaid; and I have friends in Paris who could communicate with you in case of need."

"Heaven will bless you," she exclaimed, "for your goodness of heart! I cannot find words to express my gratitude. Before I left home I had a presentiment that I dared not encourage. I prayed that I might be more fortunate to-night than I have ever been before, and I feel that my prayers have been heard. How happy I am that I had confidence in the English character. An interview with him is all that I require, for, in spite of appearances, I know his honorable nature. I am certain some great influence is exerted to prevent him from seeing me, and that his letters are arrested. I know well the power I have over him; I have only to tell him that my heart is breaking, to let him see my altered appearance, and then I shall be happy again, or the veil will be torn from my eyes and I shall despise him as I ought. I should have gone to England, but having no friends there, my total ignorance of the English language has prevented me; for what could I do in a strange country with my little experience of the world, without a friend to advise me, and without being able to speak a word of English? You now perhaps understand how, in the absence of any more likely plan, I frequent at the present season every place of public resort; you can understand how, disappointed at my want of success in seeing Mr. Thornton, I should make a confidant of a stranger of quiet deportment and gentlemanly appearance, who was evidently English!"

"Madam, as it happens, you have acted wisely, for you have so much interested me that you need have no concern, but visit England when you think proper. This is my card, and you may rely upon my being ready to assist you to the extent of my power."

She took my arm; I called a cab, and in a few minutes left her at her house.

Shocked at the lateness of the hour, for it was broad daylight, I endeavored to persuade myself that I was merely taking a walk before breakfast.

In the middle of the day I was in a sound sleep, sweetly dreaming that I was in complete armor of burnished brass, saving an innumerable number of beautiful ladies "from outrage worse than death," who were squeezing my hand with gratitude and weeping on my shoulder, when my French friend awoke me to explain how it was that he did not go the *bal masqué*.

"Enjoy myself!" I exclaimed, in answer to the usual question; "I had no time for enjoyment; I had the most astonishing, most romantic adventure."

"Of course!" was his curt reply. "You English never go out without having a romantic adventure: you ought not to be trusted alone."

"No, but really," I added, rather nettled, "I am quite serious. I met a lady—a bona fide lady—who told me the most afflicting story I ever heard, and, I think, ever read. If you will be silent, and not interrupt, whilst I am dressing I will relate it to you; and do try to be serious if you can. If you listen quietly, and have a heart in your bosom, which, as you are a Frenchman, I very much doubt, I am sure you will be as much affected by it as I am." I then told him every circumstance, and he appeared at the end very interested and astonished. "This Mr. Thornton," I continued, "is a scoundrel! For the first time I blush that I am an Englishman; but I will not rest until I have procured her an interview."

"I should like to see the lady," continued my friend.

"Will you take me with you to-day? Your recital has also interested me very much, and I am disposed to serve her myself, if it is in my power."

"Very well, we will go now."

We started together. The lady was in *deshabille* when we arrived.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed; "for after you left I remembered I had not sufficiently impressed upon you the importance of proceeding cautiously in the matter; for, remember, I have not yet given up hopes that Mr. Thornton still loves me. I am aware that everything is done by his family to divert him from me, but my hope is that they have not as yet succeeded. If, then, he imagines I have made a confidant of any one, particularly a stranger, it may create in him a real aversion for me; at present I have done nothing which could cause him to love or respect me less."

She brought out letters and other relics until, finding by her tears that referring to the things agitated her very much, we begged of her to put them away.

"Madam," said my friend, "your story is very affecting."

"Ah, sir," she replied, "there are many novels less so. Truth is sometimes stranger and sadder than fiction. I feel I shall not suffer long, for my health is giving way."

"Can you not forget this Mr. Thornton, and cure this affection you have for him by some other affection—perhaps another Englishman—my friend, for example? He is young and agreeable, and I am convinced, from the way he has spoken of you, that it requires no considerable effort for him to prevent his pity for you from ripening to affection. You are handsome," he added, and passed his hand over her shoulder—a liberty which shocked me very much—"and of an affectionate disposition; he in the prime of life, of ardent temperament, and well off; let me unite you," he said, taking us each by the hand; "you will be like two turtle-doves in a fortnight; and you, madam, will be avenged, for Mr. Thornton will be the most to be pitied."

"Ah, sir," said the lady, "I have been to a celebrated physician, and he told me, he said, 'Madam, I can do you no good; it would be robbing you to take your money. Your only chance of recovery will be some other attachment.'"

"Precisely," said my friend, "and a very sensible man; this is the homœopathic system; having consulted the doctor, it would be absurd not to take the prescription."

"I would do so," said she, regarding me, who sat quietly wondering what was coming next; "but I feel it is impossible—I should only deceive him; he is good, and I respect him very much; he is rather like Mr. Thornton, too; but I could not love—no," she added faintly, "I could not love him." This was expressed with a candor more creditable to her than flattering to me. "Ah!" she added, "those who have loved more than once have never loved."

"And what did Mr. Thornton resemble that he should make so deep and eternal an impression? Was he so very handsome?"

"He was handsome, but that had nothing to do with it. I loved him because I was fated to love him."

"Was he short or tall?" persevered the Frenchman; "fair or dark? witty or severe? In a word," said my friend, rising, with a hearty laugh, "did he resemble *Monsieur Léon Duval*?"

These mystic words were scarcely out of his mouth than this most interesting, true-hearted and much-injured lady went into screaming hysterics. The mask was forcibly torn away.

"Most cruelly-treated but best of women," continued my friend, "trouble yourself no further; your acting is excellent, indeed. Had I not known you I should have been deceived myself, but it is now thrown away. Adieu! Your exertions deserved better success. And you, my poor, benevolent and honorable friend, come with me. I must not let you out alone again."

"What could have been her motive?" said I, feeling remarkably small.

"It is a clever scheme," my friend replied, "and amuses me much. Why, you see, notwithstanding your glowing description of the interesting lady, I think her very ugly, and not too young, although she said she was nineteen three years ago. Finding that she cannot reach the heart, and through the heart the pockets, by her charms, she endeavors to do so by her misfortunes; in the absence of love she excites pity, knowing that

pity is next akin to love. You were in a fair way to be plucked. Ah! you may sneer now, but depend upon it, if I had not known her you would have been a few guineas poorer before another twenty-four hours had passed over your head."

My friend kindly promised he would not relate my affecting and romantic adventure until I left, which I was very glad soon to do, my belief in the sincerity of the French certainly not strengthened.

SUPPLEMENT.

I was smoking a cigar at home one evening not long ago, and a gentleman, attended by a companion, whom my practised eye detected to be an attorney, knocked at my door.

"Mr. Wiggins?" said the gentleman, who was evidently a man of some distinction.

I bowed.

"Mr. Wiggins," continued the gentleman, "I have called to see you upon very serious, very unpleasant business."

"Indeed!" I replied, wondering what he could mean. "Will you take a chair? I do not know if you smoke—if so, you will find these very good cigars."

"Sir!" he said, very abruptly, "it is not my intention to take a seat—neither would I accept anything from you." The small-eyed attorney tossed his head and shrugged his shoulders. "My indignation is such that I cannot control it," he added; "the very air seems tainted by your presence. Sir, I despise you! do you hear that, sir? I despise you!" And he snapped his fingers in my face.

I had evidently made a mistake; the attorney was a keeper, and this some maniac broken loose. But the keeper must be equally mad, I remarked, for he does not seem astonished. I will sell my life dearly, I thought, so I took up the poker.

"Whether you are mad or not," I said, looking at him steadily, "I shall want this unless you go out of my room in one minute by that clock."

"Do not trouble yourself," rejoined my unknown visitor; "this gentleman is my lawyer. Your infamous conduct has been made known to me, and I am resolved—mark that, sir! resolved that you shall do justice to that injured woman."

"What injured woman?"

"Mark his duplicity!" said he, turning to the small-eyed attorney, who watched the progress of events with evident satisfaction.

"I think there must be some mistake," said I, putting down the poker, very much amused.

"Your pretended ignorance will avail you nothing, sir," added my unknown visitor. "Know, then, I have called at the instance of Madame Adèle Dupassier, whom you have so wickedly injured, and now shamefully neglect; whom you have precipitated from an honorable position to one of shame. But she is not altogether friendless. I intend interesting myself in her behalf, and will compel you to compensate her as far as you are able for the ruin you have caused."

"Oh! is that all!" said I, laughing immoderately. "Now be good enough to sit down there, put a cigar in your mouth, and read this manuscript which I have written for the amusement of my friends who are likely to visit Paris." When he had finished, "There," I said, "I have at least to thank my French friend for saving me from looking so ridiculous as you do at present."

"Good gracious!" he muttered, "if I have lent that woman a pound, I have lent her seventy, and what is worse, I expect her over here in a week!"

"Oh! you need not fear that," I replied; "not as long as there are sentimental Englishmen at Paris to be duped by her tale, and to lend her money. I wonder," I continued, rather alarmed, "if I shall have any more visits? My only hope is, that since you were in Paris last she will make you the next villain. Did you give her your address?"

"Yes, and more than that, I have compromised myself in other ways. I am sorry, sir, to have intruded, and hope you will excuse my rudeness."

He bowed, and retired.

MORAL.

When gentlemen wish to be benevolent and philanthropic, let them choose some more likely object to deserve it than deserted females at the *Bal Masqué* at the *Grande Opéra* at

Paris; and, above everything, be provided with an *alias*, and be sure not to give their real name and addresses.

Gentle reader, you have been what is technically but expressively termed "sold;" and so was I. I can only hope that the time bestowed upon the perusal of this romantic and affecting adventure may not be entirely lost, but that some little addition has been made to your store of experience; and when a lady addresses you at a bal masqué, bathed in tears, you will give her the reception of the Sacristan in "Ingoldsby:"

The Sacristan he says no word,
He intimates no do ibt,
But puts his thumb up to his nose,
And spreads his fingers out.

THE SCULPTOR'S LOVE: OR, THE LAST VOTARY OF THE VENUS.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

It was a cloudless morning in May; the sunshine streamed bright and beautiful into the tribune of the Uffigi Palace at Florence, touching with more glowing tints the rosy limbs of Titian's Venus, lighting the inspired face of the St. John of Raphael, and even lending something of the warmth and hue of life to the bending form of the Venus di Medicis.

Before the last-named stood a young man in an attitude of rapt and breathless adoration, and apparently oblivious of all that was passing around him. He was singularly handsome, but almost too delicate and effeminate-looking for manly beauty. His wavy hair, escaping from a small student's cap, almost touched his shoulders; and his dark blue eyes and delicate features would have presented an absolutely feminine aspect, had it not been for the silky, golden-hued moustache that shaded his upper lip. In the unwavering gaze which he fixed upon the beautiful statue before him might have been read more than a sculptor's admiration of a triumph of his art. The adoration of a love, or the worship of a votary, might fitly have inspired the rapt and passionate tenderness that shone in his eyes. The usual crowd of travellers, guide-book in hand, jostled him as they passed, or stared at him in amazement; but, silent and unheeding, he stood absorbed in contemplating that most beautiful of all the creations of art.

Suddenly, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a laughing voice exclaimed, "Why, Franz, man, not dreaming here again? I shall soon be half-inclined to side with Johann and Otto, and believe you mad indeed!"

The young man started, and, passing his hand over his eyes, he turned to the new-comer with a faint and melancholy smile.

Rodolph Meyer, the intimate friend and companion of Franz Walden, was, as is often seen in such cases, his exact opposite both mentally and physically. Tall, athletic and finely formed, his frank, joyous countenance, bright dark eyes, and jovial manner formed as complete a contrast to his pale, low-voiced and melancholy friend as can well be imagined. Sinking his arm in that of Franz, he drew him towards the door. "Nay, you must come," he said, in answer to an expression of reluctance from the other. "You have managed to avoid me so pertinaciously for the past two months, that I am only too glad to get an opportunity of speaking to you. So, come; I will walk with you to your studio, as I want to see what you have been doing all this time."

Franz gave utterance to no further objection; and, leaving the gallery, they proceeded towards his lodgings. Rodolph, after vainly trying to animate his friend, and to draw him into conversation, at length desisted, and relapsed into absolute silence. The lodgings were soon reached; and Franz, taking a key from his pocket, admitted his friend into the small room that served him as a studio. It was in the greatest disorder. Chips of stone and fragments of dried clay strewn the floor, while in the centre of the room stood a half-finished model of a statue, representing a daughter of Niobe. The attitude was perfect; and the gradual relaxation of the limbs in death was admirably done; but the head was unfinished, and the clay had long since dried into hopeless hardness. In one corner, the modelling tools lay piled away, and covered with dust; and a half-completed bust of Diana was pushed aside in another. A

large green curtain hung across one end of the room, and effectually concealed it. Rodolph looked around in amazement.

"Why, good heavens, Franz! what have you been about these two months past?"

Without answering, Franz rose; and, advancing to the green curtain, he drew it aside, and revealed to his astonished friend the beautiful statue it concealed.

Rodolph could not restrain an exclamation of wonder and admiration. It was at the period when Gibson had just introduced the practice of tinting the marble with the colors of life; and the figure before him was an exquisite example of the art. It was a fine copy of the Venus di Medicis, with her rounded limbs flushed with the rosy hue of life, and her wavy hair tinged with paly gold; and, more than all, the chisel of the copyist had lent an expression of timid and maidenly tenderness to the features, so expressive in the original. She looked no longer the cold and soulless goddess, but the mortal maiden dreaming of her first adorer, with love at her heart, and life upon her lips.

"Beautiful! But why did you not attempt an original work? Exquisite as this copy is, it is but a copy; and your daughter of Niobe yonder was surely worth finishing before you commenced this!"

There was no answering; and Rodolph turned in wonder to his friend. Franz leaned against the wall, his hand pressed upon his eyes, whilst large tears slowly forced their way between his slender fingers.

"Franz, my poor fellow, you are ill!" said Rodolph, kindly, and laying his hand on his shoulder as he spoke.

"Not ill," cried the other, dashing the drops from his eyes; "but mad!"

"Mad!" exclaimed Rodolph, starting back.

"Yes, mad—mad, indeed; for I love!"

"You love! And who, in the name of heaven?"

"I love—love with all the force of my nature, all the power of my being—this statue, this Venus, this too perfect form which remains ever cold and motionless beneath my caresses. Why did ever marble take so all-perfect a shape? Why is the story of Pygmalion a fable? Oh, my divine love! shall I never, save in my dreams, behold you aught but cold and insensible to my love and to my prayers?" He cast himself on the ground and pressed his forehead against the feet of the statue. "Cold, cold, indeed!" he muttered. "Will my love, then, never warm her into life?"

Rodolph was seriously alarmed. He saw that the report of his friend's insanity, which he had heard freely circulated among his fellow-students, had too much foundation in truth. As he looked around the room he saw but too many evidences of the unhappy passion that possessed its occupant. The universal disorder we have described did not extend to the nook where the statue stood. The walls of that portion of the room were covered with a dark green baize that formed an admirable background for the rosy tints of the figure. The floor was carefully swept and strewn with small pine branches; and upon a pedestal placed directly in front of the Venus stood a small vase filled with freshly-gathered flowers.

Franz Walden, from the time of his first arrival in Florence, had been looked upon as a young sculptor of unusual promise. Some months before, an English gentleman, having, with much difficulty, obtained the permission of the Tuscan Government to have a copy taken of the Venus di Medicis, had given the commission to Franz to execute. The unfortunate result of that commission we have already seen. Dreamy, reserved and poetical, and singularly sensitive to beauty in every shape, the admiration he felt for the fair form he contemplated for so many hours each day soon deepened into love. While completing the copy destined for the Englishman, he contrived to execute a second for himself; and from that day his art was neglected, and his time passed in his studio or at the Tribune, in mute worship before the beauty he adored.

As he grew more calm, Rodolph gradually drew from him these particulars. When Franz had ended, he remained for some moments absorbed in thought.

"What if you were to find a living woman the exact prototype of the Venus?" he asked at length.

"Then, oh, then!" cried the other with flushed cheek and kindling eye, "I should indeed be blest."

"Well, farewell for a little," said Rodolph, starting up. "I will be with you soon again."

Several days had passed away, and Franz stood in his studio arranging a bouquet of roses and jessamine in the vase which stood before his beloved statue. A strange glitter shone in his eyes, and his cheek burned with a feverish and unnatural crimson. Wan, wasted and sad, he looked as though he had just risen from a bed of sickness; and the unusual brilliancy of his eyes, and the flush that rested on his usually pallid countenance, but served to render the strange alteration of his appearance still more striking.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Rodolph appeared on the threshold. "Franz! Franz!" he cried, "leave your statue and look upon the living beauty of which you have so long dreamed!"

"What do you mean?" cried Franz, dropping his flowers as he spoke.

A scuffling sound was heard in the passage, mingled with strange angry cries and the words, "My dearest Annina!" uttered in a soothing tone; and a little old woman burst into the room, half-leading, half-dragging a young girl, who shaking off the grasp of her conductor, stood upright, flushed and panting, in the centre of the room. It needed but a glance to reveal the rare perfection of her beauty. Her complexion was of a creamy paleness, and her large eyes were black and brilliant as those of a gazelle; but it was in her faultless form, fully displayed by the tight-fitting black velvet bodice and short skirt of her peasant dress, that the rarest element of her beauty lay. Line for line, it was identical with that of the statue before which she stood; and her small graceful head, with its low brow and wavy hair fastened back in a plain Grecian knot, was also exactly like that of the Venus.

Breathless with delight, Franz approached her, and would have taken her hand, but the old woman interposed.

"Don't touch her, sir," she whispered, laying her skinny hand upon his arm; "she's mighty easy offended, and you had better get her into a good humor before the sitting begins. Give her something sweet, and she'll be good for an hour or so at least."

"What on earth does she mean?" asked Franz in amazement.

Without answering, Rodolph took from his pocket a bit of sugar, and held it towards the young girl, who still stood motionless in the centre of the room. Uttering a strange inarticulate cry, she snatched it from him, and, retiring to a corner, she crouched down and began to eat with the eagerness and almost the gestures of an animal.

Franz gazed on her in astonishment. Suddenly, there flashed across his mind the recollection of an opinion expressed in a work on phrenology that he had once read, that, "if ever there existed a woman with the peculiarly shaped head and low brow of the Venus de Medicis, that woman would of necessity be an idiot." The strange looks and gestures of the young girl were explained. The phrenologist was right. Shuddering he turned away and covered his face with his hands.

"Send her away," he gasped.

Rodolph put some money into the old woman's hand, and motioned to her to withdraw. Well pleased at having obtained the price of Annina's services as a model, without having had the trouble of coaxing her to take the requisite attitudes, she persuaded her charge to follow her by the bribe of another piece of sugar, and the friends were left alone.

Without speaking, Franz turned toward the Venus. Snatching up a large hammer that lay amidst his neglected tools, he aimed a blow full upon her graceful head; but the stroke was weak and uncertain—it glanced off harmless—and, dropping the hammer, he staggered back, and would have fallen senseless on the floor had not Rodolph sprung forward and caught him in his arms. The deep and protracted insensibility that followed was but the commencement of a fearful attack of brain-fever. Day after day Rodolph sat by the bedside of his unhappy friend and listened to his wild ravings, with a feeling of remorse that he vainly strove to stifle. He had heard some talk amongst his fellow-students of the beautiful idiot-model, and of her striking resemblance to the Venus,

and in an evil hour he had resolved to try the experiment of bringing her suddenly before Franz, in hopes that the shock of finding the beauty he had so worshipped was indeed soulless would arouse him from his folly. As he gazed on the flushed cheek and wandering of his poor friend, he felt, at first, as though he had indeed caused the suffering he witnessed; but calmer reflection convinced him that the shock Franz had undergone had but served as a breath to fan into flame the smouldering fires of the fever in his nature.

The crisis of the disease was passed, and Franz lay in a sleep calmer than any he had known since the commencement of his illness. At the foot of the bed sat Rodolph, engaged in finishing a sketch of a group of peasants, but suspending his work from time to time to cast a glance at the pale face of the sleeper. The window was open, and the warm and perfumed breath of an Italian June came pleasantly and refreshingly into the sick room. By the bed was drawn a small table from which the medicines had been removed, and which now bore nothing less inviting than a dish of grapes and figs and a huge bouquet of roses. The doctor had assured Rodolph that Franz would awake free from fever; so he had spent some time in removing as many as possible of the evidences of sickness from the room, and in arranging the fruit and flowers in the most tempting and picturesque manner. Rodolph had finished his drawing, and was holding it off at a distance to consider it critically, when a low voice pronouncing his name struck his ear. Away went pencils and drawing to the floor, and, springing to the bedside, he saw, to his delight, that Franz was not only awake but free from fever.

"My kind friend, have you been here all this long while?" asked the invalid, in a faint voice. "I have been very ill, have I not?"

"Very ill," answered Rodolph, endeavoring to steady his voice.

"Ah, I remember!" was the answer; "the Venus—the idiot girl!" and, turning aside, he buried his face in the pillows.

"Franz, can you ever forgive me?" asked Rodolph, taking the wasted hand of the other as he spoke.

"Forgive you?" answered Franz, looking up; "rather let me thank you for awakening me from my insane folly. I have been an idle dreamer too long; but I am aroused at last. I have much lost time to make up, many wasted opportunities to retrieve, many follies of which I must repent. I will work; my olden days of inspiration and enthusiasm will return, and I shall yet carve out for myself a glorious name. I am no longer an idle visionary. Life claims me—life and my art." He paused, and seemed to struggle for breath. "Raise me, Rodolph," he faintly articulated. "I want air."

His friend did as he requested. The change of position seemed to revive him, and after a moment's silence he again spoke:—"A month ago I did not care for life, so wretched was I beneath the influence of the strange love that possessed me. But now, with the future stretching bright before me, with a free heart and a joyous spirit, I shall indeed rejoice to live." His head drooped lower, and a strange pallor crept over his features. "Life! life and art!" he muttered. "But I am weary, and would rest."

His head sank back upon Rodolph's arm. Slowly the mournful eyes closed, and the weary heart and troubled brain were at rest indeed, and for ever!

WHERE DO SEA-BIRDS SLAKE THEIR THIRST?—The question is often asked, says a California journal, Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of endurance are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.



THE DEJUNER.

THE LAST OF THE ABBÉS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

ABBOT is the translation of Abbé, but it conveys no idea of the meaning of the word as it is generally used. An Abbot is a grave and ghostly personage, rarely seen or spoken of, the head of a monastery, and, whether regular or commendatory—that is, whether priest or layman—the enjoyer of certain fruits of his Abbey. An Abbé was (for he did not outlive the Revolution) a capital little fellow—literary, musical, dramatic and religious; without a penny in the world, yet with a heart as light as his purse, and a head lighter than either. How, then, did M. l'Abbé live? Even a parlor next to the sky costs something; and although he did not always dine, he was never known to go supperless to bed. He dressed in the fashion—that is, the fashion of an Abbé; a seat in a carriage or the *entrée* of an opera-box was usually at his command; and in many distinguished houses he was permanently domiciled as the family friend. The thing is a mystery which the history of a thousand Abbés could hardly solve, since each course of adventure would be different from the rest. The truth is, the Abbé was a creature of circumstances, a dependent on shifts and expedients, a hanger-on of fortune, a “pensioner on the bounties of an hour.” Still, one would like to form, if possible, some definite notion of what he was and how he lived; for the species Abbé, as an aggregate, exercised an important influence upon French society in the last century; and we think ourselves fortunate in being able to get together the following facts touching an individual of the tribe, who is conjectured by M. Paul de Musset, in an old number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to have been the Last of the Abbés.

The name of this personage was Cordier, and it was in the year 1770 that he first attracted the attention of the microscopical observers. He was then twenty, with a frank brown eye, a clear complexion, and a gay, elastic step; and as he walked along the streets of Paris no human being would have guessed, from his tranquil comfortable air, that he was without fortune or profession; that he had neither parents nor friends, and that he was at the moment thinking within himself where his next meal was to come from. Presently, however, he found himself—history knows not how—in the coulisses of the opera,

where he had no *entrée*, and offering his snuff-box to M. Berton, the director, with whom he was not acquainted. This was the opening of the new theatre; everything was going on marvellously well; and M. Berton plunged at once into familiar conversation with the stranger, which was speedily joined in by M. Moreau, the royal architect, and M. Vassé the painter. The Abbé Cordier knew everything, understood everything, praised everything—not, be it observed, from interested motives, but simply because he was of a gay and benevolent disposition, prone to admire, an enthusiast in the beautiful, and anxious to make everybody feel as happy as himself. The end of it was that M. Berton, instead of asking him what he did there, presented him with a permanent ticket; that M. Moreau led him to his box to introduce him to his wife; and that M. Vassé asked him to dine with him next day.

At this time the Abbé's whole wealth consisted of four crowns, two of which were in his waistcoat pocket, and two wrapped up in paper. His wardrobe included a coat and a pair of pantaloons, a hat and a pair of shoes, all of which he wore on his person. He did not take his seat, however, at the painter's dinner-table, with the less of modest dignity on account of the scantiness of his possessions. He talked well, but not very often; ate heartily; admired the wine; told a gay story that was not too long; and finished by delighting the company, merely because the company and the repast delighted him. His friends, the director of the Opera, and the royal architect, were there, and this led to a course of dinners from his three Amphytrions, and another to whom he was introduced, which secured him for four days in the week. Friday and Saturday, it is true, were not accounted for, but these were *maigre* days, at any rate in the church; and as for Sunday, he considered, with justice, that it was necessary to leave something to his stars.

His best resource proved to be the house of the royal architect; for M. Moreau had not only an amiable wife, but two fine little girls. Our Abbé built houses of cards for these children, and told them fairy tales—such fairy tales! and M^{me}. Moreau, who was a fond mother, begged the good-natured little man to come as often as he could. The Abbé Cordier made a conscience of this, even leaving places he liked better himself, in order to be present at the “Good-night” of the children; and he by no means went the oftener to dinner on that account, at least unless when constrained by actual

necessity. Only one thing troubled him, and that was the rather awful fact, that his term at his lodgings was just about to expire. His lodgings were rigidly payable in advance, and without a certain sum (towards which he had not one sou), he would find himself in a few days without a domicile at all.

One evening M^{de}. Moreau desired to put down his address among those of her other acquaintances.

"Madame," replied the Abbé, "your question comes in good time; for if you had delayed asking it for three days, I should not have known how to answer."

"Then you are going to remove? You are much to be pitied, for it is a very annoying affair."

"Removing," replied Cordier, "is not the difficulty; neither is it the search for a new abode; but how to pay in advance is a little puzzling, unless one happened to have any money." M^{de}. Moreau got up without reply and took her husband apart; then, reseating herself, continued working for a little while at her tapestry in silence.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said she at length, "we have a bedroom up stairs, which is not in use. If you would like to stay with us, my husband offers you this little lodging." The Abbé accepted the offer at the word, but in a voice a little unsteady; and M^{de}. Moreau, seeing that he was moved, extended her hand to him under the tapestry, and while he placed a respectful kiss upon the fingers, added—"Your bed will be ready to-morrow, and you can come as soon as convenient; the children will be so happy to have their friend in the house."

When, on the second morning after this, the Abbé awoke in a handsome bed made of painted wood, with serge curtains, and saw arranged along the wall four straw-bottomed chairs, and a walnut-tree chest of drawers, he was tempted to believe himself, like the Sleeper Awakened, the Emperor of the East. But when a valet brought him a cup of chocolate and a roll, and gave him a pair of slippers to wear while he brushed his shoes, he began to doubt whether he was not rather served by the genii in the palace of the White Cat. He descended the stairs as if he trode upon air; and on entering the room where M. Moreau and his wife were playing with their little girls, if it had been in his nature to feel any embarrassment, he would at once have been at his ease by M^{de}. Moreau setting one of the chil-

dren on his knee to her own singing. But her song? what could that mean?

"Il était, il était
Une jeune fille
Qui n'avait, qui n'avait
Qu'une chemise,
Et encore elle était
A la lessive."

The Abbé blushed at the idea suggested by these words, and a cloud descended upon his thoughtless brow. He opened his snuff-box and shut it instantly; then rising, he walked round the room with an embarrassed air, and at length, touching M. Moreau on the sleeve, he said to him—

"I cannot think, monsieur, that M^{de}. Moreau—who is goodness itself—means to ridicule a man who is so devoted to her as I. At any rate, the pleasantry, I admit, is innocent in itself; but—"

"Why, what is the matter? I do not understand you, my dear friend," said the royal architect.

"It is in fact," replied the Abbé, "that I have but one shirt; and that one, as the song truly says, is at the wash."

"Be assured," said M. Moreau, "that my wife meant no reflection upon your dress, which she could not guess was in any way defective, since you are buttoned up to the throat; but she will take care for the future what she sings."

The Abbé pressed the hand of his kind host; and, after seeing that his buttons were in good order, went out to call on their mutual friend the director of the opera. Here he met with an interesting young actress, well-known a little later as M^{lle}. Doligny, who was asking a favor. Without being specially handsome, she was very charming, and her sweet gay voice went directly to the heart; but for all that she had many enemies, and found much difficulty in keeping her ground on the uncertain boards of the Opera. She was glad to have the little Abbé for an ally, and on the present occasion he had the address to gain for her the favor she sought. After this he became indispensable, and, on her benefit night, relieved her almost from despair by altering on the spot (for he knew a little of everything) a gold ornament for her hair which did not fit, and which came to her only a quarter of an hour before the curtain rose.

Julie was fascinating at any time; but how well dressed she was that night! and how beautiful she looked in her womanly



A SAD ADIEU.

gratitude and its stage expression! Poor Cordier was smitten to his heart of hearts; and, as he left the theatre, with the plaudits that were lavished upon Mdle. Doligny ringing in his ears, and her "dancing shape and image gay" flashing before him like an apparition, he felt, perhaps, for the first time in his life, a sinking of spirits. A popular actress of the Opera—a little buttoned-up Abbé! that was the contrast that haunted him; till, all on a sudden, a note was put in his hand, which made him leap. "My dear Abbé," it said, "you have brought me good luck; come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning at ten; fools and flatterers will not be allowed to enter till mid-day." The Abbé Cordier walked homewards with great strides.

"No," said he, after pacing up and down his little room for some time, "I will not disgrace her by my poverty, and never more will I expose myself to the fire of her lovely eyes. It is not for a man who has no shirt to court an actress!" and having taken his part, he sang shortly the ditty of *Mdme. Moreau*:

*Il était, il était
Une jeune fille, &c.*

On opening the drawer to put away the note, he stared into the recess for some time, as if struck by enchantment; when he ventured to touch with his hands the articles that excited his wonder he half expected to see them dissolve into thin air. They were six new shirts. When he at length convinced himself of the reality of this prodigious windfall, he set to work in great haste to mend a hole he had observed in his coat, remarking that it would be absurd to deny himself the pleasure of breakfasting with Mdle. Doligny, when nothing more was wanting than a bit of black thread.

The next morning, after ascertaining the effect of his shirt in the glass, he called for his coat, which they had taken away to brush. Having thrust his arm into the sleeve, he remained immovable with surprise.

"Why, this is a new coat!" cried he.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé."

"Whence came it?"

"I cannot tell, monsieur; my master said it was yours, and there it is."

"Good; it is just in time," and the Abbé went forth to keep his appointment with the fascinating actress.

We have not room, even if we had materials, to describe with the minuteness it deserves his first essay in love; but the intelligent reader, who knows what the divinities of the Opera are, will already have foreseen the result. Mdle. Doligny listened with great benignity to his addresses, and even suffered herself to be rallied by her acquaintances on her evident partiality for the little Abbé. Had she been either a peeress or a grisette, she would probably have gone a step farther and have given him her hand; but being an actress of the *Comédie Française*, she jilted him in due time for the sake of a ruined marquis, haunted by his creditors, worn out in body, blasé in mind; in short, an irresistible man. Cordier stood the shock in public like an ancient Roman; but in the solitude of his little room his mind preyed upon itself. He was not much of a priest, it must be confessed; but he had at least taken the tonsure and the little collar, and affected like others of his tribe to be waiting for ecclesiastical preferment. He was in short what was called by the profane an Abbé de *Sainte Esperance*. It was natural, therefore, that his darkening spirit should revert to the consolations of the church; and, in fine, Monsieur l'Abbé determined to enter the monastery of *La Trappe*.

It was not many days after the parting with his faithless lady love that a young man, with a handsome little person and a melancholy air, alighted at the only inn of the pretty bourg of Mortain, near *Avranches*. The good looks of the traveller might have stood him in little stead; but the sadness added to them was very interesting, and very stimulating besides to the curiosity; and the hostess placed a table for him in a small room, apart from the rest of the guests, who were cattle-dealers of the neighborhood.

After dinner, she seated herself in a chair opposite to him and inquired how he had relished his fare.

"It was excellent," replied the traveller.

"Perhaps it was," said the landlady; "but in my opinion you do not even know what it was that you have eaten."

"You are right, madame; I no longer know what I am about; and for this reason, that I am the veriest wretch in the world!"

"Alas, alas! and so young! Do, Monsieur l'Abbé, tell me all about it; I shall be so secret and so sorry!"

"Willingly," replied the Abbé; "for it will be a consolation to talk of my griefs;" and he proceeded to relate to her the history already known to the reader of his love and his despair. The hostess, with her two elbows on the table, her head leaning on her hands and her eyes fixed on his, listened with open mouth to a recital such as she had never before imagined even in her dreams. The Opera, the lights, the dresses, the gems, the beautiful Julie, and the hero of all before her eyes; it was like a fairy tale. But when the Abbé concluded with his intention to bury himself in the monastery of *La Trappe*, she rose from the table with a cry and left the room weeping. The good Cordier was moved even to tears. The next morning he heard his door open, and the same sympathetic voice informed him that his carriage was ready.

"But take my advice, Monsieur l'Abbé," continued the landlady, "and sleep on a while longer; if you will go to *La Trappe*, I will carry you to *Avranches* to-morrow in my own vehicle."

The Abbé took the advice; he did not set out for *La Trappe* the next day, nor the next, nor the next.

One morning he was awakened by an unusual noise in the house and heard a rough brutal voice addressing the good landlady. From the words he collected that it was her husband, whom he had never seen, and who had now returned from a journey. The man was jealous, and probably intoxicated. He came towards the Abbé's room, striking a heavy stick against the wall, while his innocent wife, terrified and yet indignant, appeared to cling to him. M. Cordier was hastily getting into his clothes while he made these observations; but, by the time his pantaloons and waistcoat were on he heard the handle of his door seized by the ruffian, and he at once darted out of the window without further ceremony. Our Abbé, it will be understood, was no hero, but he had light heels and good wind; and it is on record that he ran that morning six miles without stopping. He at length fell to the ground at the foot of a tree, and found himself in safety in the middle of a forest, but without coat or purse, and with no apparent means of obtaining a breakfast.

He at length, after wandering for a considerable time, fell in with some woodcutters, who directed him to a respectable house, occupied by M. Durand, to whom he related as much of his story as was necessary. The frank yet modest air of the Abbé recommended him as usual. M. Durand lent him a jacket, and set him down to breakfast with his wife and daughter; and before the meal was finished he was aware that he had found a new home. His universal though superficial smattering of knowledge made him of use to his host, who possessed forges and carpentry works; and if M. Cordier had been anything else than an Abbé, he might have established himself there for life.

But, unfortunately, Mdle. Charlotte was a good-looking girl, with blue eyes and slender fingers, who loved romances, music and botany, and played the harpsichord; while the Abbé Cordier was a handsome dapper little man, who had undergone adventures, knew the scientific names of scores of plants, and could blow the flute to a miracle. The consequence may be foreseen. The similarity of their tastes brought on a general sympathy, and while the father slept and the mother worked at her needle, the two young people discoursed most eloquent music together, and made their flute and harpsichord the interpreters of a growing passion. One day the mother chanced to look up, and made so complete a discovery in their eyes that it was unnecessary to wait for any other evidence, and she at once mentioned the affair in great alarm to her husband.

"My young friend," said M. Durand to his guest the next morning, "my wife believes that you pay your court to my daughter. I am sorry for it. At your age I should have done the same thing; but the fact is, you cannot marry Charlotte, because you have not the penny. You must, therefore, if you please, quit the house."

"It is all true," replied M. Cordier; "I love your daughter, and I have not the penny—no, nor a penny. I am grateful to

you for your week's hospitality. Adieu, monsieur, I leave you with regret."

"Poor lad! Take these hundred crowns which I lend you, and return them to me when you have made your fortune. Do not go to La Trappe. I shall desire them to put you on the road to Paris."

Charlotte escaped from her mother and overtook him on the road, as he was about to get into the vehicle.

"Alas!" said she, weeping, "are we never to meet again?"

"I fear not, mademoiselle, for I shall die of grief."

"Ah, if you do so, be sure to let me know, that I may not survive you. Give me something to keep in remembrance of you."

The Abbé drew from his finger a ring he had received from Mlle. Doligny and put it on hers, receiving in return an embroidered handkerchief. During the parting embrace the mother reached the spot, and the Abbé leaping into the carriage, it drove off.

It was now clear that it was not his fate to become a monk of La Trappe; and the first thing he did after arriving at Paris was to present himself in the coulisses of the Opera. He saw again his lost Julie, and even visited at her house, where he related every word of his adventures, not even concealing that he had given away her ring. The actress laughed heartily at the recital, and was so well pleased at her having provided the wherewith for so indispensable a piece of generosity, that she presented him with another ring to be ready for the next occasion. The paths in the world, however, of these two were so distinct, that it was necessary once more to separate; and when the moment came, even the light-hearted Julie looked grave and softened. She opened him her jewel drawer and offered him his choice for a souvenir; but the Abbé shook his head, and declared that he would have something on which her affections were more interested—that belonged more to herself.

"Give me your cat," said he, laying his hand upon the animal which was asleep, and which closed its eyes again on seeing that it was only caressed by its old friend Cordier.

"It is really a sacrifice," said the actress; "but I make it for you;" and as she gave him her cat a few light tears danced down her cheek, and were immediately exhaled by a lighter smile. The Abbé carried off his cat with a heavy heart; and many a year after, in those pauses of the world when his spirit retired into the past, and the image of the charming Julie rose again upon his solitary dream, he found it a great consolation to scratch its head, stroke its back and say poor pussy.

The history of a man like the Abbé is difficult to trace, for the thread is easily lost among the mazes of his destiny. In the year 1780 he reappears in the scene for a moment, on the occasion of the marriage of M. Moreau's eldest daughter, to whom he presented a match box of white wood, with the inscription, written in his finest hand upon the lid, *Fiat lux*. The present only cost him twenty sous, but it was gracefully given; and Mlle. Moreau, who was acquainted with his warm heart and slender finances, received it as well as if it had been worth a thousand crowns.

No one knows in what way M. Cordier spent the next ten years; but in 1791 we find him speculating on the Bourse. This man of expedients had observed, during a casual visit, that false reports were the grand dependence of the gamblers; and he conceived that if he wagered against the truth of every kind of news, he would win five times out of six. His stake was only twelve sous, but he gained the first day four francs; and held on this winning game for a week, till he became popularly known as the Abbé Douze-Sous, and no one would bet with him.

The revolution in the meantime was in progress; but our Abbé's struggle with fortune was so terrible, and the necessity for making each day provide its own meals so absorbing that he understood little about the matter. One day, however, he was mobbed in the street, the clerical cut of his coat being reckoned an offence deserving of death; and the cries "*A la lanterne! A la lanterne!*" sounded wildly in his ear.

"Pray, gentlemen," said he, "don't condemn me on account of a coat which I despise as much as you. Give me a new one if you will, and I shall be very grateful, for mine, you observe, is intolerably seedy."

The crowd laughed at the good-humored sally, and would

have set him at liberty, but for the yells of the female citizens, who were desirous of seeing another execution.

"Well," cried Cordier, "the lantern for ever! It is the best friend of a poor devil like me; and if I had five sous in the world, I would buy the cord that is to hang me!"

"Alas, poor man!" cried the female citizens; "let us have the benevolence to permit him to live, since he is so wretched as to desire death!"

Five years later we find the Abbé Cordier—by what train of circumstances no one knows, respectably lodged in the Rue Montorgueil, secretary to the Society of the Nine Sisters, and in intimate association with some of the leading men of the day. Monge, Barras, Laplace and many others belonged to this society, and Cordier obtained great reputation for the perfection to which he brought the arrangements of its *séances*. Indeed, he appears by this time to have become a high authority in all matters appertaining to dinners, balls, concerts and marriages; and only one mark remained for the lofty ambition of an Abbé. He had never been at the head of a funeral ceremony—this was the idea that haunted him morning, noon and night. It, no doubt, originated in his being surrounded by so many illustrious men. One of them must needs soon die (although poor Cordier would as lief have committed suicide as have wished the death of anybody), and the Abbé felt that in planning the catafalque, and conducting the ceremony, he would attain to the highest possible pitch of mundane glory and happiness.

Fate was propitious to the desires of the Abbé; for, one morning the scientific world was electrified by a statement in the Parisian journals that Lalande, the celebrated astronomer, and a member of the Nine Sisters, had been assassinated at Mainz. Cordier ran at full speed from member to member; obtained *carte blanche* for a catafalque, and received a promise from M. de Laplace that he would pronounce the eulogium. The Abbé, it may well be imagined, excelled even himself on this occasion. When all was ready, when the hall was arranged, the wax tapers lighted at noonday, the members met, and the grand and imposing ceremony about to begin, M. Cordier was called out to speak to a citizen member. This was M. Lalande, and the Abbé no sooner set eyes on the dead-alive, than he fainted away.

The astronomer was touched by the emotion of his friend; but Cordier, who was ingenuousness itself, was not slow in letting him know its true cause; and finding the other singularly obstinate, he ended by falling upon his knees, and entreating him to remain quietly dead for half an hour. Lalande being inexorable, the heroic secretary darted suddenly out of the room, double locked the door behind him, and then marching with a solemn and woeful face into the hall, gave the signal to M. Laplace to begin.

"Gentlemen," said the philosopher, when he had taken his station, "it is with sentiments of profound grief that we begin to discourse to you of a famous member of this society, of whom Heaven has just deprived us. Jerome de Lalande was not only admirable for his genius, but he was likewise a model of the civic virtues, the enemy of tyrants, and one of the most zealous and intelligent of the defenders of his country. The steel of an assassin has severed from his friends, his family, his labors—" but at this moment the door was thrown violently open, and the subject of the eulogium appeared in person. After the first moments of joyful surprise, the funeral pomp was turned into a farce by the account Lalande gave of the trick that had been played him by the Abbé; but the latter probably gained, rather than lost in character, by his singular enthusiasm.

The Society of the Nine Sisters was at length dissolved, and the Abbé once more thrown upon the world. During the empire he was alone, and counted his full sixty years. Most of his friends were dead, and the rest had forgotten him. Mademoiselle Doligny was still alive, but she lived in a distant province, and was an old woman in infirm health. The Abbé after this fell from bad to worse. Old, gouty and miserably poor, his expedients failed him; and, at length, his humane landlord, instead of worrying him for money which he could not pay, came one day to offer to procure him a reception at the Hospital of Incurables.

M. Cordier was on this occasion sitting on a chair afraid to stir, lest, by disturbing a skeleton-like cat, which lay on his



THE PANTHER LEAP—THE TERRIFIC PRECIPICE.

knee, he should remind it that there was no food in the house. He was perhaps dreaming of the days of his youth, when he sat at good men's feasts, when new shirts tumbled into the drawer as if by magic, and the valet of M. Moreau brought him his chocolate in the morning. If he did dream of these things, it was to amuse himself, not to repine; and accepting gratefully his landlord's proposal, he set out with his superannuated cat for the Hospital of Incurables, thinking himself the luckiest old fellow in the world.

But he was not destined to die in a hospital. Mdlle. Doligny appears to have cherished a warm remembrance of the simple and amiable Cordier after she had forgotten everything else; and at her death, she bequeathed him fifteen hundred francs a year, and all her jewels, including the gold ornament she had worn on her first benefit. Upon this, M. Cordier removed to comfortable lodgings, where he lived to an advanced age, a kindly, chatty, friendly little person; and at length left his small fortune to a solitary old man like himself, with injunctions that it should be transmitted by him in a similar manner.

If, in going along, we had had time for a homily, there is much in this history deserving of remark; but our only object was to describe, in simple terms, an individual of a celebrated class that is now buried amid the rubbish of the eighteenth century. So lived, so loved, so died the Last of the Abbés.

MY LAST HUNT.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

My early friend and sometime salt water companion, Clinton Warden, had been for full three weeks, daily, hourly and all the time, most pertinaciously dunning, coaxing, urging, and

finally, fairly daring me out into the mountain for a ten days' hunt before Christmas. So, at last, to humor Clinton, more than from any inclination of my own, I packed up my hunting gear, including "Dead-eye"—apropos of Dead-eye, permit me to digress in the very start, and state a few facts in relation to my dear old pet. Sixteen years ago, when about to start on an expedition up the Yellow Stone, I won the weapon one evening at a raffle in Louisville. An old-fashioned whole-stocked piece, at a raffle in Louisville. An old-fashioned whole-stocked piece, at a raffle in Louisville. An old-fashioned whole-stocked piece, at a raffle in Louisville. I could chip it with my knife, carrying fifty-six to the pound—just the weight to sling a bullet two hundred yards to the centre of a buck's eyeball, and made for a prize-gun by one of the best gunsmiths in the West. I could have taken three hundred dollars for my prize within five minutes after I won it, but I kept and christened her "Dead-eye." The faithful piece has been with me ever since in all my wanderings by sea and land.

Oftentimes has the old rifle done me right good service too. She has made her leaden mark upon the red scalp of the Camanches, sent more than one ferocious Malay freebooter to their eternal quiet, brought down at mid-leap a royal jungle tiger, spoken sharp and decisively at Cherubusco and Molina del Rey, then at last, it has saved the life of my most valued friend, and almost made a Benedict of him. But the particulars of these last feats come in along with the hunting expedition, so we haul to on our course again, as sailors say.

At sunset we reached the lone house among the hills, which was to be our headquarters, magazine, storehouse, &c., during the hunt. An early supper and to bed, and before the faintest streak of daylight we were far up in the mountain passes, already crisp with the sharp frosts of December. Our map of the campaign had no local limits—it was anywhere between Cumberland and the summit of the Alleghanies, and so far north and south as accident, inclination or the chances of the chase might lead us. For a week we plied our occupation right

industriously, climbing craggy heights, sliding, running or rolling down steep hillsides, camping, bandit fashion, under overhanging rocks or in cedar thickets, broiling our savory venison steaks and roaring out our "salt" songs far into the night, till the very wolves fled in fear from our neighborhood. A score of deer, three bears (one a huge black fellow), had fallen victims to our prowess, and we were one morning discussing our pipes and the propriety of returning cityward after two days more sport, when our chat was interrupted by the advent of three strangers.

They directly announced themselves as a special delegation to our camp from a settlement higher up in the mountains, and some ten miles to the southward of us. They were there to inform us that for several days past an enormous panther had been committing extensive depredations in their neighborhood, killing sheep, cows, calves and hogs indiscriminately, and had upon two or three occasions, lately, made serious demonstrations upon men whom he chanced to meet singly and unarmed; but he had thus far eluded all search made for him by armed parties who had repeatedly gone in quest of him. Their story concluded with an urgent request that we would go up and hunt the rascal to his death, which request Clinton had not waited to hear, but, long before it was proffered, had completed packing up our knapsacks, and, with rifle in hand, was already urging me to be off.

We reached the enemy's country before noon, took up our quarters at the house of a young widow, better educated and better off than her neighbors, a very mountain Hebe, with whom Clinton fell in love before dinner-time; and here we spent the remainder of the day in hearing testimony against his panther-ship and forming plans for his final overthrow.

The following day went by without any result, and we came in at dark, fatigued and half-famished, to enjoy the young widow's excellent tea and charming good humor. We were aroused long before daylight by a messenger, who informed us that the rascal had made a descent upon a cattle-pen about a mile up the valley, sometime about midnight, and killed two fine calves. He had been driven off by dogs, but would doubtless lurk about the place until he got a taste of his veal. It was no use starting off on a panther hunt in the dark, but as soon as it was gray dawn we sallied forth; I with a most urgent charge from the widow to kill the brute, and Clinton with an equally earnest caution from her to be very careful. For two hours, after reaching the scene of slaughter, we beat about the thickets in the vicinity without discovering any guiding traces of the thief. But, after a wider circuit than usual, Clinton, who was some hundred yards further up the hill, called to me that he had found the trail. I hurried to the spot, and there, plain enough, was the impress in the leaves at regular intervals where the panther had alighted in his long, catlike leaps. The trail took a diagonal course up the ascent, which terminated in a sharp crest or rocky ridge, running in a direction towards the Widow Montel's house, and ending abruptly some two hundred yards from it. At the summit of the ridge we lost the trail, as the animal had ceased his leaps, and in walking he had not disturbed the leaves sufficiently to leave an impression. A few rods below where we gained the top of the ridge a spur set off from it, diverging at a slight angle for several hundred yards and then running along parallel to the first, with a deep ravine filled with deep brushwood between them. As it was a matter of uncertainty which one of these ridges our chase had taken, we decided to separate, Clinton following the main branch and I the spur, beating every thicket until we met at their termination near Mrs. Montel's house.

We were more than two-thirds of the way along the ridges, at a point where the two crests were not more than a hundred and fifty yards apart and nearly on a level, when I noticed Clinton stop, bend forward and direct his gaze down the precipice on the further side of the ridge, which was just here a sheer wall of rock more than a hundred feet down, the brink of which was at his very feet. I was about to call my friend and inquire what he had discovered when my eye fell upon the dusky, reddish gray form of the panther, crouching for the fatal leap in the branches of a gnarled old chestnut not fifteen feet above his head. A word of warning or a moment of hesitation would have been equally fatal. I knew as well as I knew or breathed that I could send a bullet through the brute's brain, but that would

not save my friend. There was but one chance. I had seen a panther with a bullet through his heart make his last unerring leap and strike his prey to the earth. The brute must never reach Clinton, for dead or living the impetus of his leap would hurl both down the ledge.

The only chance was wholly a random one; I must hit the bone of one of the creature's hind legs so as to break it and prevent the spring. This was only barely possible, as his legs were drawn up under him in such a way that my aim must be altogether a matter of guess work. The faithful rifle was levelled—my finger pressed upon the trigger, which the weight of a pea would have pulled. It did not move!

Merciful God! I had sacrificed my friend. The rifle is a hair trigger, and I had forgotten to set it. A single instant sufficed to rectify the error, but that instant lost me the chance to save my friend. The monster was already cleaving the air like a sped arrow. I would be revenged, however. My trusty old "Dead-eye" hurled forth the leaden curse, and I knew the missile was in the monster's brain. I saw Clinton borne headlong over the ledge by the dying brute, and flinging away my rifle I dashed madly down through the ravine and up the opposite ascent. I rushed to the brink of the ledge and looked down. I drew a long labored inspiration, and thanked God I had not by my carelessness murdered my friend. More than thirty feet down the side of the cliff Clinton was clinging in all the desperate energy of despair to some tough bushes and vines which grew out of the crevices of the rocks. His wild, haggard and bewildered look, as I called to him and he turned upwards, his bloody face imploringly, I shall never forget. As quick as lightning the only means of saving my friend occurred to me. Ten feet down below where I stood was a narrow, irregular jut of rock not more than a foot wide, in a crevice of which grew a stout juniper bush. I had my lasso, which I had well learned the use of in southern climes, and which I never hunt without. In a moment the double of the lasso was passed around the stem of a sapling, and I slid down it to the juniper bush, where I firmly fixed myself. Then drawing down the lasso I coiled it carefully in my hand, and then requested Clinton to lay hold with his teeth on the vines, and raise one arm above his head. He did so, and the noose dropped fairly over it and around his head. Then by taking hold with the other hand he in a moment drew the lasso beneath both arms, and instantly I hauled



THE DESCENT TO THE PREY.

it taut and made it fast to my juniper. Clinton loosed his grip upon the vines and hung there totally exhausted, dangling in the air seventy feet above a mass of ragged rocks, by a slender cord no thicker than the little finger of a delicate woman. But I had more than once tested the soundness of my faithful lasso; I knew it would sustain a weight five times that of my friend, and once more I breathed again. But Clinton was not saved yet; something more must be done, and that speedily.

I attempted to draw him up to where I stood, by hauling in the lasso hand over hand, but I was obliged to abandon that hope after getting him up some ten feet, for the hard leather thong slipped in spite of my utmost grip, and cut into my hands like wire. So I lowered him down again, and clung there to the juniper, contriving and sweating in very agony. In all the hurricanes I had ever been in at sea, when the strong canvas was going in lint from the bolt-ropes, and the spars were flying in splinters about me, I had never been so puzzled. I began to gasp for air again, and grow dizzy from very excitement, when suddenly a clear, silvery voice just above my head called me by name, and bade me look up. I obeyed the command, and there, on the very verge of the cliff, I beheld Clara Montel. She was bending low down over the brink of the abyss, and, save a wild gleam over her jet-black eyes, I never looked upon a countenance more calm and collected. Within two feet of the edge of the steep grew a stout mountain cedar, whose wide, fanlike branches reached far out over the gulf with a downward, drooping tendency.

"Stand by to steady me, captain," exclaimed the mountain beauty, and grasping with both hands one of the strongest lower branches, she swung herself fearlessly from the ledge. Her weight swayed the bough gently downward, and gathering up her clothing—as, according to sea delicacy, we do that of a lady going up a ship's side—I soon had the widow standing beside me on the narrow shelf of rocks, firmly grasping the cedar bough with both hands.

It was but the work of a single minute for me to ascend by the inclined branch, pass down the spare end of my lasso, secure the noose under Clara's arms, and draw her up also. Then hauling in all the slack, and making the tiny rope well fast above, I swung myself down by the branches, loosed the hitch from the juniper, clambered up again, and then Mrs. Montel and myself slowly drew Clinton up and landed him in safety, but totally unconscious, far back from the edge of the cliff. One quick glance down at the base of the precipice showed me the hunted brute stark dead, and then my whole attention was directed to my friend. He needed it not, however, for the widow was on her knees beside him, with his head raised in her arms; and, convinced he could have no better restorative, I proceeded in quest of my rifle. When I returned, both were sitting on the rocks, with their arms around each other—to protect them, I suppose, from falling over the cliff again. They looked unusually serious, but Clinton smiled as he observed to me that a suspension was at any time much better than a failure.

Three days later I set out homeward alone, leaving Clinton, who was not able to travel, in care of our fair hostess. Before I left, however, Clinton exacted a most solemn promise from me that I would return in just four weeks and witness the consummation of a knot that would hold him for life faster than my lasso had done.

VERY IMPRUDENT.

"It was very imprudent! very imprudent, indeed! All their friends said so, and what everybody says, you know, must be true. Not but that John Claire is a very good fellow, well born and educated, and all that sort of thing; but—dear me! Lizzie Clifton might have had her carriage and her establishment, time after time, if she had not been such a little goose. Just think of the sums that her father has expended upon her education and dress, and all that; why, there was not a better dressed girl in all London than Lizzie! And yet, in spite of all advice and warning, she goes and flings herself away upon this young man—a barrister with expensive habits, no connection, and only two hundred a year to live upon! I've no patience with such folly! He ought to be ashamed of himself, that he

ought! How can he afford her half the little luxuries to which the poor child has been accustomed? Oh, it was very imprudent! very imprudent, in-deed!"

So mused the great world, when it read in its favorite morning newspaper of the marriage just alluded to; and as the great world cannot praise or blame any person or thing without contrasting him, her, or it, with somebody or something else, it proceeded to throw out into bold relief the folly of the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. John Claire, by parading in striking contrast the superior sagacity and splendor of some of their connections. "Look at Lizzie's cousin, Arabella, and see what she has got," would be the new variation; and then the great world went back to its old refrain, "It was very imprudent! very imprudent indeed!"

It was a pleasant thing to "look at Lizzie's cousin, Arabella," Bell, we called her. Pleasant to see her trying to do the grand lady in her great house; pleasant to see her reclining in her splendid carriage, and trying to look unconcerned; pleasant to see her presiding at the sumptuous dinners which her husband was obliged to give to his city connection; pleasant to see her at her own merry little dances; but pleasantest of all to catch her alone, and to mark the childish glee with which she skipped about amongst her pretty things, and exhibited her wedding presents with the same air of wonder and delight with which, but a few years ago, she used to show her new toys. I do not think that De Coursey Smith—Bella's husband, I mean—was as old as John Claire, and yet he was making his ten thousand a year, whilst John—well, poor fellow! he did all he could; but it must have seemed a great change for Lizzie to find herself in those splendid drawing-rooms of Bella's, after leaving her own stuffy lodging in Lamb's Conduit street, when she went to pass the day with her cousin, soon after her return from Paris, where she had spent the honeymoon. There was something strange in John's manner as we walked home in the evening from Hyde Park Gardens, where the De Coursey Smiths lived (for Lizzie was not ashamed to say that her husband could not afford cabs, and that therefore they would have to leave early); but I noticed that Lizzie—God bless her!—was more than usually tender towards him, and when we arrived at their lodgings, and John asked me in to smoke a pipe as in days of yore when we were bachelors together, she showed me some little articles of furniture that he had picked up at an auction, and made as much of them, simple as they were, as ever Bella made of her bijouterie and diamonds. Of course she wanted to show me that she was content and happy with what her husband could provide for her, and had no hankering after her cousin's beautiful things: the device was transparent enough, but it made us all very comfortable, notwithstanding.

I forgot to say how it was that Lizzie had no fortune. People used to say that she would have twenty thousand pounds when her father died; but when John Claire proposed for her, her father told him plainly that he had lived up to his income and had nothing to give her, but her share out of his insurances at his death; and when he died, which he did suddenly a few months after their marriage, it was found that this share, after deducting what was required to pay his debts, amounted exactly to three hundred pounds! I knew how it would be—it was so exactly what I should have expected from John and Lizzie. They never touched a farthing of the money, but transferred it all to the widow—she was not Lizzie's own mother (her father had married again when she was sixteen)—who was left better provided for than they, but still was in greatly reduced circumstances.

It was about this time that I persuaded them—John and Lizzie, I mean—to take a little house in Bayswater, and to let me come and lodge with them. You see I am an old-fashioned fellow, fond of my pipe and my book, and quiet enough in my habits, I think, not to be a nuisance to a young married couple. Besides, I used to be away half the year, fishing or shooting with this friend or that, for there are a good many people who like to have me in their country-houses when the long evenings set in, I can tell you. I paid them no more than I should have had to pay anybody else. I knew them too well to propose anything different, and it really was a comfort to me to know that my books and papers, and little odds and ends, were safe in Lizzie's charge, and not at the tender mercies of some horrible old landlady, who would bundle them all together into

dirty heaps, under pretence of "tidying." Bah! how I hate the word! There is not a more orderly man than I am in the parish. I have not a single thing, from a gun-case to a shirt-stud, that has not its proper place, and is not in it; but yet, put a housemaid in my sanctum for ten minutes to "tidy" it, and it is in inextricable confusion for a month.

I thought I knew Lizzie as well as it was possible to know any young woman, but I was mistaken. It was not until I had been about six months in the house with them that I began to find out what a real, sterling, downright good one she was. Whatever troubles, whatever disappointments—and their name was legion—beset John Claire, poor fellow! in his professional career, they were all shut out as soon as the door of his house closed upon him. His home was his haven of refuge from all anxiety and sorrow. He had always a cheerful hearth, and a smiling Lizzie to welcome his return to it; a Lizzie always on the watch to please him; a Lizzie incessantly inventing little pleasant surprises for him; a Lizzie with a pale face, and wearing a turned gown; but a Lizzie who looked every inch a gentlewoman, and was every inch an honest English wife. She had her troubles—many of them; but no matter how much she was worried by servants, tradesmen and other necessary nuisances during the day, all traces of vexation were gone as soon as her husband's knock was heard. I cannot say so much for him. He very often came home in wretched spirits, ate his dinner in moody silence, not noticing some little treat about which those good wifely hands had been busy the whole day long, and then would throw himself into a chair, and muse with knitted brows, sighing out, rather than speaking, short replies to Lizzie's endeavors to get him to converse upon some pleasant topic. The truth is, he had begun to despair. Like many another clever young man, he thought that he was going to take the world by storm. Was not William Pitt a minister of the crown at twenty-three? Were not Scott and Erskine, luminaries in his own profession, once as poor and friendless as he? Alas! the world is not to be taken by storm now, as the great men just mentioned would find, perhaps, were they to have their time over again amongst us. And yet I think that we have accomplished two or three little things that will satisfy our great-grandchildren, that we were not so much inferior to our great-grandfathers as certain *laudatores temporis acti* pretend.

No! every profession is crammed full of clever men fit to hold its highest honors, the bar especially, as poor Claire found to his cost. Why, what could he expect? Did he think that attorneys were to throw overboard men whom they had employed and trusted for years, and whose abilities they had tested, and take all their business away from them, because a young gentleman with a handsome face and agreeable voice had taken chambers next the sky in Ivy-tree Court, Temple, and had painted up his name upon the door posts below? Were they to be fascinated by that cognomen as they passed it on their way to the abodes of other counsel learned in the law, and compelled by some magic spell to entrust the voluminous briefs with which they are laden to the unknown aspirant up-stairs? Or was his appearance as he sat silent in the back benches of the courts in Westminster such as to warrant them in making any one of the advocates who spouted away in the front row change places with him? No! not a bit of it. Common sense tells us that such things cannot happen to other people; but when we think about ourselves, vanity flies into one eye and hope into the other, our vision becomes distorted, and we each think that we are the sole exceptions to the general rule.

John Claire had great disadvantages. He had been, before his engagement to Lizzie, an idle, ball-going, theatre-haunting, do-nothing, gay young man about town. He became about as hard-working a barrister as any in the profession; but, bless your heart! no one would believe that he had so changed. Whilst he was losing health and strength working at his dull old books in those dreary chambers next the sky, his good friends and acquaintance went about talking of his imprudent marriage, and smiling derisively at the idea of his steadying down and earning a living.

I think, considering the affection that had existed between Lizzie and her cousin before their marriages, that Bella might have got her husband to do something amongst his city connection for John. It was not badheartedness on her part, or forgetfulness even; she often thought of asking him to exert his

influence in the struggling man's behalf. But she was too ignorant of the world to know what could be done to help him. Consequently she could not ask for anything definite, and we all know that when people are going to do "something" for you, it means in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that they are going to do nothing! And so time wore on; pretty Bella began to get a little worldly—how could she help it?—and her husband was far too busy with his speculations in the city to think of anything or anybody but himself. Money was his god. He pursued gain eagerly—not along the beaten paths and safe avenues that older and wiser heads than his had followed; but by short-cuts and by-ways, and dodgings of his own discovery. He laughed to scorn all old-fashioned modes of proceeding, and was daring, ingenious and rich—very rich, richer and richer every day. But I don't think that Bella was happy after all.

It was about three weeks after his little boy was born, that John Claire brought home his first real brief. I cannot describe to you the joy and hope that those sheets of blue paper caused in our little home. It was good to see the honest flush of pride that mounted on his pale face as he flourished it exultingly before his gentle wife. It was good to see her trying to look unconcerned in my presence, as though briefs with ten-guinea fees marked upon them were everyday visitants in the third-floor back of Ivy-tree Court. It was good to see her showing it to baby, when she thought that no one was observing. She begged hard to be taken to Westminster Hall to hear John argue his case, but that could not be. I went; the cause came on late, and the judge was evidently tired and anxious to get away. He behaved very cruelly to John—he might have known that he was a beginner, and that interruptions would flurry him, and save no time after all. But he stopped him upon one point, and bade him go on upon another; told him that this piece of evidence had nothing to do with the real point in dispute, and that that was not admissible; and then after all, when he found that he was mistaken, and that what he thought was the real point was not the real point, he got angry, told John to recall his witnesses, and made it appear as though it was his fault that they had not been asked the proper questions before. I was disgusted with him. What a contrast he was to the chief justice, before whom John appeared a few weeks afterwards to ask for a new trial—he lost his cause—upon the ground that the judge who tried it had misdirected the jury! He was, they told me, the greatest lawyer of the day, superior to the other in every respect; and yet how courteous and kind, and patient he was! Don't suppose I am praising him because he decided in John's favor. No! I am very fond of John Claire, as I dare say you have discovered before now; but I am not so infatuated as all that.

It was a long time before such another chance was given him, or that he earned such another fee, but "slow and sure wins the race," and business began to drop in now and then, and John plucked up a good heart again, was able to discharge some debts that were preying upon his mind, and was more cheerful with his little wife. Ah! you may call me sentimental and all that, but there is nothing that knits the hearts of husband and wife so closely together as the memory of privations undergone together, and difficulties surmounted hand in hand. Do you suppose that you would enjoy the prospect from the summit of Mont Blanc, if you were wound up by a patent crane in an arm-chair, half as much as you would if you had toiled up over the snow and ice, knocked your shins against the boulder stones, and overcome all the perils and dangers of the ascent? Then, why should it not be so with the great rugged mountain of life? John Claire has a long climb before him ere he can get to anything like the top; but he has made good progress, can pause awhile, and take breath and look around him; and then, cheered by the sweet face that is ever encouraging and consoling him, plunge on manfully again, and stumble, and struggle, and rise. When I saw how happy they were, how tenderly he loved his good little wife, how proud she was of him and his boy, how thoroughly they understood each other, and how smooth and tranquil was their busy, useful life, I began to think that it was not so very imprudent after all.

It was about this time that the commercial world woke up one morning and found that a monetary earthquake had occurred during the night, and that a great many—too many—notable "houses" were in ruins, and several others tottering



SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

"Now, dearest Fred," she softly said,
 "You must abandon smoking;
 It spoils your looks—and then your breath—
 Indeed it's most provoking.
 Did God decree that man should be
 A chimney flue regarded?
 Then, darling Fred, let it be said,
 Tobacco you've discarded."

"Haw, well, my dear," said Fred, "I fear
 That will not be so easy;

But, like a man, I'll try a plan,
 And do the best to please ye.
 Did God intend that woman's mind
 Such wondrous things should brew, love,
 As Bustles, Bloomers, Crinolines,
 Or Hoops-de-dooden-do, love?

"But really, if"—whif, whif, whif, whif—
 "And, mind you, I'm not joking—
 If you abandon Crinoline,
 By Jove! I—I'll give up smoking."

J. Roy.

in a most unsatisfactory condition, and threatening destruction to the neighbors. I am sorry to say that the establishment in which De Coursey Smith was a partner was found to have completely collapsed; and upon examination of the ruins, it became evident that they never had had any foundation at all.

I was shooting in Scotland when this happened, and Lizzie wrote and asked me if she might invite poor Bella (her husband had bolted to Boulogne without her) to occupy my rooms whilst I was away, for there was to be an auction in the great house in Hyde Park Gardens, and all her pretty things were to be sold without reserve; everything was to go, even her trinkets, and the child's dresses. Of course Lizzie might do what she pleased with my rooms, or with me either, for that matter; and Bella came, with her poor sickly baby, and took up her abode with my gentle-hearted friends. She was quite ruined; had not a shilling in the world. Well, the auction came on, and what do you think? Mrs. Lizzie goes out furtively that morning, with her quarter's allowance for dressing herself and all her little savings in her pocket, and she buys up all that baby's wardrobe, and its grand cot, and its silver mug and spoon, and lays them all out for it in the morning, as though nothing at all had happened! Oh, you women! who shall weave a plumb-line long enough to fathom the worth of some of you?

They tell me that John Claire is to have his silk gown next term, and that it is as sure as fate that he will lead the Southern Circuit if he lives five years. As it is, the great world pats him upon the back, and calls him a lucky man. Now, if there is one amongst us who can conscientiously say that he owes Fortune nothing, but, on the contrary, has an account on the other side of that fickle goddess's ledger, that one is John Claire; sheer hard labor and dogged perseverance have made him what

he is, will make him what he may be; but luck! no, no, unless it be in his choice of a wife, he never was a lucky man.

Now it is not every young fellow who is a John Claire; and if any person will leave at the office of this publication a clue to the whereabouts of another Lizzie Clifton, I shall be eternally grateful to him. So it is pretty clear that it is not everybody who may marry upon two hundred a year, any more than any one may undertake the management of a balloon or a diving-bell, eat toasted cheese, or read George Sand, without danger; but this I do think, and this I do say, that when a good man loves and is loved by a good girl, the best thing they can do is to marry, not with any romantic nonsense about love in a cottage, but love in a kitchen, boiling the potatoes for dinner; love in his place of business, working away to pay for them; love making a cheerful home for love to return to; and love relieving it cheerfully. Above all, let love avoid fault-finding, even though it should lie under his nose, and never, never go out hunting for it; and depend upon it, that although it will be, of course, very imprudent at first, it will come all right in the end.

KEEP UP THE FIRES.—Did you ever notice the frost on the window panes? It is the congealed vapor of your once warm room; and if you warm the room the frost will disappear, and you can see out into the world again. Let your heart grow cold, and the frosts of distrust and bitterness will gather round it, blinding the soul and shutting out the light; but kindle up the fires of love, and the windows of the soul will become as clear as crystal, transmitting the light of heaven and giving you glimpses of Paradise.

FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS RECEIVING THE EXILED GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

ONE of the most remarkable eras in the world's history is the revival of letters, and one of the most important elements in this revival was derived from the study of Greek literature.

progress, enlightenment and an enlarged and liberal system of studies, prominent in which was the culture of classic art and Greek literature. The conservative, monkish, fire and fagot party believing that all necessary knowledge and wisdom was contained in Aristotle, opposed Greek and Reuchlin, poetry and freer thought. Those who would learn in a very social way how the war was waged may read the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.



FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS AND THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

To many of the present day the mere study of Greek seems an old-fashioned and humdrum thing enough, and it may startle them to learn that it was one of the most powerful aids to the Reformation. When Europe awoke from the long nightmare of the Romanesque and the Middle Ages, there were two parties—there are always two such—one of which advocated

The great event which first gave the learned men of Europe an opportunity for becoming practically acquainted with Greek literature was the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1474, and the consequent flight to Western Europe of numbers of learned Greeks, who took refuge in courts and universities. Many of them fled to Florence, where they were kindly received

by Francisco di Medicis, and where they cast a glory over his court and all Italy. Under their tuition scholars in every part of Europe acquired not only a new language but new light in a vast range of thought. The people of the present day in America are not more effectually buried in money-making and money-ostentation, in empty excitement and private gossip, than was Europe then in saints and fastings, feudal fightings and monkish legends. A glimpse of nature, of the beautiful and joyous as shown in the antique thought and perfect life which once circled through ancient Athens, was to them like the morning red after a cheerless night.

It would be a pleasant thing if some flight of philosophers hitherto at the present day could have the same effect upon our learned. The Greek we indeed have; the works of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, of *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes*, *Homer* and all the lordly company may be bought, carefully edited, for a few dollars. But their spirit and meaning and marvellous beauty and eternal truth are but little better felt and understood now than they were four hundred years ago. The intense self-consciousness of the Middle Ages, the old morbid mental disease thus transmitted through *Mediæval*, *Anglican* and *Puritan* infection still poisons us—we are almost as far as ever from the sound mind in the sound body; from the simplicity, cheerfulness and beauty-worship of the Greek.

It has become the popular fashion to speak of Greek studies as old-foggyish. As corrupted at our colleges they are decidedly so. But in their inner spirit and true meaning they are perfect in identity with the most progressive ideas of the present century.

MARK MARDYKE AND THE KING OF CLUBS. A LEGEND.

MARK MARDYKE was a citizen of a rare old city, and might have risen, had he been an industrious and prudent man, to high municipal honors. His father had left him a small landed estate, not many acres, but a fairish bit of property as far as it went, which was not very far; better still, he had left him an excellent business and a name unspotted by any commercial blot—a name good for a large amount on 'Change, and which had been exalted by civic dignities.

But Mark Mardyke was not a thrifty man. He was more of a spender than a winner, and what with carelessness in trade, extravagance in his style of living, and prodigal generosity to the worthless parasites who gathered round him, he soon ran through his landed property, made dashing inroads on his capital, lost his patrons by the sale of indifferent articles, mortgaged everything he possessed, went first-class express on the road to ruin, gradually found himself coming into rapid collision with the up-train misfortune, endeavored to lower his speed when it was too late, for the descendants of *Shylock* were piling up the furnace-fire, and last came—

Well, that is how the story begun.

Mark Mardyke's chief creditor, who held his paper to a large amount, was *Shylock Ben Barabas*; he was a wealthy man, with skin as yellow as his guineas, and a manner as plausible as a forged note. He dealt in all sorts of things, and had supplied Mardyke's cellar with wine, the price of which was far better than the flavor; he had invited Mardyke to his little establishment, a splendid building in the aristocratic quarter, where everything was on the most luxurious scale, and gentlemen assembled to enjoy a quiet game of cards, particular caution being taken that no strangers were admitted. Mardyke had formed one of the party several times, and had generally come away lighter of pocket and heavier of heart. But on more than one occasion he had been successful, had swept away the board, had found the coquette *Fortune* smiling upon him with the most enchanting expression, and thus encouraged he had gone on until everything he possessed was lost, and he was involved in so many difficulties, beset by so many creditors, bewildered by so much paper, that if ever ruin stared a man in the face it certainly did so in the face of Mark Mardyke—a cold, bitter, mocking stare—worse than the everlasting smirk of *Shylock Ben Barabas*.

Mardyke was at his wits' end—that is not allowing him a very long tether; *Shylock* had hinted fortune might be propi-

tiated over his board of green cloth. Closed together, he communicated some secrets of importance to Mardyke, and that night, when Mardyke was alone, he might have been seen to wear a look of deep dejection, to start at every unusual sound, and to appear in every way exceedingly uncomfortable. Just as *Ben Barabas* left him, a servant brought Mardyke a letter written in a female hand, and he had read it with a trembling hand, and once or twice had said—"Poor child, poor child, if she but knew the truth!" People of deep insight into human nature—such, for instance, as the reader—would have seen at once that Mardyke was in love. Deeply in love and deeply in debt—deplorable condition! He had seen *Esther*, and had learned to love her—one of the easiest lessons possible—and she had loved him; *Cupid* enchain'd them and *Hymen* was to rivet the fetters. People said it was not a good match, for *Esther* was poor, and helped to keep a widowed mother by the labor of her hands; and were there not some score of girls with goodly portions, and fathers whose interest was all-powerful, any one of whom would be glad enough to take young Mardyke for their mate? But Mardyke courted *Esther*, and was faithful to her. He was thinking of her as he sat by a roaring fire in his private room that night; there lay her letter on the table and by it—a pack of playing cards. He sat there thinking of her quiet home, her happy face, the pleasant days which they had enjoyed together; but presently he started to his feet, threw more fuel on the fire, put away the letter in a secret drawer, and muttered to himself, "It must be done; roguery—roguery—roguery—rampant everywhere—the rogues win—why should not I?"

With this remark he locked and double-locked the door (it is necessary that this fact should be particularly observed), made sure that not only no one was in the room, but that no prying eye could watch him. Then he took the cards, shuffled and reshuffled, and tried and tried, and failed and failed again to do the trick *Ben Barabas* had shown him. His fingers were clumsy, his heart was not in his work; again and again he tried the mysterious manipulation, but with no success—the cards were stubborn—the fates were unpropitious; he called himself hard names, and muttered maledictions on his folly.

"I would give ten years of my life to do a trick which would outwit the Jew!"

He said so, and as the last word left his lips another voice made answer:

"Now, by my wits and whiskers, that is the most absurd suggestion I ever heard!"

Mardyke started as if a serpent had bitten him, and hurled the cards into the fire. There was an intruder in his room, an intruder of very singular appearance—a long face, handsome features spoiled by a malicious expression, full moustache, good whiskers, full, well-proportioned figure, dress of an antique pattern, one leg, one arm, one side altogether, including the cap with the raven plume, red; the other side black—the style of attire common with the "fast" young fellows of *King Edward* the Third's time, and especially obnoxious to the clergy, who were forbidden to wear it, and the satirists who could not afford it.

Mardyke gazed with terror on the stranger, who bowed with immense politeness in reply.

"Who are you," Mardyke contrived to utter—"the foul fiend?"

"You flatter me," the stranger answered; "I am but a poor sprite in comparison; most people, however, are of opinion that there is between us a strong family likeness—there is a good deal in expression."

"There is a good deal in your expression," said Mardyke, "that is unintelligible to me; why are you here?"

"Accident—pure accident, I assure you. Just this morning returned from *Baden*, where a young friend of mine, the *Marquis Squander*, has tried to blow his brains out—quite a failure."

"Not dead?" said Mardyke.

"Dead certainly; but brains—my dear sir—his cerebrum and cerebellum would not weigh half an ounce."

Mardyke did not know of what he was speaking, so he answered:

"Oh, ah, yes, very likely."

"Very likely indeed, my worthy friend, as you so properly

observe. You know the Squanders, perhaps? Good family—capital company, 'specially the old marquis, who broke his neck in the dead man's hollow."

Mardyke felt his hair gradually assuming the manner and habits of the porcupine, and a cold sweat came out on his face. He recovered himself, however, sufficiently to say:

"Did you observe how I was engaged when you appeared?"

"In failing at a stale gambling trick—you will forgive my freedom?"

The cards in the fire were blistering and burning with the heat, tingling the flames with color and flying up the chimney in morsels of charred paper.

"You saw these cards?" said Mardyke.

"Employ the present tense, and I agree with you—I see these cards."

"Why, they are burnt," said Mardyke.

"Not at all, my simple friend, I assure you; they have merely assumed another form, and can be made to resume their old one just as easily as a poor penniless bankrupt can be made more prosperous than ever. Did you never read Borem's book on the Indestructibility of Matter, and the Metempsychosis of Creation? 'tis a capital book, but as heavy as a leaden coffin and as dry as a skeleton!"

"Perhaps," said Mardyke, "you could bring those cards back—eh?"

"With the utmost pleasure." He held his long thin hand over the fire and gave a low shrill whistle. The burning cards in a moment took their old form, and flew into his hand. He shuffled them dexterously, put them down on the table before the affrighted Mardyke, saying:

"Most of my friends accuse me of being a deuced sight too goodnatured. We all have our failings, that's mine. I know you are hard up, that old Shylock Ben Barabas has you on his hook, that you will struggle a little, but ineffectually, to escape, his hook sinking deeper into your jaw at every wriggle. By-and-by you will be served up, smoking hot, as dainty a bit of fish as was ever caught in a trout stream. Ben Barabas and I are old acquaintances, but I have an affection for you, and am come to serve you."

"How?"

"A severely plain question—as plainly answered—by meeting you on your own terms."

"What terms?"

"Ten years of life for a trick that shall out-trick Ben Barabas."

"Ten years—did I say ten years?"

"Unquestionably; but in saying so you overlooked the casualties of human life. Have you such a thing as the prospectus of a life assurance company about? Never mind—you, as a man of the world, must be perfectly well aware that hundreds and thousands are cut off in the prime of life, and that consequently in purchasing ten years of your life I may speculate in a bad bargain. You will, of course, meet an immediate advantage, and in a quiet contented mind you will have your reward."

"Who are you?" said Mardyke; "I should like to know the name of my benevolent and disinterested friend."

"Good—very ironical; I wonder you never went to the bar—you would soon change your stuff to silk, and your color from black to scarlet; but, as you say, who am I? well—here's my card."

He picked out the king of clubs from the pack of cards and handed it to Mardyke. Mardyke gazed at it with surprise, but when he lifted his eyes his surprise was increased tenfold, for his mysterious visitor stood before him the exact counterpart of the card he held in his hand. A flattish crown of gold with a broad red band encircling the head; long flowing hair, grotesque features sharply outlined, a robe of red and blue and black and yellow, the curves and angles most startling and abrupt; the fingers of the right hand holding the regal orb, the left grasping a sword or sceptre; legs of red and yellow, and black-shod feet with the toes painfully turned out: such was the figure that stood before him.

"King of Clubs," it said, "or Demon of Play, at your service;" and in a moment it was gone, and the same old smiling visitor stood shuffling the cards.

"Ten years of my life," said Mardyke moodily, "but per-

haps I may not live so long. Yet how will that affect the question? My life is to be—"

"Ten years shorter than its natural extent; crones may measure by years, but men measure life by life's employment; our bargain is of course chronological, and leaves you at liberty to live—in the true sense of life—ten times ten years, within a little span!"

"I'll think about it."

"And when you have resolved, I shall be at the Antipodes; there's a fellow mad drunk at the diggings staking a nugget worth a prince's ransom against a bottle of brandy—I am wanted; is ours a bargain?"

"How is it to be done?"

"Simple enough; place the king of clubs that I shall give you in your pocket when you play and win you must."

"But the agreement?"

"Simple enough also—you have a whist pack in the drawer yonder with little annotations by old Ben Barabas."

"How did you know that?"

"No matter; hand them out, my time is precious, they are dealing the cards at Ballarat."

Mardyke gave them up, and the King of Clubs selecting his own representative, tore it across the centre, and placing both pieces on the table said:

"Now, Mardyke, I give you a chance—the world would call me fool, but I despise its opinion. The half card shall be yours, the ten years mine if I win, the half card and the ten years shall be yours if I lose. Cut—which shall it be? make your game!"

"Red," said Mark.

And black it was.

"Ten years are mine," says the demon. "Again, Mark, double or quits!"

"Done," says Mark.

"Make your game."

"Red," says Mark.

And black it was.

"Twenty years are mine, and thine wealth untold and Ben Barabas defeated. Here, take this half card; remember the rule—when I present the other half, the debt is payable at sight. *Au revoir*."

He was gone, and Mark sat alone with the half of the whist court-card in his hand. He put it in his pocket—cried "red," cut the cards, and red it was!

That very night, maddened by excitement, Mardyke presented himself at the soirée of Shylock Ben Barabas. That oily Israelite received him with much favor; and when the brilliantly-lighted room was filled with its customary visitors, he might have been seen to telegraph mysteriously to his young friend, and to intimate that great caution was necessary.

"You have been too free in your libations," he whispered.

"I have tasted no liquor this day!"

The play was very animated, the company very select; coronets of strawberry leaves found their way to Shylock's table, gartered legs ensconced themselves beneath Shylock's mahogany. That night there was an extraordinary run of luck; Mardyke won everything; he gathered up gold like autumn leaves, and his purse swelled with notes and I O U's and promises-to-pay. He rose from the table richer by fifteen thousand pounds. Shylock followed him from the room, patted him familiarly on the back:

"Capital," he said; "you are an apt scholar, but I was afraid you were over-doing it."

"Over-doing what?"

"The trick, my dear," he whispered, "the trick I showed you."

"I have not practised it—he that says that I played falsely lies!"

"Hush," said the Jew, "you are excited; you will be cooler to-morrow."

"I am cool now, Ben Barabas—another word, and I return to your company and show them how to do the trick as you showed me this morning."

Night after night still the same strange run of luck, the tide of fortune flowing fast to Mardyke. The players watched him closely, but could detect no foul play; the oldest "legs" amongst them were beaten over and over again. Every cun-

ning device of Shylock's failed; the mirrors dexterously arranged gave false reflections, the sharpers blundered and fell into their own snares, even specific gravity was set at nought and loaded dice fell foul on the board. But Mardyke did not always win—sometimes he lost, and Shylock plucked up courage and chuckled that his day was over; but next night might disappear—he won again.

Over the spirit of Mardyke there came a change together with his change of fortune. For two nights he was absent from Shylock's table, absent from home, absent to all inquiring friends, for he had many now that he was getting rich again, and offers of assistance from all sides. He went into the country; he sought out the humble dwelling of Esther; he looked through the lozenge-pane casement, and saw her plying her busy needle alone. Now and again she stopped and looked at an old letter that lay before her, and read a few lines from it, which seemed to her as a reviving cordial, for she smiled at her work and went on with renewed diligence. He knew the letter was a love note of his own, and he pressed his hands to his face and wept bitterly. When he recovered himself he lifted the latch and stepped in softly; disturbed by the noise, the girl half rose in alarm; he sprung towards her—"Esther, darling, not a word, I entreat; it is I—Mark Mardyke."

"Oh Mark," she said, "you alarmed me sadly. I was thinking of you, almost afraid, Mark, that you seldom thought of me; but you have so much to think about. Even down in this quiet place we have heard of your great success in trade, and how your argosies freighted with costly stores have come safely into port. O Mark, now that you are growing so very rich, I sometimes fear—but then I am a weak woman!"

The tears were in her eyes, but she smiled upon him—sunlight through the shower painting an iris of hope on the coming clouds.

"Esther," he said, and taking her hand in his he drew her gently towards him, "the weakness of a woman has strength in it which surpasses that of him who boasts of stronger frame and stouter sinew: what is there a woman's heart cannot endure, what difficulty she cannot combat, what sorrow she cannot suffer without one sigh?"

"What is it you mean, Mark?" she asked, and looked up into his face; "there is something in your voice and manner that alarms me—what is it? tell me, Mark, if you love me!"

"Love you!" he answered, "the only good thing in my heart is love for you; and it is because I love you, more deeply than my tongue can tell, that I am here to-night."

"Thank you, Mark," she said; "I must believe you—how could I doubt you?"

"Oh Esther, I love you so sincerely that I am here to tell you all—all—poor child, though your heart may break at the news."

She looked up again in terror and surprise. "Mark, Mark, what is the dreadful secret? see, I do not tremble, I am not faint—I am not afraid!"

"Esther, you can never be mine—our plighted troth is broken; the fond dream has vanished, and we stand alone together for the last time in a world of cold reality."

"What does it mean, Mark? am I guilty?"

"Guilty! pure innocence! no—it is I that am guilty—I that have brought this wrong upon the only being in the world I ever loved."

She withdrew herself from his embrace.

"I am poor," she said, "is that the cause?"

"It is not—guilt, my guilt, is the cause and the only cause. I am—but you can never know what I am! I have done—but how can I name a nameless deed? Oh Esther, I am lost, ruined, destroyed—soul and body; to save you from like ruin I quit you for ever to-night. To-night I feel the tide of violent passion rising in my heart, as the water rose of old to drown the world, every good thought and feeling perishes as the flood increases, but there are still some traces of old affection—a green palm leaf, lifted above the deluge of passion; it must soon be covered, but while I feel it there, I tell you, Esther, it is because I love you I bid you farewell for ever; think of me at the best—remember me with something of your old regard, whatever stories you may hear of my career—it is a dark and guilty one—how soon to end—"

Sharp, clear and piercing, in excellent tune and critical nicety,

a whistler was heard outside, whistling some fashionable air from a favorite opera. Esther did not observe it, but Mardyke's cheek blanched at the sound.

"Mark," said Esther, "I conjure you have pity on me! have pity on yourself!"

"Too late," he answered. "There is now no hope for me: but, Esther, take this purse—nay, scorn it not—'tis honest money won by honest toil; take it."

He laid a heavy purse upon the table. Esther cast upon him a glance that made him tremble: the next instant her eyes fell upon the casement, and, with a piercing shriek, she fell upon the ground in a deathlike swoon.

The King of Clubs was looking in at the window, whistling; almost immediately he appeared in the room.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you and your pretty little rustic are charming actors. We have few good players on the stage, to be sure, but I never saw anything behind the footlights to equal your last scene—'Lady faints—Mardyke falls on his knees beside her—slow music—tableau—down comes the curtain!'"

"I am in no mood for jesting; this girl is broken-hearted, and I have broken her heart."

"And left behind a golden bandage to bind it up again. Come, Ben Barabas is looking for you; everybody wonders where you have hidden yourself away. You must return to town, and repay the civilities of your friends."

"Friends!" said Mardyke, with a bitter emphasis.

"Precisely so, my dear sir; pray do not be so severely moral, nor so eminently sarcastic! The complaint of platter friends is so very stale—quite worn to death by all the ethical grinders that ever made a happy world wretched by their prongs. Come!"

And Mardyke followed him, and was the gayest of the gay that night at Shylock's table. Money, money, money! how it chinked and glittered on the table; how eagerly the bloodless combat was maintained on the broad green cloth; how the dice rattled, and made the heart leap with joy or sink in dread despair. There was an old friend of Mardyke's at the table that night, an old schoolfellow; they had been engaged in so many boyish frolics together, had fallen into the same boyish scrapes together, that, meeting at Ben Barabas's, both blushed a little, and said, "What a difference a few years make!"

The old schoolfellow had gone to sea in his early life, and was said to be well off as the world goes; he had been brought to Shylock's house for the first time by a mutual friend, and he was under the influence of wine and much excited.

Play! he would play; nothing could prevent! Mardyke besought him to be content with looking on; no, he would engage—he would challenge his old schoolmate. So they played, and the sailor lost, and lost again; and drinking deeper and deeper, lost again and then again, and at last drew from his finger a diamond ring, a gift from his dead mother, and staked it against the pile of gold which rose like a mountain at Mardyke's elbow. Mardyke felt a generous impulse—he would remove the fatal spell—play fairly; nay more, he would favor his opponent: the gains were not essential to him, the loss would be his friend's destruction. He felt in his pocket; as he did so he lifted his eyes for a moment, and in the empty chair opposite saw his demon, the King of Clubs, grinning maliciously. There was something in the look which stifled every good purpose in Mardyke's heart. He played and won, and saw his friend leave the room a beggar.

Haunted by the haggard face of his ruined friend, Mardyke returned home. It was early morning; the gray light crept into his chamber as he lay down to sleep. He did not wake for many hours, and when he did so he was delirious. Brain fever had attacked him, and he lay for weeks unconscious of everything that passed around him. But he was sensible of the presence of the King of Clubs, and saw distinctly, as with his eyes, the revels of the cards. A palace of cards, built up as children build them, storey upon storey, until the pasteboard pyramid seemed to touch a thunder cloud and brought a flood of fire down upon it. A grand entertainment of cards in halls so vast that they bewildered him, with roofs so high that he grew dizzy as he looked upon them—lights that dazzled him by their brilliancy, odors that made the air oppressive with perfume, colors that wearied the retina with their startling varieties and in

tensity. Up in a little gallery were musicians, and down below were the company rapidly assembling. The large majority of the guests were dressed in robes or doublets covered with hearts, clubs, spades and diamonds, but some others were easily recognisable as court-cards. The ace of every pack was treated with immense respect, and if there was a group gathered round a sofa, a group of kings and queens and knaves, the ace of one or other pack was sure to be the centre of attraction. What flirting there was, what scandal about absent company, what a vainglorious display, what an affectation of candor. The Jack of Hearts was very tender on the Queen of Diamonds, and the King of Spades was doing all he could to make the King of Diamonds jealous of his rival; but that monarch was so occupied in his devotion to the Lady Koh-i-noor, that is, the Ace, he had neither time nor inclination to interfere. The Knave of Clubs was acting as Master of the Ceremonies, and signalled to the band when they were to begin and when they were to leave off, besides introducing partners and making things as pleasant as he could. He was a busy, active fellow, and when the dance began might have been seen to go through the steps all by himself for his own private satisfaction. Of course they danced quadrilles, and of course they began with the first set, because most of the cards knew it. Aces, Kings, Queens and Jacks—Jack of Clubs being represented by number ten of the pack—made a goodly show. Then all the guests went through the Spanish dance, and after that a galopade, which, to the poor delirious man who saw them, they appeared to maintain for ever and ever! But the waltzes were even worse—round and round and round, quicker and quicker and quicker—so fast that they seemed to fly; and in the Cellarius the two ingenious hops on the right and left leg were entirely put of the question. Who's who in that fearful galop? What wild unearthly music is that which the band gives forth! here are Kings and Queens, hustled by Deux and Troix, and swept along as wildly as dead leaves in a whirlwind. All the cards sway round as from a centre, all the sofas, chairs, rout seats, and tables join the dance; a bass viol comes down the middle with a grand piano—there's an awful crash, and the poor sick man lifts up his head and asks "what time is it?"

So Mardyke recovered. He grew richer every day. Everything prospered with him, but he knew that his gains were others' losses, that many a family traced their ruin to him, that there were children in Orphan Asylums whom he had robbed of parents; that there were wives in deep distress, and husbands rushing on to ruin, and fortunes lost and noble names disgraced, and happiness banished from many a household, by him. He knew that he was a plague and scourge, but his heart was growing hard, and he felt it less and less each day. He had not heard from Esther though his gold had been returned, and he had made no inquiry. Absorbed in business and pleasure he had no time, he said, for sentiment; he must live while he had life. And wherever he went his friend, the King of Clubs, was there before him. Unseen by other eyes, he was always present at unexpected moments to Mardyke, but at length it came to pass that he was absent several times when Mardyke looked for him, and this was the occasion of relief to the wretched debtor.

Ten years had passed. Mardyke had ruined Shylock Ben Barabas, and that wily Israelite had taken up with a less distinguished and more dangerous trade—he kept a fence, was betrayed, and punished as the law directed. Mardyke was surrounded by a large circle of admiring friends. Everybody spoke of him in terms of respect, for he was as rich as the Lydian King. Business he had given over. A splendid villa, surrounded by a well-wooded park, formed his country seat. He still, however, continued to reside some months in the capital, and usually took up his abode at his old residence.

It was autumn; and Mark Mardyke, having given instructions that all arrangements should be made for his departure to the country next morning, sat at a luxuriously spread table, served by a liveried lacquey with calves and a powdered head.

Mardyke ate and drank in silence, his servant instinctively knowing what he required. While thus occupied, another attendant entered with a lowly bow, and begging pardon for the intrusion stated that a fellow—begging pardon for the expression—had forced his way into the hall, and vowed he would not

budge until he had seen Mark Mardyke face to face. Mardyke ordered the servant instantly to leave the room and turn out the intruder. But this was not easy. There was a great uproar; Mark heard a voice he seemed to recognise; he rose hastily, went out, descended the broad stairs, and saw a wild angry sailor, who had felled two of the lacqueys, and was intimidating half a dozen others. He was ragged, worn, weather-beaten; but Mark knew him, ran towards him, called him by his name, for it was his old schoolmate. The sailor motioned Mardyke to stand back, and then said:

"Mark, I am starving! but I came not here to ask any alms. I came to show you what your work had done in my case, and in a score of others. Not to revile you—not to curse you, but to warn. Mark, what will be the end of this?"

Mark gazed on him with some tenderness, but that expression soon faded, and the dull harsh apathetic look came on. "If you want help I will give it; I would not turn a hungry dog out of the house—unless he flew at me! Here's money!"

The sailor dashed the money on the ground (some of the flunkies picked it up, and forgot to account for it). "No, Mark! No money from you; better I should die on your threshold."

Mardyke turned to the lacqueys, and directed them to turn out the intruder, which, falling upon him suddenly, they did, and celebrated their triumph with a jubilant laugh.

Mardyke returned to his dinner, but he had scarcely seated himself when another servant came in much excited, saying, "A madman down below, sir, insists upon my bringing up this;" he held on a silver waiter a playing card, bearing the image of the King of Clubs.

Mardyke turned deadly pale, but before he could utter a word the door was flung open, and the King of Clubs announced himself.

"Ah! old friend! 'tis an age since I have seen you"—he politely held the door open, and motioned the servants to retire. "The fact is, I have been so busy with so much multi-gaming work on hand, from skittle-sharpping up to bubble companies, that I have not had a moment's time to spare. I will take a glass of wine; thank you. How have you been going on, eh? Well, of course; and I hope you have thoroughly enjoyed yourself. Showers of wealth on an auriferous soil must yield an abundant crop of happiness."

"It never yields peace of mind."

"Eh! peace of mind! pardon my obtuse intellect, but I don't follow."

"I am wretched!" said Mark. "I have been wretched ever since the dreadful night I saw you first, but not so wretched as I feel to-day."

"Change in the weather, perhaps; this always affects a delicate constitution. Suffering, I suppose, from nervous headache. Did you ever try a little sulphuric ether? 'Tis an excellent stimulant and narcotic. Ah, well, perhaps it is scarcely worth while tampering with it; it will not last long."

"I feel cold," said Mardyke, "and my limbs shake; I cannot hear distinctly what you say, nor see clearly. Who are you?"

"King of Clubs, at your service."

"Ah, I know you now. Why have you come?"

"Can you ask? Simply because the bill falls due to-day. Do you forget?"

"Forget—yes; it is long, long ago since I saw you; let me see, let me see," and Mardyke, in a puzzled way, began to count upon his fingers. He looked so changed within the last few minutes that it seemed as if he was scarcely the same man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know all about it now; well, let it be so—I am right weary of the world. How soon will the time come!"

"Five and twenty minutes, my dear sir, precisely."

"Five and twenty," he repeated, in a silly childish way. "Short notice—very short notice;" he rose from table, and wandered round the room. The King of Clubs reclined, à la Yankee, with his feet on the back of a chair. Mardyke opened two or three drawers and looked into them with a vacant glance, but suddenly he started, the red blood mounted to his forehead, he seized a paper—an old letter, yellow with age, the ink all fading—looked at it, kissed it, and turned sharply on his demon friend.

"I would rather die than live," he said; "but if I lived, this day I would resign my wealth, and earn bread in the sweat of my face!"

"Upon my life," said the King of Clubs, "you are a most extraordinary person—*de gustibus non est disputandum*. Pass the bottle."

Mardyke, with a sudden haste, had opened his desk and was writing; fast, very fast the pen flew over the paper. Sometimes he ceased for a moment and passed his hand across his brow, then wrote on again with renewed activity.

"My amiable friend," said the King of Clubs, "will you allow me to remind you that we have but ten minutes left? It is now five and twenty to nine, and we are due at eight forty-five. Do you propose wasting your last moments with ink, while sparkling wine is on the table?"

Mardyke wrote more rapidly.

"Is it a poem—a posthumous Idyll? to be buttered and cut up by the critics? Do you propose dying like the fabled swan, singing your own dirge?"

Mardyke, in a state of quiet excitement, paced the room. "There is no name to the letter," he said. "What was her name? O memory, memory, play me not false in mine extremity! What was her name? You know, tempter, you know—tell me."

"Whose name?"

"The woman I loved."

"My dear sir, I am ignorant of your amours. How can I possibly imagine the names of half the women you have favored with your love?"

"Her name!" he cried. "You saw her—you were with me; she lay on the ground long, long years ago!"

"What, the little pastoral, pretty Phillis? Charming creature! Sorry I can't assist your memory."

"I have it!" Mardyke cried with a loud voice, and clasped his hands as though he grasped a treasure. "Esther—that was her name." He wrote hastily, folded the paper, and, turning to the King of Clubs, said—"Now I am ready. This is my will: I give back all my ill-gotten gains, all the result of my charmed play, to those whom I have robbed, or those who are left behind them. Yes, I have not forgotten them, and my last act is an act of restitution—a confession of my crime. I give all—all I have to those whom I have wronged: reserving one purse—a purse of honest money, for the girl I loved. Let the world know me for the wretch I am; let those who eat my bread execrate my name! It is just. I am ready!"

An expression of deep disgust was on the demon's face. He rose:

"You cannot be serious in this foolish fancy! The money you have won is yours; endow a public charity, build churches, hospitals, almshouses; no trustees will complain of your money, and posterity will own you as a benefactor."

"I am resolved."

The King of Clubs lost patience; he stamped upon the ground. "Fool! you imagine to escape me by this deceit! but you are mine—my weak tool, my poor blind instrument; mine for twenty years, and then—give me that paper."

"I never will resign it to your hands."

"Never!"

"Never!"

"Then, fool that you are, listen. I give you back your twenty years on one condition; let your will remain as it is, and go forth to the drudgery and scorn that awaits you."

"I am ready to die!"

"Ay, but you shall not die! You shall live in penury and misery, and wish yourself an earthworm that the foot might crush. Live, live on; I give you back your twenty years, and when you reap the harvest which this day you sow remember him who would have been your friend."

He vanished as he spoke, and Mardyke stood alone.

Mark Mardyke disappeared. No one knew what had become of him. Executors, appointed years before, made search, and found a will bearing the date of his disappearance. It told the story of the King of Clubs, and bequeathed heavy legacies to those families who had suffered. Esther's name was the last, and the purse of money was found and sent to her. Some people said Mardyke was a rascal, others said he was a dupe;

everybody was of opinion that they would have acted differently in his circumstances, and so it came to pass that it was all forgotten.

Twenty years had passed. It was an autumn evening. An old man sat on the felled trunk of an old tree and watched the crimson sun go down. The breath of wind around scarce stirred the leaves; the shadow in the forest deepened, the birds were in their nests, and there was over everything a holy calm, as if all nature slept. The old man turned his eyes towards the setting sun, and murmured to himself, "It is ending, and my heart is peaceful at the thought; my spirit praises the Father of all Spirits for the long years of penitence, for the blessed fruits of my long waiting." He bowed his face upon his hands and sat there, resting against an old oak tree. And the sun went down, and the purple twilight changed to night, and the stars came out, and still the old man moved not. Through the forest came a light country cart; there were three persons in it—a farm laborer, a comely elderly woman, and a seafaring, rough-looking man.

"There be somebody asleep yonder," said the farm laborer; "Jenny be a bit shy of him." Jenny was the mare.

"Asleep! where?" said the comely woman.

"Yonder, against the Druid's oak."

The sailor fellow and the woman alighted, came up to the old man, touched him. He neither moved nor spoke.

"Esther," said the sailor, "this man, I take it, will never wake again in this world." He laid him gently on the grass, removed the hands from the face; the moon shone out bright and clear; both man and woman stooped over the body, and exclaimed together, "Mark Mardyke!"

SELF-HELP.—The spirit of self-help, as exhibited in the energetic action of individuals, has in all times been a marked feature in the American character, and furnishes the true measure of our power as a nation. Rising above the heads of the mass, there have always been a series of individuals distinguished beyond others, who have commanded the public homage. But our progress has been owing also to multitudes of smaller and unknown men. Though only the generals' names may be remembered in the history of any great campaign, it has been mainly through the individual valor and heroism of the privates that victories have been won. And life, too, is "a soldier's battle," the greatest workers in all times having been men in the ranks. Many are the lives of men unwritten, which have, nevertheless, as powerfully influenced civilization and progress as the more fortunate great whose names are recorded in biography. Even the humblest person who sets before his fellows an example of industry, sobriety and upright honesty of purpose in life, has a present as well as a future influence upon the well-being of his country; for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others, and propagate good example for all time to come.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.—In playing cards the nine of diamonds is commonly nicknamed "the Curse of Scotland," and several reasons have been assigned for this strange denomination. When the Duke of York took up his residence at Edinburgh, and enlarged the Palace of Holyrood, he and his court introduced a new game there called Comet, in which the nine of diamonds was the most important card. The Scots, who had to learn the game, lost tremendous sums at it, and from that circumstance the nine of diamonds was called the Curse of Scotland. Another derivation is that the nine of diamonds bore some resemblance to the arms of the Dalrymples, and that Lord Stair, a member of that family, was the real Curse of Scotland. But a third derivation is more modern, and much more striking, though we cannot take upon ourselves to decide that it is the most correct or right one. It is said that the night before the fatal battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland sent orders to General Campbell to give no quarter to the soldiers of the Pretender—that this order being despatched in great haste, happened to be written on a card, and that card the nine of diamonds; from which time and circumstance it has gone by the appellation of the Curse of Scotland.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS.

BY STANLEY.

As calmly we glide on life's tremulous tide,
We dream not of care nor of sorrow,
And naught meets the eye but that bow in the sky,
Giving hope of a glorious to-morrow.
But the billows will rise, clouds will darken the skies,
And the heart will grow weary and sad,
When we lose for awhile that life-giving smile
Which maketh the universe glad.

But sorrow's dark night cannot surely affright
The brave soul, whose trust is in God ;
Be his pathway through life full of danger and strife,
'Tis the path all true greatness hath trod !
And deliverance is wrought in the hours of thought,
When man has to struggle—or die ;
When we painfully learn the great truth to discern
That adversity comes from on high.

Oh tried one ! beware how thou yieldest to fear,
Life's changes are working thy good ;
By anguish and care made perfect we are,
In the furnace, refined and renewed.
Bewail not thy fate, but patiently wait,
And hopefully trust to the end ;
Though sorrow and gloom cloud thy way to the tomb,
Bright angels thy footsteps attend.

Confusion may seem, like a feverish dream,
To attend thee wherever thou art,
But a blessing will rise from thy tears and thy sighs
If thy sorrows but soften thy heart.
And bright order will come out of chaos and gloom
If thou wilt be patient and rise,
God's fatherly hand, thou wilt soon understand,
Is but beck'ning thee up to the skies.

But if thou should'st turn with insolent scorn
Away from these teachings of love,
If thou givest no heed in thine hour of need
To the hand that would point thee above,
Sterner teachers will come, darker clouds throw their
gloom,
O'er thy pathway, already so sad,
While all nature will seem, in thy anguish extreme,
In her mournfullest drapery clad.

'Tis for thee to decide whether folly and pride
Any longer shall lead thee astray,
Or if, trusting at length in omnipotent strength,
Thou wilt walk in the glorious way.
Be hopeful, be great ; pause, ponder and wait
Till life's discipline worketh its end ;
Till thy lesson is learn'd, and the truth is discern'd
That adversity comes as a friend.

Oh, suffering heart ! wherever thou art,
Take courage, be never dismayed ;
Ere long wilt thou feel, He who woundeth can heal
If thou on thy Father art stay'd.
Then welcome the rod, for it cometh from God,
'Tis in love these sad tokens are given ;
Away with thy pride, and keep near to the guide
Who is leading thee onward to Heaven !

THE CHINESE COINAGE.—The Chinese have no silver or gold coin of their own. Silver in "shoes" of various sizes, generally about fifty taels (£16 worth), and gold in bars or leaf are used where foreign money is not current. The banker puts his stamp upon it, and the "touch" is thereby guaranteed. Any tampering with the quality is rare, but, of course, roguery is sometimes attempted. As a general rule, however, perfect trust may be placed on the value ; a slight examination satisfies the shroffs. The reliance placed by the Chinese upon the stamp or chop of the banker may be gathered from the fact, that in Canton foreign dollars are so marked by the guaranteeing stamps of those who pay them away, that the original character of the coin is often obliterated. And in the north, where Carolus dollars unstamped are preferred, it used to be the custom to mark them with the banker's seal in ink.

THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF SWITZERLAND.

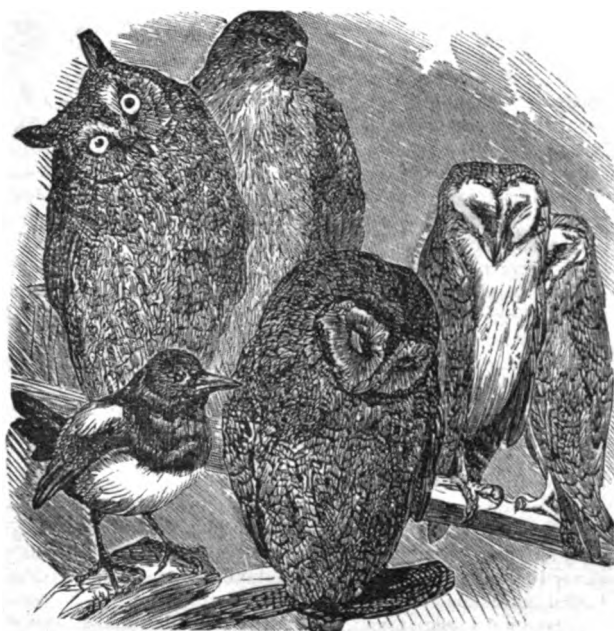
CURIOUS discoveries have recently been made, of various stone instruments and other relics of an ancient and unknown people, near the shores of several lakes in Switzerland and France. The *Revue Archæologique*, of Paris, which is published by the principal archæologists of France and other countries, noticed the first discoveries in 1854-5, and the January number of 1860 gives results of later researches, with drawings of fifteen kinds of tools, weapons, &c., which have been found by hundreds. They have edges and points of stone, with handles of deer's horns, and have been preserved by being covered with water and the deposit of earth. Remains of piles and rough plank have been dug out, in railroad excavations, which have led the best archæologists to the following conclusions, which we shall give with the utmost brevity.

There was a people who inhabited at least that part of Europe, long before the historic period, who had no metal, and used stones, and sometimes bones, for tools, ornaments, implements and weapons of various kinds, with deer's horn for handles to such as needed them. Some of these ancient people lived in small communities, in houses built on platforms of plank resting on piles, extending from the shores of lakes some distance over the water, from which they doubtless drew fish for their subsistence ; but they had also a variety of other food. Specimens of pottery are found, generally cylindrical, and some with rounded bases, without feet ; some have two holes for suspending them. Small bowls have been found, made of deer's horns. The numerous bones of animals discovered afford an interesting study of the Fauna of the country at the remotest period of which there are any traces.

More recent lake habitations (*habitations lacustres*) of the same kind have been found, where instruments of copper were mingled with those of stone ; and there are indications that the race which introduced the copper (probably Celts) conquered the original inhabitants. It is remarked by M. F. Trayon, the author of the paper before us, that all the ancient copper found in Europe is alloyed and really bronze, while that of America is pure ; and that the period of iron succeeded that of stone. We may add that there was no ancient iron period in America. Many counterfeits of the lake antiquities are fabricated and sold in Europe by impostors.

READING IN THE UNITED STATES.—The editor of the *Edinburgh Witness*, the well-known Mr. Bayne, in an article on our country, among some things not very palatable, says : "The Americans are an educated, a religious, a temperate people. If this article had not extended to too great a length already, we should have liked to have said something about one or two other of their national characteristics. For example, they are eminently a reading people. Books are not, as here, the luxuries of the few, but the necessary food of the many. 'Already,' says Mr. William Chambers, in his lately published work—*Things as They Are in America*—one of the most interesting and valuable which has recently issued from the press—'already certain English publishing houses are turning attention to the great and ever-extending field of enterprise in the United States, where books, as in the case of newspapers, are not a luxury of the rich, but a necessary part of the household furniture of those depending for subsistence on daily labor.' Certainly in every way a remarkable fact. But we may afterwards have an opportunity of referring to this and other matters. Meantime we may say, that in all that has been advanced above, we have never been unmindful for a moment of the fact that there is another side of the picture. But our complaint is, that it is only 'the other side of the picture' that is generally looked at ; and it seems to us of very considerable importance in these days that the real greatness of the American nation should be more fully appreciated."

It seems a great misfortune that body and mind, like man and wife, do not always agree to die together. It is bad when the mind survives the body ; worse still when the body survives the mind ; and worst of all when both survive health and hope.



OUR PETS.

THERE are two very different ways of enjoying the companionship of tame animals. One is by petting and fondling them without regard to their natural habits and individual happiness; the other is by cultivating their friendship, and engaging their affections, and at the same time allowing them free scope for the exercise of their peculiar tendencies of character. For that animals have distinctive character, and differ individually one from another much in the same way that human beings differ, is a fact universally acknowledged by all who have studied them in their natural condition. If anything could destroy this individuality it would be the uniformity of the purposes for which animals are employed by man, such as the daily work of the horse, which requires that all engaged in one kind of labor should move alike in the same routine manner.

When we speak of tame animals, however, we generally mean such as are tamed for our pleasure, not employed for our use; and these being various in species, as well as in the treatment to which they are subjected, cannot be prevented by any law of uniformity from developing their natural peculiarities of character. In this respect, then, as well as in many others, we may derive from the society of tame animals a fund of perpetual amusement.

Amongst our cats, for example, one may very possibly be an animal of the most staid and sober habits, while another may exhibit the most eccentric propensities, and this not only in its kittenhood, but up to maturity, perhaps perching herself where no cat was ever seen before, or cultivating the affections of some dog with whom her parents and relatives had lived at deadly strife.

But as one who has known, for no inconsiderable period of human experience, what it is to dwell in close intercourse with such associates, I will speak of some of my own personal friends, in evidence, not only of the amusement they have afforded me, but with a deep sense of gratitude for the many hours which they have beguiled of weariness; the many otherwise solitary moments they have cheered, and the kindly feelings they have often awakened in the midst of circumstances highly calculated both to disturb and embitter.

A motherless childhood may have been one cause why I sought this companionship more eagerly than others; and yet I think the tendency ran in the family; for we all had it, though not in an equal degree. But we were all accustomed to observe what was stirring in the natural world, and would bring in our separate anecdotes for the amusement of the social circle with as much zest as young ladies generally tell of their balls, or young gentlemen of their exploits in the cricket field.

My first strange pet—I mean foreign to the household—was a

buzzard, a large and noble bird which I used to carry about on my arm or shoulder when I was about seven years old. I called him Nestor, he looked so grave and wise; and though I loved him very much, or thought I did, and took him often into the fields to spend my time with him alone, I always regarded him with a certain kind of awe, especially when he stretched out his great brown wings, and closed them over his head, as he always did in the act of eating, holding the food in his claws, and devouring it beneath this natural veil, as if the act of eating was too sacred and important to be exposed to vulgar eyes. I do not think my venerated friend was very amiable, or cared much about the laceration of the small arm on which he was carried, and which often bore the marks of his powerful talons. Nor am I sure that I was myself quite clear of blame in exciting his savage propensities; for I remember a terribly wounded leg of his, the consequence of my chasing an old woman in the harvest field with the great bird held out in my arms, his beak and claws very formidably presented to the old woman, who turned sharply round and struck him with her sickle, to my indignation and dismay; though feeling that I could say little in the way of complaint. Of course the wounded warrior was carefully attended to, and soon recovered from the blow.

All the while that this intimate acquaintance with the buzzard was carried on, we had a large supply of household pets, consisting of cats and dogs of various kinds and characters, guinea pigs, rabbits, white mice and birds of many descriptions, though seldom or never kept in cages, for in caged birds we took no delight. I must honestly confess to the clipping of a wing now and then; but in almost every case the wing was allowed to grow, so that the bird might take flight on the return of spring, when the temptation of a mate, or the excitement of nest-building generally robbed us of our one year's companion.

Besides those that were regularly domesticated, we had many shy friends of the fields and the garden who maintained a more stealthy intercourse with us, coming to be fed on a little raised table which we had placed near the dining-room window in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them plentifully supplied, or hopping upon our hands and shoulders when we sat upon a very retired old garden seat kept almost sacred to this kind of intercourse. Here my father especially delighted in the intimacy of a robin, and often visited the solitary spot for the sake of inviting his little friend to perch upon his hand. Like us he persisted in believing everything that was good of all robins, and of his robin in particular; until one day, when a certain phase of the robin character was developed which appeared to shock and disappoint him a good deal. He had caught a stray bird of this species in the house, and took it in his hand to show to his little friend in the garden; when the latter, furious with jealous rage, flew at the stranger, and my father believed would have torn it in pieces, had he not permitted the wild robin to fly away. Whether it is the pretty little redbreast which awakens such wonderful tenderness on behalf of this bird, or the touching story of the "babes in the wood," or its sweet plaintive song in the autumn when other birds are silent, or the peculiar way it has of looking at you and seeming to attend upon your steps as you tread the garden walks, or, more than all, its willingness to perch at the window on cold wintry days, and to accept food at the hand of man—whatever the cause may be, the robin has certainly obtained a place in the human heart to which its own exemption from unamiable passions would never have entitled it. But so let it be. Human hearts are not apt to admit too much into their warm recesses. The greater would be the pity for even a little spiteful robin "to be discarded thence."

The birds with which my private menagerie was supplied were chiefly birds of prey, such as owls of various kinds, hawks, &c., with rooks, ravens, jackdaws and magpies, and once a beautiful falcon, almost as large as an eagle, brought in a ship, on which it had alighted, from the coast of Norway. This bird I lost, it is to be feared after much suffering on its part, from not knowing that sand or gravel was necessary to enable it to digest its food.

Of the owls I never could make much in the way of companionship, simply because my day was their night, and vice



VICTOR AND PRISONERS.

versa. Moreover, I had always on my mind the impression made upon us all by the reading of a useful and most charming little book, now lost sight of, called "Talking Animals." It was very graphically written, and better calculated than any grave discourse I ever heard to awaken in the hearts of children a real interest in animals, with pity for the sufferings which injudicious or ignorant petting must inflict upon them. Particularly were we all affected, I believe to frequent tears, by the history of a family of owls torn from their parent's nest, and exposed to all the horrors of glaring, mid-day captivity without a screen to shelter them from the hated sun, and the still more hated eyes and hands of their persecutors. The book was written on the supposition of a number of animals meeting together, each to relate the history of his own captivity and treatment at the hands of man, just as the circumstances had been in their effect upon himself, not at all as they had been intended; and that of the owl, especially, was so well told, and so true to nature, that it quite cast a damp upon my intercourse with the whole species, because I could not bring myself to let in upon them more than a kind of dim twilight, nor liked, even at any time, to intrude upon that strange, mysterious majesty in which even a very juvenile owl seems always to shroud himself.

Thus my knowledge of the owl character is rather limited, though I had many, both horned and common, at different times under my care; for the people in the neighborhood, as well as our house servants, knowing my fondness for animals, used to bring me all kinds of maimed and sometimes savage creatures, many of which I succeeded in curing, and others in taming; though, I am sorry to say that our solemn visits to a little shady corner of the orchard, designated the "cats' burial-ground," were more frequent, and that the little mounds erected there were more numerous than we always found it quite cheerful or pleasant to reflect upon. We did the best for them while under our care, but sometimes they were too badly wounded to recover—sometimes it was more kind to kill than to keep them alive—and sometimes we made grievous mistakes in the way of food and treatment. Once—only once, I believe—we were guilty of absolute cruelty from unpardonable neglect; we forgot to feed our rabbits, of which we had numerous families in a large place my father had allowed to be fitted up for the purpose of keeping them in health and comfort. They were entirely dependent upon us. It was our pride that

they should be so; and we once forgot to feed them for so many hours that two or three were found dead. I shall never forget that time, nor the awful visitation of shame and compunction that fell upon us. My father's treatment of the matter was such as to produce a life-long impression. He was not so much angry as shocked—absolutely grieved in spirit; and the very work-people cried shame upon us. Indeed, I do not know that for any later sins I have felt condemnation so severe as for that. And if we estimate our sins by the principles they involve rather than by the effects they produce, I think we were all right in feeling as we did; for the principle was just that of neglecting the claims of those whom we had voluntarily brought under our own power, thus tacitly engaging to guard and provide for them, and at the same time cutting off their means of doing this for themselves. A sense of injustice and wrong was consequently mixed with that of cruelty, which, in my case, at least, rendered the recollection of the hungered rabbits indelible.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

I should think, as a whole, that more mistakes were committed in our establishment by over than by under feeding, for we were not at all like my father in being scientific or philosophical in our zoological studies. We might have been if we had so chosen; for one of his intimate friends was a gentleman of high literary fame in the region of entomological science, William Spence, who used to visit much at my father's house, and whose society afforded pleasure to us all. But somehow the structure of animals was never so interesting to us as their characters; and when another scientific friend of ours, Professor Phillips, used to tell with exultation of some of his invertebrate favorites—how they could live as well and as happily when turned inside out as when in their original position—I always retained the same preference, which holds to this day, for animals that have back bones, and that do feel a choice as to whether they shall be turned inside out or not.

Far more entertaining and more relishing to us, though perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess it, were the conversations of two bachelor uncles, and of one especially, who seemed to be constituted in a remarkable manner for observing the habits, and diving into the nature and feelings of animals, without the enlightenment of a single spark of science. He was a man strangely set apart from human fellowship, with a shut heart, but keen perceptions, and a strong but partially cultivated understanding. I think, as children, we used to try to creep into that shut heart of his with more avidity than into many open ones. And the animal creation seemed to be affected in a similar manner; for, without putting himself the least out of his way to indulge them he could draw them around him, attach them to his person, and make them understand and obey him in the most remarkable manner. It is true he also could understand them as they must be little accustomed to being understood; and no small portion of the rare and racy amusement which his company often afforded was derived from his incomparable mimicry of all sorts of animals, and the indescribable drollery of look and manner with which he could translate into human speech the sentiments or opinions by which he believed his dumb associates to be actuated.

Leading an isolated life in the country, my uncle had many opportunities of making observations upon animal nature; and thus his rich store of information and anecdote was added to the general fund from whence we derived perpetual entertainment. It seemed to us always as if the animals with which he had to do developed more than others; and the tricks he could play without offending them, evinced something very peculiar in the intercourse they held together. One of his dogs, I remember, had an amusing partiality for riding in a wheelbarrow, or whatever conveyance was at hand; and I have often seen him take a running leap into an empty clothes basket which the women were carrying to a distant hedge, as if even that opportunity was too good to be lost. The opinions and sentiments of this dog my uncle was very apt at translating. But there was no setting bounds to his genius in this way. I have heard him tell what an old hen said to her chickens when she placed herself for the night upon the bough of an apple-tree, where they could not possibly follow her, accompanied with action and tones that would have won applause upon the stage. He gave too, with great effect, the history of a lady pigeon, who persuaded her husband to sit while she flew off from the nest to take her pleasure amongst the inmates of a neighboring dovecot. There was nothing like this in all that Spence and Kirby ever wrote, excellent as it is; and my uncle was to us a higher oracle than Cuvier himself.

It would seem strange to some families that ours could sit down to talk over the affairs of animal economy with untiring interest; perhaps still more strange that we could listen with intense enjoyment to the recital of some strange exploit or some new development of animal character; but for a happy life in the country, for amusement in one's walks and rides, for cheerful and intelligent communion with Nature, unrestrained by artificial usages, it is indispensable that we seek in this companionship more than is wanted for the mere satisfaction of a coaxing propensity; yes, and more than is often dreamed of in our philosophy.

In my father's case, the tendency in his children to make themselves acquainted with animal existence, under all its various forms, was made the groundwork of many a grave dis-

course, in which he tried to lift our hearts "from nature up to nature's God." He was a man who believed devoutly that nothing had been made in vain; that the smallest insect, as well as the vilest reptile, had its use in the great creation; and that all, as the works of God, were not only excellent in themselves, but entitled to kindness and consideration from man. His careful investigation of facts, tending to establish this his favorite theory, often pressed into his service so many members of the family, that a general interest was excited in obtaining an amount of useful knowledge, which he devoted to the cause of science. I remember, especially, his habitual leaning in favor of rooks, of which we had a swarming colony around the house. My father maintained that these birds were of great service to the farmers in clearing their land, not only of worms, but of a more destructive kind of grub very detrimental in the corn-fields. The amount of these which a rook would carry home to its young ones in a single day was the point to be ascertained, and a man was stationed to begin his watch with the first light of morning. He directed his attention to one particular nest, counted the number of flights made by the two parent birds, and on the following day one of them was shot on its way home, for the purpose of ascertaining the number of grubs conveyed to the nest at one flight. The result was enormous, exceeding my father's expectations. I have forgotten the exact amount, but I know from that time his zeal was redoubled in publishing and making known amongst his friends and neighbors the debt of gratitude which they owed to their friends of the rook species.

Members of our rook colony being often maimed or in other ways disqualified for providing for themselves, I received many into my hospital, but never found them very interesting companions. Jackdaws were more to my taste, and amongst the numbers at different times domesticated by the family there was one which exhibited in a striking manner that distinctiveness of character to which I have already alluded, as constituting the greatest source of interest afforded by tame animals. The usual habits, the amusing looks and mischievous tricks of jackdaws are well known; but I had one which added to these an amount of affection seldom placed to their credit. It was the accustomed companion of my walks, and would alternately perch upon my shoulder, and then fly off into the neighboring trees and hedges, chattering and keeping up a sort of running conversation with me, whether near or distant, but always pursuing the same route, and returning with me to our home. What was more remarkable, it would sit on my shoulder in the same way when I was riding on horseback, flying off occasionally to the hedges and returning to its perch. It always became more timid, however, as we approached strange roads and hedges, and so would leave me and fly back if I went further than about a mile from home. One of my accustomed rides was taken periodically, on a particular day of the week, when I always went and returned at the same hour and by the same route. In process of time the jackdaw began to wait for me upon this route, though at first very near home; but once I was startled by its alighting on my shoulder at the distance of three quarters of a mile from my house. I cannot describe the interest and enjoyment which I derived from this affectionate and involuntary intercourse; but, like many other enjoyments, it came to a sudden and to me entirely unaccountable close. One day, while walking out, my jackdaw disappeared. It had flown from my shoulder over a hedge, and I had no doubt whatever but it would return as usual. But it never came back; and although diligent search and inquiry were carried on for some time, no light was ever thrown upon the cause or the manner of its total disappearance.

Amongst the birds of prey which at different times I entertained as my guests, rather than my captives, I had many hawks, of the common sparrow hawk the greatest number. But I never tamed them exactly to my wishes, and so let them go if they desired their liberty; and I do not think I ever succeeded in eliciting from them any proof of affection towards myself. One, however, was bound to me in a very remarkable manner by the ties of self-interest. As usual with these birds, they could not alight upon the ground nor exhibit themselves in the neighborhood of the poultry yard without an uproar of indignant cackling and screaming from all the old hens in the yard, who were ready with beak and claw to execute summary

vengeance upon their family foe. On one of these occasions, my hawk, being young and inexperienced, was not able to defend himself. He was rescued with the loss of half his feathers, and barely escaped with life. But, worse than the loss of feathers—nay, almost too shocking to relate, the old hens had actually torn off the upper half of his bill quite close to the head. He was a frightful spectacle, and nobody expected him to live. However, I soon found that in other respects he was not much hurt, and to my surprise I found also that he could take food when cut small and placed favorably in his poor distorted mouth. I fed him carefully, and soon had the pleasure of seeing that a horny substance was beginning to grow at the root of the torn mandible. By degrees it became more visible, and then projected so far as to be of some use in receiving his food, though he was still dependent upon me for placing it in his mouth. All this while the hawk was at perfect liberty to go or stay as he liked. The feathers of his cut wing grew to their full extent, and he was accustomed to fly about in the day time, always returning to me in the evening, when I used to place him for safety in a cage that used to be opened in the morning. I observed that the new bill continued to grow, though the disproportioned length of the lower mandible still prevented its being of much use. As it grew the hawk became gradually less tame. He began at length to stay out all night, but always came back to me when in want of food. The intervals between his visits became longer. He grew more timid in his approaches, so that I adopted the method of throwing pieces of food up into the air, where he caught them with avidity and then flew away. I thought sometimes he had quite forsaken me, when, after the lapse of a week or more, I spied him hovering over my head as I walked in the garden, evidently anticipating his accustomed supply, in which he was never disappointed; until at last, on the expiration of about six months after his accident, he ceased altogether to claim my attention, and I concluded then that his bill had grown so as to enable him to provide for himself.

All this while I was the possessor of a monkey. It had been the dream of my early childhood to have a monkey; and a very pretty little brown fellow was given to me. It was of that species which hang by their tails to the branches of trees, and this power of its tail enabled my monkey to execute a larger amount of mischief than seemed possible for so small an animal. But the possession of this treasure was attended with a good deal of disappointment to me. I found that the tricks of my monkey consisted almost entirely of a mere routine of skilful mimicry, to which now and then a curious coincidence lent a strange drollery; such, for instance, as its tendency to uncork medicine bottles and taste pills, in which occupation it exhibited an amusing burlesque upon the physician. Or when it had watched some whitewashers at work, and as soon as they were gone, seized the nearest brush, which happened to be one used for train oil, and dipping it into a bowl of pure milk, worked away at the kitchen wall just as the men had been doing.

It would be impossible to do justice to the amusement afforded to our friends and visitors by this little inmate of the family, who remained with us until his death at the expiration of sixteen years. Equally impossible would it be to record the amount of mischief which he managed to execute in his rambles around and about the house and garden, whenever he was allowed to be at liberty. Indeed such were the depredations he committed in the way of stripping off fruit, sometimes clearing a whole wall of fine pears in an incredibly short space of time; such the incongruous mixtures he left behind him after his investigations amongst dressing-cases or medicine chests; and such his terrible fractures in china closets and pantries, that it was absolutely necessary to keep him generally a prisoner. His winter residence was a comfortable recess beside the kitchen fire, in a situation which commanded the view of a large hall, with all the congregating of animal life both dumb and vocal which used to throng that route, or meet beneath his quick and piercing eye. I mention this because this situation afforded free scope for the exercise of that peculiar faculty or tendency which was the only thing that has ever struck me as peculiarly interesting in monkey character. This consisted in a rare perception on the part of the animal of the relative rank possessed by the different members of the household, and

a nice balancing of reverence exactly proportioned to its own estimate of such rank. The highest rank was of course awarded to my father; the next highest, as was very natural, to the cook, and so on through all grades of the family, until the utmost contempt, blended with the same relative proportion of spite, culminated in the lowest kitchen maid, whose red elbows often exhibited the marks of the monkey's teeth, and whose shrieks of terror were the accustomed announcement that the animal had broken loose. Savage and defiant as this little creature was to those who held a subordinate position in the household, nothing could be more meek and servile than the monkey always was to my father as the chief or head; and so in degree, until the tide turned in the middle, where we as children stood in its esteem. And like other servile worshippers of rank and power, the monkey was quite disposed as a talebearer to cater to my father's influence. Thus, if ever any romping, fun, or even quarrelling took place amongst the servants, the monkey, though chattering all the while with proportionate vehemence, reserved his spite until the appearance of my father, when he would begin to chatter again with renewed emphasis, sometimes after the expiration of an hour, and as he told his tale he would bob his head towards the culprit with a grunt so emphatic that it was impossible to be mistaken as to the offending party.

For this kind of littleness of spirit I never saw my monkey's equal. Just in proportion as you faced about bravely and defied him, he crouched and gave up the contest; but if you flinched, if you ran or shrieked, he was upon you in an instant, grinning and chattering, as if the next movement would be to fasten his teeth in your cheek. He was not, however, half so bad as he seemed to be, and by a very small amount of presence of mind might be effectually subdued. I confess that in my own case I was not at all times sufficiently master of this calm philosophy, especially on some occasions, when I thought it necessary to chastise him with a riding-whip; for he had a clever trick of seizing the small end, and so running up the whip and being upon your arm in a moment.

Of course, it was impossible to inspire our friends, especially if young ladies, with the necessary amount of presence of mind; and many were the exclamations, half of terror and half of fun, which announced that the enemy was abroad, and at his usual tricks, climbing up to the open windows of the bed-rooms, or surprising the visitors under circumstances which did not admit of immediate rescue. I remember very distinctly one bright summer's morning, when, with a house full of guests, we missed two young ladies at the breakfast-table. Thinking they had overslept themselves, we took no pains to disturb them, until the meal was over, when I went up-stairs and tapped at their door. I was answered by a smothered cry of distress, when I opened the door, and saw the two unhappy creatures struggling under the bed-clothes, with the monkey perched upon their knees, grinning and chattering in the most malignant manner, and even making every now and then a most furious rush at them, when a hand or a nose happened for a moment to be exposed. It was well I had gone to their rescue, for their horror was beyond description, and so long as they screamed and struggled, the monkey was not likely to give them up. They said they had first heard some unusual sound upon the dressing-table, when, looking out of bed, they perceived to their dismay that the monkey had entered by the open window, and was busily examining the curiosities of their toilette. Had they been quiet he would most likely have returned as he came; but so soon as they betrayed their fear, he sprang upon the bed, threatening and defying them to the teeth.

It is but just to this little tyrant to state, that he was capable both of tenderness and affection. At the sight of a little baby its heart was completely melted, and it would take hold of the small hands and examine them with as much apparent interest as if it had been itself a nurse. Towards other young animals it would also on some occasions exhibit the same tenderness. It had once a favorite chicken, which it was in the habit of snatching from the brood and hugging in its arms as a child would hold a doll; and one particular kitten was at another time distinguished by the same rather questionable marks of favor. My monkey died at last from an affection of the lungs, attended by a bad cough, and every symptom of consumption.



THE PROIEGE.

It had always suffered from cold; but, having a thick brown coat of its own, refused all artificial clothing. Determined to gain the mastery in this respect, I once made it a jacket, which it could neither tear or slip off. It struggled to rid itself of this appendage for the space of three days, when, finding itself completely conquered, it gave up in despair, but fell into so low a condition of health and spirits, that I removed the jacket out of sheer compassion, and never tried the experiment again.

Having begun my experience, in the way of training animals, with a large bird of prey, I acquired a certain kind of partiality for animals not generally tamed. Perhaps I fancied there was more glory in taming a naturally ferocious creature, and more distinction in that affection which could not easily be won. Thus I tried the experiment upon animals seldom domesticated, and in some cases less agreeably to my friends, than to myself.

On one occasion a fine badger, caught in our fields, was brought to me as a valuable addition to my menagerie; but with him I failed entirely. He hated the sight of me, as much as all my other pets hated him; and I was not sorry to find, after our acquaintance of a few months, that one moonlight night he had contrived to make his escape.

I am afraid if the whole truth were told, some of our pets would have come under the charge of "nuisance," had we lived in a more populous neighborhood; but dwelling as we did amongst our own people, they were, upon the whole, very patiently borne with; and perhaps the amusement they afforded repaid others as well as ourselves for occasional inconvenience. Now and then a complaint was made, in some cases more entertaining than serious; as when a farmer living at a distance of two miles made a claim upon my father for damages committed by his sparrows. He knew my father's belief in the usefulness of birds, and he was determined to charge him with the consequences.

An old woman who lived in one of our cottages brought her complaint with a little more justice. We had a large Asiatic sheep, of the kind which afford a feast to the epicure in the mass of fat accumulated in a monstrous cushion towards the end of the tail. I do not know whether the weight of this appendage enabled the animal to operate with more effect as a battering-ram; but certainly his power in this way was far from agreeable to cope with. The old woman complained that it was impossible to hang out her linen to dry in the field where this sheep was kept; for, watching his opportunity, he no sooner beheld her standing with outstretched arms holding the linen in both hands, than he advanced from behind, and pitched her into or over the hedge. But this was not the worst, at least not to the neighbors, though it might be to the old woman herself. The surrounding cottages were visited periodically by a

Methodist preacher, and the good man, not being aware of any danger, was crossing the field by a footpath, when a sudden attack, as usual from behind, sent him headlong, umbrella and all, into a ditch or hollow which crossed the path. On every attempt to regain his footing, the same attack was made, until at length he gave up in despair; and had not one of the women discovered something unusual in the field, a very serious interruption to the religious engagements of the evening must have been the consequence.

But for a terror to passers-by, I have known few creatures to surpass an old swan. We had one who reigned for many years the undisputed sovereign of a pond, along the borders of which there was a road sometimes traversed by persons passing from one village to another. It happened one day that two tailors walked that way, and being proverbially better acquainted with the goose than the swan, had probably stopped to admire these beautiful creatures on the water. However that might be, it is certain that shrieks were heard, and that when some of our people rushed to the rescue, one of the tailors was down on his back, and the swan flapping him with his terrible wings. Our people said one of the tailors ran east, the other west, and were never heard of again; but I doubt the authenticity of this statement.

My interest in the taming of strange creatures being widely known, I received various contributions from a distance, and once had the pleasure of learning that a tame snake awaited my acceptance, whenever I would go to claim it. Soon afterwards I travelled in the direction of this promised treasure with two friends, who accompanied me in a chaise. One of these friends, a lady, very naturally expressed her horror at the prospect of such a companion; but I assured her it was so completely secured in a strong wire cage, that it was impossible it should escape. It was of course one of the harmless kind, but this seemed to make little difference. A snake was a snake to her; and as we travelled along, with the cage at the bottom of the carriage, I saw my friend sometimes lift up her feet with a shudder of disgust, while her expressive face looked unutterable reproaches at me. I confess I felt rather shocked myself; but I endeavored to reassure my friend, by continued protestations, that her fears were groundless, for that any escape of the enemy was out of the question. In this manner we travelled until arriving at a hospitable dwelling where we were to spend the night on our way home. After my friend had alighted, I took out the cage with great care, and conveyed it into the house. But what was my consternation, when, on looking for the snake, I discovered that the cage was empty, and the door open, most likely unfastened by the shaking of the journey. I ran back to the carriage; there, at the bottom, was the snake; and my friend had the satisfaction of thinking, that, during the whole journey, this creature had been coiling at its pleasure about her feet. A warm womanly friendship will bear a good deal; but my friend was accustomed to say that she thought hers had been rather too severely tried.

This snake was a member of our household for many months, but I do not think it ever afforded me much pleasure; and sometimes I must confess that its creeping, coiling motion caused me an involuntary shudder. It was very tame, would hang on my arm, and exhibited no inclination to leave me; only sometimes, when the sun shone upon it, I observed such an accession of apparent life and animation, with such quick darting movements, that I saw it would escape; as indeed it did at last, without leaving me anything to regret. Indeed the manner in which it was necessary to feed the snake was so revolting, that having seen it once, and only once by accident, I determined from that time that the snake should be at liberty to depart whenever it chose. It never ate what had been killed, though I tried it with all sorts of insects, mice, &c. Our people used to put a small frog into the cage, shutting both up together. In the case which came under my own eye, the little frog was sitting upon the snake with every appearance of contentment, and had been sitting there some time; when, suddenly, with one sweep of the neck as rapid as lightning, the snake snapped up its living victim, and swallowed it before I had time to avert my eyes. This was quite enough. I had the cage

placed in the garden, with the door always open, and after a few days the snake disappeared.

A far more agreeable pet than the snake, though still one at which some persons pretended to shudder, was a tame weasel, which succeeded in making friends with the whole family. I had no idea that such a thing could be tamed, at least made so tame. It was very young, and half dead when brought to me, scarcely so large as a walnut when coiled up. I fed it with milk from a quill, and as soon as I considered it old enough to take care of itself, I took it into a grass field, where I thought it would be safe from harm, and where I had no doubt it would be delighted to be set free. Instead of this, I found the little creature perfectly terrified, and so anxious not to be left, that it pursued my retreating feet with the most piteous cries. The idea had never occurred to me that I could myself be an object of affection to this small animal; yet true it was, my careful nursing had produced the effect of rendering it unwilling to be deserted by me; and from that time we entered into a mutually understood engagement to be all to each other that a weasel and a human being could be. For some days afterwards I repeated the experiment, merely to test the reality of my little friend's attachment, and always with the same result. It had no sense of safety but with me, and no wish to be elsewhere; so I prepared for its accommodation as an inmate of the family, and it soon became an universal favorite.

Remembering what all the weasel tribe can be when assailed or injured, some persons would be disgusted at the idea of such a household guest. But it should be borne in mind, that the means of defence which nature has given to these animals, and which renders them so offensive when worried by dogs, or otherwise wounded, has nothing whatever to do with their quiescent condition; so that, if kindly treated, and made healthy and happy, the weasel is as cleanly and delicate an animal as the squirrel, or any other of our accustomed pets. I think mine was more so; for never was a speck to be seen on its snow-white breast, nor was its soft silky coat ever ruffled.

I soon found that my weasel was not only an affectionate but most amusing companion, its gambols rapid and graceful in the extreme. Like other favorites, it was addicted to taking liberties, and if I was busy and would not play, nothing was left untried to attract my attention. Summersets were performed upon the table where I was writing, the end of my pen

and even my nose were bitten; and not until the rapid little feet, dipped in ink, had made stars all over my paper, and I was compelled to enforce a retreat, would my companion cease from its antics. It would be impossible to describe the beauty and the grace of this little creature while performing its varied evolutions, or the rapidity with which it would dart from one part of the room to another, always most animated in the dusk of the evening, or, as I fancied, when moonlight shone into the room; yet all the while so timid, that if a stranger entered it was still in a moment, perhaps curled up like a ball in some fold of my dress, or hiding in its accustomed place of safety, the hollow of my hand. This was its habit, too, when tired with play; and not unfrequently when I rested on the sofa, it would roll itself into a flattened ball immediately under my cheek. It was always most timid out of doors, and would manage to follow me, usually with an appearance of distress, even when I walked about the garden amongst grass and shrubs, which I supposed might have concealed me from its view. Nor was it to myself alone that this little creature showed attachment. All the family shared in its affection; even with children it was docile, playful and perfectly harmless; but, as already said, if a strange gentleman or lady entered the parlor, even in its gayest moments, it was gone in an instant into some hiding-place where it was not always easily found.

After many months of this pleasant intercourse, I had occasion to make a journey to a distant part of the country, and decided upon taking my weasel with me. We travelled in a chaise, and the little creature was so annoyed at its confinement in a box, as well as at the constant motion, that it spent the greatest part of the time in a most disgraceful state of raving passion, screaming and tearing at the bars which held it in as well as gave space for air. In this condition of things, I must confess that the box, which I had done my best to render airy and comfortable, was far from resembling a bed of violets. I shall never forget the effect it produced upon the countenance of the head waiter at one of those old-fashioned, well-appointed inns where we stopped one day to dine. With the utmost politeness he had ushered us into the house. With equal politeness he was fetching in the articles we had left in the carriage, the weasel amongst the rest. It was screaming and tearing with passion just under the nose of this solemn-looking waiter, whose face, that seemed as if it had never smiled, wore an expression of such ineffable disgust, that I was obliged to turn away,



THE RAVEN'S NEST.

quite unable even to apologise for the behavior of my little companion.

This was a fatal journey to my poor weasel, so far at least as our intercourse was concerned. The house to which it was transferred was situated in a town, with a garden protected by high walls. Alarmed at the sight of so many strange people and things, the weasel became more wild, and one day disappeared never to return. We supposed it had run up the garden wall, and, becoming frightened, had escaped on the opposite side.

After this I tried the taming of more than one animal of the same species, but never with the same results. I found them all very different from my first pet, in character and the disposition. One I succeeded in taking, but it seldom played, and afforded but little entertainment. Another caused me such serious alarm, that I never made the experiment with a weasel again. I had had it some time, and supposed it to be quite harmless; indeed I had never seen in any of them the least tendency to be otherwise; when one day I was amusing myself with it in company with a child about seven years of age. It was running about her hands and arms, and had climbed to her shoulder, when in an instant it seized her neck about the place of the jugular vein, with a look and action so full of ferocity that I was only too glad to be on the spot to rescue the child; and from that moment determined to have nothing more to do with weasels as domestic companions.

Amongst those pets which were more agreeable to us than to our friends, I fear I must class my raven. In their mischief-loving propensities the raven and the jackdaw bear a strong resemblance to each other; but there is an aspect of grave and venerable dignity about the former which renders him infinitely more amusing when he stoops to be jocose. I have been told by a naturalist, that, next to the tortoise, the raven lives to the greatest age of any of the lower animals, not unfrequently attaining the dignity of seventy or eighty years. He always looks old, and his very voice sounds as if it had grown deep and hoarse with long usage amongst the winds and storms that beat about old church towers, or roar through unfrequented forests. My raven was a very social bird, fond of human fellowship, and by no means of a morose or melancholy turn of mind. Indeed he was a little too much on the alert, and too fond of meddling with other people's business. As, for instance, when he watched the introduction to a new plantation about the house of a large collection of rare and valuable shrubs, which he saw put into the ground with the greatest care, and then, as soon as the workmen had retired, tore off and destroyed every label so effectually that the names of the plants were never known. Or when he watched with his curious eyes, peeping sideways, any operation in the yard requiring tools of greater nicety than usual, and, unobserved by the workmen, flew away with the very implements which they most wanted and were least able to replace. The extraordinary impudence with which he would reply to any such imputation brought against him, with a nod of the head, and a hoarse croak that seemed to say, "I know all about it, but I am not going to tell you," was the cause of many a strange missile being hurled at the thief, for to catch him on such occasions was impossible. He could evade as well as defy; and when he took the latter course, he always perched himself in some inaccessible place, from which he looked down with such an air of personal insult, that it was impossible not to desire to pursue him with summary vengeance.

My raven was master of a few words, and only a few, but these he managed to use with considerable appropriateness. He was no Cockney, nor yet too well-bred to speak in the dialect of his native country. Thus, his accustomed rejoinder, "What's matter wi' ye?" uttered in a guttural tone, was well understood by his associates of the yard and the stable, and sometimes it came with curious effect after he had bobbed his head to avoid a broom or a stick thrown at him, and then turned and looked his assailant in the face. I do not know that his need for verbal expression ever reached a much higher pitch than this. All great occasions were wont to call it forth; and once, as he stood on the roof of a low building, he was heard, after an unusually loud peal of thunder, to say, with peculiar emphasis, "What's matter wi' ye!" In fact, he was a remarkable illustration of how much may be made of a few words well applied, and of a few sounds, too; for when in high good humor he had

a habit of whispering in one's ear in a manner so droll, that I was quite sure he had something funny to say, though I failed to catch the idea. Sometimes I interpreted this curious whispering sound into an expression of tenderness, because it was generally accompanied by a gentle nibbling of the bill about my face, which, I must confess, required a considerable amount of faith to sustain without flinching, seeing what that huge bill could do, and knowing how easily it might have twitched out one of my eyes, had such been the whim of the moment.

The precision with which this powerful instrument could be made to take effect, was no small addition to the terror which our raven was accustomed to inspire, particularly amongst that class of individuals who do not look well to their heels. He had a quick, piercing eye, and could detect the smallest hole in a stocking. At such a hole the point of his bill would be aimed with a stroke so sudden and so sure, that a piece of flesh twitched out was the usual result, accompanied by execrations against the bird, who cared no more than if you had sung him a song; indeed, I don't think he ever did care except for one or two things, and in these we had our triumph.

One of these resulted from a propensity which came upon him every spring to build a nest. He knew no more about the art of building than if he had had four feet instead of two, and had worn hair instead of feathers; but always about the same time of the year he became very mysterious, and very much occupied with some business of his own. He was observed to collect sticks, and resorted much to the under framework of an open thatched roof which protected a shed. Here, in fact, he slept at all seasons of the year, and the place might be called his "residence." Here, then, he brought his sticks, impelled most probably by a dim vision that something more than usually domestic was to be done. But the sticks, though collected in large quantities, were laid about in all directions, without the least approach to compactness or form. I believe he was himself aware of the bad job he was making of it, for nothing could vex him more than for us to go and look at his nest; so of course we went accordingly. He evidently knew it was wrong, but did not know how to make it right; and when we approached the place he was both angry and embarrassed, exhibiting every appearance of being exceedingly ashamed of what he was about. Perhaps the building partner was wanting in the concern, and so the nest-making never advanced beyond the mere collecting of raw material.

Another trouble to the raven, and one which effectually brought down his defiant spirit, arose out of the attacks to which he was subject from wild birds of his own species. It is strange how tame birds excite the animosity of wild ones of their own tribe. It would seem almost as if they were considered false to their clan, or traitors to their family, in having gone over to the stronger party. Our raven never cared what man could do to him; but when he was pounced upon by a wild raven, his terror and excitement were extreme. This was more frequently the case than would have seemed likely, considering the scarcity of these birds. They generally came singly; but one morning we were alarmed by a terrible commotion in the yard, and learned afterwards that no fewer than six ravens had attacked our poor bird. He looked very small all the rest of the day, kept his feathers tight about him, and quite forgot to say, "What's matter wi' ye!"

If our raven did not die the death of a hero, his last end was still strangely characteristic of his life, though very mournful to relate. For a long course of misdeeds, retribution came at length. An old barndoor cock, an unusually large bird, who had persecuted him for some time, one day, seizing him unaware, so blinded and mangled poor Ralf that he was unable to defend himself; and when at last borne away by his ruthless enemy, was heard muttering, with more than wonted pathos, "What's matter wi' ye!"

The funeral of the raven was conducted with much solemnity, a clergyman then on a visit to our family being requested to officiate. He was interred amongst the old trees of a rookery, a large company of juvenile mourners attended, and many tears were shed around his grave.

Most satirists furnish the raw material for their own art, and commit every fault which they blame.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

BEDS FOR BULBS.

It is only when decisive signs of natural growth can be detected in bulbs that a very little water should be given, while the temperature at the same time gradually increases; and no considerable quantity of water should be administered until the leaves are an inch or two above the ground and evidently disposed to grow rapidly. To this class belong the numerous beautiful tribes of *gladiolus*, *ixia*, *sparaxis*, &c., all of which are so closely allied, that the same treatment is applicable to the whole of them. To these may be added the *hyacinth*. The two principal points to be attended to in the successful cultivation of the *gladiolus* and *ixia* are, to protect the beds in which the bulbs are planted from frost and from heavy rains, both of which are equally destructive. For both tribes the beds should be composed of prepared soil, at least one foot deep, with perfect drainage at the bottom. That for *gladioli* should consist of two parts turfy loam, one of leaf mould and the remainder of well-decayed cow manure and sand. For *ixias*, the greater portion of the soil should be sandy peat without manure.

In both cases the beds may be made level with the surrounding surface, the bulbs being planted upon them in rows six inches apart each way; when covered over with soil the beds will thus be raised a few inches above the bulbs; and a small pyramid of sand should be formed over each to assist in protecting them from damp. *Gladioli* should be covered three inches with soil; *ixias* not more than two inches.

After planting, a layer of dry decayed leaf-mould or of spent tan should be spread three inches thick over the beds. Either of these will resist the rain for some time; but if there be a continuance of wet, the beds may be protected by covering with mats. The tan or leaves will likewise assist materially in excluding frost. As the warmth of spring advances, these materials may be gradually removed, and all the care that will be afterwards required will consist in tying up the flower-stems as they increase in growth. Unless the weather is very dry, the beds will not need water; if such should be the case it should be liberally supplied, since the want of moisture in the growing season is quite destructive.

COLOR AND FORM OF THE TULIP.

A tulip, however colored, should be composed of six petals, three outer and three inner, which should be alternate and lie close to each other; broad and round on the top, quite smooth, and of sufficient width to allow the edges to lie over each other when fully expanded. They should be firm in texture, having a slight swell towards the lower part of the midrib of the petal, which will enable it to retain its shape; this in a fully expanded flower should be semi-globular, the stalk being inserted in the pole, which should be a little depressed. The petals should be level on the top, the inner three of the same height as the outer, and the latter should not be bent back. The color of the ground should be pure and rich, the base of the petals without stain, and the yellow ground should possess the same intensity of color on the outer as on the inner side of the flower.

In the principal classes, namely, roses, bizards and byblomens, the colors should be brilliant and well defined. In the opinion of some the feathered flower is most preferable; the feathers should commence at the bottom of each petal, the deepest marking being on the top, and equal in every one. The flamed flower should likewise possess this feather, with a rich beam up the rib of each petal, branching off on either side, touching the feather, and at the same time preserving sufficient of the ground color to show it to advantage. A flame without a feather, in general, presents a star-like appearance, which, though not so correct as the other, is still beautiful. The stem should be elastic, neither too tall nor short for the size of the flower, and sufficiently strong to keep itself erect without support.

PROPAGATION OF PLANTS BY CUTTINGS.

Many shrubs and trees are best propagated by means of cuttings; that is, pieces cut from trees, shrubs or plants of the last growth. They should generally retain a small piece of the growth immediately preceding the last of the ripened wood. They are taken generally from eight to twelve inches in length

—sometimes longer and sometimes shorter, according to circumstances and the size of the plant. They are commonly taken when the sap is active, and with six or eight buds or joints. They are cut transversely and smoothly with a sharp knife or other instrument, near a joint or bud of the previous growth or between the last two growths. The cuttings should be placed in rich moist earth, in a shady situation, and the ground about them be kept moist by frequent watering; old hay, or something of a like nature, is often placed over the surface to retain the moisture, especially if the weather be dry. When cuttings are desired from herbaceous plants, they should be taken from such parts as do not manifest a tendency to flower.

If the cutting be planted in a flower-pot, the pot may be advantageously placed in the earth, in a shady situation, and covered with an inverted glass for a short time to preserve a moist atmosphere about it. If it send out roots, branches will also soon appear, otherwise the cutting speedily dies. Two thirds of the length of the cutting is generally buried beneath the earth. In some plants if the bottom of the cutting be not squared and pressed to the bottom of the pot it will not take root. Such plants as require artificial heat in the soil and a confined atmosphere, will receive much advantage by being covered with a bell-glass; this moderates transpiration, and raises in some degree the temperature within.

RULES FOR SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS.

In regard to the culture of plants of every description, it may be said, generally, that they should stand at such distances from each other as that the air may circulate freely about them, and that the sun may have its proper influence in bringing them to perfection. In order to accomplish this, the distances to be observed in planting must vary with the size of the plant; when too thickly planted they should be properly thinned while small, and the earth must be kept loose about them. Weeds of every kind ought to be removed on their first appearance. Hoeing and removing the earth should be done in dry weather, as stirring it when wet renders it clammy and hard, and therefore unsuitable for garden purposes. Plants, particularly those of the shrubby kind, that have dead and decaying branches, should be deprived of them by pruning; the suckers that shoot up about them from time to time should also be taken away. The best soil for a garden is a deep loam, which may be easily made rich by old and decayed manure. The earth must be well pulverized, and not too wet or too dry, varying with the nature of the plant. A level plot of ground, gradually sloping towards the south, is deemed the best for a garden.

The anemone is raised from seed with facility, and is planted in pots in October, November, and sometimes in March, double varieties being multiplied by parting the roots or tubers; these separate very naturally when old, as they become hollow. Jonquills are planted six or eight in a pot, if pots or boxes be used. If they have been grown in bunches, they are to be taken up so; if they were planted in autumn, take them up singly. They should be plentifully watered. Many let them remain in the ground three years before taking them up, as they will then rise in large bunches, for potting, and bloom much stronger. The martagon and white lilies are all propagated by dividing offsets from old roots and planting them in borders. They must be plentifully supplied with water and kept in a warm, sunny situation. After the flowering is over, they may be planted in the borders again, each root separately; they will bear forcing tolerably well. The provence and moss roses all do well for forcing in pots. They will flower in rooms and hot-houses, and should be potted in autumn, when the leaves are off. They should not be forced till the second year.

PANSY, OR HEARTSEASE.

There is scarcely any plant now in cultivation which is of more pleasing interest in a flower garden than the pansy. The extreme beauty, neatness and variety of the kinds, their duration of blooming from April to November, and their peculiar adaptation for almost any part of a flower garden, are advantages by no means possessed by every flower. Although the plant is of humble growth, yet it may be grown upon an elevated mound of soil, so as to exhibit its beauties as conspicuously as desirable. An elevated bed may be made of any shape or height, in which this charming little plant may be grown.

The properties of a superior flower of this sort consist in the brilliancy of each color—that is, of each color being decidedly strong; the form of the flower should be as near a circle as possible, and the larger the better; the edges of the petals should not be fringed or undulated at all, but be even and regular. In a flower shaped in this manner, the small angles which are seen in many pansies where the petals intersect each other are wholly done away with. The eye should be rather small, and the stigma to fill the same. In order to have fine blooming plants, it is necessary to have a stock raised every year. Such as are raised early in the present year bloom fine from April to July, and those raised later in the present year bloom from July to the end of the season. One year old plants are the best blooming ones, make the neatest patches, and look the handsomest. When much older, they make long and straggling shoots, producing small blossoms. Being so easy of propagation and culture, a continuance of bloom may be secured during a majority of the months of the year.

Those plants which are cultivated in the usual beds and borders of the garden may have the soil covered, close up to the plants, with some decayed tanners' bark, or mulchy manure from an old bed, to the depth of two or three inches. Cuttings will readily strike root at any time from the first of April to the end of September, if the cuttings be selected from young shoots, the old shoots at the end of the summer being hollow, and seldom push good roots. The ends of the shoots, about two inches long, are suitable for this purpose, cutting through close under a joint. They should be inserted in a fine soil composed of sand and loam, be watered well, and have the benefit of shade for a few days.

CAMELLIAS IN THE OPEN AIR.

The period of removing the camellia from and returning it to the greenhouse, as well as the exposure which is given to it during the summer, have a great influence on the health of the plant. It is ascertained that a very favorable period for its removal from the greenhouse is that when it has completely finished its first growth—when the new wood is ripe and when the buds have all appeared, which generally arrives at the end of June. The camellia does not like the full influence of the sun's rays, but on the contrary, prefers a shady position and a free circulation of air. An exposure where it will receive the first beams of the rising sun is beneficial. If placed in too sunny a position, the buds are too rapidly formed and the florescence is less beautiful, even if they are complete in their development.

The same precaution is to be observed in removing the camellia from the greenhouse as with all other plants that are there cultivated. The most important is a shady and airy position, and one of the most congenial kinds of protection from the too great heat of the sun is a live hedge or a range of cedars placed from eight to ten feet apart. The latter have the advantage of offering, by their evergreen foliage, a most desirable kind of protection, and have also a beautiful appearance, as by proper management they can be made to form a sufficiently compact screen. The advantages of such an exposure will continue until the end of August. Early in September, the plant should be exposed to the free influence of the sun during a greater portion of the morning, or until noon, and be so left until it is returned to the greenhouse.

AIR AND WATER FOR PLANTS.

The want of proper light and pure air is one of the most essential points in the management of plants in-doors; for, however well all other requisites are attended to, a deficiency in either of these will cause the plant to grow weak, yellow and sickly. They should therefore be placed as near the light as possible, and receive as much air as can be admitted, when the weather will allow; and occasionally, in fine days, they should be carried out of doors and receive a sprinkling of water all over. Injudicious or unseasonable watering also does more injury to plants than is commonly supposed, it being very often the case that some plants are killed with too much and others with too slight an application of water. To prevent the soil ever having a dry appearance is an object of great importance in the estimation of many, and they therefore water to such an excess that the soil becomes sodden, and the roots are consequently destroyed. Others practice the opposite extreme, and do not give sufficient to sustain life, this being a more common

error than that of giving too much. The best plan is considered to be that which allows the mould in the pot to have the appearance of dryness, but never sufficient to make the plant droop, before a supply of water is given, which should then be so copious as to go thoroughly to the bottom of the pot; that which goes into the saucer or pan in which the pot stands should be emptied out.

THE TREE PEONY.

The tree peony is easily increased, in several ways, when the plants are rather large and old; but when they are small and young it is rather difficult, and should hardly be attempted. When the plants are of sufficient size and strength they may be increased by division, by layering, by grafting, and from seed. In the case of division, take up one of the largest plants about the end of October, and after shaking all the soil from the roots, separate each of the stems which have got any roots attached to them with a sharp knife; then shorten the top of each, and put them in some good rich mould, placing them afterwards in a cold pit, where they are tolerably secure from frost, and where they can be kept dry during the winter. In the spring, place them where a little artificial heat is used; they will then begin to grow, and make good plants, fit for planting out in the autumn. One way of layering the tree peony is by selecting early in spring some of the bottom branches or stems, ringing them with a sharp knife about one inch above and below each bud upon the stems; every bud will then occupy two inches of the stem, which is obstructed above and below. In ringing, remove, in the usual way, a small ring of the bark all round the stem. The branches so prepared are then pegged down in the usual way, covering the layers about three inches with a mixture of light sandy peat and leaf mould, and a little water in dry weather.

GROWING ANEMONES.

The species of the anemone are very numerous. Several foreign species are much cultivated, and produce very large and beautiful flowers. What is known as the poppy anemone is one of the finest double-flowered varieties; it is a native of the south of Europe and the Levant, and has been a favorite garden flower for many years. It is valued for its hardy nature and because it will flower at almost any season, according to the time the roots are kept out of the ground and when they are planted. The prevailing colors are red, white and blue.

According to the usual method of growing these flowers, a bed should be dug eighteen inches or two feet in depth, and at the bottom of this bed should be placed a layer, six or eight inches deep, of decayed manure, and the filling up should be with fresh loam. The bed should be raised three or four inches above the level of the surrounding garden, and drills about two inches deep should be drawn from one end of the bed to the other; white sand should then be sprinkled along the drills, and the tubers planted three or four inches apart, according to their size, the largest kind being of course planted farthest apart. The drills should then be covered level and the beds raked quite smooth and even. When the plants begin to appear above the surface, if the season be dry, they should be occasionally watered with rain water, and the watering may afterwards be continued regularly as the plants approach flowering. It is a good plan to protect the roots from frost, by covering them with tanners' bark or straw. The roots may also be planted in spring, in April, May and June in succession, when they will flower during the successive summer months.

The anemone may also be grown in flower pots very easily. The roots should be planted in October, five or six to a pot nine inches in diameter. The pots should be placed in the greenhouse, and watered whenever the soil becomes dry; and the plants will flower in March. By planting the roots in November they will flower a month later; so that some may be in blossom every month in the year. They may be planted every year for fifteen or twenty years in succession, but they flower best from the fifth to the twelfth year.

No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for, after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.



MADAME DE MAINTENON. THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. THE SULTANA.

THE THREE CREOLE QUEENS.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, THE SULTANA VALIDE AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

SOMETIME during the days of the good old time, in the seventeenth century, when everybody believed in kings and queens as such and not as mere "representative units," when fairy tales were told to children, and fortune-tellers were believed in by other than very vulgar people, there was a French officer, one D'Aubigné, son of Agrippa D'Aubigné, who married "a noble and virtuous young lady," one Mademoiselle de Cardillac.

He was a sad dog and soon ate up her dowry. Then came the wolf to the door, and D'Aubigné learned to howl with the wolf. He formed "interested relations" with England, which had the effect of putting him into several French prisons. From these his wife—devoted as wives always are to handsome scamps—delivered him by dint of earnest entreaty. Then he wandered from place to place, from one town to another, until he found himself with his wife in Martinique. There Madame D'Aubigné gave birth, in a humble cabin, to a daughter. The child grew apace, was christened Frangoise, and was instructed in the Bible and Plutarch by her mother.

One day—I do not tell the story but only repeat it—little Frangoise, when straying by the bank of a stream, was seized by a great serpent and enveloped in its folds. Some boatmen

heard her cries, rescued her and bore her, almost fainting, home to her mother.

Madame D'Aubigné was listening to her husband, who was reading Plutarch. When the child was brought in the mother nearly fainted—the father in a calm voice remarked:

"Why be so terrified? When Alexander was a babe, he escaped from being devoured by a serpent, and it was accepted as an omen that he would become great. If Frangoise has experienced the same, depend upon it, it is that the same destiny awaits her."

But the prophecy was long in attaining fulfilment. During the time the family became bitterly poor. The mother and daughter were obliged to work in their field for a living. The father solicited some appointment of government, and long solicited it in vain. One morning there came a courier, bearing the long expected commission. He found a dead cavalier lying on a bloody table. The night before, Constant D'Aubigné had, during a wild orgie, fought a duel and was slain.

The widow and daughter went to Paris.

There was in those days in Paris, in a poor house in the *Marais*, a humble apartment dignified with the title of a *salon*, which so far as the wit, elegance and refinement of its visitors were concerned rivalled the first saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain. There were held merry and brilliant suppers, to which every guest sent or brought his or her own dish; there was laughing, wit and gaiety. Among those who shone in this room were Marion Delorme, Ninon de l'Enclos, Turenne and Boisrobert,

Seigné and Patru, Mignard and La Sablière, Scudéry, Lebrun, Segrais, La Motte, Balzac. Enthroned among them, gayest of the gay, was a little grotesque crippled man, always suffering pain, but always controlling his sufferings, always agreeable and always finding refuge amid his sufferings, as did Heinrich Heine in later days, in wit and humor. This man was Scarron, author of the *Roman Comique*, *l'Entée Travestie*, *la Mazarinade*.

One evening Scarron was astonished to see in his house a friend from whom he had been parted for years—a friend once deformed and suffering as himself, but now straight, vigorous and healthy.

His friend had recovered his health by a visit to the tropics and to Martinique. Scarron resolved to do the same.

While revolving the project in his mind, he observed through an opposite window a room in which were many shells and other curiosities, evidently from the region which he proposed to visit. At the window sat a very beautiful young girl. While admiring her, he saw a lady of his acquaintance, Madame de Neully, enter the room. He resolved through this latter to become acquainted with the former.

He became very well acquainted—so well that he married her. Mdlle. D'Aubigné was utterly poor, in despair; and Scarron, with all his malady and deformity and age, was kind to her. She might in any case have made a much worse match. As a wife, she elevated the moral and social character of her husband, she presided with dignity and grace at his *réunions*, and became known to the most cultivated society in France.

Her husband died; but she was well known, celebrated, and aimed high. She was wise, had more head than heart, and placed herself in advance. She played the part of a modest and reserved woman—of a prude—but did it with grace and elegance. She refused presents; it was only after much solicitation that she suffered herself to be presented at court—an object to which her whole ambition tended. She was received with honor; she played her rôle of the virtuous, mourning widow to perfection. The queen gave her a pension of two thousand livres. Here she stopped for a long time. But she had a firm place in society. One day, at a grand festival, she was seated with Madame and Mdlle. de Seigné, Madame de Lafayette and Madame de Coulanges, at the table reserved for the princes of the blood and their friends. Here she was remarked by the king.

Not long after, the effects of the remarking were observed in the appointment of Madame Scarron to be governess to the Duke de Maine and his sisters.

Soon the favor of the king became more marked. He suddenly took a great interest in the education of his children; and it was rumored that Madame Scarron née D'Aubigné passed every evening from eight until ten o'clock with his majesty.

Beyond this no gossip would go. Later than this they were not in company.

Louis XIV. had been accustomed to promptly seduce every woman who pleased his fancy—if that could be called seduction which consisted of eagerly yielding, for a consideration or a hope, the valueless consideration of what in those days was called virtue, and was really mere corporeal chastity.

The widow Scarron was wise; she presented what she knew would be a piquant resistance. She found that the more she resisted the more the king desired her. She managed well—very well. The king had never had a mistress on whose fidelity he could rely. He began to believe that such a miracle was worth any price; and he did finally pay the highest price in his power. The widow had been made the Marchioness de Maintenon. A higher promotion awaited her.

One night, while all the world slept, Father La Chaise, aided by Bontemps, first valet de chambre, celebrated low mass in the private oratory of Versailles, and the archbishop of Paris, in presence of M. de Montchevreuil and De Louvois as witnesses, blessed the secret marriage of Louis XIV. with the Marchioness of Maintenon.

From this time until the death of the king, a period of thirty-two years, the Martinique creole ruled the king, France, and, according to the faith of some Frenchmen, "all Europe."

There was another creole maiden of Martinique who rose in the world. In 1766 there was born in Martinique, of very wealthy parents, Mdlle. Aimée Dubuc de Rivery. From early

infancy she was tenderly attached to her only brother; their love was almost an infatuation. When the children were twelve or fourteen years old their parents resolved to send them to France, that they might be educated, and possibly enter that cultivated society of the world which was wanting in their native island. The brother entered the Military School of Paris; the sister was sent to a school at Nantes. Six years later both returned on a visit to Martinique. Their ship was wrecked, but they were rescued by a Spanish vessel. This in turn was captured by an Algerine corsair, and both were sold into captivity at Smyrna.

It is said that an old negress had foretold a kingdom to Mdlle. de Rivery. This old negress with her cards figures largely in many French stories. However, faith in the prophecy upheld the spirits of the young lady.

At Smyrna, Achmet, the corsair, was desirous of selling his delicate prize to the pacha. Miss de Rivery had no objection to Turkish embraces or to a life of pleasure in a harem, but to simply shine in the seraglio of a provincial Osmanlee was not to her ambitious taste. She told Achmet that she was of another nature than the Georgian and Circassian creatures whom he was accustomed to sell, and insisted on the prophecy! His avarice was stimulated; Miss de Rivery should be sold to the sultan. They went to Constantinople, and after some intriguing were successful.

Talented, witty and beautiful, the young odalisque soon learned to minister more piquantly than her rivals to the sensual caprices of her lord; and when his grosser appetites were satiated to interest him by conversation and anecdote. She became head sultana. She did not forget her family, and sent for her brother. After her death the sultan sent an emissary to Martinique in order to acquire full information relative to her family. His report is still shown among the state archives at Constantinople.

In the year 1766 there was born in Martinique one who was destined to become a queen; yes, an empress, and far greater than even the Maintenon. This was Josephine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie. Of course—as in all French romances and biographies—a marvellous portent attended her birth. She was born in a sugar-house, in which her mother had been forced to take refuge during one of the most terrible hurricanes ever known in Martinique. When older-grown she quitted the island for France, a flame was seen crowning the summit of the vessel, either the *feu St. Elme* (or corpusanto) or her guiding star. An old negress—one Phémie—during her girlhood also predicted—it is always the same story with the vulgar—that she would become Empress of France.

First she married the Viscount de Beauharnais. He was a liberal, and when the Revolution broke out found himself at sea on its foaming tide.

Josephine seeing her husband president of the assembly and then general-in-chief of the army of the Alps, began to believe that the negro prediction was about to be fulfilled. But revolutions have their recoil; the general was accused before the convention and executed.

When the son of Beauharnais reclaimed the sword of his father from Bonaparte, the general inquired after his mother, visited her, was fascinated.

"Thus there drew together and understood each other, two souls created one for the other; both born in the isles governed by France, sprung from noble families and placed by circumstances in an exceptional democratic current."

It is needless to say that the news of the coronation of the imperial pair was received with enthusiasm in Martinique. Old negro women who told fortunes found their predictions a hundred per cent above par; and since that time all young female Martinique believes itself destined to marry kings, princes, potentates and other first-class individuals.

WHICH every step that you are about to take, whenever your passions become involved. How often do things assume a different aspect when they are fairly considered.

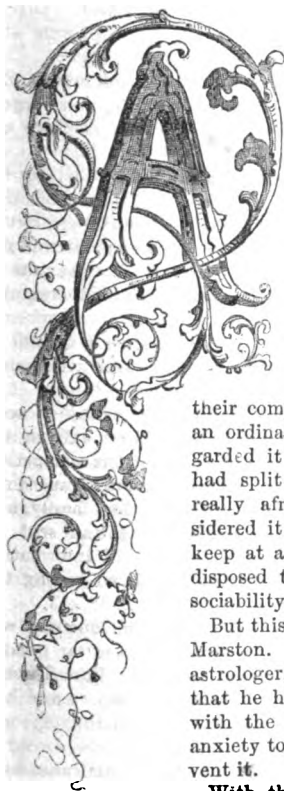
PROVIDENCE.—I asked an honest hermit once, in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain. He replied that Providence was his next door neighbor.—*Emerson*.

THE ORDER OF ISSACHAR—A REMINISCENCE OF JERUSALEM.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Monthly).

CHAPTER III.



CONSIDERABLE time the party moved on in silence, and slowly too, as the road was broken and rocky, and the rapid motion of the horse extremely painful to the disabled young traveller. The strange guide strode on before, exhibiting no signs of fatigue, which was rather remarkable in one of his venerable appearance, and Lemons brought up the rear, following like Peter of old "afar off," for notwithstanding the assurance of his master, he could not quite divest his mind of the suspicion that

their companion was something more than an ordinary mortal, and although he regarded it as out of character for one who had split a Bedouin that evening to be really afraid of man or devil, he considered it a commendable precaution to keep at a respectful distance, and was not disposed to complain of the apparent unsociability of their escort.

But this was far from being the case with Marston. The more he saw of the self-styled astrologer, the more he became convinced that he had some deep design on foot, and with the conviction came a corresponding anxiety to fathom, and if need be circumvent it.

With this idea uppermost in his mind, he quickened his horse's pace, and came up with his taciturn guide.

"You are scarcely sociable, Sir Astrologer," he said gaily; "I have a particular aversion to silent travelling, and have overtaken you for the special purpose of inducing you to be a little more talkative."

"They who consult the stars, my son, have but little time for mere idle talk."

"Doubtless, but I confess some hints you dropped in our late conversation have set me thinking, and I would know more of that to which you alluded so darkly."

"Oh! you have been thinking," repeated the astrologer, as though musing, but Marston noticed that he was observing him closely. "It is well to think at all times, for knowledge comes of thought. You would know more you say—of what? of the maiden with the veil?"

"Yes, although I was not thinking of her just then. Who and what is she? You know her, you said."

"Aye, very well. Her escort said truly, she was the daughter of a notable man. She is moreover beautiful, and as I said before, you have won her abiding gratitude."

"Shall I meet her again?" pursued Marston, premising that his escort expected him to ask some such question.

"Oh! yes, presently. It was to the house of her father I proposed to take you, to recover from the wounds received in her service. My word for it you will find an attentive nurse."

"How can I ever thank you for your forethought?" said Marston, by way of leading him on to farther disclosures.

"I ask no thanks, my son, and deserve none, for what I do is not of my own free will, but in obedience to the mandates of the stars, whose humble servant I am. They bade me seek you, and unfold to you the hidden mysteries of the heavens, and make you great and powerful, above kings and princes, if you will accept the conditions."

"They must be hard indeed if I refuse them, when so much is to be gained by their acceptance," replied our hero, in a

mysterious, confidential voice; "but pray explain this riddle; let me know what the stars require of me, and the recompense they promise."

The astrologer glanced cautiously around for an instant, and then approaching close to the side of Marston's horse, he said in a suppressed voice, "You are a Christian, my son, but you believe that the Jews are to be one day restored to the possession of Palestine, and drive out the accursed Saracen?"

"The prophecies have foretold such an event, and I am no Bible sceptic."

"You have answered well. The time of the fulfilling of these prophecies is at hand, even at the door. The reign of the Saracen is at an end, the scattered children of Israel are about returning to restore the land of their fathers."

"Well," replied Marston, now for the first time at a loss to determine whether his companion was more knave or fanatic, "how is this to affect me?"

"The stars have made known to me that you have been selected as the instrument to overthrow the bloody idolator, Ibrahim Pasha, and govern in his stead."

"And if I accept the mission, what am I to do? What are the conditions of which you speak?"

"Listen, my son: the foe with which we have to contend is cunning and powerful, and although I am assured of success, I am also warned to proceed with caution. For the purpose of carrying out my designs more readily, I have established a secret order called the Order of Issachar. Its root is planted in Jerusalem, and its branches extend over the whole world. By this means, the scattered children of Israel can labor in concert and in secret, and collect the requisite means and warlike munitions, to enable them at the proper moment to go in and possess their inheritance. They who enter this holy order pay into its treasury the tithes of their worldly wealth, promise obedience to its laws, and that its secrets shall be kept inviolate. These are the conditions of which I spoke. Are they to your mind?"

"I must think of them," replied Marston evasively.

"That is well. I would not counsel you to act rashly. I will now go forward again, that I may not disturb your meditations. When we reach the outer gate of the city, I shall expect your answer."

So saying the astrologer passed on, and Marston was once more left with no companion save his thoughts, and these presently fell into a channel that would have surprised him an hour before. The earnest weird manner of the strange old man, his wild project and his mysterious order had begun to strangely interest our hero, notwithstanding the conviction he had so recently entertained. Indeed he was precisely fitted by nature to be drawn away, by his innate love of adventure and the wonderful, into just such a scheme as his companion had partially unfolded; and although he was not so credulous as to believe in revelations from the stars, or that the stranger was possessed of occult knowledge, still he found himself strongly tempted to acknowledge that he was no intentional impostor, and that preparations were silently making among that strange people, the Jews, to regain by force of arms the possession of their ancient land and city.

George Marston had often thought that, had he lived in the days of the Crusaders, he should have been among the first to draw his sword in the cause of the Sepulchre and Temple; and although that day was long since passed, he believed, with the majority of the enlightened world, that the Jews were to return to their land sooner or later, and who should say that the time was not then, or that it was not a glorious undertaking, the attempt to wrest the Holy Land from the usurping Saracen?

Making all allowances for the fanaticism under which he supposed his companion to be laboring, he was inclined to believe that a sort of second Crusade was meditated, and perhaps well nigh perfected; and, young, brave and impetuous, it was not surprising that he felt strongly inclined to join it—not as a leader, or for the sake of the elevation promised him, as he conjectured—very much as Satan once proposed to make a present of all the world, seen from the exceedingly high mountain—but for the excitement and novelty of being associated in a cause which has ever, I believe, spoken eloquently to the heart of youth.

Still he was not disposed to bind himself by an oath to any

secret fraternity of such a character ; but with that exception, he was strongly inclined to enroll himself under the mysterious banner of the Order of Issachar.

But from this reverie Marston was finally aroused by the guide's abruptly halting upon the summit of a gentle elevation they had been slowly climbing, and pointing silently toward a strange irregular city nestling among the hills at their feet.

"Jerusalem !" exclaimed the young tourist, waving his sombrero with a pardonable enthusiasm ; "I am indeed within sight of the Holy City !"

"Yes, that is Jerusalem," responded the guide, slowly ; "and here where we now stand is the Mount of Olives—a sacred place to you, who believe that the Messiah has already appeared. I brought you a little out of your way, that your first view of the city might be from its summit."

"A thousand thanks, Sir Astrologer! (you have given me no other name by which to address you.) To me this is indeed sacred ground. But you have just reminded me by your remark that it is somewhat singular that you should select a Gentile to be, as you say, a leader in restoring Israel to their inheritance."

"I have not selected you, my son, I have only brought to you a message which I received from the stars."

"Well, let it pass ; I had forgotten the character you assume, and——"

"You speak of assumed characters," said the astrologer, suddenly interrupting him. "To what did you refer ?"

"Pardon me, good father, the remark was inadvertently made ; but I may as well state at once, for I will not deceive you any longer, that my education has been such that I cannot subscribe to the doctrine that mortals receive revelations from the heavenly bodies ; still I can readily believe that individuals may honestly and perhaps rightfully suppose themselves the recipients of such occult communications. But this is of little consequence here or there. You have spoken to me of a secret order professedly established for a purpose with which, be it right or wrong, I can sympathize, and, while I will not blind myself by any oath which may conflict with my conscience by and by, I am disposed, on reflection, to offer you my services, so far as they may be of value in carrying out your project of driving the Saracen from the Holy Land ; and my reason for this determination is that the scheme, wild as it may seem to most men, happens to suit my present humor."

Much to the astonishment of Marston, the astrologer listened to this harangue without evincing the slightest surprise or displeasure, and as soon as he had ceased speaking replied, with a smile, "You have told me nothing that I did not know before, my son ; nevertheless, I am pleased with your honesty. I saw from the first that you only affected to believe in my character of astrologer, and accounted for my knowledge of your name and country by fancying I had either seen you before or had met with some one from whom I had gathered the information. I saw, too, that nature had fitted you for the post assigned you by the stars ; and your scepticism, on some points, I was very willing to leave either to be eradicated or confirmed by what you shall see hereafter. On your own terms, I bid you welcome to the Order of Issachar. Even the titles of which I spoke shall be given or withheld at your own option."

"Give me your hand, father," said Marston, perfectly thrown off his guard by such frankness. "If I have entertained any suspicions of your sincerity, they at least are removed, and you shall find that you risk nothing by trusting to a gentleman's honor."

"Did I not foresee the end, I might fear to trust any man as I have done you. But enough of this. It is growing light in the east—let us hasten on."

The party were soon in motion again, moving slowly down the declivity, and Marston had full leisure to note, as far as the uncertain light permitted, the more prominent features of the city hallowed by so many sacred associations.

Eighteen hundred years had rolled away since the Carpenter's Son had looked down upon it from that selfsame mountain, and foretold of its magnificent temple that a day should come when not one stone of it should be left upon another. The prophecy had long ago been fulfilled, and now upon its legendary site rose the needle-like minarets of the great Mosque of Omar.

Many and strange were the emotions that swept through his

mind as he passed under the great gateway and found himself fairly within Jerusalem. He had not much time for reflection, however, for after hastily traversing one or two silent streets, the astrologer stopped before a building of but little outward pretension, and knocked at a small wicket for admission. It opened in an instant, and a face appeared.

"I is I," said the astrologer, with a peculiar upward gesture, "and I bring with me a Frank, who has sustained injury in the service of one of our people. See to it that he is fittingly cared for."

The face disappeared, and presently a door was opened, and Marston was respectfully invited to dismount and enter, an invitation he was only too glad to accept.

"I shall see you again very soon," said the astrologer, as Marston alighted and stood leaning for support on the arm of Lemons. "For the present, farewell. You are with those who will care for you."

The next moment he was gone, and our hero turned and followed his guide through a long and dimly-lighted vestibule, up a brief flight of stone steps, damp and mildewed in appearance, till he emerged upon a wide corridor, where the guide stopped, threw open a ponderous door and bade him enter.

Marston's self-command was not proof against the sudden transition he now experienced, and he fairly started back in amazement, while Lemons's eyes became enlarged to near the dimensions of saucers. The room into which he was shown was a very type of Oriental luxuriance—the floor and walls were adorned with the richest tapestry, dimly revealed by unseen lamps, which cast a soft, mellow radiance over the apartment ; silken couches were carelessly disposed here and there, while in the centre a marble fountain was playing, with a slow, musical tinkle.

Throwing himself upon one of the couches, Marston rubbed his eyes and strove to arouse from what he fancied must be a waking dream. "Where am I ?" he ejaculated, half springing from his seat.

"At home, so long as you please to remain," said the servant who had escorted him thither, with a low bow. "Should you wish anything, touch the silver bell upon the table. In the inner chamber are baths and fresh raiment."

With another bow the servant backed reverentially out of the room, and our hero was alone with his attendant.

"Lemons, you block of wood ! why don't you say something ?" he said at last, seizing the half-stupified quadroom by the shoulder and roughly shaking him. "Are we bewitched, or crazy, or both ?"

"Guess dat's it," said Lemons, slowly, as if recovering from a trance. "I guess dat's it—de big-headed gemman has just gone and bewitched us."

"I vow I believe you are right," replied Marston ; "but it's in a very agreeable way ; we may as well make the most of it. Ring the bell there, and tell that ghost of a servant to bring me a doctor."

The quadroom obeyed without speaking, and in an instant the same servant appeared, accompanied by another person.

"I wish to see a physician," said Marston, briefly ; "will you send me one ?"

"I have anticipated your wishes, and have brought a skilful leech with me."

"More jugglery !" muttered Marston to himself ; "but no matter, so long as it is of such a character. Sir Leech, I have received a few slight bruises, to which I must request you to apply your art."

With a submissive bow, the physician approached, examined the injured limb, applied some ointment that seemed to relieve the pain almost instantly, and then retired, backing out of the apartment as the servant had done before.

Soft strains of music, something between the murmur of a tiny stream and the sweet notes of the Æolian harp, now began to be heard, faintly at first, then louder, then almost dying away. A drowsy feeling began to pervade the senses of our traveller, and, reclining on one of the couches, he slept almost instantly, an example which was soon followed by the quadroom.

CHAPTER IV.

It now becomes necessary, in the development of our plot, to

leave our tourist and his attendant to the enjoyment of their slumbers in the enchanted chamber, and follow the footsteps of the strange person whom we have known thus far as the astrologer.

It will be remembered, that after bidding Marston farewell at the door of the dwelling to which he had conducted him, he abruptly took his departure, as though his destination lay in some other quarter of the city; but it was only to conceal himself behind an angle of the narrow street, until the other had time to get fairly housed, when he retraced his steps and presently entered the same building with the air of a man quite at home.

There was no one in the dreary vestibule to oppose or welcome him, but passing on up the stone steps into the corridor, he tapped softly at a side door in close proximity to the one opening into the chamber occupied by our hero, and was almost instantly admitted by a young girl of surpassing beauty. She was tall and commanding in person, with eyes dark as mid-

ceeding deliberately to divest himself of his shock hair and gray beard, which transformed him into a not ill-looking man of middle age.

"Quite," replied the young girl, in a cold passionless tone, which was certainly very different from what one would expect to hear from such vermillion lips.

"Indeed, I am rejoiced to hear it; I wonder now if you have any curiosity to meet your brave knight again and thank him for his timely service."

"He was brave," Tama said in the same passionless voice, "but I do not care to see him again, I think."

"You are growing unlike yourself of late," continued the astrologer, while a shade of displeasure crossed his face.

"What do you desire of me, father?"

"That you should be more animated, and less of a marble statue, more interested in advancing my views and interests, and less in useless moralizing over what you do not and cannot understand."



SOARRON AT HIS WINDOW SEEING MADAME D'AUBIGNE. PAGE 49.

night, and features which had decidedly more of the Spanish than the Jewish cast; her complexion and manner, too, would have suggested to a connoisseur the high-bred Castilian dame; and she wore over her shoulders an elegant black lace mantilla, with that peculiar grace which we have never seen in any but a "senorita."

The apartment, like the other to which we have alluded, was the perfection of Oriental luxuriance, and so similar in almost every particular as to render its description a needless repetition.

In this respect it was different—the marble fountain, with its soft slumber-inspiring music, was not there, and on one side was a deep alcove half hidden by the folds of heavy drapery, provided with a rich Psyche and various other boudoir appendages, and pervaded by that indescribable air which speaks of the habitual presence of a lady.

"Have you quite recovered from the fright occasioned by your adventure, Tama, my child?" said the astrologer, pro-

"Again I ask, what do you desire of me?"

"Hum! you provoke me with your frigidty, but I pardon it, for I know that at heart you are dutiful. You must know your knight received serious injury in the *melée* to-night, and I have brought him home here that he might be cared for."

"You surely do not mean to—"

"I mean to initiate him into the mysteries of the Order of Issachar," said the astrologer, interrupting her with peculiar emphasis, "This stripling is not unknown to me—we once abode in the same city, and I know him to be heir to great wealth. By accident I learned that he was journeying in the Holy Land, and in my disguise I presented myself before him, as he was resting at noonday by my side, and startled him first by addressing him in his native tongue, and then by mentioning his name and country, which knowledge I, of course, professed to derive from the stars."

"And did he credit it?" asked Tama, with more animation than she had before shown.

"Scarcely, though he affected to; but by dogging his steps, and overhearing some scraps of conversation between him and his servant, I learned that he regarded me as an impostor who was worth studying out for amusement's sake, but in subsequent conversation, during which I unfolded to him the existence and object of our order, he was led to abandon the idea as unworthy him or me, and seems decidedly inclined to assist in rescuing the Holy Land from the profane Saracen, and I do not despair of converting him to an unqualified belief in my powers as an astrologer."

"Father, this youth has rendered me a service by preserving my life, and you one by defending your bags of silver. Let him rest with us until his wounds are healed and then send him on his way."

"I think I must misunderstand you," said the astrologer, in a strange low voice.

"Well then, I will endeavor to speak so as to be understood, I say this youth's brave and chivalrous conduct cannot and shall nor be repaid by baseness and treachery," exclaimed Tama, springing to her feet, looking bewilderingly beautiful in her sudden tempest of anger, that flashed from her dark eyes and quivered in every undulation of her splendid form.

"My gazelle grows passionate, I fear," said the astrologer, regarding her with an ironical smile; "she has suddenly imbibed marvellously sage and moral notions, and says the brave knight who slew a pair of Bedouins in her service must be tenderly cared for, and so he shall be. You shall be his nurse and instructor—you shall prepare his mind as you have done that of many another, by your clever feats of jugglery to believe that I am what I profess to be, a man who reads the signs of the heavens, and holds familiar concourse with the stars."

"You persist then in your determination of ruining this brave youth," said Tama, calmly.

"He has offered himself and his sword to our order, and I cannot have the impoliteness to reject them."

"As you will, but from this time forward, I will have no part or lot in your deceptions, which, the saints forgive me! I have assisted in too long. But you are my father—at least you say you are, although I sometimes think it cannot be—for I never feel toward you as I know a child should toward a parent—neither have you a father's affection for me, and I have only done as you directed and compelled me," continued Tama, now fearfully excited.

"What do you mean?" said the astrologer, becoming, in spite of his self-command, a little pale and nervous.

"What I say; you can surely understand ordinary language."

"Yes, I think I can," replied the other darkly; "I perceive your nerves are shattered, and will prescribe a rigorous confinement to your room, and a diet of black bread and water, until your symptoms improve decidedly. Good night, or rather morning."

So saying he passed out and locked the door, muttering to himself as he stood once more in the corridor, "The girl is spirited, and has been getting fancies into her pretty little head, which I must endeavor to eradicate ere they become well rooted and strong, by a little judicious chastisement; I can't afford to lose her services, else she might go to the devil, but I fancy I shall not find her absolutely necessary to the conversion of this gallant youth from the Far West, though I had counted much upon his susceptibility to her charms. But a change has come over the spirit of her dreams of late—and in this instance I must try and dispense with her. I wonder how fares it with my young friend now; it is but hospitable that I should see."

Quietly opening the door of Marston's apartment, he entered. The young man still slumbered heavily, while the quadroom reposed as soundly on the floor, his head pillowed on his master's portmanteau.

"He sleeps well," said the astrologer, seating himself upon an ottoman at a little distance, and gazing intently upon the face of our hero; "upon my word, he must be well wearied, or his conscience is remarkably at rest. Hum! I wonder if he ever converses in his sleep—people do sometimes, and reveal secrets. I would give a trifle now to know whether he was sincere or imposing on me again, during our last conversation. The fellow puzzles me. I think, however, he was in earnest this last time. I wonder now if he has a sweetheart at home. I hope not, it might interfere with my plans, by exerting an

undue influence upon his actions. Let me see; I will whisper in his ear. George, dear George, have you really come back to me?"

"Who the devil spoke to me?" exclaimed Marston, starting and fixing his eyes upon the astrologer, whom of course he did not recognize, as he had not resumed his disguise.

"No one spoke to you, master," he replied with a deprecatory bow, "unless it was in dreams."

"Well, perhaps that was it; though, who should speak to me in such a lover-like way I should like to know, ha! ha! ha!"

"Dreams are eccentric things," pursued the astrologer softly. "I regret that one should have disturbed your brief slumbers. Are your injuries painful?"

"No, thanks to a skilful leech who dressed them they feel very comfortable. But, pardon me, am I addressing my host?"

"I have the pleasure of standing in that relation toward you. A man revered throughout all Jerusalem for his strange powers and occult knowledge claimed for you my hospitality. Such a claim from him could never be made in vain, even were I not indebted to you as the preserver of my only child's life."

"I am under many obligations to both yourself and the astrologer. The lady sustained no injury, I trust."

"None of a physical nature, though her nervous system received a shock, which quiet and seclusion can alone repair. She bade me thank you in her name, howbeit, for your gallantry, and now it only remains for me to bid you welcome to my roof so long as it pleases you to abide here. The astrologer bade me say he should see you before noonday, and I will now retire and leave you to your repose."

He glided noiselessly from the room, and Marston once more essayed to slumber, but he could not. There was something so strange, so ghostly about the house and its inmates, as well as the singular being who brought him there, that a feeling very like awe began to creep over him, and he surprised himself wondering if after all there might not be on the earth beings, who, like the ancient witch of Endor or the magicians who changed their rods to serpents before Pharaoh, were permitted to possess and exercise supernatural and occult powers. Such things had been known in ages past—why might they not be in existence then? It was a prolific theme for speculation under such circumstances, and Marston pondered over it until he found himself becoming unpleasantly feverish and nervous. Suddenly the strange music which had before hushed him to sleep with its varying lullaby once more fell upon his ear with its changing cadence, and presently he slept again, a sleep as quiet and undisturbed as that of infancy.

When he awoke the light of high noonday was struggling in through the draped windows; and finding himself greatly refreshed, he arose without disturbing his attendant, and found his way to the adjoining room, which, as he had been informed, was provided with a bath and fresh cool garments of linen, such as wealthy Eastern hosts are wont to provide for their guests.

The perfumed waters of the bath were delicious; and the loose-flowing raiment clean and white, a most agreeable substitute for his ordinary costume, and when his toilette was completed he felt like a new man.

On returning to the outer room he found his servant still sleeping; but unseen, unheard hands had, during his absence, set out upon a small marble table a tempting morning repast, consisting of delicate cakes, fruits and coffee.

"A ghostly breakfast provided by ghostly servants," said Marston to himself, after regarding the entertainment for a moment rather curiously; "but so long as the ghosts, sorcerers, witches or astrologers, or whatever else they may be treat me with such civility, I do not know that I shall find fault; Lemons! up with you! you are sleeping your wits away."

The quadroom sprang up, rubbed his eyes, and looked wonderingly around.

"Who get that breakfas' ready?" he said presently.

"Why, the servants of course. They have been making noise enough about it to raise the dead."

"Dat's a fact, mas'r George; but says I to myself, Lemons, you is company, and dars no 'casion for you to turn out till de meal is all ready; so I didn't, though I's 'wake all the time."

"To be sure you were; now pour me some coffee."

At that moment the door opened, and the shaggy head and long beard of the astrologer made its appearance.

"Good-morrow to you, my son," he said; "I trust that you have rested and are refreshed."

"That I am, father. Indeed I have seldom received more pleasing hospitality, and scarcely know which to be most grateful to, my host or yourself."

"We neither of us claim your gratitude, my son; but conclude your repast. The Order of Issachar is in solemn conclave, and I am here to conduct you to their presence."

"Very well, I shall be ready to accompany you in a few moments," replied Marston thoughtfully; "I confess your words have awakened my curiosity, and I have witnessed some things since we met which I am totally unable to explain. I would know more."

The astrologer made no reply, but stood leaning his head upon his staff until Marston announced that he was ready, when he led the way from the room, unhesitatingly followed by our young adventurer.

(To be continued.)

THE LOST DIAMOND.

BY FANNY MACE.

It was past sunset, and the dusk was beginning to creep over the brown hills of Southern Virginia. My steed, which had been making good progress since the early dawn, began to fag and grow restless; and I, too, in spite of the strange mission that had heretofore filled my thoughts, almost imprecated the fate which had sent me wandering in this bleak region. Nothing but bare hills stretched away, out of sight.

"I believe the ghost has cheated me," I muttered, impatiently, drawing up my horse, and once more scanning the landscape. "Let me see again what these words mean;" and I drew from my pocket-book a note written in a cramped and ancient hand. Thus it read:

"Arthur Dunallen, seven years ago, come Christmas Eve, your kinsman (your father's elder brother), fell by the hand of Rupert Ware. To-night you are of age, and his blood calls to you from the ground. Seek, among the most western summits of the Alleghanies for a large gabled house, of gray stone, half in ruins. You will know it, for it bears the name of Ware Grange. There you shall see and speak with

"HUGH DUNALLEN'S SPIRIT."

This singular communication, as startling as it was quaint, had been deposited on my dressing-table, three days previous, by an unseen hand. No one had seen the messenger come or go; no one had heard a footstep; but when I rose from my couch on the morning of my birthday, the note, smoothly folded and legibly directed, was the first thing upon which my eyes fell.

Though scarcely more than a child at the time of my kinsman's disappearance, the circumstances were still fresh in my memory. He was a wealthy landholder, owning large estates in the richest part of Virginia. I remembered him as a grave, middle-aged man, of thoughtful countenance. He suddenly disposed of all his estates, and, having converted his wealth into money, went into the mountains to visit an old friend, previous to embarking on a long tour. He never reached that friend's house. I remember well the bewildered anxiety, followed by dread and despair, with which my father waited for news of him; but there came neither tidings nor return. A long and faithful search was equally fruitless, and at last he was given up for lost. His wealth had disappeared with him—all except a valuable diamond, a token of some early passion, which he had left in his brother's care. Two years later my father died, leaving me the last of the Dunallens; and the diamond was my sole inheritance.

My early lessons of self-dependence had imbued me with a courageous and adventurous disposition. It was, therefore, without hesitation, though with extreme wonder and some unpleasant forebodings, that I accepted this mission. I was not

superstitious; I had no faith in the ghostly mien of the epistle, but there was a mystery in it which puzzled me, and which I was impatient to solve. I resolved to devote the Christmas holidays to this enterprise, and answer in person the strange summons. Whatever was my uncle's fate, I felt sure it would now be made clear to me; and, abandoning my studies, I had set out for the mountains.

But to resume my narrative. I again put spurs to my horse, and soon we had left another weary mile behind, but now, crowning a distant hill, I saw, by the last rays of daylight, a large stone house in the vicinity of a rude little hamlet. At the same moment I overtook a countrywoman, with a basket of wares, resting by the roadside, and I paused to question her.

"What do you call yonder house, friend?" I asked.

The woman gazed at me curiously before she answered, and I perceived a restless, uncertain glitter in her large black eyes.

"It is Ware Grange," was her reply; "and years ago we had right merry Christmas feasts there; but for seven years it has had no master, and the gate has been shut to strangers."

A thrill shot through me as I listened to these words. It was the same name which my unseen guide had told, and for the same length of time it had been desolate.

"There is a decent inn at the village," added my informer, thinking that my silence proceeded from disappointment at not being accommodated at the Grange. "It's kept by honest Sandy."

I threw her a piece of silver for her information, and would have ridden away; but, springing from the ground, she suddenly caught my hand and held it fiercely, while an expression of intense emotion was visible on her face.

"The diamond—the diamond!" she cried, her eyes flashing with passionate excitement. "Let me see it—let me see it! Hold it near to me!"

Wondering not a little at this strange manifestation, I held the hand on which the ring was placed towards her. Her breath came quick. She touched it with her fingers.

"I had one once," she said, speaking slowly and with strong agitation; "and while I kept it I was happy! But I let it leave me, and with it I lost my peace—my heart—my soul! All lost, lost!"

She dropped my hand as abruptly as she had taken it, and sinking down by the roadside, she burst into tears. Pitying the poor lunatic—for such I felt she must be—I would have stayed longer and attempted to soothe her wild grief; but she saw my intention, and, catching up her basket, hurried out of sight.

I rode thoughtfully on, and found the inn with no difficulty. Having seen to the accommodation of my horse, I entered and sat down by the fire. A group of farmers were lounging about the room; and Sandy, in great commotion at having a strange gentleman in the house, flurried about and urged his hospitalities upon me. I was in too much agitation of mind to feel the least craving for food, though I had ridden so far; but I swallowed a glass of wine, and threw myself on a long settle to rest, before proceeding to the Grange and to my promised meeting with the spirit.

For a while, so absorbed was I and lost in vague surmises, that I paid no heed to the buzz of conversation which the countrymen kept up. But, by and by, a few words startled my ear and arrested my attention. I listened:

"There never was a kinder man. Was a poor body in distress, he was glad and ready to give him a lift. But he had a curious look with his eyes. I could not be easy when he looked at me."

"No one knew that he ever had an enemy," chimed in my host. "I believe he went suddenly mad and drowned himself."

"He died no natural death," said the first speaker. "Who ever heard of one dying in his bed and then haunting his house ever after?"

"There is a ghost, then?" I cried, growing excited as the conversation proceeded.

The peasants, eyeing me curiously, responded, "Yes, sir. Many a man of us has crossed the hill at midnight and seen the spectre marching up and down the garden-walk. Did you ever hear of him, sir?"



THE OLD NEGRESS TELLING THE FORTUNE OF EDITH WARE. PAGE 49.

I shook my head, and, leaving the room, stood a moment in the open door. The stars blinked brightly overhead. It was a clear night, and I was not afraid nor superstitious.

"Why not go at once and solve this doubt?" I asked myself.

No sooner thought than done. With swift steps I crossed the fields that lay between the inn and the Grange. I thought of my lost kinsman, Hugh Dunallen, and remembered his kindness to me in my childhood. It had been told me that I was to be his heir. What if some rich inheritance was even now to be bestowed upon me?

The stones of the old courtyard gave a melancholy and lonesome ring as I crossed them, and the solitary fir-tree by the gate swung its boughs to a mournful music. It seemed a sad, weird place—a fit haunt for unquiet spirits.

All these outward tokens only increased my anxiety to go onward. I gave a loud knock at the door. It creaked on its hinges, and a withered old man, holding a lamp above his head, peered out upon me.

I expected to have some difficulty in effecting an entrance, but the old servant, scanning my appearance, merely said, "Are you Mr. Arthur Dunallen?"

I was expected, then, in this strange place! Replying, wonderingly, in the affirmative, the door was swung open, and I was led across a wide hall to a door in the farther end. This, too, was opened. I looked in as the servant drew back, and for a moment paused in dumb astonishment.

The room was richly, even gorgeously furnished. Curtains of crimson fell in heavy folds over the windows; pictures in massive frames adorned the walls; sofas of velvet were placed here and there, inviting to luxurious ease. A large lamp burnt on a table, and in its light stood a beautiful girl of seventeen or eighteen, richly attired, and awaiting to receive me.

"Mr. Dunallen?" she inquired, hesitating a moment as I approached her.

I bowed in silence. It seemed to me I was in an enchanted palace.

"I am Geneva Ware," she said, simply, and showed me a seat. "Reuben," she added, addressing the servant, who stood without, "bring refreshments for Mr. Dunallen; he has travelled a long distance, and must be weary."

"I wish for nothing," I exclaimed; "indeed I will taste nothing. I stopped a half hour at the inn."

Her large blue eyes rested inquiringly on me a moment. "At the inn!" she repeated, slowly. "You should have come directly here. Reuben, send immediately for this gentleman's horse and baggage."

I would have prevented him, but her quiet, authoritative manner checked me.

"Since she will have it so, I will stay," I said to myself; "and if this is the ghost, it is well worth journeying to see."

As the servant retired she turned towards me again.

"Do not ask me how I knew that you were coming here," she said, while her eyes fell under my gaze. "You are to stay with me a few days, until a certain object of importance is accomplished. In the meantime, while——"

"I will respect the mystery of your house," I interrupted. "Do not fear that I shall trouble you with idle questions. I acknowledge that I do not understand the object of my journey hither, nor the strange rumors that I have heard. Yet I came by request, and will remain cheerfully."

She thanked me, more by the expressive glance of her eyes than by the movement of her lips; and taking some unfinished embroidery, she sat down near the fire. I looked at her with a certain admiration mingled with awe. Her features were softly moulded, bands of brown hair were folded over a Grecian forehead, her lips were mildly beautiful; and it was only when she lifted her eyes that I became conscious of a quiet strength and dignity of mien unusual in one so young. There was nothing of the coyness of girlhood about her, neither was there too much assurance—but a maturity of face and bearing which betokened a life of thought—perhaps of trial.

A few moments she worked rapidly on her embroidery ; but a troubled expression came over her face.

"You spoke of rumors," she said, suddenly lifting her eyes. "It cannot be that tales of our unfortunate house have reached the great city—the world in which you live?"

"No," I replied ; "until three days since I was not aware of the existence of such a family ; nor had I ever heard the name of Rupert Ware ; nor do I yet know who he is, or how connected with yourself."

"He was my father," she said.

"Was!" I repeated. "Then he is not now living?" She hesitated a moment, and looked pained.

"When I was a child," she said, "there was not a happier house for leagues about than this. My father and I lived together, and were sufficient society for each other ; for my mother died before my recollection. Yet, even in the midst of his lavish kindness and affection I perceived, as I grew older, that he bore a secret trouble. It grew upon him until it took possession of all his faculties. Suddenly he disappeared. I do not say he died. No one ever knew of his death ; but suddenly he vanished from human knowledge. It is all a terrible dream to me."

"This is a singular story," I said, when she had concluded ; "and it renews in my memory the stories that the villagers told in yonder inn. Was it all their fancy that the unquiet master of the Grange still walks in his accustomed haunts?"

Her eyes, which were bent upon me when I commenced my question, evaded mine as I concluded.

"That I cannot answer you," she said. "If it is so, you will surely behold him. But this is a dark theme, and suggests thoughts too melancholy. Besides, you are wearied, and doubtless wish to retire to rest."

I took the candle, and, with a sober "good-night," followed the servant, who now appeared, to my sleeping-room. It was an old-fashioned bed-room, on the ground floor, furnished with a high curtained bed, an ancient bureau and high-backed chairs. A fire crackled in the fireplace and relieved the otherwise gloomy chamber. Thoroughly wearied, I quickly threw aside my clothing and lay down to rest.

I knew not how long I slept, but suddenly, out of a deep sleep, I awoke, perfectly unconscious, and, rising in bed, looked about me. The fire had long since gone out on the hearth, and the moon, unclouded, shone through the curtainless window, I felt a sense of oppression, of unaccountable restlessness ; it seemed to me utterly impossible to sleep longer in that room. Chilly as the December night was. I longed for a breath of its bracing air, and I dressed myself slowly, standing by the hearth. I know not to what state of morbid uneasiness my mind would have progressed had not a sudden sound, a real excitement, at once dispelled my vapors and roused me to a full possession of every faculty.

The sound was a footstep, slow, distinct, regular, like the precise and even tread of a night-sentinel. By this time I was fully dressed, and I stepped quickly to the window.

Good heaven! was that the spirit, the unquiet spectre of the Grange?

A tall figure—not in white, as the frightened villagers had said, but enveloped from head to foot in a cloak of sombre gray—was walking to and fro, not a dozen rods from my window. For some moments I stood perfectly motionless, while the blood ran chill in my veins, until I was convinced that I was not deceived, that something, whether flesh or spirit, was really walking before my eyes ; and then, remembering my mysterious summons, I threw up the sash slightly and leapt to the ground.



PHEMIE PREDICTING THE CORONATION OF JOSEPHINE. PAGE 49.

As I sprang, the spectre paused and stood perfectly silent, with its face towards me. It was so far off, however, and the moonlight was so indistinct, that I could not see the features—only a pale countenance, dim and shadowy. I started towards it; but, at my approach, the figure lifted one arm and waved me back. At the same time the hand extended let fall a slip of white paper, which fell fluttering to the ground; and, still keeping its face towards me, still waving me back, the spectre receded, until it was lost in the thick shadows of the grove.

For a moment I hesitated whether I should not track the ghost to his hiding-place; but I forbore, and satisfied myself with approaching the spot where he had stood, and seeking for the paper. I found it without trouble, a narrow strip of letter paper, clinging to the frosty ground. With this grasped closely in my hand, I returned, easily re-entered my window, shut it down, and, by the aid of a solitary coal which still gleamed among the ashes, I relit the wax-candle which had lighted me into bed.

The paper contained these words, written in the same hand, the same style as my former note:

"Seven years ago, come Christmas Eve, Hugh Dunallen perished; but the hand that slew him forbore to touch his wealth. Vengeance, not avarice, aimed the sure blow. For you, his guiltless heir, it has been safely stored. On Christmas Eve (at your peril sooner!) follow the river path until you reach three oaks, growing together, near a sudden bend of the stream. There seek and find your inheritance."

I slept no more that night, but paced the room in a tumult of doubts. Was there indeed a murderer concealed within these precincts? and was it for me to seek and prove the dark crime? Geneva's face, so pure and perfect in its sad loveliness, came before me, and I shrank from the thought of being an avenger, when she, the innocent, must suffer with the evil doer. I resolved to be silent, and to wait until the appointed hour, before concluding my plan of action.

The sun rose as brightly, and smiled as serenely, the following morning, into the window of Ware Grange, as if no dark gloom had ever overshadowed it, no secret horror clung about its walls.

I descended to the room in which Geneva had received me the previous evening, but she was not there. In a few moments she appeared and cordially bade me good morning; but, while speaking with me, I perceived that her keen eyes were reading my countenance with secret anxiety. I endeavored, by the cheerfulness of my manner, to conceal any traces there might be of my night's broken slumbers. Apparently I succeeded; for she resumed the quiet and easy manner which seemed habitual to her; and, after a few moments of light conversation, she led me to the breakfast table.

While we were lingering over the repast, a confused murmur arose outside of the apartment; the door was thrown open, and the woman whom I had met on the roadside entered with her basket of wares. Geneva turned her head as the door opened; but when the wistful face of the stranger met her gaze, she grew instantly pale, and, rising, looked with mingled sternness and terror on the intruder.

The woman's countenance was even more pale and haggard than when I had seen her first; and her fierce passionate eyes wandered restlessly about, as if seeking something they never could find. She had torn some red berries from the wintry boughs on her way, and had woven for her head a fanciful wreath. As she met Geneva's eye, she smiled vacantly, and pointed to the garland.

"It is almost Christmas time," she said, "and I am beginning to gather my holly and cedar. You know we shall want to deck all these windows with wreaths, and light candles in every room. You may festoon your gay parlor just as you please; but I am come to deck the north chamber—the gloomy north chamber."

Geneva, pale and trembling, could not speak, but motioned with her hand for her to go away. It was evident that the woman was insane; but this excess of terror in one so self-reliant as Geneva, startled me.

"My good woman," said I, rising and approaching her, "I think Miss Ware does not care to purchase of you this morning."

Her eyes lighted up wildly while I spoke, and throwing aside her basket, she caught my hand.

"Oh! it is you I am seeking!" she cried. "You have got the diamond—the precious diamond! Give me that and I will go; I will never trouble you again!"

"Send her away," said Geneva; "she has been here before, and I dread her."

"No, no! do not send me away!" cried the lunatic. "I did not come for your sake, proud girl! I do not know you! It is him I seek! Oh, give it to me! It is my own!" she continued imploringly, and with an expression of keen pain upon her face. "It is my diamond! Should I not know it anywhere? and to think it should come to me here! It is my own; my heart would not ache so, if it were not my own!"

I did not know what to say. Her distress moved me; and at the same time Geneva's look of terror made me again approach her and endeavor to persuade her to go. She paid no attention whatever to my words, but with her eyes fixed on the ring, she went on half in soliloquy.

"I was so glad, so happy, when he gave it to me first; he told me that it had a charm, and I did not know what he meant. But when I lost it, then I knew, for all my joy went from me—a demon came to me. But I will take it again and go to him. I will hold it to my lips before his eyes and he will forgive me, and my heart will never ache again, and my brain will never burn. Give me my ring, or I will snatch it from your hand!"

I repelled her touch and bade her be silent.

"Let us have no more of this folly," I said. "Go quietly away, or I shall be forced to send you."

Her face changed almost instantly, and she looked so perfectly sane, so grieved at my harshness, that I drew back involuntarily.

"Do not send me away," she repeated. "Do you not know me? I am Margaret—Margaret!" dwelling softly on the name as if it pleased her ear. "He gave me the ring, up in the north chamber; and I, poor, false Margaret, I gave it to you!"

"Miss Ware," said I, "it is useless to attempt to reason with this poor woman, for my unlucky diamond has quite bewildered what little sense she had before. Let me lead you to another room, for this excitement is making you ill; and then I will return and show her the path to the village."

Geneva, still agitated, moved to obey my request; but the same instant, the woman, who had watched us keenly, took up her basket and left the room. Geneva hastened to the window, and in a few moments saw her gliding away, down the field path. Relieved of her anxiety, she turned towards me smiling.

"You must be surprised to see me so moved at the sight of a harmless unfortunate," she said; "but I have a peculiar dread of her. By fair means or foul she has obtained a knowledge of our family secrets, which I fear she will use to the ruin of this poor house. Now and then she wanders this way, and I am in constant anxiety until she leaves the neighborhood."

"Something more than simple misfortune has rendered her what she is," I replied. "She meant more than we knew when she called herself false Margaret. But I cannot account for her eagerness to possess this ring."

We returned to the drawing-room; and while Geneva seated herself at her work-table, I took a book and read to her. No allusion was made to the incident of the past night; but casting from us all sad and foreboding thoughts, with books, with music, and with conversation, the day passed away. That golden day in my memory! It was the sunrise of love—the dawn of a new existence!

On returning to my chamber, I did not sleep at once; for now that I was alone and away from the fascination of Geneva's presence, my mind was more disturbed by thoughts of what had occurred within the last two days. I half expected to be roused again at dead of night to meet the apparition of the gray cloak. But my fears were groundless, and I sank into a profound slumber.

I dreamt that it was Christmas Eve, and I was alone, seeking for my treasure, beneath the three tall oaks by the river side. I had cut deeply into the brown turf, and my spade was beginning to strike against something which gave a metallic ring, when a rustle in the bushes caught my ear, and almost before I

could turn towards it, a serpent sprung from the thicket and stung me on the hand.

With an exclamation of pain I awoke: but was it all a dream? My hand still smarted with the recent pain; I sat up on the bedside and looked about me. The window was wide open, and a piercing wind blew in, scattering my clothing from the chair on which I had thrown it. Again the smarting of my finger drew my attention to it; but—mystery upon mystery—a drop of blood covered a little scratch upon my joint—and the ring—the diamond was gone!

Early as it was when I sought the drawing-room the following morning, Geneva was there before me, gaily decorating the walls and windows with Christmas garlands. In a few words I told her of the night's disaster. She looked pale and terrified, while her wreaths dropped, unnoticed, to the floor. Deep as was my chagrin at the loss of my diamond, the sight of her sympathy warmed my heart with a delicious joy.

"It is—it must be Margaret," she said. "No one else could have dreamed of such an act. There is not a servant in the house whom you might not trust with all your possessions."

"I do not doubt that it is the crazy woman," I returned; "but now is it possible for me to find her? Where are her haunts?"

"I do not know; but the whole neighborhood shall be searched at once. Reuben shall go in one direction——"

"And I in another. I would not willingly lose so valuable a gem, especially when it is all that remains of my family's wreath. I must seek for it thoroughly."

"And I—what can I do?" she said, eagerly. "Can I be of no service?"

I assured her that she could not; and, with as little delay as possible, the two servants and myself hurried away. With the aid of our horses we searched every recess of the forest, and every nook of the hills, where it was possible that such a wild wanderer would attempt to hide herself. We inquired at every dwelling, both in the little village and along the unfrequented roads, but no one had seen her; and at nightfall, weary and disappointed, we turned homeward. The diamond, I felt assured, was irrevocably lost.

My spirits sank as I approached the house. What was it but a haunt of insane spirits, where only one sweet human heart throbbed in loneliness and sorrow!

Geneva did not come to welcome me as I returned; but, looking troubled and harassed, she talked earnestly apart with the elder servant. He, too, seemed startled; and, almost without heeding me, they disappeared, hurrying into the house.

"What new witchcraft is being wrought out?" I asked myself, easily vexed in my state of weariness and disappointment.

In half an hour I was called to the supper-table. Geneva was not there, and the meal was lonely and tasteless. But remembering the task which still lay before me—for it was Christmas Eve—I endeavored to swallow something to sustain my strength. Strange and unaccountable as the whole plan seemed to me, I resolved to obey all the directions of the note, and to see if indeed Hugh Dunallen's treasure was buried in the earth, where he had fallen. If I should find such to be the case, then all doubts of his death by foul means would cease; a real meaning would, by necessity, be attached to the ghostly confession, and vague suspicions would give way to the stern and active search of justice.

I was already supplied with a lantern; and I was about to leave the house for my walk to the river, when Geneva's dress rustled on the staircase.

"Do not go!" she said, speaking tremulously and with difficulty. "It is too late for our purpose to be thus fulfilled. Come with me."

I obeyed, laying aside quickly my lantern and my out-door gear. She reascended the staircase, and I wonderingly followed her. She led the way to a chamber on the north end of the house, somewhat removed from the other apartments by a long passage which seemed to separate it from the main building. At the door she paused, and looked pleadingly at me.

"Whatever you see," she said, "remember that the wrongs of others brought about this ruin—and forgive, for my sake!"

I raised her hand to my lips in silence, for her imploring

words went to my heart. She opened the door, and I followed her into the chamber.

A bare floor, scanty furniture, and darkened windows in strange contrast to the luxuriousness of the lower apartments, met my gaze; and on the bed, with the large gray cloak thrown carelessly over him, lay a man, whose pallid cheek and glassy eye betokened that death was at hand. He was not an aged man, but some dark and terrible sorrow had made his hair gray. I knew him at a glance as the spectre of the garden!

Geneva went towards him and sat down on the couch by his side. "He is come, father," she whispered; and then her white fingers strayed among his gray locks, and her eyes rested wistfully on his changing countenance.

Rupert Ware—it could be no other—fixed his hollow eyes on me, and beckoned me to a seat by his side. I obeyed; and then with a long, searching gaze, he scanned my face.

"Thank God!" he uttered, at last, "there is no look of your kinsman in your face! You are yet unscathed by crime—but he—yet, let me first tell you my story; for you are his nephew, and have a right to know the cause of our deadly enmity!"

I expressed my anxiety to know all, to have this mystery cleared up, yet warned him not to exert his strength beyond its limits.

"This Grange, now so neglected," he said, "was once a noble country seat, handed down from father to son, ever since the first Rupert Ware, a solitary, misanthropic man, chose this mountain glen for his homestead. Here, in my youth, I brought my bride; and one more fair never gladdened a bridegroom's heart. I did not shut her up in this lonesome retreat; for having wealth and leisure we travelled at times from city to city, sharing in all the gaieties of the world. She was everywhere courted and flattered by the proudest in the land, and I was not afraid. I did not dream of danger. Geneva!"

"Father!"

"Give me wine; I must have strength."

He drank one or two draughts from the cup which she presented; and then with a firmer voice proceeded.

"At a northern city, on the summer after Geneva was born, we met Hugh Dunallen. He was a man of the world, a professed admirer of beauty, and he paid unlimited homage to my wife. I began to see a change in her; she was weary of my society and went more than ever into gay assemblies. Inwardly chiding myself for my suspicion, I yet deemed it wise to return. But I was too late; her heart was already poisoned. We were followed on our journey by Dunallen; but, bold as he was, he dared not come to my house. She seemed happy again, and I thought her safe; but he, serpent-like, was lurking in the neighborhood, and watching for her whenever she went abroad. At last, one night, I came home to a hearth desolate and disgraced—she had fled with her betrayer!"

Again he tasted the wine; but his face was ghastly, his utterance impeded.

"I did not follow them; but I clasped my child to my arms and vowed that sooner or later he should atone to me. I would not seek him then, in the first exultation of his success; my vengeance could wait—wait until he was weary of his ill-got treasure—until, perhaps, he regretted and repented his evil folly—until death by my hand would seem most bitter, most terrible. Years passed, and I lived only for my child. My heart grew to her as the one thing left of my happiness; and well has she repaid me. But I knew the hour would come, and seven years ago this night it was at hand! Long since he had cast off his miserable victim; and she had gone, I knew not whither, to hide her woe and remorse. He, too, had changed, and had settled into a grave and sober man—it made my revenge the sweeter! Deeming, from my long silence, that I had forgotten or forgiven my wrongs, he had the boldness to come again, on a tour of some kind, among these hills. I watched for him. As he passed by my gates at nightfall, journeying on horseback, I rode out and took my place at his side. There was no salutation, no need of any words between us—but his face blanched. His steel was as sharp as mine, and we fought hand to hand; but the god of vengeance was on my side, and he fell—and where he fell I buried him! Nothing now remained but for me to change to gold all the wealth which he carried with him, and to bury that also out of sight; and then I vowed to look no more on human faces. I told my child

the fearful tale, and bade her be faithful to me; and then I buried myself and my ruin in this gloomy chamber, never breathing the outer air except in the dead solitude of night. I had yet one interest on earth beside that of my child: I had no desire to rob Dunallen's heir of his just inheritance. For the purpose of restoring your own to you, I ascertained, by means of my faithful Reuben, the time when you would be of age; and on that day I sent my summons to you. It was my plan to fly hence with Geneva, while you were searching in the forest. But it was not to be. The fearful malady which has consumed my vitals for years past has been aggravated by the excitement of your coming, and my hours are numbered. Geneva has kept my secret—she has been true to me. In one thing only I deceived her—I told her that her mother was dead!"

Here Geneva started, and looked with wild amazement in her father's face.

"Not dead!" she uttered. "My mother living!"

"She lives—less wretched than I; for fate has been merciful and darkened her memory of the past. Margaret! Margaret!"

As he spoke this name in a changed and hollow voice, he raised himself on his elbow, and looked wildly toward the door. Our eyes followed his startled gaze, and I sprang to my feet as I beheld crazy Margaret.

"Woman, this is the chamber of death!" I cried. "Why are you here?"

She looked towards me and smiled—and I perceived that her eyes no longer shone with the wild light of insanity; they were mild and tearful. She glided towards the bed; and, sinking down at the sick man's side, she held up to his eyes the diamond ring.

"Rupert," she whispered, "I have found it again—the diamond you gave me on my wedding-day. I gave it to him who broke my heart, but God has sent it back to me. Put it upon my finger once more, and I shall be forgiven."

His eyes grew fixed and glassy; at the sight of his countenance her anguish became intense.

"Forgive—forgive me!" she cried. "One word, Rupert, before you die!"

He reached out his hand; and, taking the ring from her, looked long and sorrowfully in her face, and put it upon her finger.

"Geneva," he said, "forgive your mother!"

The next instant, and before Geneva could reply, his eyes closed—he was dead!

Geneva flung herself upon her father's breast, and gave way to her long restrained tears; but Margaret Ware rose and turned to me.

"May I keep it?" she said. "It was Rupert's gift, and to see it, to hold it even now, has scattered the darkness from my brain. Tell me I may keep it and I will go in peace."

I should have deemed it sacrilege to take it from her now, and so I told her. She thanked me; and turning to the bed, pressed a kiss on Geneva's tearful face. Geneva returned the caress; but again shrinking from her, she hid her face on the cold bosom of her dead father. I approached the orphaned girl, and taking her hand tried to lead her away. I called her by tender names—I told her she was not alone—that I was with her—I would be true to her for ever.

When at length, soothed and calmed, I led her out of the chamber, her mother was not to be found. She had gone as silently as she had come, and we never saw her more.

I stayed a month longer at the Grange, and, as Geneva's betrothed, settled all the neglected affairs of the estate. In the meantime I found the treasure in the exact spot to which I had been directed, and took possession of it as the rightful heir. This done, I bade farewell to Ware Grange—nor did I go alone. I could not leave Geneva there amid all the gloomy and fearful memories of that haunted house. She went with me as my bride.

We searched vainly for the unfortunate woman whose sin had wrought such direful ruin; but she wandered about no more, and the place of her retreat was securely hidden. Two years after our marriage, a little sealed package was brought to me, one evening, directed to Arthur and Geneva Dunallen. I opened it; and gazing curiously into the little ebony casket, we beheld the diamond ring. There was no word nor message accompanying it; but we knew that Margaret Ware was at rest.

MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT.

I WAS young, very young, when I first joined the — Fusiliers. Young in years, for I was barely seventeen; young in experience, for I came almost direct from school.

Such is my opinion now, just ten years after that important period; but I held myself in very different estimation then. In fact, I looked upon myself as a knowing hand—a man of the world; and the pretension was based upon very sufficient grounds, as it seemed to me. I was an Etonian, and we were all men of the world, all of us at least in the sixth form. Then I had spent a season (or rather part of it) in London, mixing in the most exclusive society, under the auspices of my uncle, Sir Charles Wilmington.

Before this visit I had seen little of my distinguished relation, though he was my guardian, for he rarely left Heiss-Baden, where he resided as a worthy representative of our little Queen at the Court of Saxe-Lilliput. So I had been in the habit of spending my vacations at the house of my other guardian, a quiet country clergyman with several sons about my own age.

Once indeed, I remember well, Sir Charles came to pay me a visit. He was staying at the castle, and drove over to Eton in one of the royal carriages with some Prince of Saxe-Lilliput, who wished to see the college. I felt a little justifiable pride on the occasion, but to the credit of my schoolfellows, I must say, they did not appear very deeply impressed with a sense of my importance. In fact, I seemed to gain far more honor in their eyes by the sound thrashing I administered to young Hopkins, son of the radical member for Shodditon, on account of his sneers at the important Treaty of Heiss-Baden, which won for my uncle his Grand Cross of the Bath.

Sir Charles happened to come to London on leave of absence (for the benefit of his health) after I was appointed to my regiment, and about a month before I had to join. Very good-naturedly, for it must have been a bore to the formal, punctilious old gentleman, he asked me to spend the intervening time with him, and I did not reject the offer.

He was very much sought after in society, so I could not have a better introduction to London life. Strange as it might appear, a genuine friendship sprang up between the merry unsophisticated schoolboy and the polished *rusé* diplomatist. We were seen together everywhere (that was anywhere), and were far from being unnoticed. I was a pretty boy in those days, with a bright face, fair clustering curls and laughing blue eyes, while he was handsome and distinguished-looking enough to be remarkable among the most high-bred in appearance of all aristocracies.

On one occasion, I remember, we overheard a speech of the lovely Countess Zalewski to a *compatriote*, in which she made most flattering allusion to "the flowers of spring and autumn's fruit." But my cousin, Jack Fortespee, who has his shaft tipped and winged for all comers, told me La Zalewski was a deep one, who displayed more calculation than giddiness in her flirtations. It was hinted, he said, that for "reasons of state," she had been making a dead set at my uncle for some months past, and that in fact she was the malady that had driven him from Heiss-Baden. If so, after the manner of most diseases, she had accompanied him in his flight.

Though I knew that my uncle had facilitated my entry into the exclusive circle in which we moved, I was by no means prepared to admit that I was altogether beholden to him for the welcome I met with. To say nothing of my personal qualities, which of course rendered me an ornament even to the most distinguished coterie, I had another passport, of great authority as I imagined in my dignity, as Wilmington of Wychholm. I had not then learned the fact that fashion is a capricious deity, whose favor is not to be insured by either pure blood or a long rent roll. Besides, such a term could not fairly be applied to my modest four thousand a year. Still I was right in some measure, for if I had been a penniless younger son, even at that tender age, prudent chaperons would not have allowed their fair charges so to pet and make much of "that dear little fellow, Harry Wilmington."

In spite of my uncle's sage counsels, I should have been

utterly spoilt, but fortunately for me the time soon arrived for me to join my regiment.

"I might give you plenty of good advice," said Sir Charles the evening before I left him; "but it is a commodity that is never valued; and, like all young soldiers, you are beginning to feel a little superiority to us *Pekins*."

I protested warmly against his assumption, but he only smiled gently, as if unshaken in his opinion.

"I will give you what really will be of use," he said; "a letter to one of your captains, Brevet-Major De Wilton, who is an old friend of mine. You will find him a thorough gentleman, a capital officer, and ready to give you advice or assistance in either capacity. He ought to have been a colonel or even general ere now, but he went on half-pay for several years I believe. He lost his little fortune somehow through a friend he had trusted, and the lady he was about to marry jilted him in consequence. Since then his temper has been soured, but you will find his bark worse than his bite."

"People seem to think I am a regimental dry nurse," muttered the veteran through his grizzled moustache in a very audible aside as I presented the missive to him.

"So my old friend Wilmington and you," he continued in a louder tone, "have been dancing on the Mayfair treadmill—he ought to know better at his time of life. I have heard of your doings from Lady Jane Garstin, who will write to me about that precious cub of hers. You will find the drill yard poor work after the drawing-room, unless you've the right stuff in you. Well, be careful how you go on, for you shall not get into mischief for old Wilmington's sake. If a lecture from me can keep you out of it."

I will not dwell upon the few weeks during which I was shaking down into my place in the regiment, for there was nothing of any moment to relate. At first I have no doubt I gave myself ridiculous airs, for I was well quizzed, dubbed Lord Wychholm, &c. &c. But they soon found I took this bantering good-humoredly, and even let them laugh me out of my absurdities. I was always ready, too, to join in any fun going, and to enjoy it to the utmost. So I lost my nickname, and was speedily, in spite of my dignity, called "Harry" by every one, from the gray-haired colonel to the ensign, who joined a week after me.

I looked so young even for my age—such a mere child, and was so light-hearted and joyous, that every one seemed naturally to make much of me. From the fair creatures who had petted me in London I had no objection to this treatment, but from my brother officers it was hardly so welcome. It was useless, however, for me to show that my dignity was offended, for I only got laughed at for my pains.

Major De Wilton was no less friendly than the rest, if I was to take him at his own word and consider his lectures a proof of interest, for they were neither rare nor feeble. And in spite of his severity I really believe there was a mutual liking between us.

"Harry Wilmington," he said to me one morning, "you are going to Whitecliffe with me to-morrow. You know I relieve the company on detachment there, and I have persuaded the colonel to transfer you to my company. It will do you good to be quiet a little, instead of rattling about with the wild young fellows you are getting so thick with."

I was far from being pleased at this arrangement. I was piqued at the change being made so unceremoniously without reference to my wishes, and I was not inclined to leave our jovial set for a quiet little seaside town or rather village. But I consoled myself with two reflections. In the first place, I should not be separated from my chief crony, Garstin, and, in the second, the major's interference showed he was anxious to keep me with him. I even broached this opinion at mess that evening, when Jack Ponsonby twitted me with being exiled. De Wilton's sharp ears caught my words, and I was more vexed than ever I had been at his lectures by the half sneer on his lips as he said, "Yes, Master Harry, I could not live without you. I really ought to apologize to the mess for taking you from them."

Our life at Whitecliffe was certainly a contrast to that we had been leading at headquarters. The major, in spite of his good wishes, could not work us beyond a certain point without driv-

ing the men into a mutiny, so we had plenty of idle time on our hands. Aqua vivariums had not then been invented, we were too unromantic for the sad sea waves to sing to us, and fishing from an old tub of a boat, or sitting on the beach making ducks and drakes on the water, lost their charms after a time.

Whitecliffe had a few years before been a mere fishing village, and the speculator, who had run up a few villas, had evidently deserted the place almost on the threshold of his scheme for a more promising site, for there were not a dozen in all of these triumphs of architecture. This was certainly not the season, if there was such an institution at Whitecliffe, and the two villas that were alone inhabited contained bipeds far below the notice of such exquisites as Garstin and I.

We had one or two visitors, but they did not contribute greatly to our entertainment. The officer of the coast-guard called upon us, but we never succeeded in finding him in his cottage—morning or evening he always seemed to be going his rounds. Then the clergyman made his appearance at the barracks after we had been at church the first Sunday; when by the by we had seen a slight, graceful girl sitting in what must have been the rectory pew. As on returning the civility we sat in the library of the worthy ancient, we caught a glimpse of the same slender form flitting about the garden, but he did not even refer to his daughter. We were rather gratified by the idea that we were looked upon as wolves, not to be trusted with the lamb.

One afternoon when we returned from ball-practice on the sands (with pistols at a post) we found a card from Sir Walter Whinthorpe of Whinthorpe Park. This was before our grooms with our horses and my dog-cart had joined us, for we knew there was only a one-stalled stable near the little barracks, of which the major took possession. And even when later we had contrived the accommodation by knocking down the partition-wall of a hovel we rented, and so were able to drive over to Whinthorpe, we found nothing to repay us for the trouble. The baronet seemed an old bore, and his daughters were commonplace countrified girls. We afterwards learned that the belle of the family was staying with an aunt for the London market, for which, rightly enough, the others were not considered well suited. A day or two later we received a formal invitation to dinner after a fortnight's notice, so we were not likely to find the pleasures of society too absorbing.

But while we were still reduced to trudging on foot, I received a letter from my uncle, which changed the aspect of affairs. We corresponded occasionally, and I had written telling him of my being sent on detachment.

"So you are at Whitecliffe," he said; "I remember it of old, and, unless it has much changed, you must find it dull enough. You seem to have forgotten that you have near relations living in the neighborhood, the Clintons, who are your third cousins. I strongly recommend you to cultivate their acquaintance, for they are sure to have the best set in the county about them, and they have a splendid house and estate. Old Clinton is quite imbecile, I believe, but his youngest daughter (who by the by must be near forty now) has been mistress of the house for many years. She is one of those active, restless women, who always have some crotchet in their heads; last time I was there I could hardly touch a dish because they were all atrociously flavored with various herbs selected to counteract the bad qualities of the other ingredients. I give you my word of honor, I should have been half starved, but for the eggs at breakfast and cheese and fruit at dinner. But probably she has dropped that whim for another by this time."

I had read so far to Garstin, when he exclaimed, "Why, Harry, you young muff, how came you to say nothing about your cousin? It will be glorious fun."

He was nearly three years older than I was, and sometimes gave himself absurd airs of superiority on the strength of his seniority both in age and regimental standing.

"What could I say, you wiseacre," I retorted, "when I never even heard of their existence till now?"

"Clinton," said Garstin musingly, "it strikes me that is the name of the people who live in that fine house about two miles along the Farcombe road, but we were told they never visited the officers quartered here."

"Then that large curtained pew belongs to them!" I ex-

claimed. "I should like to have another look at those splendid dark eyes I caught a glimpse of."

"Whatever color you may persist in calling her eyes," returned Garstin, "I will maintain that I saw at the very same opening a cluster of curls like gold."

These incongruous charms, of which the waving of the curtain had allowed us a momentary view, had given us a strong desire to see more of the fair possessor. But when at last we had got our men out of the church, no one endowed with either beauty was to be seen.

"We will go and call upon them this very day!" I exclaimed. "I feel a very affectionate cousin just at present."

"No, no, you will have your trap here to-morrow," said Garstin. "Let us wait till then, and go in style. We will put Thunder and Lightning in, and rather astonish the natives."

Accordingly the next day we started for our drive, in a neat but knowing turn-out, as I considered. Garstin and I, very soon after I joined, had fallen into the habit of putting our two horses into my dog-cart, and driving tandem about the country. We were the only subalterns (with the exception of course of the adjutant) who kept either horse or trap, and many a growl would old De Wilton have at our doings in this as in other ways. We could afford it, however, and risk our own limbs, not his, so his words did not carry much weight.

When we reached the park gates my groom jumped quickly down and opened them. As we dashed through I caught a glimpse of a bewildered-looking old dame standing at the door of the lodge, and making signals for us to stop. But Thunder and Lightning were very fresh after their want of work, and it was no joke to pull them up—besides, we were half-way to the hall now, so on I went.

A quaint, white-headed old servant was brought to the door by our rather noisy summons.

"Are Mr. and Miss Clinton at home?" I asked, as I threw the reins to the groom ready to jump out.

"Yes, sir; but are you the officers from the barracks?" he asked in return, quietly examining us the while.

"Yes, and what of it?" I exclaimed rather impatiently.

"We do not visit the officers," he replied gravely, as he retreated to close the door in our faces.

Complimentary to us professionally certainly, but we could afford to laugh at it, as we were sure of gaining admittance at last.

"Stop!" I shouted, bringing the fellow to a dead halt: "here, take my card to Miss Clinton, and say it is her cousin, who is being kept on her doorstep."

When he had calmly obeyed me, Garstin and I turned to one another, and indulged in a hearty laugh. We had not time to make our faces grave again, when the old fellow returned, and without a word threw open the door to admit us.

In the hall stood a lady with no pretension to youth, and hardly more to beauty, though her face was not altogether unpleasing. She was rather under the middle height, had a slight, wiry figure, and wore a costume, of which I will attempt no further description than that it appeared far better adapted for comfort than display. Though Garstin was nearer to her as we entered, her sharp restless eyes rapidly passed from him to me.

"So you are my cousin Wilmington!" she exclaimed without a moment's hesitation: "I see you have a look of Sir Charles, but you are still more like your poor father. You are welcome to Belmont, as any of your name would be, but I fear you will find little attraction in the old house and its quiet inhabitants."

I had no lack of assurance in those days, being indeed far too well satisfied with myself to be troubled with any such feelings, and while we followed Miss Clinton to the drawing-room I had volubly replied expressing my pleasure at making the acquaintance of relations of whom I had heard my uncle speak so highly, concluding by introducing "my brother officer and especial friend, Mr. Garstin."

I quickly found I had not said more than would be borne out by the facts. On entering the rather gloomy sitting room, dark with old oak furniture and wainscoting, we saw two girls sitting in the most cheery spot, the fine oriel window looking into the terraced garden. The mystery of the curtained pew was cleared up as we might have divined—two fair damsels had been

bending over the same prayer-book, for here were the splendid dark eyes; here were the tresses of gold.

Yet my cousin talked of our finding little attraction in the old house!

The introductions, which now took place, gave me still further cause for satisfaction.

"Clara, this is your cousin, Henry Wilmington—you and Ella must be cousins too, but rather far away. Mr. Garstin—Miss Clancy and Miss Singleton."

As I sat talking to Miss Clinton of the doings of my uncle and myself, I envied Garstin, who had pounced upon the chair next to Clara Singleton, and in a few minutes was making her blue eyes sparkle and the curls which he so admired dance, as she laughed merrily at his droll description of our past experiences of life at Whitecliffe. But when Ella Clancy struck in with a remark on the long time that had elapsed since she last saw Sir Charles Wilmington, and continued to take part in our conversation, I was quite satisfied.

I now remembered that my uncle, who had often spoken of the Clintons, had also mentioned, as wards of the old gentleman and relations of our own, two Miss Clancys, who were co-heiresses of large fortune. But I could call nothing further to mind, for I rarely paid due attention to these genealogical details in which my uncle was rather fond of indulging.

Miss Clinton I soon saw was no less eccentric now than she had appeared formerly to Sir Charles. Her remarks were as sharp and telling as a Minie rifle bullet, and the rapid gestures with which her words were accompanied, forcibly illustrated her meaning, which they were not needed to explain. And all the time her small, restless black eyes were wandering about, taking in everything within their range.

Presently I noticed, that even while talking to me and Ella Clancy, a pencil held with apparent carelessness in her hand was moving slowly over a half-completed embroidery pattern on the table near her. This naturally attracted my attention, and I read in quaint and irregular but very distinct characters, "They are worthy."

I supposed my face expressed my surprise, for my cousin Clara Singleton laughed openly but good-naturedly at me. This was not lost upon Miss Clinton, as indeed what was? and she shook her pencil with a mock menace at Clara, while turning to Garstin and me, she asked us to dine with them next day.

Such an offer was not to be declined, and having eagerly accepted we rose to take leave. But before we went I asked if Mr. Clinton was not able to see visitors. A look of sorrow sat quaintly upon Miss Clinton's rather harsh features as she replied, "No, he is forbidden the least excitement, and the sight could only be painful to you."

"Is she not beautiful?" I exclaimed to Garstin, as we drove off.

"Angelic!" returned Garstin as warmly: "did you ever see such eyes? This sky is not a purer blue, and as for her hair—"

"Stuff!" I interrupted: "her eyes are gray, but they look violet in the shadow of those splendid lashes, like a limpid mountain-mere in the shade of over-hanging cliffs."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Garstin: "I was talking of Clara Singleton, while you are thinking of your other cousin. I can't say I admire her moon face—and grenadiers in petticoats are not to my taste."

"Taste? you have none!" I retorted sharply: "as for Clara, you could buy a doll as pretty, and I daresay about as sensible, in the Lowther Arcade for half-a-crown."

"So be it," said Garstin. "Don't let us get angry about it, for it is the best arrangement possible. You admire one and I the other, so we shall not get in each other's way."

Though still rather huffy, I acquiesced in silence, for this view of the case was too satisfactory for me to oppose it. Besides, I was obliged to admit that his criticisms had some foundation. Ella had a fuller face than a sculptor would have chiselled for his ideal in the palmy days of Greek art, and she was decidedly above the common height, being taller than myself. But, as Garstin rather maliciously suggested on another occasion, this disparity was diminishing daily, for I had not yet ceased to grow.

Perhaps I cannot give a better idea of her than by saying I

am often reminded forcibly of her by Leech's beauties. She had, however, more dignity, and at the same time more fun in her expression, which sounds like a contradiction, but that is often the case with truth. What I admired most in her were her splendid eyes, which sometimes sparkled with frolicsome glee, at others beamed with a soft gentle light, and I could well fancy them melting with tenderness.

Our first dinner at Belmont passed off satisfactorily enough. My uncle was right in supposing Miss Clinton would have given up the old whim which had so punished him, and our fare was all that we could desire.

The acquaintance thus begun was quickly improved by Garstin and myself. We fell at once into habits of intimacy, becoming quite at home in the house, where indeed we spent a considerable portion of our time.

This did not escape the major's attention, and one day he suddenly asked us if "we were not making fools of ourselves with our petticoat hunting?"

"Oh no!" answered Garstin with a laugh: "we are quite safe. That is, I can answer for myself—Clara and I understand one another, and are only having a bout with the foils to keep our hands in. As for Harry, I suspect he is fencing with the buttons off, and he is hard hit already, or I don't know the symptoms."

"I noticed the youngster was off his feed," said De Wilton with grim jocularity; "and he evidently did not know his right hand from his left on parade this morning. This is getting serious. I suppose you are going to Belmont as soon as you have swallowed your lunch—take me with you, and I will judge for myself."

Of course I made no objection, though I felt far from grateful for his supervision.

"Well, there is more excuse for you than I expected," said De Wilton as we left the Hall: "If you must fancy yourself in love she is as good an object as you are likely to find. But as for anything more, you may as well cry for the moon for a plaything—you would have just as much chance of getting her."

"I want nothing," I replied pettishly, "but to be on friendly terms with my cousin. If I did aim further I should not take your warning. Though she is an heiress, I am a fair match for her by birth and fortune, and as for myself personally, she seems to find nothing to dislike in me."

"Bravo! my boy!" he said, with that sneering laugh of his which I so hated; "you fancy she is in love with you, do you? Why, she looks upon you as a child, and not far wrong either."

In spite of my denial, I was obliged to own to myself that Garstin was right. I was hard hit indeed.

She certainly was worthy of any love I could bestow upon her, and I was continually brought in contact with her. Miss Clinton was so restlessly active, that she nearly always had some business to take her from us, and her father, his mind prostrated by softening of the brain, vegetated rather than lived, being wheeled to and from his own suite of rooms and a sunny corner of the old-fashioned walled garden. So Garstin and I were left to the society of Ella and Clara, which was pleasant but decidedly dangerous.

Garstin and Clara were well matched. They laughed and joked or sentimentalized together, as the mood took them—flirted, in short, with the perfect understanding that nothing but their mutual amusement was intended. And Ella and I were on equally good terms—better indeed, as I flattered myself, for it was "Harry" and "Ella" with us, and she made no pretence of concealing her liking for me. So I rejoiced at my progress in her good graces, deluding myself in a way which only my extreme youth could have accounted for. But even then I should have known that her familiar kindness was a bad sign for me.

It was not self-conceit that made me believe in her fondness for me—it existed without doubt. Even when she scolded me for my high-flown speeches or laughed at my positively troublesome assiduities, there was a kindly interest in tone and manner, which made my smitten heart beat wildly. She had a warm, loving disposition, which forbade her to shut up her heart with cold indifference, and my very evident devotion could not have been displeasing to her. Her seniority of three or four years and the relationship between us warranted her,

she thought, in displaying her liking for me, so she spoilt and petted me to her and my heart's content.

It may seem strange to some that I should set my heart upon one so much older than myself; but it is January who has a passion for May. Often a lad's first and not least violent *tendresse* is for a woman almost old enough to be his mother.

After a time I noticed that Miss Clinton kept an eye upon me, or rather I mean she gave me an undue share of her attention, for her eyes were upon everything by turns. One evidence of her watchfulness afforded considerable amusement to Garstin and Clara at least. Such was her interest in our welfare, that she had recourse to spiritual agency to throw some light upon the future. But I must explain.

I had not been long free of the house when I noticed that any surface adapted for writing was often covered with the same irregular scrawl (very different from Miss Clinton's usual rapid but neat hand), which had appeared so strange to me on my first visit. I soon asked what this could mean, when Clara willingly enlightened my ignorance with her almost constant merriment, which always reminded me of a chime of bells, a delicious melody for a time, but apt to pall upon one's ear.

Miss Clinton she said, had a strong belief in the power of spirits to make themselves manifest to us in various ways. But of all their methods of carrying on this communication one was by far the most singular. When she had some doubt to remove she sat with a pencil in her hand, which she abandoned to the impulse of a spirit, who caused it to write the required answer. Thus it was the assertion of our worthiness that insured us our first invitation to dine at Belmont.

Ella would not join in our laughter, for though she gave no credence to Miss Clinton's marvels, she said we knew too little of the spiritual world and its manifestations to jest on the subject, to which it seemed to her much reverence was due. I talked the matter over with her alone one day, and obtained further particulars—Miss Clinton was remaining single entirely from her own choice. Nearly twenty years ago she had been engaged to the young rector of the parish, who was carried off by a fever caught by the side of a deathbed. This lover it was whom she believed to communicate with her.

"I think," said Ella, "it is the delusion of an over-active and over-worked brain, but I can hardly regret it, for it is a great consolation to her."

One morning I had given Ella some music, and in the evening we found scrawled across it: "Do not fear. They will both be happy. 'All's well that ends well.'" There was no doubt of the application, for Miss Clinton, having her mind set at rest, no longer troubled herself to watch me and Ella.

How Garstin and Clara laughed, and twitted me with having thus disturbed the repose of Shakespeare. And Garstin must needs take it to the barracks, where I got a similar roasting from the major.

I would not have owned it for the world, but from this time I began to think there might be a little more in this spirit-writing than we were at first inclined to allow. Who would be bold enough to say what was possible or impossible, when life itself was an unfathomable mystery?

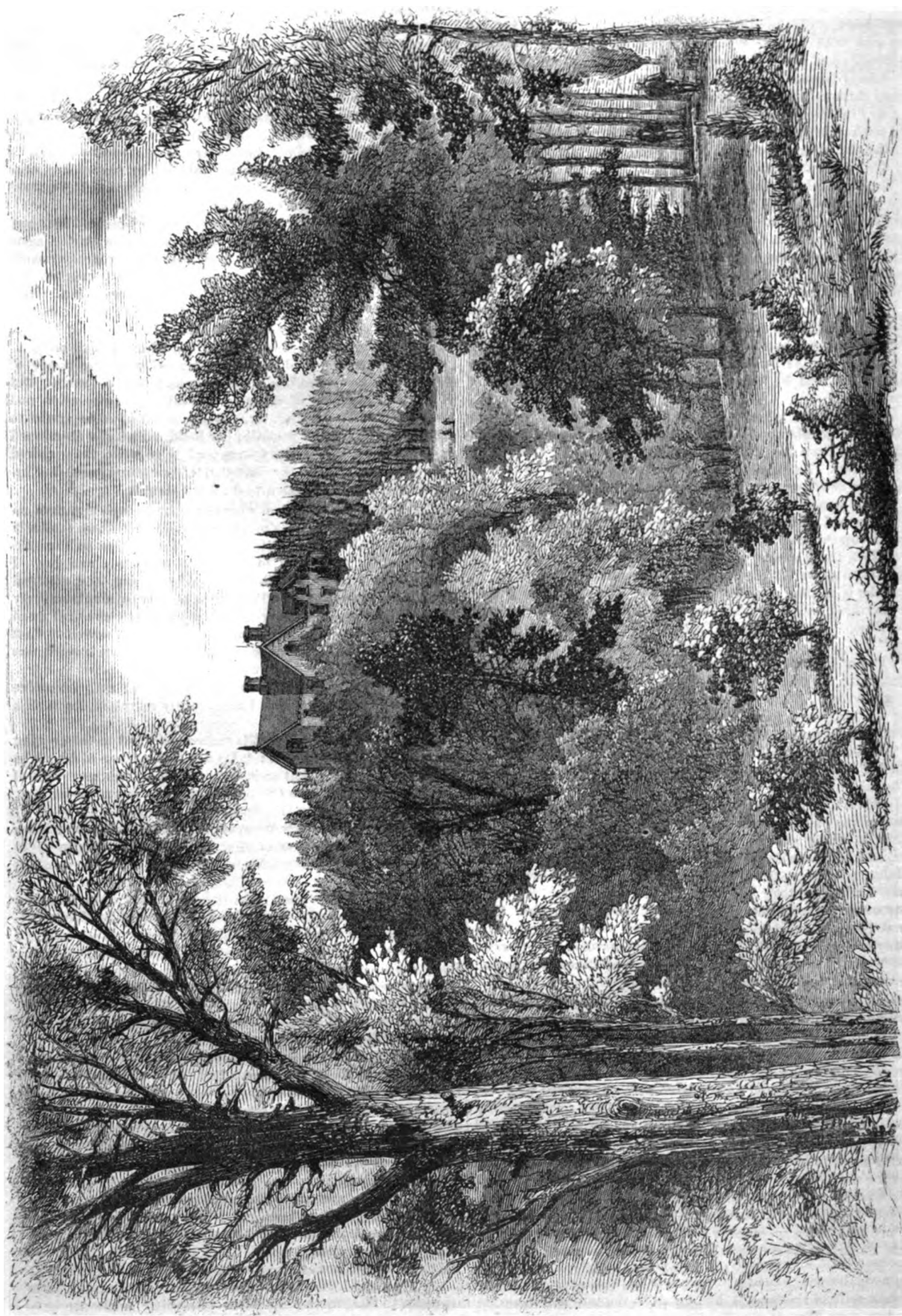
One morning, as we sat at breakfast, De Wilton threw a letter across the table to us.

"Read that, and then be off to your lady-loves," he said; "what red eyes there will be."

It was a letter from our colonel containing the unexpected intelligence that the regiment had received orders to hold itself in readiness to sail for the Cape, where those amiable Dutchmen were stirring up one of their favorite Caffre wars, to enable them to find a profitable market for their cattle. They would be less warlike, I fancy, if they had to provide the money and blood as well as the beef.

I was hardly so pleased as I thought it necessary to appear, for really there was little glory to be gained, and the idea of leaving Whitecliffe was terrible. But my mind was soon set at rest, for next day came news that the major and Garstin were to go with the service companies, but that I was to remain with the depot which would probably be stationed at Whitecliffe.

We went up to Belmont full of this news, which caused some sensation. Garstin and Clara got up a little burlesque sentiment for the occasion, but neither of them seemed in despair. However, it was settled that, as it might be his last day with



Idle-wild, the residence of M. P. Willis, at Cornwall, on the Hudson. Page 57.



NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, ESQ.—PAGE 67.

us, we must both return and dine at Belmont, for we were too busy to stay.

On entering the drawing-room we found a stranger there, a military man evidently, of about thirty. I was surprised when Miss Clinton introduced him as Captain Merrivale, for I recognised the name as that of Ella's guardian, who was expected down for her twenty-first birthday (the very next morning by-the-by), on some business, I suppose, connected with her coming of age. I had anticipated seeing a far older man, and certainly he was full young for the responsible office.

Ere the evening was over I thought him better fitted for it—in the first place thirty was, on second thoughts, a tolerably mature age, and in the second place he was steady and grave enough to be a hundred. He was decidedly silent and reserved, and had a peculiarly quiet even manner. But this evidently was not the calm of insensibility—twice that evening I saw his eyes flash, once as he described in a few words some plucky action of De Wilton's, whom, it seemed, he knew, and again while he listened to an account of a cowardly attack by a crusty farmer on a pilfering schoolboy he had caught in his orchard. There was little tameness of spirit or coldness of heart in him I imagined, though he made no parade of his feelings.

But in spite of the fancy I had taken to Captain Merrivale, I gave him very little of my attention that evening. The narrow cape I had had of being separated from Ella made me feel

more infatuated than ever, and she was looking lovely enough to excuse any amount of folly.

How joyfully my heart beat when I fancied that something similar must be passing in her own mind. Yes, there was a change, which could not be overlooked. There was a glow upon her smooth cheek, a softness in her eyes, a sweet gentleness and even timidity in her manner, which I knew must be—love. And was it strange that I should feel sure it was I who was so blessed? Nothing was said to cause my conviction, indeed she was unusually silent, but her sweet smile shone upon me, and there was a tender light in her beautiful eyes as they met mine, which filled me with rapture.

All that night I was in a fever, a delirium of happiness. But amid the vagaries of fancy one idea took full possession of my mind—that the next day should make my glorious hopes a still more glorious certainty.

In the morning inexorable duty chained me, and it was late before I could get to the Hall. But I forgot any vexation when I saw Ella sitting in a summer-house in the garden waiting for some one—was it not for me?

She started as she heard my footstep, and looked up still with that soft, almost loving look. She blushed too, and the sight dispersed to the winds my little remaining self-control, so that, casting aside my studied introduction, I plunged into the midst, pouring out an absurd rhapsody, which I could not

now recall to save my life, and certainly would not pen if I could.

What words she used I know not, for I felt stunned by them, but somehow she made me understand that she did not love me, that she was even engaged to another.

"Why did you not tell me so when you saw my growing love?" I raved. "I owe the misery of my life to you. But doubtlessly with all the heartlessness of a coquette you rejoice in your work."

I can give no better idea of her kindness of heart than by stating the simple fact that she did not laugh in my face on hearing this tirade.

"I could not tell you," she said: "for Captain Merrivale did not ask my hand till this morning. He was my guardian."

I learned at a later period, when I was far more disposed to do justice to him, that though he loved her and knew her heart was his, he had never even spoken of his affection till he had given an account of his stewardship, and had relinquished all control over her actions. His father, old Admiral Merrivale, Ella's original guardian, exercising the power given to him by Mr. Clancy, had by his will appointed his son to succeed him in this office. So Captain Merrivale had authority to sanction or forbid any engagement, and he had shrunk from taking the slightest advantage which his position towards her gave him.

With the greatest kindness and patience she soothed me, frankly owning her cousinly liking for me, and as I became calm, giving me that good advice, which we take more readily from the lips of a young and pretty woman than of any man, and allow greater weight. Not that I paid much heed to her counsels at the time, but afterwards I recalled them to memory, and I feel that I am a wiser and better man for having acted in some degree in accordance with them.

She saw that I was overcoming my excitement, and fancying that my feelings were of no great depth, thought she might venture on a little bantering, hoping perhaps to cheer me by it.

"If we could have married," she said, "you would have lived to repent it. Why, I shall be an old woman while you are in your prime. I have a sister ten years younger than myself, and she will be of a more suitable age. They say she is growing very like me, if your taste does not change she will do admirably for you six or seven years hence."

"You may laugh at me and call me a boy," I replied: "but my love for you is as great as any man's could be, and you will see it will not quickly change. I could not bear to stay here and see you making another so happy. I shall volunteer to go to the Cape at once."

Garstin was delighted to hear of my resolve, and De Wilton showed his approval by strongly backing my application, which was acceded to.

Ella's kindness and sympathy softened the pain of our parting; but after that came a weary time, when I felt there was little pleasure left for me in this life, though I was only standing on the threshold. It was, I thought, an incurable wound, for I knew not the renovating powers of nature.

Soon after landing, constant occupation came to my relief, for we had a full share of the fighting. In one skirmish I got a Caffre spear through my arm and another in my side, inflicting severe but not dangerous wounds.

I was still on my back from the effects of these when a letter was put into my hand. I recognised the handwriting, and my old love-fever returned as I tore open the envelope. With a sharp pang I read the contents:

BELVALE ABBEY.

DEAR COUSIN HARRY—I should not like you to have heard of my marriage till I told you of it myself. I can assure you I felt proud of my cousin when I heard of your gallant conduct, which is rewarded as it deserves, for with this mail you will get the *Gazette* with your appointment as lieutenant to the Rifles. I trust, however, you are not too rash—do not be foolish and risk your life unnecessarily.

When you return to England covered with laurels you may reckon upon a warm welcome at Belvale Abbey; and, whether at home or abroad, you will always have the best wishes of

Your affectionate cousin and friend,

ELLA.

So it was over. Her very signature, intended to spare my feelings, galled me, for how ought that blank to be filled up?

By the rules of the service I should now have gone home to the depot of the Rifles, but as soon as my wounds were sufficiently healed, I easily obtained leave to join the service companies in India. I was not yet prepared to look with tranquillity upon her happiness with another.

Now came several years of cantonments—then followed the campaign of the Punjab, where I had something worse than Caffre spears to contend against.

Nearly nine years had elapsed since I left Whitecliffe, when I set sail with my regiment for England. Time and constant occupation had done their work. I still cherished a warm affection for Ella, but I looked back to those bygone days with pleasure rather than pain, and I felt I could now enjoy her friendship.

But would it still be offered to me? That was a question which I put to myself with considerable anxiety. My uncle was dead; I had no near relations, and my former friends were scattered over the face of the earth. It was hardly like coming home.

But the very day after we had landed my doubts were removed, for I received a warm invitation from Ella, or rather an imperious command, to present myself at Belvale Abbey without delay. Gladly I obeyed, and as soon as I could get leave of absence I hurried off to Belvale.

When I arrived the servant told me that Captain and Mrs. Merrivale were out, but that they had been prepared for me since yesterday. Being ushered into the drawing-room, I sat awaiting their return, not without impatience, but with tolerable content. The mere home air of everything was delightful after my exile; the scattered books, the open pianoforte and half-finished fancy-work.

But what pleased me most was to perceive, framed on the wall, a sketch in water colors of myself, done in the old Whitecliffe days by Clara Singleton, who had a knack of taking likenesses. So they liked me well enough to value my portrait.

Presently the door opened, and I started in amazement; for there entered in walking dress the very image of Ella, the same full but graceful form, the same lovely face and splendid deep gray eyes.

Involuntarily I exclaimed "Ella!"

With the same frank smile and the same silvery tones she replied, "My name is Evelyn; Ella is following me. You must have known her years ago. Can you be—but no, you are so unlike."

She glanced with a look of perplexity from me to my youthful portrait.

Before I could explain in came—this time really—Ella, much changed, of course, more matronly-looking, but hardly less handsome.

It was for a moment only that she was puzzled; then she sprang forward with an exclamation of "Cousin Harry! Ah! I am so glad!" and gave me a cousinly kiss.

"But how you are altered!" she said; "yes, and improved. Why you really are taller than me now. Such a moustache and whiskers, too, and plenty of tan. And that white seam makes you look quite handsome. Why you are hardly like your former self. Of course Evelyn could not recognise you from your old portrait, as she expected to do."

Then in a gay whisper she added, "I have kept her for you as I promised. Will she not do?"

"Take care, or I shall be jealous," cried cheerily Captain Merrivale, now grown a stout country gentleman, a model-farmer and J. P.

"No need," said his wife; "I hand him over to Evelyn's tender mercies. Do not be too hard upon him, my dear."

How shall I conclude my history? I cannot find words for it.

I will only say this—that my three months' leave is just up, and I am still staying here at Belvale Abbey. Indeed I positively cannot tear myself away, so I have sent in my papers to sell.

And the magnet that has this power over me?

She is now sitting by my side—my beautiful, darling Evelyn.

Yes mine—mine already as far as her promise and the feelings of her own heart can make her mine; but to be still more

completely my own ere long. For due weight has been given to my argument, that if I have only known Evelyn three months, I have loved her for ten years, and my time of probation is to be short. And even now my happiness is almost perfect in the companionship of my first love and my last.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE historian or critic who, a century or two centuries hence, shall busy himself with classifying the literature of the past on a far more perfect æsthetic than the world now knows, will hardly fail to place at the head of the strictly *elegant* English literature of this century the name of Nathaniel Parker Willis. If any object to the term "elegant literature" as too general, and as being too accurately a translation of the word *belles lettres*, we will cheerfully modify it for the more extended term of "literature of the elegant world." As a writer, and above all as a prose writer, of this peculiar class, every competent judge familiar with the writings of Willis, and who knows the true relation which they bear to the social and literary life of the age, cannot hesitate for an instant to award him decided pre-eminence.

There are many to whom the mere expression, "literature of the elegant world," is uncongenial and repulsive. They advocate "depth" and "common sense," and yet, strangely enough, employ neither one nor the other, but simply sarcasm—that shallowest of argumentative methods—when disposing of such a writer as Willis. "Superficial" is the favorite poison drop when they ink their pen arrows for battle, and superficial, sure enough, are the wounds inflicted. But he makes a long shot who sends a shaft into Time, and it may be that the weapon, striking in its course some anacritical backler, may boomerang back on the head of the hapless wight who sent it. There was never yet a superficial writer at the head of anything—nay, more—there was never yet such a thing as a superficial literature when it accurately set forth real phases of life. Refined society, with all its hues and tones, its culture and laws, is—nay, always has been, closely allied with all that is most attractive in life, we may say with all that is best worth living for. It is there that art and enjoyment find a congenial home, and wealth and enterprise all tend in the same direction. To speak of the depicter of the most delicate lights and shadows of this highest point of social life as superficial, is to say the same of the lotus because it floats on silent waters, instead of lifting its head like a sunflower. But it takes root far, far down—there it develops, in silence, profitable fruit; air, earth and water all minister to it, and some minds which are not superficial find in it the symbol of perfect beauty.

N. P. Willis is the eldest of a family of whom it may be said as emphatically as of the Mirabeaus, that "none were block-heads." His father, Nathaniel Willis, was the founder, in 1817, of the *Boston Recorder*, the first religious newspaper ever published, while his mother was, we learn in many respects, a truly remarkable woman. The son was born in Portland, January 20, 1806, but was taken to Boston at an early age. Here, at the Latin school, and subsequently at the Academy of Andover, he received an excellent preparation for Yale, at which latter University he was graduated in 1827. While at college he distinguished himself by writing several religious poems of great merit, and gained a reputation such as few under-graduates have achieved.

In those days such literature as the country had was at all events truly *literature*, and the endless brain-spinnings of really illiterate pretenders did not form the majority of what was read. Certainly, those who recal "The Legendary Series," *The American Monthly Magazine* and the *Mirror*, as they were edited by Willis, will admit that they were characterised by a solid yet refined literary tone, and bore an impress of the taste and talent of the gentleman and scholar, which it would be well if the public would regard as indispensable in all works of "light literature." While engaged with General Morris on the *Mirror*, Willis visited Europe, remaining there for five years, and sending home that series of piquant pen-otypes and pictures of travel which were subsequently volumeised as "Pencilings by the Way." While abroad he was appointed *attaché* to our Legation in Paris,

and he was thus enabled to visit, under the most favorable auspices, Europe and the East. He married, in 1835, Miss Mary Leighton Stace, daughter of General William Stace. After returning to this country, Mr. Willis retired to the well-known "Glenmary," a cottage on the Susquehanna, where he resided four years, and wrote the "Letters from under a Bridge." At the expiration of this time he returned to New York, and again resumed editorial labor. Here he established with Dr. Porter a journal, *The Corsair*, and went to England for the purpose of engaging contributors.

While in England he published that varied and piquant *mélange*, "The Loiterings of Travel," and at the same time "Bianca Visconte" and "Tortosa the Usurer." On returning to New York he found that Dr. Porter had abandoned the *Corsair*. He engaged once more with his old partner Morris, in the publication of the *Evening Mirror*. The death of his wife and the unemitting labor of his new occupation broke down his health, and he was again obliged to visit Europe. In Berlin he was appointed *attaché* of our Legation, but soon left for England, where he published "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil," and then returned to America. The *Evening Mirror* was now exchanged for the *Home Journal*, of which he is still editor. In 1844, Mr. Willis married Cornelia, only daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, M. C. Those who have of late years followed his truly "prolific pen" have gleaned the details of his biography set forth so brilliantly and gracefully, with such an admirable blending of knowledge of the world and *naïveté*, that it may be truly said of these "confidences," that perhaps no writer ever said so much of himself with so little egotism.

Few men in America have labored so assiduously for so many years in literary harness as N. P. Willis; and no modern writer has preserved so genially and easily, without sinking into mannerism or repetition, all that is good of his best style. *Jeune encore* is as true of his latest letters and sketches as of his *personnel*. We have submitted them to the test of memory—we find whole sentences of recent *Home Journal* letters in our mind—whole packs of quotable cards continually shuffling on the table of recollection. He gleams with great daring, but with happiest success, the most peculiar colors and shades of words, and the success which attends his audacity is the proof of its merit.

We regret that our limits preclude a detailed examination of his works, but we can at least do justice to their two predominant characteristics. No writer of this century, either in England or America, has sketched so many, so varied or such accurate details of the habits, thoughts and feelings of refined domestic life, nor has any one added to our language more graceful and original words and phrases which have passed into popular acceptance.

IDLEWILD—THE RESIDENCE OF N. P. WILLIS.

OUR sketch of the residence of N. P. Willis, beautiful as it is, can only convey a surface view of its locality and its broad surroundings. The heart of beauty which is enshrined where the outside eye cannot penetrate would require half a dozen of our pages to duly illustrate and develop.

The place has become famous for the romantic beauty of its situation, but still more famous because it is literally the creation of one whose name has been a household word in American homes for many years, and who has taken the raw material as fashioned by nature's hand and moulded into a wilderness of beauty.

Probably no name could be more suggestive of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Willis's domain than the happy compound which, dropped by accident in a casual conversation, was treasured in his memory, and afterwards adopted by him as the title by which posterity should recognise the dwelling-place of N. P. Willis. Idlewild is truly a beautiful compound word, and in connection with the place a happier or more felicitous conjunction could hardly be imagined or discovered. So wild and uncompromising was the locality before those powerful agents—practical judgment and poetic fancy refined the harsher features into forms of harmonious beauty, that the rude mechanic who was using the axe to shape a log for the foundation

of the house, paused in his work and emphatically and energetically exclaimed, "The man who would build a house on such a God-forsaken place as this must be a born fool." He has lived, however, to alter his opinion.

Willis sought the seclusion of the Highlands some years ago, as he has since said, to die. His health worn and shattered by constant and distressing mental labor, was rapidly yielding, and a terrible hemorrhage from lungs weakened by constant bending over the desk, warned him that unless nature was assisted by rest of mind and body, it must give out with a speed terrible and certain. Willis was always an earnest man, although the delicate tracery of his pencilings of thought exerted a contrary verdict from the frivolous or unthinking, and he determined to struggle for his life even if he had to stand face to face with death in the prime of his manhood. So he sought out a quiet spot in sight of the rolling Hudson and the towering Storm King, and addressed himself to the combat. Literally he girded up his loins to fight his way back to health. Change of air and diet gave him strength for further exertion; he adopted a horse, and gradually extended his rides from one mile to five, ten, and oftentimes twenty miles a-day.

It was during these wanderings that he lighted upon the spot which will hereafter be one of the Meccas to which literary pilgrims from distant lands will come to pay their homage. He saw it wild and lying idle, and took in at a glance the wonderful capabilities of its natural features in the hand of one who could appreciate them, and would be content to bend them to beauty without destroying their marked characteristics.

It was no slight undertaking to convert an idle wild into an Idlewild. It was a work in which the strong practical element was to be called into action, and the poetic element to be held in restraint—to be felt rather than to be seen. Nature was to be taken hold of by a strong hand and a clear head, but her rights were to be conserved to her by that poetic justice which should throw its shield over every beauty and perpetuate it to all time.

In this spirit Mr. Willis went to work with a good heart. He stood bare-headed like the trees in the midst of nature's solitude—he studied her points—saw what should be opened to the eye and what concealed, to be searched for and loved when found. So by degrees, and slow degrees, he wedded art with nature, and formed that rare union of practical utility and poetic sentiment which the exquisite beauty of Idlewild presents at this day. It is hardly possible to convey a correct idea of the manifold charms of hill, valley, gorge and road which have sprung into existence under the spell of Mr. Willis's strong will and fine taste. It is a tamed wilderness of luxuriant beauty, which the eye rests upon and never tires. It is an aviary of songbirds in the spring, while a tender green beauty is overlying everything; it is a luxuriant covert of varied foliage in the summer, and the Glen echoes with the sound of running waters and the splash of the silvery waterfall; it is grand and gorgeous in the fall, when every leaf is dyed with the hot kiss of the glowing autumn sun, and there is a warning sighing in the wind which is half an augury and half a sigh, as the leaves are dropping one by one; and it is beautiful in winter as a Shelley's thought, when the snow has come down, the waters are frozen in their song—the waterfall arrested in its course, and untold myriads of icicles blaze in the sunshine or glisten in the moonlight, and the very silence seems frozen to a deeper hush. It is beautiful always, Idlewild, and it is a fit home for all the gentle charities and kindly amenities of life.

Idlewild, we had almost forgotten to say, is situated on the Hudson River, a few miles south of Newburgh, on one of the lower ranges of the Highlands, and overlooking the village of Cornwall. The house—the many-gabled cottage of N. P. Willis—nestles among tall trees in a commanding position. It meets the morning sun of summer, with the Storm King on its right, Newburgh on its left, backed by the distant Highland range, and in front the silver Moodna and the noble Hudson flowing at its feet. The most vivid imagination could hardly picture a more perfectly beautiful situation, and the heart of man could scarcely desire a more substantially beautiful, art-sanctified home.

From Idlewild Mr. Willis communicates weekly with the *Home Journal*, and the practical character of his later years, which we have noticed above, is fully developed in those admirable communications in letter form. They contain a thousand

hints of incalculable usefulness to every grade of society, from the smith at his forge to the lady in her luxurious boudoir, either derived from his experience or observation, gleaned in friendly by-way chit-chat, or treasured up and pondered over to take a new practical form through the alchemy of his active brain.

Willis is not only practical, but he is methodical, strictly and exactly methodical in the routine of his daily life—saving and excepting that portion which he devotes to hospitality, and in that there is neither limit nor method—from his cup of tea and his chat with his children at early daybreak, his half day's literary work before breakfast—his correspondence, his horse-back ride, his open air occupation with the pruning knife or the axe, until the last meditative hours before midnight. It is only by such methodical system that he is enabled to do so much work, and at the same time preserve his health and sustain those endearing and intimate connections between himself and his charming family, and the many friends who delight to enjoy the privilege of joining the poet's circle.

We saw Mr. Willis in New York a few weeks since, and can bear witness, judging by his appearance, that the air of Idlewild has sovereign properties for the preservation of health, and let us trust in his case for the prolongation of life.

WRITER AND READER.—An immense deal depends, in the case of quiet and not brilliant writing, which yet costs some thought, upon the surroundings amid which it is read. And the essay writer, as he traces his successive lines, has in his mind's eye some ideal reader reading his essay in some ideal place and time. But in his calculation in these respects, the essayist is no doubt often sadly mistaken. Here is a great advantage which one has in writing a sermon, as compared with writing an essay. In writing your sermon you have your congregation before your mental view. You have before you the time and place where it is to be preached. You see the church; you remember the pulpit; you picture to yourself the faces and aspect of the congregation; you instinctively recognise the hour of the day at which you will give out your text and begin your discourse; you maintain intuitively and involuntarily a certain keeping between what you write and all these attendant circumstances. But the essayist writes for people he has never seen: who will read his essay in chambers unknown to him; in comfortable easy chairs by warm fires; on stiff chairs with no arms in cold corners; in lonely lodgings; amid a great shouting of little children, with the accompaniment of a stupid old woman talking on in a husky voice; with their hard hats on their heads in the reading-rooms of royal exchanges, theatres and philosophical institutions; in a great hurry and standing; quite leisurely and reclining; beside a window that looks out on evergreens and roses; beside a window seldom cleaned, that commands a slushy street, depressing with its brown, half-melted snow. How can you adapt yourself to all these different people and their different circumstances? The materials which suit one will not suit the rest. The essay suited to be read after dinner will not do for reading after breakfast. That which is intended for a man, resting and pensive, when the day's work is over, would be most incompatible with the few moments for which the busy, energetic man takes up the magazine at 9.50 a.m., while waiting for the conveyance which is to come at ten and convey him to his office or his chambers.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

IRISH PROVERBS.—Every goose thinks his wife a duck. No news in a newspaper isn't good news. Manners make the gentleman, and the want of them drives him elsewhere for his shooting. A miss is as good as a mile of old women. Too many cooks spoil the broth of a boy. It is a good head of hair that has no turning. It's foolish to spoil one's dinner for a ha'porth of tarts. There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it. Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers. Better to look like a great fool, than to be the great fool you look. A soft answer may turn away wrath; but in a Chancery suit, a soft answer is only likely to turn the scales against you. One fortune is remarkably good until you have another one told you. Don't halloo until you have got your head safe out of the wood, particularly at Donnybrook fair.

THE GREEK MARINER—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LEVANT.

We were nearing the Isle of Cyprus, when there arose half a gale of wind with a heavy, chopping sea. No prudent Greek mariner relies upon a wind unless it is right astern or on the quarter, so up went the helm of the little brigantine, and we scudded for twenty-five hours without intermission. At the end of this period we found a rock-bound coast on our lee, which according to our notions of seamanship would soon have brought the *Amphitrite* to an evil end. Our captain's instructions in navigation had been different. He abhorred the open sea as nature does a vacuum, and hugged the shore as fondly as the Argonauts of old. A dozen times he seemed on the point of running his vessel upon the rocks, but was unaccountably favored by the nature of the coast, for the waters of the *Ægean* preserve their depth here to the very cliffs, and a Greek sailor becomes, by constant practice, dexterous in coasting along the land he loves so well.

But though we escaped being "jammed in" upon a lee shore, it was no part of Greek marine tactics to lay a course for the port of destination, unless there were a stiff breeze blowing exactly in the direction of it. So we cruised at large for several days; Menaeli, our skipper, by a natural instinct, keeping all the while close to the land, with the intention undoubtedly of running in the brigantine, in case of necessity, and giving her a berth on the beach. St. Nicholas is the great patron saint of the Greek mariners. The *Amphitrite* had a small picture of him, hung up like a barometer, at one end of her cabin. This dodging about the coast began after a few days to grow irksome, and Menaeli consumed a large portion of his time on his marrowbones before the little picture of his patron saint, praying for a wind for Cyprus. He exhibited more anxiety to reach the isle than any of us, and I verily believe would have tempted the element, by trying to make a point in our course, had it not been for the opposition of the mate, who undoubtedly had the crew with him on this point. The mate was a Hydriot, a native of the rocky isle which grows nothing but mariners and mariners' wives. He was fierce and gloomy, cautious and suspicious, and not entirely friendly in his relations with Menaeli, as I observed whenever the exigencies of duty brought them together. He was a great prognosticator of evil, and expended wonderful energy in keeping down the spirits of fellow creatures by horrible forebodings.

On the fourth morning after we had thus commenced tracing the shore-line of the *Ægean*, I was awakened by a terrible noise overhead. I hastily rushed to the deck. Menaeli had brought his craft close in upon an unknown shore, which was at this moment embellished by a score of as ferocious-looking scoundrels as one would wish to see, on a fine morning, within half a cable's length of him. The minds of Greek mariners are nurtured from infancy upon tales of terror, and I doubt not Menaeli was at this moment impressed with some horrible tale of cannibalism at which he had to shudder in his youth, for he afterwards described to me the supposed carnivorous character of these monsters with great earnestness.

Having once determined in his own mind the nature of the reception intended for him, he naturally inclined to postpone the dinner indefinitely, rather than attend the banquet in the character of a roasted Greek, so one half the crew were ordered to worship St. Nicholas, and the other to put about the brigantine. It was this which had occasioned the unusual noise.

We were just getting round, when suddenly there came down from betwixt the mountains one of those instantaneous hurricanes peculiar to southern climates. In spite of St. Nicholas, Menaeli was carried out to sea with a celerity to which Greek navigation was unaccustomed. It blew fiercely, and the sea ran heavily and high.

Menaeli stood by the helmsman, alternately importuning St. Nicholas, and imprecating the rascal who held the tiller, lest in his fright he should drop it. As the cause for alarm increased the crew gathered together in a close group around Hydriot, pale and grim, under their hooded capotes; now looking furtively along the path of the storm, and now venturing savage glances at the captain, who in the very teeth of the storm was making the wretched helmsman steer Cyprus-ward.

Low mutterings and fierce were borne aft to the ears of Menaeli, but he seemed imbued with an unaccountable and entirely un-Grecian scorn of the elements, and with an unalterable resolution to reach Cyprus; so they passed unheeded. Presently there came a heavy sea which caught the bow of the brigantine, as she was rising from the trough between two waves. Every plank shuddered, but she came out of it, and stood on the crest of the wave; not a spar gone, and the bowsprit unharmed.

The Hydriot, dripping with the brine of the *Ægean*, walked fiercely up to the staunch Menaeli, and encouraged by the angry growls of the crew borne audibly on the wings of the blast, commanded him in their name to change the course of the brigantine.

"Never, while a guardian angel beckons me to Cyprus, and I have an arm to guide the helm!" answered the Greek.

"Your guardian angel will prove your destroying demon!" shouted the fierce Hydriot, and attempted to seize the tiller, to put up the helm.

The captain's eyes flashed fire, his frame quivered with emotion, the spirit of his Ionian forefathers was aroused; he saw an enemy more terrible than Philip of Macedon on the weather bow, and the spirit of mutiny more fearful still, which had seized his crew. He grasped the Hydriot around the waist; again the sea came trampling over the timbers, and over the struggling combatants. As the *Amphitrite* rose from its embrace, Menaeli was revealed dripping with the storm, but proudly erect and at the helm, while the savage Hydriot lay prostrate and helpless upon the soaking deck.

Brave deeds sustained by brave words gained their natural mastery over terror. The brigantine held her course, and in half an hour we got under the lee of the isle of Cyprus and found ourselves in smooth water.

Limesal was our landing-place, the most western part of the isle.

There was a Greek at Limesal who had hoisted a consul's flag, and at his house I took my lodgings, by particular desire. The isle is beautiful, covered with a wilderness of myrtles and thousands of bright leaved shrubs, which twine their arms together in inextricable tangles. The air comes to your lips warm and fragrant, heavy with the perfume of flowers, and affecting you with a sense of the mystic power with which it was once imbued, when the hundred altars of the Paphian temple glowed with Arabian incense.

The day but one after my arrival happened to be the birthday of my host, and a constant influx of male and female visitors, who came to offer their congratulations, enabled me to see and judge from personal observation of the far-famed beauty of the people of this isle.

I was surprised, when the morning had somewhat advanced, at the entrance of Menaeli, the Greek captain of the *Amphitrite*, accompanied by a most glitteringly beautiful Cypriote girl. There was a high-souled meaning and consciousness of gentle power in the expression of her face, which distinguished her at once from the score of graceful Cypriotes who had visited my host in the course of the morning. The richly abounding hair descended the neck and passed the waist in sumptuous braids, and, like all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, her costume was graciously beautiful, and fell in soft, luxurious folds over the wavy lines of the shoulders.

Throughout the Levant, Cyprus is notoriously the enchanted isle, a sojourn upon which inevitably incurs either the rapture or the bitterness of love. The charm of the women consists not more in their beauty than in their tact and bewitching ways. They cast about them so ineffable a spell, that no Greek who would keep a heart entire ever ventures within their charmed influence.

I knew the tradition, but was sceptical of its truth till I gazed upon Menaeli's queenly companion. She went through the ceremony of congratulation in the sweetest manner, and partook of the proffered sweetmeats with bewitching grace. Menaeli looked regally happy, and I readily pardoned myself for a momentary sensation of a nature like that prohibited in the tenth commandment.

I never expected again to look upon this vision of loveliness, but I was disappointed. Menaeli came to me on the following day, his face the very picture of terror, and told me that his

Leila was evidently ill. They had been walking together in her father's house, when a delicious bouquet flew over the garden wall. The lovely Cypriote picked it from the pavement and inhaled repeatedly its exquisite fragrance. In half an hour she was a prey to the most agonising paroxysms. Nothing in the East is more common than such a method of killing. A flower impregnated with some deadly Asiatic decoction is not unfrequently the instrument of vengeance. The Hydriot, Menaeli informed me, was his unsuccessful rival for the smiles of the Cypriote maiden, and he doubted not that it was his disappointment and hatred that had caused the terrible sufferings of his "guardian angel."

It was terrible to behold that glorious shape a prey to such agony, and still more so to hear that sweet voice uttering the incoherent exclamations of a frenzied brain. She was in high fever: her head ached with a burning pain, and her pulse bounded quick and fitfully, as the fevered blood leaped from the heart under its terrible stimulus.

I fortunately had in my possession the ordinary remedies for allaying fever, and immediately prescribed them. Menaeli was terribly affected. He sat by the bedside of his beloved, either pressing to his bosom the hot white hand or endeavoring to repress the wild expressions of those sweetly-turned lips by pressing his own passionately to them. He sat there sobbing and mourning throughout the day, his heart nearly broken and his brain almost touched by the fiery hand of the Angel of Death, which had smote his betrothed. He gave way to no feeling of vengeance against the Hydriot assassin, but his whole soul and body was absorbed by the ever terrible conviction that he was about to lose her, for whose loss the wealth of the Indies would be poor compensation.

On the third day the fever culminated. No medicine had exerted the slightest influence in allaying the fearful distemper, and nature was about to assert her triumph or yield to the violence of disease.

The paroxysms and the incoherent ravings had ceased, but the struggling breath came choking from the oppressed bosom and escaped with difficulty through the portals of the half-opened lips. The frightened blood leaped from the heart and through the inflamed veins with wonderful rapidity. Another breath struggled fitfully from the distressed bosom, and stopped half powerless to labor through the barrier of the parched mouth; but the next respiration came more easily, and the next still more so. By night the torturing weight was lifted from the brain, the scorching heat burned less terribly upon the forehead, and the pulse beat less fitfully and violently. The fever had subsided!

A week afterwards I left Cyprus in the Amphitrite for Larneca. The Hydriot mate had been discharged, and Menaeli, in the protective character of husband, was administering sea air to hasten the convalescence of his queenly Leila.

LIVING IN PART OF A HOUSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Two families in one house. I wonder who first conceived the idea of such an arrangement? In my opinion it was either one of Lucifer's agents or a madman. Whoever it was, he has my unbounded detestation and abhorrence. The united fraternity of housekeepers should make a point of ascertaining his identity and burn him in effigy every May day.

Before two women have occupied the same house a twelve-month, they utterly detest each other. They do not do it premeditatedly. It is a law of nature. A something they can no more overcome than their natural craving for food or the necessity for nocturnal slumber.

And when they have fairly launched into the sea of discord what a horrible time they do have of it—the very thought makes me shudder. I had rather take up my abode within bullet range of two conflicting armies, than reside in a house occupied by two families who "don't speak."

I must confess that women are generally at the bottom of the whole tumult. If left to themselves the male part of the establishment would usually be contented with a sort of mutual

toleration system, and unless the almighty dollar came in question, live peaceably enough; but the crinoline wearers won't consent to any such arrangement, not they. Brown and Smith would say good-morning to each other, or mention the startling and interesting fact that "it was a wet day," and know nothing of each other save an occasional interchange of newspapers for years. But Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown are made of other stuff, and hold different opinions. They grow violently intimate at first—they become bosom friends; Mrs. Brown confides the inmost secrets of her breast to Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith unfolds her hidden griefs to Mrs. Brown. For a fortnight they shop together, go to church together and all but live together. Then comes a change, a revulsion, a crash. It is all over; and after that gentlemen may cry "peace, peace," but there is no peace. Confusion worse confounded overwhelms the house, and the whole establishment is in an uproar.

You select a house and make sure of a quiet family. You have succeeded to your heart's content, as you imagine; your co-tenants are a Mr. Soaper and wife without children. Mr. Soaper is a very precise personage in a ministerial neckcloth. Mrs. Soaper, an exceedingly respectable woman, with cast-iron collar and cuffs and immaculate habiliments. Cleanest of the clean is Mrs. Soaper—walls, stairs and windows are without stain, and you rejoice thereat exceedingly.

You change your tune before long, however. You hear a terrible clamor in the hall one morning, and imagining that the house is on fire rush to the head of the stairs to ascertain the truth of your suspicions. It is only Mrs. Soaper talking at you from below. "Marks of feet on the oilcloth," utters Mrs. Soaper's shrill voice; "Marks of feet on the oilcloth. It must be some of those folks up-stairs. I knew just how it would be when they moved in. I wonder whether they think that I paid ten shillings a-yard for this oilcloth to have it walked over with dirty feet?"

You inquire from above, "How are people to come in without treading on the floor?"

To which Mrs. Soaper replies that "She does not think you fit to speak to; but some people do love dirt she believes, or they wouldn't have so much of it."

The truce is ended; the proclamation of war is issued. You regale your husband with an account of the circumstance over your evening meal, and his remark that "he knew just how it would be, two women could not live together without quarrelling," strikes you as exceedingly brutal and unfeeling, and you retire in tears, the whole affair interfering so materially with your digestion that you dream all night that a small edition of Mrs. Soaper, with a very dark complexion and of great weight, sits upon your bosom and hammers at your face with a little black broomstick.

Hostilities having commenced, Mrs. Soaper seizes on everything as a pretext for venting her wrath. An elderly gentleman of particularly quiet and stately manners calls next day. No sooner has he entered than Mrs. Soaper announces from the bottom of the stairs her determination of taking up her oilcloth if a pack of fellows must run over it. Little Tom plays ball in the garden; he is informed that "the garden is no place for children to play in." In Mrs. Soaper's opinion the only possible use of a garden is to dry clothes; the only intention of a grass-plot to "bleach a few pieces." Your most stylish friends the Flyaways call, and Mrs. Soaper sends them around the alleyway, with the information that there is too much running in and out of her front door. In fact, there is no annoyance which Mrs. Soaper leaves untried; and at the end of the year you move, having the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Soaper has told every one that you were the dirtiest people she ever knew. You are not quite so particular about neat people next time. Horror of horrors, you have caught it now. The house is a perfect pigstye! the hall is covered by a conglomeration of rents and patches. The parlor blinds are fastened up by forks. A barrel of garbage simmers pleasantly upon the sidewalk in the summer sun; the tubs and charcoal-baskets are kept in the entry; you set your foot in the dishpan on descending the stairs, and four or five dirty children are for ever playing school on the front steps. You remonstrate; they retort—hot water and brimstone is the result. You move again; this time your neighbors are of a lively turn; the girls have dancing parties every night over your head; the young men take lessons in

boxing and the broadsword exercise after you have retired for the night.

Your notions of propriety are shocked by noisy card parties on Sunday evenings. You move again, after expressing your feelings on the stairs, and making the house too hot to hold you. This time you select a pious family. Worse than ever. The minister of the pious family calls, and your youngest little boy sneezes while he is in the house. You are requested not to have warm dinners on Sunday. You buy a Sunday paper, and are informed that it is a disreputable proceeding. The whole family groan at you in passing, and you are electrified by hearing a prayer-meeting held above you one night, in the course of which the misdeeds of that poor, benighted, misguided Episcopalian family down-stairs are mentioned in elaborate terms, and a very doubtful supplication for pardon offered up as an excuse for summing up your delinquencies. Of course you can't stand that, you insist upon giving the excellent family a piece of your mind next morning. An awful uproar is the result. Mr. ——— interferes, and in his excitement utters the profane exclamation, "Dem it," from which moment he acquires the reputation of a lawless and dreadful man who "swears awfully." You move again. Gunpowder and a lighted match—your "girl" is colored; the one belonging to the family down stairs is Irish.

Biddy won't sweep the front pavement "with that nager in it." Dinah makes disagreeable remarks on the subject of "white trash."

Biddy washes on the day on which Dinah considers the wash-house her exclusive domain.

In revenge Dinah shakes a dusty carpet over the wet clothes upon the line. Biddy calls Dinah a "dirty black craythur."

Dinah says, "Thank goodness, I ain't no nasty Irish."

Biddy throws wet clothes upon Dinah. Dinah throws dusty carpet upon Biddy. In the tumult the kettle of hot water is upset upon the pet poodle, who howls dreadfully and pretends to expire. Your oldest boy, to whom the poodle belongs, rushes to his father's office with the incoherent information that "he's scalded to death." Papa, naturally supposing the personal pronoun "he" to indicate one of the children, flies without his hat to the nearest doctor's; seizes that gentleman, who is very stout and wheezy, by the coat collar, and drags him at what would be an excellent pace for a racehorse to your residence; where Fido, who has recovered his health, but not his temper, is employed in worrying the cat until her tail is a yard in circumference. Seeing the doctor and having an aversion to strangers, Fido makes immediately for his ankles; and the doctor, believing himself to be in the presence of a mad dog, flies to the kitchen, where Biddy, becoming aware of a ponderous body of something black moving with velocity in her direction, and supposing him to be Dinah, assaults him with a poker.

Firmly convinced that he has entered an insane asylum, the doctor rushes through the passage into the back basement, where Dinah, who is expecting an assault from Biddy, deals him a blow with the broom from behind the door; when the doctor flies up stairs again and comes in contact and collision with Mr. ———, who is coming down to explain, and both roll to the foot together. Biddy and Dinah shriek, the children cry, Fido barks, the cat minnows, Mr. ——— apologizes, and the doctor expresses his indignation. Next morning you have two bills on hand, one with "To Let" upon it for the ornamentation of your front door, the other a bill from the doctor running thus:

To unnecessary medical attendance	- - -	\$ 5
To injuries from dog's bite	- - -	- 10
To blow from Irish girl	- - -	- 10
To blow from negro girl with broom	- - -	- 10
To being knocked down stairs	- - -	- 10
		—
		\$45

In a week you move again to encounter other miseries, worse people and more desperate quarrels. You never feel that you have a home. Your character becomes that of Ishmael, your brow grows furrowed and your voice sharp; and all because you have tried to overcome a law of nature, and force two families to dwell in one house.

A RUSSIAN FAIR.

Our abode at Nijni Novgorod was situated in a suburb on the opposite side of the river, so that it was necessary to cross the bridge of boats every time we wished to visit the fair; and here the confusion was always the greatest. We were obliged to struggle our way, if on foot, amidst sheepskins, greasy enough to scent us for the rest of our lives, thereby adding to the store of fleas with which we had started from our lodging. Women, with waists immediately under their throats, and petticoats tucked up to their knees, tramped it gallantly through the mud, and made better progress than we could.

A Cossack on horseback rode up and down the bridge for the purpose of keeping order amid the droskies, which, heedless of the rules of the road, dashed in every direction, apparently bent upon splashing those they did not run over. Drunken men continually stumbled against us; and when at last we reached the slough on the opposite side, the confusion and hubbub were greater than ever. The mud in the shallowest parts was at least two feet in depth, and nearly everybody waded about in it with Russian leather jack-boots. Numbers of small shops surrounded the bespattered populace, while a few miserable attempts at shows only proved how little they were appreciated.

At the corners of the streets running into this delectable hole were stationed Cossacks, who showered blows upon offending Mujiks or peasants with their heavy lashed whips, without regard to the nature of the offence or the size of the victim. Turning up one of these streets, and penetrating farther into the fair, other scenes and pleasanter forms meet the eye. The gay dress of the Georgian forms a pleasing contrast to the everlasting sheepskin; and, as we enter the shop of the Tiflis merchant, beautifully embroidered slippers, rich table covers and the finest silks are spread out temptingly before us; and it is fortunate for our pockets that we have a steppe journey in prospect, and the vision of sundry custom-houses afterwards.

In the next shop are handsome furs and skins piled in every available corner, and the owner of the valuable collection stands at the door, his flowing robe and dignified demeanor betokening his Eastern origin. Aaron was, in fact, a Bukharian Jew, who delighted to show us his costly wares, even though there was no chance of our becoming purchasers; and, finally, regaled us with almonds, split peas and raisins—flattered, perhaps, by the admiration we expressed at the belt he wore, the buckle of which, composed of solid silver, was set with turquoises. But it would be hopeless to attempt a description of the costumes of the different merchants and shopkeepers, or to enumerate the variety of articles exposed for sale.—*Lawrence Oliphant.*

THE "Swan of Pasaro" has for years been the subject of the personal gossip of French stories. If anybody makes up a witty repartee it is at once attributed to poor Rossini, and is retailed in all the salons of Paris as the production of the jovial old composer. Just now they are talking about his new house, the *Maison de Passey*. Rossini has the notion that the French decorators are inferior to the Italian, so he has his house decorated by painters from Bologna. The decorations of the establishment are purely musical. The panels above the doors are adorned with representations of musical instruments. Upon the walls of the parlors are delineated the reception of Mozart at Vienna, Palestrina reading one of his scores and similar objects. Even the garden is musical in its suggestions—the trees are cut to bear shaggy resemblances to musical instruments, and the lawns are laid out in the form of huge bass viols. The other day Rossini was talking about Wagner and his music. "He is," said Rossini, "a man of immense talent wasted on a false system. His music is full of science, and only wants rhythm, form, idea and melody." As he was speaking he served to his guest a fine turbot with rich sauce; when he helped M. Carafa, who was a firm defender of Wagner, he sent him only the sauce. "Eh bien," said Carafa, "you don't give me any fish!" "What's the matter?" replied Rossini. "I help you according to your taste. That's Wagner's music—sauce without fish."

SHIPS EMBEDDED IN THE EARTH.

THE number of great vessels which have at different periods been swept into destruction by the winds and waters, is not to be computed. Suddenly surprised by tornadoes, maelstroms, gulf streams or other tremendous powers, hundreds of ships are on record that, hurried from their moorings, have been driven inland, and swallowed up by the earthquakes that followed the inundations of the sea. In 1462, as some men were working a mine near Berne, in Switzerland, they found a ship one hundred fathoms deep in the earth, with anchors of iron, and sails of linen, with the remains of forty men. Paire Naxis relates a like history of another such ship having been found under a very high mountain. Eusebius Newcombergus, the Jesuit, in his fifth book of "Natural History," says, that near the port of Lima, in Peru, as the people were working a gold mine, they found a ship, on which were many characters very different from ours. Strabo also relates, in his first book, that the wrecks of ships have been found three hundred and seventy-five miles from the sea.

Dr. Plott, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," relates a story, that the mast of a ship, with a pulley hanging to it, was found in one of the Greenland mountains. Is it to be supposed that these ships, which have been found beneath the surface of the earth, were antediluvian ships? If they were (and mankind knew the use of ships before the flood), it is not probable that all mankind except Noah and his family would have been drowned by a deluge of waters. Is it not more probable, that violent earthquakes, since the deluge, have been the means of swallowing up these ships? But the sea must, at that time, have covered that part of the land where they have been found.

In 1692, on the 7th of June, the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, was in two minutes totally destroyed by an earthquake; many ships were also swallowed up. In 1746, Callao, a seaport town in Peru, was violently shaken by an earthquake, and of five thousand inhabitants only two hundred were saved. The sea rolled in upon the town in mountainous waves; ships of burden were conveyed over the garrison walls; and one ship, which arrived from Chili the preceding day, was conveyed to the foot of the mountains and left on dry ground.

In 1755, on the 1st of November, Lisbon, in Portugal, was also destroyed by an earthquake; many ships in the harbor were also swallowed up, only their masts appearing above water; the sea suddenly rolled in like a mountain, ships were driven from their moorings, and tossed about with great violence. Cadiz, on the same day that Lisbon was destroyed, was violently shaken by an earthquake, and the inhabitants were yet more alarmed at the appearance of a wave coming towards the town at least sixty feet higher than common; it beat in the breastwork of the walls, and carried pieces of eight or ten tons weight forty or fifty yards from the wall, and passed over a parapet sixty feet above the ordinary level of the water.

In 1818 an account was received at the Admiralty of a discovery made in the south of Africa, about twenty miles north of Cape Town. Some persons in digging happened to strike upon what appeared a beam of timber, but tracing it, they found a ship deeply imbedded in the soil. A plank of it accompanied the account of the discovery to the Admiralty.

EASTERN MAGNIFICENCE.

THE rajah's young sister had just been married to the son of the Jat chief of Naba, who was accompanied in his matrimonial visit (berat) by the chief of Ludora, and the son of the seikh chief of Putealee, with a cortege of one hundred elephants and about fifteen thousand people. The young chief of Balumgar mustered a cortege of sixty elephants and about ten thousand men, to attend him out in the Istakbal, to meet and welcome his guests. The bridegroom's party had to expend about six hundred thousand rupees in this visit alone.

They scattered copper money all along the road from their homes to within seven miles of Balumgar. From this point to the gate of the fort they had to scatter silver; and from this

gate to the door of the palace they scattered gold and jewels of all kinds. The son of the Putealee chief, a lad of about ten years of age, sat upon his elephant, with a bag containing six hundred gold mohurs, of two guineas each, mixed up with an infinite variety of gold ear-rings, pearls and precious stones, which he scattered in handfuls among the crowd. The scattering of the copper and silver had been left to inferior hands.

The costs of the family of the bride are always much greater than that of the bridegroom. They are obliged to entertain, at their own expense, all the bridegroom's guests as well as their own, as long as they remain; and over and above this, on the present occasion, the rajah gave a rupee to every person that came, invited or uninvited. An immense concourse of people had assembled to share in this donation, and to scramble for the money scattered along the road: and ready money enough was not found in the treasury. Before a further supply could be got, thirty thousand more had collected and every one got his rupee. They have them all put into pens like sheep. When all are in, the doors are opened at a signal given, and every person is paid his rupee as he goes out.

Some European gentlemen were standing upon the top of the rajah's palace, looking at the procession as it entered the fort, and passed underneath; and the young chief threw up some handfuls of pearls, gold and jewels among them. Not one of them would of course condescend to take up any; but their servants showed none of the same dignified forbearance.—*Col. Sleeman's Rambles in India.*

THE NOSE A TEST OF COLOR.—Really we fancy that the nose has a sense of color. It must be endowed with some faculty of the kind, for there is no feature that betrays so lively a sensibility to the various gradations of color. It changes, too, according to the seasons. In summer, it is a delicate red color; in winter, as if to compensate us for the loss of the fog-draped heavens, the nostrils shine out with a beautiful pale blue. We have seen a nose almost turn black, when a bungling servant has spilt some turtle down the neck of its proprietor's coat. At other times, we have discovered a slight tinge of green on the nasal tips of certain elderly ladies, when they have been more than usually jealous of the success of a younger rival. Crimson tints, we believe, are common enough on clerical countenances in cathedral towns, and other luminaries who are apt to moisten their arguments with plenty of port wine. Moreover, have not all of us noticed, when a person has received an unexpected coin from a miser, or a skindint, or a practised promise-breaker, or an accomplished swindler, how carefully he approaches it to his nostrils, as though he were anxious, not merely to see the color of the gentleman's money, but to sniff the smell of it also? We have observed the same peculiarity in picture-buyers. They seem to rub their noses almost against the canvas. The same forwardness is displayed by young gentlemen, when a pretty young lady is introduced to their notice. The way in which they thrust their noses vulgarly forward, is clearly done to enable them to test the color of her eyes.

POPULAR FALLACIES.—There is a wonderful vigor of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head till it seems to have given up the ghost, and, lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever again. The best example of the vitality of a fine saying which has the advantage of being a fallacy is in the over-hackneyed piece of nonsense attributed to Archimedes, viz, that "he could move the earth, if he had any place at a distance from it to fix a prop for his lever." This is one of the standard allusions, one of the necessary stock in trade for all orators, poets and newspaper writers, and persons, whenever they meet with it, take Archimedes for an extraordinary great man, and cry, "Lord, how wonderful!" Now if Archimedes had found his place, his prop and lever, and if he could have moved with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, four hundred and eighty-five miles every hour, it would have taken him just 44,963,540,000,000 years to have raised the earth one inch! And yet people will go on quoting absurdity as gospel, wondering at the wisdom of Archimedes.

JOHN CASSELL.

LORD BROUGHAM, in an address delivered before the Social Science Conference, held at Liverpool in October, 1858, speaking of the great improvements which had taken place in popular literature, remarked: "Of one individual, John Cassell, who has taken a leading part, perhaps the most prominent part, in these important proceedings, it is fit to mention his name, because he has himself been a working man, and has by his industry risen from a most humble station. The variety of works which he has published is very great and their circulation extraordinary. The prices which he gives to secure the best assistance of liter-

disseminate the principles and cultivate the habit of temperance among the people, he purchased the copyright of a book which was selling at sixty cents, and, with the view of giving it a more extended circulation, issued it at six cents—the cost of paper and printing—and the result of his experiment was that an edition of twenty thousand was called for.

Encouraged by this success, Mr. Cassell commenced the plan of offering prizes to secure the best advocacy of measures calculated to ameliorate the condition of the working classes. Six hundred dollars were offered by him for papers or short essays on the various aspects of the temperance movement, which movement he rightly considered an essential preliminary to any real improvement in the condition of working men.



JOHN CASSELL, THE CELEBRATED LONDON PUBLISHER

rary men and artists do the greatest credit to his liberality and good sense, as his remarkable success proves."

Large as is the number of those who during the last thirty years have made the elevation of the working classes of England a favorite occupation, there is probably not one who has labored so zealously and achieved so much as John Cassell. Arriving in London from his native city, Manchester, with but six cents in his pocket, he by industry and perseverance attained a high business position. Though unacquainted with the printing and publishing trade, he was anxious, at the first indications of prosperity, to make the press the means of improving and elevating the class from which he had risen. To

These papers were circulated by tens of thousands throughout the kingdom, and excited a good deal of interest in the public mind. The next prize was two hundred and fifty dollars for the best essay on the condition of the working classes of England, and the best means of elevating them. The social condition of Ireland came in for a share of his attention, and he offered a prize of two hundred guineas (over one thousand dollars) for the best essay on the evils by which it has so long been marked. It was awarded to Mr. Caulfield Heron, a Professor in the Queen's College, Galway, and one of the foremost political economists of the day.

Mr. Cassell has subsequently offered three hundred and

seventy-five dollars—afterwards made up to six hundred dollars—for the best papers upon ten different topics, on social science, written by working men. The adjudicators were the Earls of Shaftesbury and Carlisle, Lords Brougham and John Russell, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr. Napier, the ex Chancellor of Ireland, the learned Recorder Birmingham, Mr. Commissioner Hill, &c. The names of the ten successful competitors were announced by Lord Brougham at the Bradford Social Science Conference, who then pronounced Mr. Cassell "one of the greatest benefactors of the country." In addition to these prizes, Mr. Cassell has offered seventeen hundred and fifty dollars for two tales which shall best illustrate the advantages of sobriety, industry, perseverance and integrity in the race of life, by the career of two individuals of opposite qualities and tendencies.

But it has been in the cause of education that Mr. Cassell's efforts have exerted the greatest influence and been attended by the most marked success. A large portion of the working class of England is uneducated. In 1851, out of a juvenile population of five millions, not more than two millions were upon school attendance, and out of these not more than five hundred thousand remained at school beyond the age of nine. For the thousands of youth and young men who had but barely learned to read, Cassell's Popular Educator was issued, sixteen pages weekly, for two cents. Each weekly number was filled with lessons upon all the popular branches of education. How the people of England appreciated this undertaking may be gathered from the fact that a circulation of two hundred thousand was attained. This was followed by the Historical and the Biblical Educators. The extent to which Mr. Cassell's operations have extended may be inferred when we state that the firm of Cassell, Petter & Galpin's issue of periodical literature is considerably over half a million per week. Their circulation of educational works in volumes is very great.

Mr. Cassell is now in this country, having paid us a visit for the purpose of bringing out here the Illustrated Family Bible, a work which has already attained an unparalleled success on the other side of the water, and in the preparation of which he has been intent for many years. Of the issue of one number alone a circulation of two hundred thousand has been attained in England. This is unquestionably the greatest success yet achieved in a field in which Mr. Cassell's labors have already made him *facile princeps*—the art of placing the best productions, both of the literary and artistic world, within the reach of the masses. The illustrations of the "Family Bible" are designed and engraved by the best artists of England and France, a result which of course any publisher could accomplish; but Mr. Cassell is the only publisher in the world who would offer thirty-two quarto pages of such a work, in large print, with copious notes and copious marginal references, for fifteen cents. It is not often the world is called upon to admire the union of great commercial success with untiring philanthropy, and Mr. Cassell's career presents so remarkable an example of it, that we shall almost be ashamed if he does not reap as much honor and reward on our soil as he has done on his own, brief though his stay amongst us is likely to be.

ANECDOTE OF WILSON THE ORNITHOLOGIST.—The following is an extract from a letter written to a friend by this clever and amiable naturalist: "One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prize. I set about drawing it the same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations which mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

Por—bang!—cr'r'r'r'rack—flip—boong! Fetch her out and load her up well! Give me another pack of crackers—let fly the old musket—touch off the Roman candles—ignite the Cath'rine-wheels, fire the cannons—is'n't it jolly?

We need not say, reader, that the above refers strictly to the Fourth of July, which will soon be with us. Every nation in the world has one fire-working, pistol-banging holiday. The Chinese gunpowder everything as strongly as possible at all times, but their New Year is especially sanctified with pin-wheels and squibs. In England boys are pyrotechnically exalted on Guy Fawkes's Day, the Fifth of November. The Italians make midnight infernalesque with wildfire during the Settimana Santa, and German peasants in the merry and fair Rhine-land rejoice in the vintage time by exploding with wild outcry much villainous saltpetre. All the world over there is one firework and *feu de joie* day when the world is merry and mad with wild noises. It is, we suppose, a deeply implanted principle in human nature that it must have its gunpowder days. Long before men had printed books, long before Europe was generally familiar with washing and shirts or with anything like real comfort, the art of preparing fireworks was well known. Long before Barthold Schwartz made gunpowder in Germany—yes, a full century before Roger Bacon astonished his brother friars, there were written out in Anglo-Norman monk Latin manuscripts barbarous recipes *ad faciendum le crake*—in plain English, "for making a *figs-on-aker*," for the very word *crake* has been preserved in connection with the article. Those who would verify the assertion are referred to Sir Francis Palgrave's Merchant and Friar, an odd novel, in which an antiquarian dreamer sighs for something which will never be seen—a modern renaissance of the Middle Ages.

To return to our fireworks. It is a thousand pities that every Fourth of July hands over "the American nation" to the Fifth minus sundry fingers, arms, legs and other personal adornments; a thousand pities that accidents will occur, and ten thousand pities that in our great cities the fun should every year become more and more identified with all manner of blackguardism, debauchery and rowdiness. As regards the danger, something might be done by an ingenious mechanic who would devise implements which would make an horrible noise without any scorching explosion. Could not a monster rattle be contrived whose every snap would be loud as that of a double-header? And are there no condensations of air, no possible concussions of boards or metallic plates which would prove as annoying to refined nerves as the rattling of musketry and the thunder of cannons. Upon our word—now that we begin to think the matter over, we begin to believe that there is something in it. Think of the money annually fired away in salutes, which could be saved if the sound were only producible by a machine which would only require a little monthly oiling! Think of how gloriously—how merrily—how uproariously the boys would keep the Fourth by machinery, if every turn of a crank would bang like a musket or crack like a rifle?

Then there is the Calliopean steam-whistle. Can't anybody contrive to have one, scream the whole country into fits without the necessity of constructing a whole steam engine? Couldn't wind enough be raised with a small Ericsson or a big pair of bellows under rolling pressure? The fact is that our inventors and patentees have turned their attention so exclusively towards the useful, that few have thought of developing the disagreeable. Yet when this has been done it has always paid. Witness the squealing india-rubber bagpipes and the locomotive whistles and birdcalls sold along Broadway? Since there are already show-fireworks without gunpowder, why may there not be sounds produced in like manner! And if so, why then Fourth of July without danger is not a mere dream, but something towards which anxious mothers may look with loving earnestness and newspaper reporters with grief, for there would be no "frightful accidents" to grieve the one or supply with "chips" the other.

But, unfortunately, it is the very danger which gives the zest to the pyrotechnic pleasures of Young America. Deprive crackers and pin-wheels of their scorching wrath and latent power to perhaps render life miserable, and the boys would turn from them in disgust, blaze they never so brightly, crack they never so loudly. It is the consciousness of power, of playing with dangerous things, of conquering as it were a sort of wild beast, which makes these Oriental-born devil's playthings so enticing. The three year old boy who is afraid of a torpedo is yet fascinated by it; he sees his older brother "snapping the things off" and earnestly desires the fun to continue, though he stand at a distance, for he foresees the time when he too shall master the crackling, terrible little fiends.

All the world has, under one pretence or another its Fourth of Julys, and if we look closely into the matter we shall find that we all of us—you madame, and you reverend sir, and you dignified

friend—have our squibs and double-headers and fire-crackers—our dangerous little exploders which we love because they snap and are dangerous. What is that bit of scandal, dear sir, which you are firing off? It does you no good to ventilate it—nay, it is a dangerous thing and may explode as to bring a revolver to bear on you, and serve you right. But there's the delightful dangerous point. It snaps, it squibs, it bangs!

We are all children; we all have our follies and fire-crackers; happy the man who knows the least of all or knowing cares not! So mote it be!

Reader, did you ever come across a fast woman? Not your lively goodhearted mischievous friend Kate, whose fastness displays itself in nothing wickeder than riding all the neck-breaking horses in the village and tormenting everybody with rollicking practical jokes. Nor do we mean exactly those headlong daughters of depravity who are branded, marked and Pariahed by the worst of men. The "fast woman" of the world is different from all these. What she is, is well described in the following extract from the *Tribune*:

The following picture of a class, and a numerous class too, is not overdrawn by the *Tribune*, and it hits very many outside of Gotham. There is always a mysterious hanging about the "fast woman's" antecedents. One thing is certain, though found on every New York square, she is rarely a New Yorker by birth. Few city girls, who have the accomplishments to render a "fast woman's" career successful, enter upon a "fast woman's" life. She comes to us after an apprenticeship in Boston or Philadelphia, and she probably went to those cities from the country long before; but no one city, not even New York can detain her long. Her genius travels from spot to spot. A placer failing them in Boston, they go "prospecting" to other towns. From the Revere, where their last arrangement was "played out," they come to the St. Nicholas, to see "what they can make;" and in summer they go in throngs from one watering-place to another. Generally, two or three unite their forces for the summer campaign. Not unfrequently one attends a genteel-looking sporting man as his sister, while two others figure as cousins or family friends. Together, they are a formidable set.

Mysterious as are the "fast woman's" antecedents, her present, except in the assumed summer disguise referred to, is still more so. She comes to the "respectable" private boarding-house almost always as a married woman. Unfortunately her husband's business is of a nature that keeps him travelling. He is the collector and general agent for some commercial firm, or he is engaged in buying flour at the West, or he is sojourning in Europe. The California story of the husband in successful San Francisco business, and of remittances always expected, is about played out. The sobriquet of "California widow" provokes suspicion at the onset. Not a few "fast women" hunt in couples; one who has passed through years of atrocious experience unites her willingness to the beauty and youth of another new to the trade, and the two, as mother and daughter, or more frequently aunt and niece, easily locate themselves in any boarding-house they choose.

Once settled down in a new place, the "fast woman's" method is simple. It is true that she alternates, through life, between stages of magnificence and squalor. Rarely saving her extortionate gains, she is frequently unable to pay her board, or buy her clothing, when fairly shaken off by an outraged victim. But supposing her in funds, and just arrived on new ground; she has her qualities to begin with. She is a woman of passion, is handsome, dresses with the usual good or bad taste of moneyed American females, sings a little, plays a little, dances a good deal. Is quiet, and behaves herself. But Mesdames boarding-house keepers, you can always tell her by one sign. Before she has been with you a week, she will be acquainted with every man in the house who is open to attack—be he lawyer, broker, merchant or merchant's clerk—and will know very few, if any, of your lady inmates. The latter, with their finer female instincts, will find her out, at any rate to their own satisfaction. By and by, perhaps, though very quiet and companionless at first, she will have many gentleman visitors. Perhaps you will then recollect that when she applied for board, she referred you only to gentlemen—and highly respectable gentlemen they were too—for information as to her means and character.

Now, if all these things are in combination, you may be wronging an innocent female in doing what you say you have a right to do—that is, in strongly suspecting your fascinating and unsuspecting lady boarder to be a "fast woman," and in keeping a watch upon her movements—in expecting, sooner or later, to hear of her fastening herself upon some fellow with more money than brains—of her living in great splendor at some hotel—to hear of her name vilely exposed in connection with some case of fraud and dissipation—to hear, sooner or later, of an evil-ending and uncared for grave. Much remains to say; but here we must quit the subject. If the "fast woman" lives through all the sloughs she is ever in from the vengeance or desperation of her victims, to a period past the bloom of youth, when she can of herself ruin men no longer, she may still gain a vile subsistence by linking her fortunes, as has been said above, to those of some young adventuress. Or she may degenerate to the keepership of some houses supported by the lusts of men. But in the one case and in the other, it is a fearful retribution that the "fast woman" incurs for the brief triumph of a profligate youth.

We recognize the following—what's more, we remember when it came off—over a billiard-table at Newport, between California Marshall and a certain fast Colt:

It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely slandered for

vices. Congressional honors may occasionally be received by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well-known Congressman equally celebrated for his fastness and his talent, who, after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that "he might be a smart man, but one thing was certain, he hadn't been sent to Congress for his playing."

"Thar's whar you're all wrong," he responded, in a cool drawl. "It was just what elected me, and nothing else!"

"Losing at billiards?"

"Ye-es. I always lost every game; everybody wanted to play with me, and I let 'em. That made me popular. Sometimes it cost me a hundred dollars a day—but I got elected!"

We came away, leaving the Hon. M. C. in the centre of a circle of proffered hats.

The following story will bear a different moral from what its inventor expected:

A somewhat verdant-looking individual called upon a jeweller in Montreal and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy-five dollars, that he wished to invest it in something, whereby he might make money a little faster; and he concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweller selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new pedlar started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days, when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweller one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold?

"Well, I put on 'bout five per cent."

The jeweller thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much.

"Well, said the pedlar, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent., but an article for which I pay you one dollar I generally sell for five."

We have very little doubt of the profit. Perhaps no business in this country pays better than that of jewellery. If you doubt it, go to a shop, buy a chain or ring or seals, wear them a week and then try to sell them back to the man from whom you bought them. Or, if you please, wait till they are irreparably broken and see how much he or anyone will allow for the gold; even though it be "guaranteed eighteen carats!" The fact is that we want a law which shall forbid jewellers selling their wares at less than a certain standard, and obliging them to have every ring and pin stamped by a government inspector. At present, for want of such a law, people really buy little else save the "work," the so-called "gold" being intrinsically worth little more than silver. What with galvanism, oreide and other wonderful inventions in alloys which permit their quantity to be materially increased, those who buy jewellery anywhere save at a reputable establishment, where the character of the proprietor is known to them, run a remarkably good chance of being taken in. As for pedlars of Connecticut "French jewellery"—cut 'em dead.

The "outside poetry" of the *Æneid* has not been as yet collected. One gem is in "Bombastes Furioso":

Queen Dido at her palace gate
Sat darning of a stocking O!
She sang and drew the worsted through,
While her foot the cradle was rocking O!

For a babe she'd had by a soldier lad,
Though history passes it over O!
You tell tale brat, I've been a flat,
And your dad has proved a rover O!

What a fool was I to be cozened by
A fellow without a penny O!
When rich ones came and ask'd the same,
For I'd offers from ever so many O!

But I'll mend my hose, look out for beaux,
And quickly get a new lover O!
So come, lads, come! love beats the drum,
And a fig for *Æneas* the rover O!

And the next, which is by James Smith:

Virgil, whose magic verse enthralls—
And who in verse is greater?
By turns his wand'ring hero calls,
Now Pius, and now Pater.

But when prepared the worst to brave,
An action that must pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
And dubs him Dux Trojannus.

And well she changes thus the word,
On that occasion, sure,
Pius *Æneas* were absurd,
And Pater premature.

The editor of the Seymour (Indiana) *Times* is awake. Some time

ago he let off the following, "all of a string." We have nothing to do with politics, but let one or two of his squibs snap just for noise:

We are glad to see that our old friend Mrs. Carrie D. Filkins (Bush) is again going to take the stump in advocacy of temperance. Since her marriage she has prosecuted the canvass chiefly by Bush-whacking.

We understand that Mr. Wm. G. Coffin has been waiting two months to serve Congress in the capacity of door-keeper. We are glad to know that a coffin is ready for that body.

A fellow named T. J. Cherry was fined by Justice Hacker, in Shelbyville, last week, forty-five dollars for selling liquor to minors. Hacker understands how to make Cherry bounce.

Mrs. Carrie D. Bush earnestly asks, "Who is the true woman?" Indeed we can't tell, but a friend who has been jilted says he knows who the "false" one is.

A Mr. Brady is proposed as the Republican nominee for Superintendent of Public Instructions. We hardly suppose the Republicans will nominate a man whom a single letter would convert to brandy.

The *Stenben Republican* has just passed into the hands of a Mr. Day. Mr. Tinker, the retiring editor, says its readers will be gainers by the change. But it's uncertain what a Day may bring forth.

A gentleman who has had a standing advertisement in our paper a good while growls because we give him no change. Why should we? He never gave us any.

It is proposed to nominate Henry S. Lane at Chicago. Our opinion is if the Republicans take that Lane it will lead to the Presidency.

The *Rising Sun Visitor* says it isn't the exponent of Mr. Gregory's views. We congratulate Mr. Gregory.

The editor of a New York paper has discovered a volcano in Putnam County in that State. After giving a glowing account of it he winds up by saying:

"The existence of this volcano has not been known until latterly, which is probably the reason that it has attracted no more notice."

A very sufficient reason, certainly.

Henry Thomas Buckle is on the whole a true thinker; for, after all said and done, *facts* are stubborn things. But the following is a "good one," notwithstanding; it is from the (English) *Dial*:

THIS IS THE CREED—let no man chuckle—
Of the great thinker, Henry Buckle.

I believe in fire and water,
And in Fate, Dame Nature's Daughter;
Consciousness I set aside,
The dissecting knife's my guide.
I believe in steam and rice,
Not in virtue, nor in vice;
In what strikes the outward sense,
Not in mind, nor Providence;
In a stated course of crimes,
In McCulloch and the *Times*.
As for Truth, the ancients lost her;
Plato was a great impostor:
Morals are a vain illusion,
Leading only to confusion.
Not in Latin, nor in Greek,
Let us for instruction seek;
Let us study snakes and flies,
And on fossils fix our eyes.
Would we learn what we should do,
Let us watch the kangaroo.
Would we know the mental march,
It depends on dates—and starch.
I believe in all the gases,
As a means to raise the masses:
Carbon animates ambition;
Oxygen controls volition;
All that's good and great in men
May be traced to hydrogen;
And the body, not the soul,
Governs the stupendous whole.

THE FRENCH MILLINER IN THE WITNESS BOX.

Madame Lareine ascended the pen and took her place, after delivering herself of a stately swoop to the judges and the court, like a great dame of the reign of Louis XIV. She did not give their lordships any trouble about taking her seat—not she! When her attention was called to the various acts of cruelty, both of speech and act, with which Mr. Barber was charged on account of Mrs. Barber's alleged extravagance in dress, she clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Ah! mon Dieu! c'est infâme—la barbare!"

She then explained to the court that the usual Parisian calculation for a lady's dress varied proportionately with the family income, and that the amount of the *dot* (dowry) brought by the wife was invariably taken largely into account. Upon an income of twenty-five thousand francs, she could positively affirm—assuming two children—that a lady was economical who only expended ten thousand francs on dress. Mrs. Barber, in her opinion, was entitled to expend at least four hundred pounds per annum on this object. The sum of two hundred pounds per annum was a mere *misère*, it was *mesquin* (mean), *déplorable*! Was twenty-five pounds too

much for that evening robe of white satin? Assuredly not. The court must take into account that there were *bouillonnés* of the same under the skirt, which was necessarily of tulle, which was again adorned with *bouillonnés* and a frill of silver lace. She saw no mention of the *berthe*, which was *de rigueur* (essential).

And then their lordships would readily see that there must be a bow to match at the front of the body. For a terry velvet bonnet, trimmed across the front with a scarf of the same, five guineas were a *bagatelle*. No, there would be no blonde inside. *Fi de donc! quel genre!* The outer dress—petticoats, sleeves, collars, cuffs, gloves apart—she could not set a lady's little corner comforts down at less than sixty pounds per annum. In answer to Dr. Lobb, in cross-examination, she intimated to him that she had been speaking hitherto of ladies; but she was quite prepared to admit that the wife of a small lawyer—a *petit avocat* like him (Dr. L.)—might dress herself for forty pounds per annum. But then she must be *aux expédients* (by managing), and devote her whole attention to turning, dyeing and making shift. Would Dr. Lobb like to ask her questions, or any other gentleman? No! Then, *Ma foi! bonjour!*—*London Paper.*

THE INCONSTANT.

The argent moon, with cold, impartial ray,
Kisseth the crystal sea and leafy earth—
That such promiscuous kissing aught is worth,
Nor crystal sea nor leafy earth can say.
Spice-odored zephyrs of a southern morn
Cannot surpass thine aromatic kiss;
But what is worth the transitory bliss
Conferred by lips that ever are foresworn?
As pallid stars that shine with frigid light
Illuminate, but cannot warm the night;
As tropic waves upon the surface glow,
While all is dark, and cold, and false below;
As coldest ice reflects the brightest ray,
Thou, too, may'st dazzle only to betray.

—N. O. Della.

VALUABLE BOOKS.

What would become of us if all the books that Mrs. Slender thinks foolish, Miss Prim improper and Dr. Rigid irreverent, were banished from the world? No more Mother Goose's Melodies, nor the tragical fate of Cock Robin, nor the immortal exploits of Puss in Boots, nor the mournful tale of Little Bopeep's Sheep's Tails, nor the story of the Three Bears, with their three porridge pots and chairs and beds, and the mysterious old woman that got in at their door and out at their bedroom window, and has never been heard of since—no more these and a thousand other nonsensical stories of foolish impossibilities for the little people to laugh over, and weep over and wonder over; and no more Rabelais with his Pantagruel, Cervantes with his Knight and Squire, Shakespeare with his more talkers of wise nonsense than I can name here; no more Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim; no Doctor Primrose and Moses; nor Eva, nor Doctor Dove, nor Diedrich Knickerbocker, nor Mr. Sparrowgrass, for the delight of old folks and young folks both; but all these, and hundreds of others great like these in nonsense, done away with from the face of the earth, gone from human memory, and nothing left for the young people but Mrs. Sweet's Infant Hymns and Professor Savethought's Great Things made Small, and nothing for the older folks but Dr. Solemn's Sermons and Mrs. Softly's Serious Thoughts! Think of it, my dear Mrs. Oldham! I really do not think it would be good for the world.—*Dr. Oldham.*

A CORN CONCEIT.

We were popping corn,
Sweet Kitty and I;
It danced about,
And it danced up high.
The embers were hot,
In their fiery light;
And it went up brown,
And it came down white.
White and beautiful,
Crimped and curled,
The prettiest fairy dance in the world!
The embers were hot,
In their fiery light;
And it went up brown,
And it came down white.
Ah! many a time are the embers hot,
And the human spirit can brook it not,
Yet radiant forth from the fiery light
It cometh transformed and robed in white.

YANKEE COURAGE.

More than half a century since a New England farmer boy entered Harvard College a student. The class to which he belonged were assembled in the room of one of their number for one of those convivial meetings which were common in those days.

A man dressed in a teamster's frock drove a load of the produce of his farm to Cambridge. After transacting his business he entered the college yard, and inquired of a lad he met there for J— T—. The little-souled fellow, thinking to mortify the young man, took him to the room occupied by the class, and opening the door said, "T—, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you." T—, without exhibiting the slightest mortification, sprang to the door and welcomed his father very affectionately; then turning to his classmates, said, "Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce my father to you; he is a poor and hard-working man, but as honest and worthy a man as lives."

Pride and aristocracy were abashed and all the nobler feelings of our nature aroused in the young men. They came forward, shook hands with the old man, invited him to enter their room and take a glass of wine with them, which was the compliment usually offered to visitors at that time.

He of whom this anecdote is related, after filling an honorable office in the courts of Essex County for many years, has ceased to act his part among us; but the memory of his virtues will be cherished by all who had the happiness of knowing him; and it is to be hoped that his example may strengthen many to be true to their highest and best impulses.—*Newburyport Herald*.

That is a noble anecdote. Pity that so few boys are gentlemen enough, or brave enough or chivalric enough to do the same. Young man, no matter how poor or humble your father is, if you show yourself ashamed of him before your friends, rely upon it that you are a snob and a despicable puppy. And on the other hand, parents may remember, that if they snub and shame their sons before company, they are no better. How often in society are comparative strangers made fairly to wince and crawl, by seeing grown-up sons and daughters insulted and pained, merely that some rude, selfish parent may "show off" his authority?

The following really exquisite poem is from the *Acadian Reporter*:

AN INCIDENT OF THE AIR.

A heron flew out of the forest, from the top of the withered pine,
And floated away like a shadowy cloud to the west, in a slanting line,
Over the creek, and o'er the brown moor with its drifts of gray
lichened stone,
Towards the swamp where in reedy solitude he brooded lorn and lone.

A hawk flew out of the forest, from the thick of the hemlock bough,
Bathing his flight in the illuminate air with the glow of the noon
above,
Dashing in spiral circles the beams, like the phosphorescent waves of a bay,
Till with pencils of light his glinting plumes shone as a star in day.

The hawk was earl of the forest and feudal lord of the herne,
No *parvenu*! but a Norman—so when quarrie he did discern
On the rights divine of Falconide Sir Peregrine took his stand,
And stooped!—as a lordly emperor swoops on a feeble frontier land.

Wheeling, the heron, with point to the foe—eye steady, and ready
stroke,
"Watched weel," and smote as the flashing hawk through the daz-
zling sunlight broke,
Struck him inside his carte and tierce, and, ere he parried the
glance,
Spitted him!—as a Tartar is on the shaft of a Polish lance.

Sic semper tyrannis! Immutable fate's decrees!
Hawk, headlong, over and over, fell into the ripple of trees,
While the blue heron spread his pinions, and leisuely crossing the
creek,
Relit on the arm of the withered pine, and wiped the blood from his
beak.

A warwhoop startled the Boston police on Boylston street, the other night. Two stars went in search of the author of the whoop and found an Indian named "Great Medicine," or Ki-ha-ka-mi-na, cutting pigeon wings around the lamp-post. They paused and listened in astonishment, for the Great Medicine was grunting, in guttural tones, the following song, which is very popular with whiskey drinking Indians:

"Ough, ki d—n white man,
Ough, good whiskey,
Ough, mi an inl,
Ough, me want scalpoy."

"Look a'here," said the officers, "this won't do, you know. We can't stand this. Go home, and don't make a noise."

"White men," replied the Indian, stopping his eccentric movements and applying a flask to his mouth, "the Great Spirit has opened his mouth and commanded Injun to go upon the war path. In a few days scalps will hang in Injun's wigwam and the heart of his squaw will rejoice."

"Oh, gammon," replied the officers, "you are drunk. Go home and sleep it off."

"White men," cried the Great Medicine, "me good Injun, no fight, no drink whiskey. Me lick both of you," and he pitched in without ceremony, and the officers had their hands full in taking care of their scalps and eyes, for the Great Medicine scratched like a tom-cat and bit like a bulldog. He was locked up, and next day was fined three dollars and costs for being drunk.

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM UP-STAIRS.—A young man who was thinking of studying law, said to Daniel Webster: "Mr. Webster, I understand the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more lawyers than are needed; do you think there is any chance for me?" "There is always room up-stairs," was the reply, and as true as it was ingenious. Only a few persons reach the high places, and these are always in great demand—"there's room enough up-stairs." First class farmers and mechanics, as well as physicians, lawyers, &c., always find plenty of room, plenty of work and good pay. Whatever calling you choose, and it matters little, if it be an honest one, resolve to go into an upper story; but don't try to jump there by a single leap or you may fall disabled. Rather begin at the bottom of the ladder, and patiently step upon each round.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

Talking of fragmentary romances and unfinished stories, we are reminded of the beginning of a story, which a friend of ours was wont to tell, and which began in this wise:

"When Anna Maria—"

Here some listener would cry—

"I say, old chap, who the deuce was Anna Maria?"

"None of your business. Well, when Anna Maria entered the room—"

"What room—whereabouts?"

"Never your mind. Well, as I was saying, when Anna Maria entered the room, her face—"

"Was it a pretty face? was it light or dark? was she a nigger or white?"

"Gracious, do hold your tongues! Can't you hear a fellow out? When Anna Maria entered the room, her face was suffused (very rapidly) with blushes."

"What was she blushing at? Who'd made her blush? Was she naturally a blusher, or did it only come so?"

"O, goodness, what a set of men! I say, when Anna Maria entered the room, her face was suffused with blushes. Overcome by confusion, she sank on the sofa—"

Here there was always a tempest of questions relative to Anna Maria, the room, the blushes, and the narrator about this point invariably "got mad," and refused to proceed.

To this day no human being has heard the entire legend of Anna Maria. It is buried in eternal night. Lost with the decades of Livy, the magic book of Michael Scott, and them one hundred and ninety.—*Meister Karl*.

HERE AND THERE.—Bayard Taylor, in one of his entertaining autobiographical letters to the *New York Mercury*, speaking of his humble lodgings at a chop-house, in an obscure quarter of London, says:

The chop-house was the resort of actors from some low theatre in Whitechapel, hackmen, sailors occasionally and pawnbrokers' clerks.

I kept aloof from them, taking my chop in a solitary stall, and reading old numbers of the *Times*, or a greasy copy of the *Family Herald*, when it was too cold to remain in my room. The people never interfered with me in any way. They respected my silence and reserve, and so I fared better than might have been expected. Could the same thing happen in the United States?

A pregnant question, this last—implying and rebuking, and justly; too, a general Jonathan-ish impropriety. One may be reading a morning journal aboard of steamer; he may be looking out of a railcar window, enjoying his own quiet thoughts, or surveying with a loving eye the passing landscape—he is not safe anywhere from the intrusion upon him of questions which the stranger querist has no right to ask, and of voluntary remarks, talked at him, which, as the lawyers say, are not only "leading," but "impertinent to the case."

A good cure for this sort of intrusion and enforced conversation is a resort to monosyllables: "Yes," "no," "ah!" "certainly," "indeed?" &c. "Not much to be got out of that witness," is a speedy inference, and the impertinence very suddenly "expires," from want of sustenance.

SELECT SLICES.

"John," quoth the gentle Julia, to her sleepy lord, one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer."

"As how?" muttered her worse half, opening his optics.

"Why, by rising."

"H'm, I wish you would imitate that other fizmagg that hangs up by it, the barometer."

"Why so?"

"Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm is coming."

Well-matched that.

From Florida a friend writes: "Some months since, in one of my jaunts down the Ocklocknee river, I stopped to spend the night at Mr. L—'s, originally from Darlington's District, South Carolina. The next morning, at breakfast, there was on the table a beautiful dish of honey. I remarked to the good lady that it was decidedly the prettiest honeycomb I had ever seen, and that I should like very much to procure some wax, as Miss B— sometimes indulged in making wax flowers, and would have but little trouble in bleaching it. She threw down her knife and fork, and exclaimed: 'Law sakes! does Miss B— make wax flowers? Well, I declare! Now, old Miss Dixon, in Cal-y-ner, uset to make 'em so n-a-trel that every fall of the year they'd shed their leaves.'"

Our real sympathies are terribly confined to our own classes. I have known an individual moved almost to tears at the idea of a gentleman being reduced to live on two hundred a year, but who had not an emotion (though he may have had five shillings) to spare for a laborer living on seven shillings a week. And I have known a lady, with a smiling progeny of six, who could not conceive what female servants could possibly want with followers.

The girls at Cohasset make nothing of going into the water and bringing out a shark or a mackerel by the nose. They dig claws with their toes, and open quahogs with a pinch of the fingers. They live chiefly on sea fare; so that when kissed, they taste salt, and when they die, are preserved half a century. Their hair, in their old age, turns into dry seaweed; and if they have worn caps in their old age, the cap is stiff and glittering with crystallizations of salt; and, if you fall in love with them in their youth, you find yourself in a pickle.

A few evenings since a lady in Lexington, Michigan, was playing upon a melodeon, when a mouse emerged from a corner of the room, ran up tremblingly to the instrument, then ascended the dress of the performer into her lap, and finally nestled under her basque. The little animal was in such a high state of ecstasy that it was utterly powerless, and had the performer continued a moment longer it would have expired. Quite a musical performance.

An abbreviation not to be found in the books is to be found on a tombstone in Dunkirk. The mourners intended to put an old aunt to sleep with the customary phrase, "Let her rest in peace," but the space on the stone gave out at the close of the word "her." The ready-witted sculptor, however, inserted the initials, and now the dear old lady sleeps beneath the laconic but inelegant epitaph, "Let her r i p."—*N. Y. Times*.

A San Francisco paper thus ventilates its Japanese dictionary :

When our distinguished visitors return to Japan, they will probably report that they were taken to the Tha-tchi, introduced to all the Ka-mi, thence carried to Job Ya-ohoya, had a delicious Yu-oomesh, uncorked lots of Boo-dhoo-oo, though not a man, not even an alderman, got So-ke-no-mi-yu-i, Ei; were presented with little papers of Ko-ho-ri to munch as they went on board; were falsely reported to have visited Sam Lathrop's Shi-ba-i; were waited on by the military, who, though decked in Yo-ki-mo-no, were not too big for their pa-tchi.

Dr. Abel, of Kentucky, cultivates fine arts. The other day, as he was engaged in changing the position of a beautiful portrait of Washington, his son, Russell, a boy of five years old, came trudging through the room with his bow and arrow, and seeing the old one stopped and asked :

"Pa, is that a cord that holds up that picture?"

"No, my son, it's tape."

"Well, it had better be cord, 'cause, pa, it's a strong likeness, and it might break the tape."

The doctor "caved," and young hopeful went out whistling, "Pop goes the Weasel."

Among the Sunday-school children gathered from the highways of our cities at the John street church was a poor little fellow from Fulton-street. He couldn't tell his teacher the number of the house in which he lived, and was charged, when he next came to school, to bring it. The next time he appeared he was asked if he brought the number. "No, sir," said he: "it is nailed on the door so tight, that I couldn't get the thing off!"

It is so healthy in New Mexico, that it is said no American ever dies there except when killed in a row. We suspect that the rows don't give the climate a chance.

A foreign letter says—"Meanwhile 'Rome is quiet.' Folks stick knives into one another on the Corso in broad daylight, but quite peaceably and without noise."

A little four-year-old, the other day, nonplussed its mother, by making the following inquiry: "Mother, if a man is a Mister, ain't a woman a Mystery?"

The following is an instance of beginning life with a small capital—L-I-F-E.

In olden time, before the Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer; while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveller from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said—

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger; I asked how far it was to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveller turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

The recent Congressional brawls at Washington have brought out the following good story, heard in Arkansas several years since, which we have never seen in print. It is no disrespect to the present enlightened and genial State of Arkansas to say that in its incipient or territorial days it was rather "rough." It was a very common thing for a man to leave the bosom of his family in sound health in the morning, and return dead at night. Cuttings, slashings and shootings were of daily occurrence. It was dangerous to be safe. The Legislature was chiefly composed of bullies and black-legs, and the scenes enacted by them were often very eccentric. A fight arose about something, in "the House" one day. The Hon. Mr. Banger, of Napoleon, called the Hon. Mr. Slinger, of Helena, a liar. The Hon. Slinger retorted with a bullet, which took off the Hon. Banger's left ear. Both then sprang into the centre of the hall, with drawn bowie-knives. The speaker said: "By G—d, we must have fair play in this business?" and rushed out into the floor

with a cocked pistol in one hand, and a tremendous "toothpick" in the other; and, in tones of thunder, commanded the representatives to form a ring. A ring was formed, and, in the classics of the times, the combatants "went in." They cut each other frightfully, and for quite a spell it was difficult to decide who was the better man. But finally Banger, by an adroit thrust cut off Slinger's head, and instant death was the result. Mr. Slinger's remains being removed, and order restored, Mr. Banger arose and said:

"It is my painful duty to announce to this House the death of the Hon. William Slinger, of Helena. He was good at draw-poker and faro, and handled the toothpick beautiful. He wasn't of no account at legislatin'. He was middlin' on horses. He put on too many scallops. He had no family 'cepting his brother Bill, the best poker player on the Red River. I move resolutions of respect be passe'd and for'arded to his brother Bill."

They were passed.

FEMALE MEN.

Late numbers of a certain comic paper have been pretty hard on the "counter-jumpers," and the fraternity of able-bodied men who sell tape and bobbin have, in consequence, become very indignant. But, the public approves the castigation given; for no man who is a man is inclined to see his fellow become a mere poppin' to do the work of females. Therefore the public laughs roundly at each week's exposition of the ways and calling of the "jumper;" and we can only pray, will continue to laugh until the finger of scorn compels the able-bodied men to vacate for the females the place behind the counter which justly and properly belongs to them.

Stopping before the windows, the other day, of one of our largest sewing-machine sales-rooms, we counted fourteen young, able-bodied men, officiating at machines—stitching and hemming little things to learn lady customers how to do the same thing. Shame on such an exhibition! We involuntarily ejaculated. Fourteen women, with noble fingers and pleasant faces, should have been there, earning bread for fourteen families, perhaps, and saved from the terrors of the "stop" room. A strong public opinion should make itself felt at such robbery of place by the men who come in from the country, or go out of the workshops, to do a female's duty.

Go on, friend, and satirize the usurpers of female place and position; and if you succeed in driving even a score of men to more manly employment than serving behind the retail counter, or at the sewing-machine, you will not have labored in vain.—*United States Journal*.

Several of the Walcottville ladies, in Connecticut, who were enjoying a jolly supper on their own hook, a while since, at the Allen House, caught a fellow "peeking" in upon their operations. The initiation performances of the Sons of Malta, as set out in *Leslie's Pictorial*, don't begin with the tribulations the poor fellow went through before the jollifying females let up on him.—*Boston Transcript*.

DEPRIVED OF THE GOSPEL BY FOXES.—That was a novel but not so bad an argument which the mountain member urged in the Kentucky Legislature.

A few years ago, a bill proposing a premium on fox-scalps was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions, where foxes were scarce, and Mr. L—, from one of the mountain counties, rose to reply. I give only his peroration:

"And are we, Mr. Speaker—we of the mountain regions—not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these varmints of the consolations of religion?" This woke the House up and set it agape for an explanation. He continued: "You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country; that your fancy churches—your Presbyterians and Episcopalians—never send preachers among us. We depend for the Gospel upon the circuit riders of the Methodist church; and sir, everybody knows that they cannot be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and that chickens cannot be raised where foxes abound!"

The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law.

There is a literary indignation tilt going on just now, which reminds us of the mental agony of a squaw who was weeping frantically at the loss of her husband, and gave as an excuse for her excessive grief that he died nine years before, and she couldn't hold in any longer.

Sismondi, the French historian, tells us that a body of German crusaders, under Godescalc, put themselves under the guidance of a goose, which was, as they believed, sent from heaven to march before them to the Holy Land. After this, no minister need despair of gathering a congregation.

The following *bon mot* was started out West: A busy housewife was sitting in the doorway plying her needle. Her husband lounging on the rail, his foot slipped and he bruised his knee on the doorstep. "Oh!" said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I'm sure." "Well, then," said she, holding up her needle, with its eye broken out, "you and I have done very nearly the same thing." "How so?" "Why, don't you see," said she, "I have broken the eye of the needle, man, and you have broken the knee of the idle man."

The Savings Bank of Lyons is decorated with two female figures, representing Economy and Labor. The critics having attacked the propriety of the two undraped statues in a place of business, a Lyonnese bard defends them in a sonnet, the point of which is that the nudity of the two women is peculiarly proper—showing that they have sold their chemises to make a deposit in the savings bank!

MR. YELLOWGLOVE TAKES HIS COUSINS FOR A PLEASANT ROW ON THE HUDSON.



Mr. Yellowglove is interrupted while he is in the midst of perusing Michelet's "Woman," by his fair cousins, who, after a few poetical remarks on the wetness of the waves and the breeziness of the breeze, invite him to take them for a row.

A NEW METHOD OF DISSECTION.

THE great desideratum in anatomy is, to obtain an exact idea of the real position of the internal organs. This, however, is far from being the case in dissections by the common method, since every section made on the body, rendered flabby and unelastic by death, produces a corresponding deformation; the soft parts contract, and nothing but an approximative idea can be formed of the relative position of the exposed parts before the operation. In order to obviate this inconvenience, Dr. Pirogoff, an eminent Russian surgeon, has had the ingenious idea of subjecting the body, before dissection, to a cold of eight degrees centigrade (sixteen Fahr.) for the space of three days. By this means the body acquires a hardness like that of wood, its organs retaining at the same time their relative sizes, since the moisture they contain increases by congelation, and thus counteracts the contractions which the solids would otherwise undergo.

The body in this state is subjected to the circular saw, which will cut off slices of the thickness of a one-franc piece with the greatest nicety, either longitudinally, transversely or along the axis of the member. By this means Dr. Pirogoff has been enabled to publish an anatomical atlas of every part of the human body, seen under three different aspects. In order to copy out a section obtained in the manner described, Dr. Pirogoff passes lightly over the frozen slice with a warm sponge; the surface is thus thawed for an instant, but a transparent film of ice is immediately afterwards formed over it. A pane of glass with lines drawn upon it crossing each other

at right angles, so as to form so many squares, is then laid on the icy film, and the surface copied out upon paper also divided into squares like the glass.

By this means the greatest precision is attained. The principle of refrigeration has been carried still further by the ingenious inventor, who by exposing a body to a cold of eighteen degrees centigrade (four deg. Fahr.) reduces it to the consistency of stone, and then operates upon it like a sculptor with a chisel and mallet, laying all the viscera open without in the least degree injuring them. It is thus he has been enabled to ascertain that the cavities of the mouth, nose, the tympanum of the ear, and those of the respiratory organs are the only ones which enclose air, and that everywhere else the surfaces of all parts of the body adhere immediately to the membranes enveloping the organs they contain; so that there is still an empty space between them.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.

WHEN passing near the Riet river gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance:

"It is now," he said, "more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most



Charmed by their compliments to his skill and vigor as a rower, he consents, and, having shown his nonchalance by lighting his cigar, he rows along, chatting with his fair companions about the Japanese and the Prince of Wales.

daring shots that ever was hazardous. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap.

"The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene.

"The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the



Distracted by the conversation he forgets to "feather" his oars, and in consequence he catches a "crab," and falls back into the boat, but holds on to the oars. His disaster excites the critical jocularity of some bystanders.

MR. YELLOWGLOVE TAKES HIS COUSINS FOR A PLEASANT ROW ON THE HUDSON.



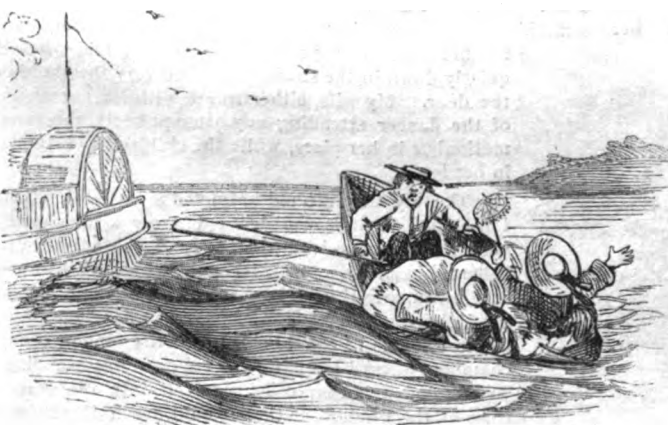
Regaining his seat, he pulls wildly to escape the compliments of the profane catchers of common oysters, and runs up a friendly creek to shelter himself, and thereby gets into a very unpleasant predicament.

intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed; and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately over his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more."

Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved, he would have been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun would have betrayed him. To consume the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door post.—*Lichtenstein's Travels.*

INTERIOR OF A CONVENT.

THE nuns of Santa Ines now amount to only twenty-nine, and are literally in a state of starvation; about



Having got afloat once more, the swell from the Vanderbilt, coming at full speed, with Frank Leslie's Special Correspondent on board, half swamps the boat, and takes the starch out of the fair ones' crinoline. Yellowglove gets his share, as well as his chère amie, but continues his adventures, which will be found in our next.

seven or eight of the elder nuns accompanied us through the building, which was remarkable for neatness and cleanness in every part. The interior arrangements differ but little from those of the generality of monasteries, excepting that monks generally sleep in separate cells, whereas the nuns have two very large dormitories, one for winter and the other for summer; they were using the summer one during our visit, and the beds were separated by curtains, running entirely round each. The dormitorio was a fine airy hall, and the linen of snowy whiteness; in the centre of the building was a large court, stored with a quantity of shrubs and flowers.

The most interesting part of the convent was the chapel, in a corner of which is a large glass coffin, containing the embalmed body of Dona Ines, dressed in a rich robe of blue silk and silver. The body had remained two hundred years under ground, before it was taken up, and placed in the coffin it now occupies. The marks of the hot oil are still plainly visible on the dry parchment-looking face of the corpse; and a medical gentleman who was with us corroborated our suppositions on this point.



For the water is very shallow, and the umbrageous foliage is inconveniently low; in short he finds himself aground, with the tide falling rapidly. Reckless of his neat boots and silk stockings, he is obliged to get out of the boat into the mud, and ignominiously pushes it off. His cousins rally him upon his adventure.

When first the curtain was withdrawn which concealed the dried-up remains of the lady whose beauty and misfortune had just been related to us, a deep feeling of interest and sadness seemed to come over the whole party; nor would it be possible, I think, for the merriest or most thoughtless person to have viewed the sunken features of this lady, with her thin, bony hands crossed upon her breast, without a momentary pang of sorrow—recollecting, that the unsightly object now looked upon had once outshone all rivals in this far-famed land of beauty; and that this highly-prized but fatal gift had brought its possessor with such pain or sorrow to the grave—the destroyer and the destroyed have now each their splendid tomb; a daily spectacle for idle tourists, and differing only in this, that against the former is often uttered a curse, in remembrance of his many cruel acts; at the latter, a silent tear falls at the recollection of her beauty, her virtues and her woes.—*Marquis of Londonderry's Tour.*

PATIENCE is a sublime virtue. The truest heroism in human life is that private heroism which bears with calmness inevitable ills, regardless of the consolations of a fruitless sympathy, and without the soothing consciousness of public attention.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JULY.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

At this advanced period of the season our readers will certainly not expect us to record any great novelty in the richer styles of dress goods. There is, in fact, no novelty to be found in silks. Of the heavy and expensive sorts which we mentioned last month, at *STEWART'S* and one or two other houses, a few patterns are still to be found; but no novelty will now be added until the fall. The work of reducing prices still goes on with unabated vigor, and we have seen dresses of good silk with five and seven flounces at sixteen and a half dollars the robe.

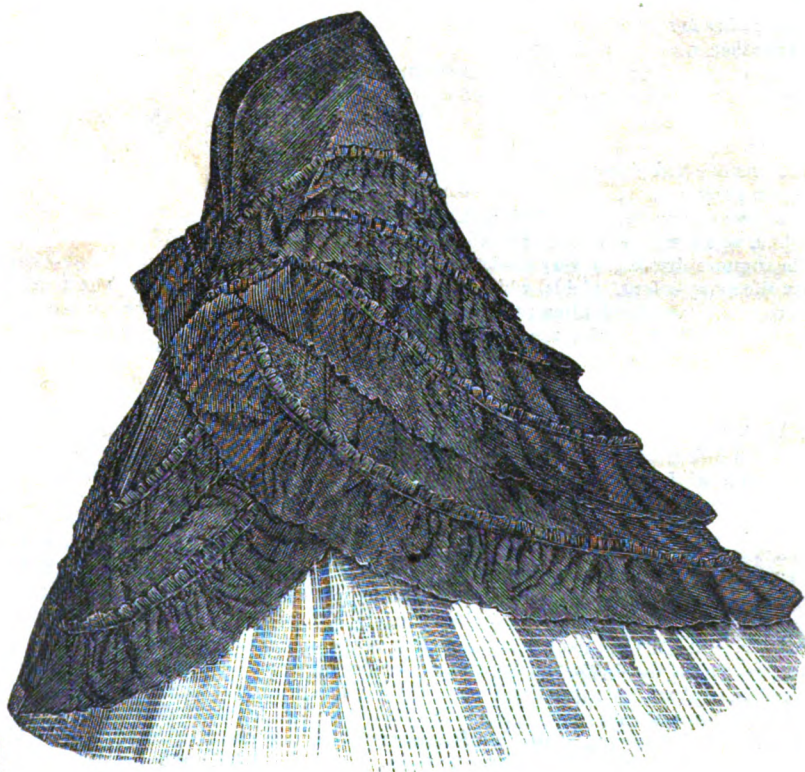
At *ARNOLD & CONSTABLE'S*, Canal street, corner of Mercer, however, will be found some of those pretty, bright-looking silks which look well at all seasons, and may be reckoned among the most serviceable of robes. We noticed particularly one with a white ground, and brown bars forming it into a plaid of some two inches square, the brown being little more than half an inch in each direction; this was chiné with small brown spots, and here and there brightened with a delicate little rosebud, with its green foliage also chiné. The silk is of rich, heavy quality, and alike on both sides, and though the price is now very low, it is well worth one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard.

Among the latest purchases at auction of this house, we find some silks with vertical stripes chiné, and with a small figure broché on the white stripe.

Another rather voyante yet handsome style has the ground shaded from black to white and back again, and almost covered with a striped floral pattern chiné, the flowers being of the natural size. It is rather on a large scale; but, for any one of corresponding dimensions would look more rich than

showy; the blending of colors in chiné patterns preventing their having a gaudy effect.

The dollar silks at *A. T. STEWART'S* appear to be richer each week that the season advances. We find among them chinés, plaids and bayaderes of every description and color. With reference to the last-named, however, we must remark that only those who do not care about being in the fashion should purchase them, as they are not merely going but *gone out*, with no probability of revival. For this, as we have always considered them hideously unbecoming, we can only feel thankful; but



SHAWL MANTELET. PAGE 92.

those who do not think so, or care for being dressed in the extreme mode, can get very handsome bayaderes at the present time for little more than half their cost. They are most becoming to thin people, who do not wear large hoops, as the horizontal lines have a tendency to increase the apparent width. Among the most distinguished and beautiful of the higher class of goods are lovely silks, three quarters wide, of a plain color, broché with small Pompadour flowers in two shades of the same. One a rich light purple, and another in ashes of roses was of this class. Another of brown, with a very narrow white stripe and a small flower broché over it, was very uncommon-looking. We found also, among the lighter silks, one or two combining the Pompadour colors (rose and blue) with very good effect.

In the grenadine department are some of last year's goods, double skirts of those immense and showy designs which at that time prevailed, at about a third of what they then cost. Nothing could mark more strongly the difference of taste between this year and last—may we not also say, its wonderful improvement—than the contrast between these dresses and those of the present season, where the ground is almost plain and the design on it of the most delicate description. We noticed one grenadine with nine flounces, the ground of which was pure white, with a border of vine-leaves, rosebuds and foliage, all in lilac. It was pretty enough for *Una* to wear, did that "damsel faire" inhabit this worky-day world of ours. The same design, with a black ground and flowers and foliage of their natural colors, was, if not so delicate, almost equally beautiful.

Those who admire the fashionable gray materials for walking and travelling dresses may feast their eyes on the variety of materials and styles at E. LAMBERT & Co.'s, 581 Broadway. There are at this establishment a good many novelties which we do not find elsewhere. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult just now to procure the richer styles of poplins and other gray goods elsewhere. Some of the prettiest have one bright color sparingly introduced; and if this be selected, as it will, of course, so as to correspond with the trimming of the bonnet, there can be no objection to it; the dress will gain in brightness and delicacy of appearance without losing its quiet lady-like character. For instance, there is a silvery poplin, of black and white, with black bars forming it into a plaid; and in the centre of each square a small satin spot of Magenta and white. In another, a sort of corded poplin, there are small blue figures at intervals; others have the same pattern, in other colors on the gray, with plenty, of course, of gray alone, or black and white alone. The texture of some of these is perfectly exquisite.

Grenadine and pine-apple goods, at this house, will be found also in great variety. There are some charming striped tissues in mauve and white, blue, black and white, and other leading colors, which would make make delightfully cool and comfortable summer dresses, at very moderate cost. The least pretty are the many-colored plaids, which we should not greatly like to see worn even by children; and yet they are fashionable. We must not omit to notice the very pretty barèges by the yard, with grounds of the soft neutral colors, and small floral designs sprinkled over them.

The calicoes and organdies here are very cheap and varied.

We have selected for illustration in our Colored Fashion Plate one of the English barège dresses and shawls, the exclusive importation of LORD & TAYLOR, 461 to 465 Broadway. These dresses may be ranked among the unquestionable success of the season.

Among the silk goods here we find some beautiful designs in mauve and white, stripes with small broché patterns running up them, mauve on white and white on mauve; the texture very good, and the effect admirable. In chiné, broché and cannelé silks—the last named having a satin stripe woven to be like the rest of the fabric, the same on both sides, there will be found a great variety; and the French and English prints and de laines are excellent in design and very cheap in price. These will be found, however, in still greater variety at the establishment in Grand street, where one spacious apartment is devoted entirely to this class of goods.

The outfitting branch of the business offers every inducement to purchasers, in the most fashionable styles and extensive

assortment. The Swiss muslin dresses and basques for little girls, tamboured with colored wool, are very pretty, and suitable for this season. They wash well, and look dressy and tasteful at a very trifling cost. Of richer robes, also, there is no lack. Flounced dresses of India muslin, embroidered in the richest designs, and trimmed with Valenciennes, are handsome enough to gratify the most exigent parent. The children's caps are charming, also; and the infants' cloaks, one mass of embroidery, are very splendid. We have mentioned before that the same artists are employed here as were formerly at Genin's; and their taste and skill insure this department being all that the patrons or proprietors of the establishment can desire.

Amongst the goods which call for especial notice at GEORGE HEARN'S, 425 Broadway, are the beautiful foulards which are being sold, like most other goods just now, greatly under their real value. The piqués, brilliants and French prints here, in chintz and other delicate designs, are very fresh and pretty-looking.

In mantles, as in other goods, there is little or no novelty. The firm of BULFIN, GIBSON & ELLIOTT, 861 Broadway, are selling at extraordinarily low prices an immense stock of pusher, Chantilly and other laces, in points, mantles, shawls, &c. Many of these are of very ample size, almost enveloping the figure, and having a charming effect over the light silk and grenadine dresses, which are usually worn. The favorite style appears to be the point, with deep flounces; but shawls and mantelets are also popular. Some very pretty silk mantles, of large size, with capes handsomely trimmed with guipure, will be found here at prices equally moderate with those of the lace goods.

At D. W. ELLIOTT & Co's, 294, 296 Canal street, we were shown some charming travelling and seaside wraps, of Algerine cloth; some in bright and distinct broad stripes, others in shadows of the popular soft tints, with hoods and trimmings of a color. They are among the prettiest and most comfortable garments of the kind, and fabulously cheap.

The stock of shawls at CHARLES STREET'S, 475 Broadway, is well deserving of notice, being among the most carefully selected in the city, whether we speak of the expensive camel's hair, the French and Paisley cashmores, or the light fabrics which are likely to be so much worn during the summer. Some of the barège shawls, at only four dollars, are very pretty; and they may be had in plain white, as well as in combinations of colors. Grenadine is also, this year, a favorite material; and of it a great assortment will be found here.

The dress and mantle alike, of challie, poplin and barège, is made here in every possible variety of style; and the striped shawls of India patterns, which harmonize with every style of dress, and almost every color, will be found of excellent quality and moderate price.

We must not dismiss this subject without noticing the Fifth Avenue Establishment of Mr. BRODIE, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The great convenience of having a fitting-room under the store, where garments can be fitted on without interrupting the general business, and where any desired alterations can be made, will be universally appreciated, as it deserves to be. We have before spoken of the completeness of the arrangements of this establishment, which is every way worthy of its distinguished locality. Especial attention is given to orders for garments for children's wear. The white and black barèges here are in new styles and exceedingly pretty and light-looking. The lace mantillas of Mr. BRODIE have always been distinguished for their elegant Spanish style. Some of the basquines, of rich glacé silk, have bertha capes, covered with folds, wide on the shoulders, and coming into a point at the waist, the edge trimmed with silk drops finished with jet. The sleeve also had an upper cap, trimmed to match. This rendered the basquine as becoming to the figure as it usually is the reverse, adding to the width of the shoulders, and making the wearer, of course, look well-formed instead of lanky. We are glad to notice the improvement.

Very near Brodie's, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fifth street, is J. A. BLUXOME'S new store, where ribbons, laces and the newest and prettiest illusion goods are always to be found. There is a novelty in sleeves which is particularly worth notice, a succession of diamonds, formed of plaited ribbon, behind the reverse cuff, each vandyke filled with puffed

illusion. The new style of bishop sleeve, terminating in a loose narrow band, just needs a sleeve of this description.

Those who contemplate "witching the world" with the coquettishness and grace of their morning toilette, at Newport and Saratoga, will do well to be very particular as to that essential part of it, the breakfast-cap. Those of the present season are singularly light and elegant looking. RICHMOND, 387 Broadway, has a charming and most tasteful variety of breakfast-caps, as well as head-dresses for evening wear. The "Charlotte Corday," which we mentioned at its first introduction, is among the most popular and *gracieuse*; and there are other recent creations almost equally tasteful.

At this store we find also some very beautiful fichus and capes in Honiton lace, and all the little elegant accessories of the toilette in glove-bands, mouchoirs, veils, &c., will be found in great profusion.

The daintiest of dainty little aprons for little people, pretty piqué raglans and basques, and a general stock of neat inexpensive articles of underwear for ladies and children, will be bought with great advantage of E. WILLIAMS & Co., 429 Broadway; black laces, also, of every width, white laces and embroideries are selected, apparently, with great judgment. Many of the designs of the black lace flounces are very rich and beautiful; and as this material is so much used now, it is fortunate, perhaps, for the purchaser that it is one which even more than silks has suffered a reduction from over-importation.

Bonnets are now of the very lightest materials; Neapolitan for morning wear, and crape and malines for dress being almost universal. Notwithstanding the apparent unsuitableness, black Neapolitan is more in favor than anything else: it is trimmed with a cluster of very bright flowers and a little ribbon.

One of the dress bonnets of Madame MARTELLI NOTMAN, 108 Clinton place, pleased us especially; it was composed of crape, white and rose-color intermingled, and nearly covered with black lace. A white marabout tipped with rose drooped from one side, shaded by the black lace which partly surrounded it; from thence a rose ribbon crossed the top of the bonnet, terminating in a tuft of York and Lancaster roses with foliage, with one long streamer of black ribbon and one of white. The brim was edged with black blonde, and the bandeau, which was very full, was of pink and white roses and buds. All the bonnets here are pretty. By a typographical error last month we called this lady Madame Martinelli Notman.

A white and split straw at R. T. WILDE & Co's. was trimmed with Solferino ribbon and a heavy cluster of black grapes; they drooped on one side of the crown, while the other had a full ruche of black blonde laid over the ribbon. The interior had a bandeau of ribbon, with a little black lace intermingled.

Very pretty travelling bonnets of silk, of neutral colors and of the small fine checks, are to be bought here, and their moderate price is one of their many recommendations.

We have selected one of Mrs. RALLING's (318 Canal street) prettiest bonnets for illustration. We observed there some neat bonnets in white crape, covered with black lace.

In the chaussure, fashion this year prohibits all but black boots, which will be worn throughout the season with large buckles; but shoes are always selected to match either the dress or the trimmings worn in the sleeves and collar. Mrs. M. L. HILL, 571 Broadway, of whom alone these colored shoes can be obtained, has recently received a large stock of the newest Parisian buckles.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

THE past month has been an important one in the fashionable world, in Paris especially. The magnificent fancy ball given nominally by the Duchess of Alba, but in reality by the Empress Eugenie, closed one of the most brilliant seasons that has been known for half a century in Paris. There is this advantage in a fancy ball; that under the shadow of a mask and domino the great and the little can mingle in social intercourse with a freedom impossible, as well as undesirable, under other circumstances. But then the fancy ball should be in Paris; for no other nation can vie with the French in the article of

costume, any more than in the wit, grace and fun necessary to make this sort of entertainment a success. For the English, they still, as in the days of Froissart, "amuse themselves sadly after the manner of their country;" and the old Puritan element is still too strong in this country to allow of the fancy ball being popular. During the past season the fancy quadrilles have formed a prominent part of the entertainments of the masked balls in Paris. At one the costumes of the gentlemen represented animals; of the ladies, flowers and vegetables; the Princess de Metternich, an Austrian lady, being represented as an artichoke—an attire to which, amongst a majority of the guests, a political significance was attached. At another, a group represented the personages of Perrault's Fables; and a Madame de Bee—, who certainly ought to have selected a costume more in harmony with her name, appeared as Puss in Boots; with immense boots, a diadem in the shape of a cat's head, with glaring eyes, and a pantalon—paunjamahs, as the Japanese call those articles of attire—of white swansdown.

Another, which was the success of the season, was a quadrille danced by sixteen ladies, representing the elements, each being represented by four, dressed precisely alike. Fire found its representatives in ladies who wore diadems of gold, worked in imitation of that element, while their hair was powdered red, and interspersed with golden flames. The nymphs who impersonated water had their dresses and tresses alike glittering with diamonds and pearls for dewdrops, while their robes were ornamented with seaweeds, shells and marine flowers. The head-dresses of the representatives of air were in the form of wings, and the hair itself powdered with silver; and the decorations of the daughters of earth were formed of cornucopias of fruits and flowers. The Princess Czartoriska, sister (over the left) to Queen Isabella of Spain, was one of the ladies who formed this quadrille; which was encored for the amusement of the spectators.

Prettier, however, and more interesting than even all this magnificence must have been the party at which the little Prince Imperial entertained all the *enfants de troupe* then stationed in Paris. The little fellow is early learning the arts of popularity, it would appear; or rather, it was perhaps the childish and unconcealed enjoyment of "a party"—a pleasure which is great with all small people that so charmed the lookers-on.

But return we to our own affairs. At present the most distinguished styles of bonnets are in black straw or silk, trimmed with flowers of very bright colors, set on in tufts. Unsuitable as it would seem for this season, did fashion ever condescend to be suitable or reasonable in her caprices, this is really the mode for promenade; whilst the lightest possible fabrics of white crape and tulle are in favor for the carriage or for visiting dress.

Straw embroidery, in imitation or reality, continues to be in vogue; and white and red poppies, roses of every possible shade, China-asters, dahlias, as well as more delicate flowers are used. The general way of trimming is to group three or four flowers, of the same species, but different colors, on one side of the bonnet. In some of the Parisian hats, also, we find the eccentric style of one white and one black string. With bonnets of tulle or crape gold leaves, beads and embroidery are by no means uncommon; we noticed this, last month, in some of Alexandrine's bonnets, imported by Madame Harris; and we now find the novelty established. We do not think it pretty, however; but there seems a sort of rage for displaying gold on every article of dress, if possible; from the shoes with large gold shoe-buckles, set with gems or enamelled, to the bonnets and head-dresses. Even dresses and mantles do not escape; and as we remarked some time ago, there are ladies who have cuffs and collars of gold.

A prettier and more delicate fashion is that of wearing capes, fichus and pelerines of lace and illusion. They are universal; and even girls of twelve or fourteen wear them. For these young ladies, however, they are made with very long ends, which cross in front and are fastened behind like those of a sash.

Medallion and other styles of embroidery in which lace and muslin work are blended find more favor than those sorts which are, exclusively, the one or the other kind. But the rich, beautiful Maltese lace, which is so durable and effective, is more in favor than it used to be; and even Brussels and Honiton are



APRON. PAGE 86.

worn a good deal, the delicate flowers showing to such advantage, over the rich colors of the ribbons with which they are trimmed.

Many morning robes of cambric and piqué are made with skirts and Zouave jackets only; the latter worn over a full vest of white muslin. This style is also very popular for little boys.

We are glad to see that raglans and basques of piqué are taking the place of the inelegant and unmanageable capes which used to be worn by little girls. Every one must have seen them twisting about, leaving one arm uncovered, and all the chest exposed; in fact, they never deserved to be considered as out-door wraps at all; and we shall be very glad when the last of these uncomely things disappears from the streets.

As to the chaussure—black boots only are *comme il faut*, whatever the color of the dress; but in-doors, slippers to match either the robe or the ribbons worn with it are the fashion; and they are trimmed even more elaborately than ever, and with larger buckles. Some of the new designs of these indispensable articles, imported by Mrs. Hill, 571 Broadway, are very beautiful; having Egyptian figures in gold on the black or blue enamel of the broad large buckle. Others of chased gold, delicate enamel designs and marquissette, are equally handsome, although, perhaps, less grotesque. It is no wonder that the supply hardly equals the demand for them.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THE season of summer weather and summer dress being now fairly inaugurated, there is little to be said as to the fashions, beyond what we noticed last month.

Dresses continue to be made in the "Princess" style, corsage and skirt in one, the latter gored to the waist. But this is suitable only for rich and heavy silks, which are still worn, although in a great measure replaced by lighter and more seasonable fabrics. In all light materials, a number of flounces are invariably seen; and although we observe as few as three and as many as fifteen, yet seven and nine seem to be in the majority. The organdies and some of the bareges have also four narrow flounces on the lower skirt, with an upper one forming a deep flounce over them—and this may, perhaps, be considered the most popular of trim-

gings. The robe pieces always comprise suitable trimming for the corsage. Organdies have, very generally, pagoda sleeves with three or more frills edged with Valenciennes. Such materials as do not pass under the hands of the laundress have puffings and other trimmings of a more fagonné description.

Passementerie is much used for plain silk dresses; we give, elsewhere, an illustration of the newest and most distinguished style.

In the shapes of mantles there is no change to record; but we may remark a growing predilection for trimmings of guipure lace, intermingled with jet, and with cords formed of plaited silk. The full mantles with plaited barbes are decidedly the favorites. They are now cut so as to form sleeves, and have a cape of hood form.

The Arab Burnous is also a great favorite, although not one person out of every fifty who throw it over their shoulders has the slightest idea how to wear or carry it. It is made in the Algerine and Zebra cloths; and also in grenadines and barèges: of this particular garment we have been especially pleased with the genuine style of CHARLES STREET, 475 Broadway.

The basquine, when the corsage part is perfectly plain, is about the most ungraceful of out-door garments, especially for the wear of Americans, whose forms do not err, generally, on the side of undue development. To make these basquines pretty, they require some trimming of the body part; and at E. LAMBERT'S we discern, in several instances, that this defect is remedied.

The style for the present month, in promenade dresses, is the dress and mantle or shawl of barège Anglaise. It is so light and cool-looking, and so readily harmonizes with any color in the bonnet, that it is deservedly a great favorite. We have gladly availed ourselves of its popularity, to give our readers an engraving from one of the actual costumes in our colored fashion plate.

The bonnets, although scooped a good deal in front, are not now quite so large as they were earlier in the season. At least



APRON. PAGE 86.

those that emanate from the most distinguished houses are not so. That the more moderate dimensions are more becoming is a matter of course. Solferino continues to be the color, *par excellence*; almost always mingled with black. Lace is profusely worn; black lace being used even for the exterior of a straw bonnet. Fruits as well as flowers are seen in the trimming; and there is a growing tendency to ornament the crown, rather than the front of the bonnet. The interior is always very fully trimmed.

The head-dresses are mostly of ribbon, formed in rosettes, with long ends drooping over the shoulders. They are set on a double frame, going round the head. For morning wear, caps are quite indispensable, and they are always of the daintiest and most coquetish description.

Breakfast sets of lingerie are sometimes embroidered in colors, in the style known as "Tapestry." The mouchoir should correspond with them. They appear to advantage only with a white muslin wrapper. If there be any color in the robe the effect is no longer good. With a black silk, however, they look bright and pretty. The ordinary breakfast sets are of fine linen, embroidered or stitched, of either the *mousquetaire* or the *Bretagne* style. In the latter there are two small points in front of the collar, as well as on the shoulders and at the back. They are not at all larger than usual. In dress sets, cuffs are worn quite as much as open sleeves. They are turned back over puffed net or illusion, trimmed with ribbon; and the sleeves are not so large as they were some months ago.

Pocket handkerchiefs with colored borders are greatly worn in morning toilette; although fashion, however potent, will never make them so elegant as plain white cambric.

DESCRIPTION COLORED FASHION PLATE.

1st. FIG. Demi-toilette. Robe of organdy; the ground of which is of the sandy-gray hue we mentioned last month as so novel and so delicate. It is one of the most popular styles; three flounces on the lower skirt and a deep single flounce for an upper skirt. In this the border is somewhat different to that of the lower flounces, having a line of Pompadour bouquets above the band at the edge. We would especially call atten-

tion to the mode of making the corsage, which is quite plain, fitting closely to the figure and closed up the back, a style which has many advantages, although not that of convenience, very few being able to fasten such a dress without assistance. Bretelles, of the design of the flounce-borders, are set on somewhat full, very deep at the shoulders and narrow at the waist

before and behind. A ribbon belt finishes the waist. The sleeves are small bishop form, set into the shoulders in box plaits, and reaching about half-way between the elbow and the wrist, where they are set in narrow bands concealed by full reversed cuffs like the bretelles. Of course, in the robe, this trimming is supplied as well as the flounces. A double frill of lace is worn round the throat instead of a collar, and with a much prettier effect. The hair is worn turned back à l'*Impératrice*, and the back arranged in full bows and braids, with which two or three roses are intermingled at the sides. Bracelets of massive gold in links, and short gloves without bands.

This dress is suitable only for a young lady.

2nd Fig. Promenade toilette. This robe is of *barège Anglais*, with shawl to correspond, and is one of those which we mentioned recently as being imported solely by the firm of Lord & Taylor. This one has five flounces, arranged so as to entirely cover the skirt. The material is a sort of chiné gray, with borders in Havana color. The corsage high and plain, with bretelles, trimmed with small puffings. The sleeves are somewhat large and flowing, with two or three frills for trimming, and under them are worn others of embroidered muslin. Over this is worn a long shawl to match. The bonnet of Solferino crape, shirred and trimmed with flowers and white blonde, is not of the preposterous dimensions which we sometimes see in the streets and in the stores of second-rate milliners. It is, however, very open at the sides; and has only a full ruche



CIRCLE. PAGE 86.

by way of face trimming, with a tuft of pink (Solferino) azalias on each side. The hair is curled in short full curls on the temples. The curtain of this bonnet is very deep and full, quite shading the neck; and the ribbons, tied in a bow under the chin, are exceedingly wide and handsome.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

DRESS BRAIDED WITH PASSEMENTERIE. PAGE 88.

We give this engraving in illustration of one of the newest styles of trimming. The material is a passementerie cord, set on in a simple Greek braiding design across the bust, each band terminating in handsome tassels, intermixed with jet drops. Three of these bands trim the corsage, the upper one reaching quite to the shoulders, where it is connected with the knotted cord which forms the heading of the sleeve trimming. The braiding is also carried in two lines down the front of the sleeve, each line finishing with a rich macaroon and tassels. The sleeve is of the Entonnoir shape, long, but not very wide; and edged with two lines of braiding. Full plain *bouffant* sleeves of white muslin are worn beneath those of the robe.

FULL LENGTH FIGURE. PAGE 88.

This is a very elegant carriage toilette. The robe, of plain *poul de soie*, has the skirt and corsage in one, à la Princesse; and perfectly plain except broad bretelles of the same silk, cut *blas*, wide on the shoulder, very narrow at the waist, and continued, gradually increasing in width, down the sides of the robe, leaving the front *en tablier*. It is trimmed with a row of rich *gimpure* lace; and macaroons of the same silk, with frills of *gimpure*, are set, at intervals, up the front, graduated in size from the hem to the waist, and from thence to the throat reversed. The sleeve is open, deep at the back, and cut up the front, the fore part closing over the other, and the lace trimming carried round it and up to the shoulder. Shawl of *Chantilly* lace; bonnet of white crape and colored silk, with white feathers tipped with the same color.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

APRONS AND GIRDLES. PAGES 84-85.

We mentioned, last month, that there was a probability of aprons being much more worn than they have of late been by ladies. We are glad of it; since they are both convenient and ornamental appendages to the toilette; and we proceed to describe some of the many novel modes of trimming them, by which it will be perceived that they have shared in the general progress of taste and elegance in dress.

We have before us nearly a dozen different designs for aprons. The material, in all cases, is black silk, *glacé*, *poul de soie*, or watered silk. Like every other article of dress at present, they are elaborately ornamented, principally with silk cord and macaroon trimmings; but fringe, tassels and passementerie are also employed. The greatest novelty is in the girdle or band, which is made with two points in front, one down and one up. When the band is made thus, bows and long streamers of ribbon, like those of a sash, are added. It is remarkable also, that the colored sashes worn with white and light dresses will also have this pointed belt, which is called the *Medicis*. The ribbon used for the streamers is very wide; never less than No. 80; and sometimes taffetas is used, split down the length, which gives a sash nine inches wide. (The ordinary narrow silk is eighteen inches.) We give an illustration of this sash, which forms so very pretty and dressy a finish to a simple muslin dress. It will be observed that the ends are handsomely fringed.

The first apron of which we give an illustration is made of black silk, trimmed with black satin ribbon and colored silk, purple, green, blue, or, in short, any color that will look well with the robe with which it may probably be worn. As will be seen in the engraving, this colored silk forms the pockets, and a band of eight inches or so along the bottom. The colored silk should be honey-combed; but if this be thought too troublesome, the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine has made quilting as easy to execute as it is ornamental when done.

The shape of the pockets is very pretty, something like the *sabretache* of a cavalry officer. They have a top falling over, trimmed round with cord, and finished with bows of cord and silk tassels. The cords are continued up each side of the apron to the band, which materially strengthens pockets. These are trimmed with a *ruche* of quilled ribbon, and a row of the same forms a heading to the colored silk border.

The other apron we have selected for illustration has rounded corners; and is trimmed with a flounce of fluted pinked silk, gradually narrowed towards the waist. A *ruche* of narrow quilled ribbon forms a heading. There are no pockets; but side trimmings of passementerie with tassels at the ends, and knots of cord at the top, are placed at each side, for ornaments; and it would be no difficult matter to put in pockets, as in a dress, and make the openings between the two rows of buttons forming the passementerie.

Another of a simpler character is in plain black *glacé* silk, with no ornament round the edge, but merely thick cord ornaments on each side, where pockets should be, but extending from the belt nearly to the hem. Four cords, each seven-eighths of a yard long and ending with a tassel, are wanted; two on each side, set on at three inches apart. Each pair makes a series of oval medallions, crossing here and there; and where they cross, one of the pretty macaroon trimmings is placed by way of ornament.

Others have a border of velvet ribbon down the sides, and along the bottom; with a narrow black lace on the inner edge, as well as on the outer; with rosettes, graduated in size, placed at intervals up each side.

Braided pockets, trimmed with deep fringe, afford another variety; and the apron itself may also be braided. Another style has the edge cut like shells, each flounced with pinked silk, so that one wraps over another, with a medallion rosette at the termination of each; and two other rosettes with ends of ribbon, placed to ornament the pockets.

All these are made either with cord and tassels, for girdle, or the *Medicis* sash; which latter is the most elegant.

EMBROIDERED SOFA CUSHION. PAGE 88.

We give here a miniature engraving of a magnificently embroidered sofa cushion; and shall next month add a full sized engraving, now in preparation, of one section, from which the whole may be executed.

FRONT OF A BRAIDED SHOE. PAGE 89.

The material for the slipper should be colored cloth, with Russia silk braid of a contrasting color. We introduce this design in order to mention a new style of braiding, which is much more effective than the ordinary one. It consists in taking stitches across the braid—not through it—with coarse silk of another color. Thus, on black cloth, crimson braid sewed over with rich blue, or vice versa, would have a very excellent effect. The ends of the braid should be drawn through to the wrong side.

CENTRE OF A CARD BASKET IN APPLICATION. PAGE 89.

The materials for this card basket lining are satin and velvet; with glass or pearl beads. You choose a light pretty wicker card basket, of an oval form, if possible, and without a handle. This is to be ornamented on the inside only. The centre we engrave. The light parts represent the velvet, which is carefully cut out, and then fastened down with gum, on the satin or silk, which appears in the dark part only. Originally, however, the two materials are the same size. The edges of the velvet are then sewed down, and a row of beads put on. The sides of the basket are lined with silk, and velvet ribbon cut in Vandykes or scallops fastened down along the upper and lower edge, so that the points incline towards each other. They then are finished with beads. Black velvet Vandyke trimming may frequently be purchased. Finish the basket with a full ruching of narrow satin ribbon round the edge, and along the join of the centre and sides. This would make a very pretty work basket.

LAPPET IN SWISS LACE. PAGE 92.

MATERIALS.—Brussels net, fine clear lawn, and W. Evans & Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, No. 36, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 70.

Swiss lace (or application, as it is sometimes called), is worked by drawing a design on lawn, and working it over net. The lawn is then cut away from every part but that of the pattern. It is necessary, after tacking the two materials together on *toile cirée*, to trace the design with embroidery cotton, being very careful to take up a thread of the net as well as the muslin, at every stitch. Then sew it closely over, working a fine button-hole stitch at the edge only. The centres of the flowers are

pierced and sewed over. The centres of the roses are cut out and sewed over; and the fancy stitches then worked with the Boar's Head Cotton, in English lace, or any other favorite stitch.

INITIAL LETTERS. PAGE 93.

These are intended for marking fine cambric handkerchiefs. They are worked in satin stitch, although the spots may, if desired, be converted into eyelet holes. We gave, in a recent number, several of the letters of this alphabet; and now nearly complete it. Evans's Embroidery Cotton, No. 60 or 80, will be the proper material to employ in working these letters.

TIDY OR PILLOW-COVER, IN NETTING AND EMBROIDERY. PAGE 96.

In summer, when we can take our work into the garden or the woods, it is particularly pleasant to have such as is convenient of carriage. The design we now give for a tidy or cushion-cover is particularly suitable for this, being done in small squares, which are afterwards sewed together.

The black squares are done in what is called square netting, with Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton No. 8, and the pattern darned on it in their Knitting Cotton No. 10.

The white squares are embroidered on jaconet muslin. As represented in the engraving they are worked in satin stitch but the effect would be much prettier if the leaves and petals were in English embroidery, cut out and sewed over. No. 14 Embroidery Cotton should be employed.

Those of our readers who are not acquainted with the process of square netting will be glad to learn that it is merely the ordinary stitch; only that instead of beginning with the full number, you commence with one stitch only, and increase, by doing two in one at the end of every row, until you have one hole less up the side than will be found in the pattern. Then do one row without any increase; after which, decrease, by taking two stitches together, as one at the end of every row, until you take the last two as one.

The little squares so worked, require to be washed, slightly stiffened and pinned out as the squares before they are darned. Otherwise, from the mode of working, they appear to be diamonds. Tack them on toile cr  e before darning them.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE SILVERBELL; OR, THE BLACK CAT.

I wish my young reader could have seen Fanny Castleton's pet cat, Little Silverbell. He had that name given him by Fanny, because her good and indulgent father, ever anxious to please his darling little girl, had bought a fine scarlet collar, decorated all round with tiny bells, which, though of course not real silver—as that metal would be too precious and expensive to bestow for ornamenting an animal—were yet so bright, and so good an imitation of the real thing, that Fanny was quite as well pleased as if the bells had been really silver, and had cost a great deal of money—which you will own could have been made a far better use of in relieving distress, and helping poor persons.

However, thus it was that pussy acquired the pretty name of Little Silverbell; and as even cats have their share of vanity, I can assure you Master Silverbell grew very proud of his decorations, and managed to express his wants and wishes by the aid of his bells in a very remarkable manner. For instance, when he wanted anything, instead of mewing as most cats do, Silverbell would come to his mistress and would shake his collar. He did this at breakfast time, when his allowance was a full saucer of milk, and as much bread and butter as his young lady would spare him; and as the little girl loved the animal dearly, you are sure she would rob herself rather than that her pet should be disappointed. When Silverbell wanted his dinner he made the same noise, and so on at every meal. So well fed and tended, he grew up a fine sleek mouser, and was much attached to Fanny, who had saved him, indeed, when he was quite a little kitten, from being drowned. The story was thus:

Mr. Castleton had some friends, at whose house Fanny was accustomed to visit, and play with the young people of the

family. These persons had what I think was a very cruel custom, that of keeping one of a litter of kittens as a pet and plaything for the children, and when it grew out of its kittenhood to drown it as an incumbrance. Now it would not be proper exactly to keep all the kittens and puppies who are born, for in time they would multiply so greatly that the world would be overrun with cats and dogs, who would trespass on the food of human beings, and very likely would create a famine. The bountiful Creator intended animals for man's service; but he never intended them, or gave them to us to be wantonly or cruelly used. Therefore I say it was very wrong of Mrs. Hartly to let her kittens be kept till they were no longer amusing or entertaining. When they are first born, life in these creatures is so feeble a spark that it may be extinguished in a moment without pain or cruelty; but if they are kept only a day after their birth, their destruction becomes painful to feeling minds, and unkind to the poor feline mother, who frets and cries after her offspring, and doubtless feels a pang as acute in its way as that of any human mother who loses her dear babies.

Now, one day it happened, when Fanny was on a visit at Mr. and Mrs. Hartly's, that Silverbell, who at that period of his life had no better name than the ignominious one of "Puss," had ceased to divert the little Misses and Masters Hartly. Silverbell was unanimously voted to be getting too big to play; although the little creature in truth was but six months old.

"Let it be drowned out of the way," said Mrs. Hartly, who came just then into the children's play-room.

The boys clapped their hands; the thought of witnessing the dying struggles of the poor animal who had been their plaything pleased the wicked children, and they commenced to hunt poor Silverbell, who, as if he knew the doom to which he was destined, got out of the way of his tormentors, and hid himself in corners, under the chairs and tables.

Fanny meanwhile looked on the chase with sorrowful face and a bursting heart. She had been brought up very differently, and loved everything to which her Creator had given life. She had been taught not to scream at a spider, nor to run away from a poor little mouse; and could even look at a beetle or cockroach without disgust. She had learned that the hand of God was as visible in one of these, his meanest creatures, as in her own structure and existence, and could not have harmed one herself, though at the same time she understood that there was a necessity to keep down reptile life, which increases so quickly. But wicked and wanton cruelty the little girl abhorred with her whole heart and soul; therefore just when Joseph Hartly, the eldest boy, had seized poor little Silverbell, and had dragged him from under a sofa, where he had fled as to a refuge, Fanny could contain no longer, but burst out with:

"Oh, Joseph, you naughty boy, what are you going to do?"

"Drown a kitten," says Joseph, with a grin of extreme delight. Drowning a kitten was by no means an everyday amusement to this young gentleman, and he was highly excited at the prospect of so fine a diversion.

"You are exceedingly wicked," said Fanny, who could hardly restrain sobbing. "Such a pretty little cat, and one that you pretended to be so fond of!—oh, how can you?"

"Mamma said we might," shouted Samuel, the youngest boy, who anticipated the "fun" just as much as his brother.

"My mamma would not allow such a thing," said Fanny, indignantly. "And I am sure I would not do such a cruel thing for ever so much money."

"Come along," Joseph called out impatiently to his brother. "Ask the housemaid, Sam, for the pail, and bring puss to the water tap. We'll stop your squalling, Master Puss," he said, as the poor little cat mewed piteously.

Fanny sprang forward and laid her hand on the kitten's black and glossy coat.

"Joseph," she said, rendered quite desperate, "give the kitten to me, and let me take it home, I know mamma will allow me to have it if I ask her; but don't! oh, don't drown the poor thing! See; I am sure it hears me plead for it. Papa says that animals understand more of what goes on around them than human beings give them credit for; and I am sure poor puss knows you mean to kill him, and that I am begging you for his life."

But this speech of the little girl's, at once earnest and gentle,



CARRIAGE TOILETTE. PAGE 86.

had no effect at all on the obdurate Joseph, except that it enhanced his amusement to tease Fanny. He loved to torment girls, this rude and cruel boy, just as much as he did dumb animals; and, indeed, was mostly to be seen fighting and quarrelling with his little sisters, and tyrannizing over them. So to plague Fanny, he refused to give her the cat.

Mrs. Hartly came in while they were disputing. Fanny ran to her.

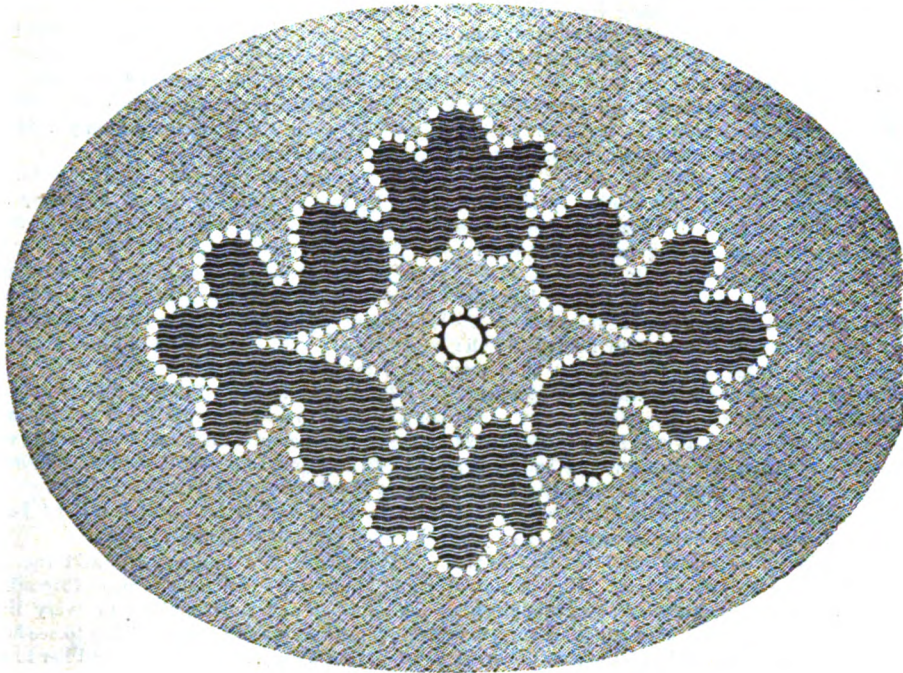
"Oh!" Mrs. Hartly, she said, "I am certain you will give me this little cat, instead of letting Joseph drown it."



DRESS BRAIDED WITH PASSEMENTERIE. PAGE 86.



EMBROIDERED SOFA CUSHION. PAGE 86.

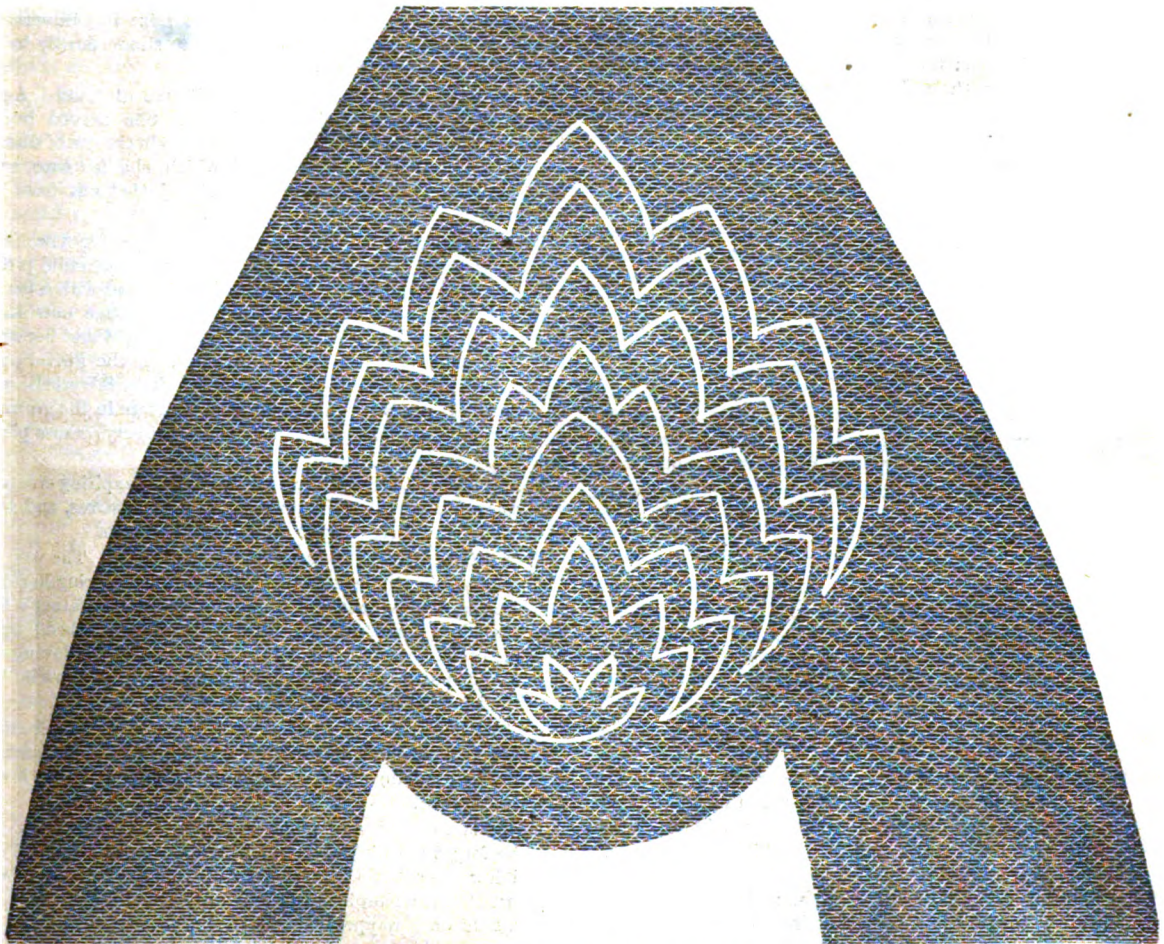


CENTRE OF CARD BASKET IN APPLICATION. PAGE 86.

Mrs. Hartly hesitated when she heard this request of Fanny's. The little girl stood with a beating heart, to hear the answer. Mrs. Hartly had not the cat's death so much at heart as her son Joseph, she therefore only said :

"Well, my dear, I don't know. What would your mamma say if you took home a cat?"

"I am sure, ma'am," she replied eagerly, "she would let me have it, rather than—"



FRONT OF A BRAIDED SHOE. PAGE 86.

Fanny stopped. She felt she was blaming Mrs. Hartly for permitting her children to act so unfeelingly, and she had been taught to respect her elders, so she did not go on, but colored and blushed a good deal at her own boldness.

"Well then," said Mrs. Hartly, who, though inconsiderate, was not quite unfeeling, "you may have the cat, Fanny; but if your mamma disapproves of your taking him home, remember, child, you must bring pussy back."

Joseph set up a howl when he heard his mother speak thus; but, for once Mrs. Hartly was firm, and boxed Joseph's ears when he persisted in howling and roaring because his bad intentions were balked.

Mrs. Castleton did not refuse the boon her little daughter asked. She loved—that good mother—to encourage every indication of feeling and humanity betrayed by her child; she allowed Fanny even every indulgence for her pet that was reasonable, though she refused to let the kitten be pampered with food too good and rich for it.

So when Fanny one day had a present made of a scarlet collar and bells, she was so overjoyed that nothing would satisfy her but a name for her favorite as pretty as he was himself. Silverbell, indeed, was a beauty. He was entirely black, with a coat of fur, sleek and soft as velvet, and shiny as satin. His eyes, of a deep amber, shone like yellow topazes, and his limbs were elegantly thin, and his neck long and arching. He was not a large cat; but Fanny was rather glad of that; she thought his smallness and grace greatly enhanced his beauty. Every one who visited Mrs. Castleton admired this pretty creature as it gambolled about Fanny, following her, indeed, wherever she went, about the house or in the garden, and taking food from no hand but hers. Ah, little Silverbell, you were destined to cause your gentle, loving young mistress much trouble after all. At first Silverbell could not settle at all; cats never can in a fresh place or a new home; it has been said, indeed, that they are more attached to places than to persons; but that is by no means true. They are certainly capable only of attaching themselves to one person at a time, that is mostly the person who feeds and takes care of them. These creatures teach a lesson to human beings; they respond with grateful affection to those who provide for their daily wants. Do we so love—are we as faithful to the Good Father who gives us our daily bread? Not always, I fear.

Little Silverbell and his mistress would have led lives cheerful and contented enough, but for the kitten's propensity to explore strange places and to trespass in the neighboring gardens and houses. Every now and then Fanny might be seen going about, with tears in her eyes, knocking at the neighbors' doors, imploring to know if her black cat with the scarlet collar and silver bells had been seen. Silverbell was always recovered at last, and, wonderful to say, with all his bells; but Fanny was mostly in a state of trepidation or distress, either because the cat had strayed, or because she feared he might. Once he was missing a whole day and night, and at last was discovered fast asleep in the copper; that time Little Silverbell narrowly escaped with his life, for on the next day the usual monthly wash was to have taken place at Mrs. Castleton's, and Silverbell, had he not been very hungry, and so mewed for liberty, would in all probability have been roasted alive, for some person having put on the copper lid, he might not have been found in time. Again, he got another time into Mr. Castleton's boots, and when Mary the housemaid began to clean them, out popped Master Silverbell, and the girl, in her fright, fancying him to be a rat—though rats never wear collars and bells—she knocked the poor little beast on the head with a large poker, and for some time he was insensible. Yet he survived these disasters, though a sad adventure at last befel him, which I am about to relate, and which, alas! will terminate the history of poor little Silverbell.

Mr. Castleton's house was situated in a suburban part of London. At the end of Rye Grove, which was the name of the street in which the family lived, was a newly-built church, with a large shrubbery surrounding it, which formed a very picturesque termination to the Grove. That shrubbery was a favorite hunting-ground of Silverbell's, and it was Fanny's constant care to prevent him from straying there, for he would, if possible, get out at the front-door and run into the church-grounds.

One evening the family at the Grove had been to drink tea with some friends, whose garden was on the borders of the New River; the young people, it being a fine autumn-evening, had been indulged with a dance and lemonade on the lawn, and had enjoyed their pleasure amazingly. It was rather late, therefore, when Mr. Castleton's family returned home—about eleven o'clock, indeed.

But the nights were fine, and the harvest-moon shone brightly, casting the gray church into deep shadow. As they passed the shrubbery, a wail, as of some animal in distress, rose on the ears of the party. It did not, however, at first attract the notice of the little family, who were gaily chatting about their pleasant evening. Again there came a cry, louder and more prolonged. "How those cats are fighting in that shrubbery!" said Mrs. Castleton; but Fanny held her breath, and listened anxiously.

"Mamma," she said, "that is the cry of a cat in pain—or of danger of some kind. Hark! now I can hear the yelping of a dog. Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, suddenly, as if the thought had just come—if it should be Silverbell! Do let me run to the shrubbery and see."

"No, child, no," Mr. Castleton said; "besides, no doubt at this time of night the gate is locked."

"Papa, there is a broken rail," said the anxious little girl, "and I am quite small enough to get through." Fanny's voice was agitated, and she trembled in every limb. Her parents believing there was no danger, liking to see her display courage, and pitying Fanny's alarm, permitted her to go.

And Mr. Castleton said he should wait for her by the broken railing, through which the slender figure of the child passed easily enough.

Fanny walked up the path of the shrubbery, looking everywhere to see if she could find Silverbell, and called to him in her clear childish voice. What was the object which arrested her steps and froze her utterance?—that object there, glittering in the moonlight, among the shrubs and flowers? Alas! she knew it too well; she darted forward to seize it. Silverbell's scarlet collar and ornaments it was that shone faintly in the light of the now waning moon.

Fanny gave a cry. The dreaded evil was at hand. Again the fierce yelping of a dog was heard. She nerved herself (holding the collar) to go on. She heard again the cry of distress which had first alarmed her, and which, she felt sure, came from behind one of the buttresses which jutted out from the building.

Fanny was right. As she neared the corner, a dog flew, barking at her, from the shrubberies. The courageous child picked up a stone and frightened the animal away, and with a fearful sinking heart, went on. She had barely courage now to go further; but go on she did, and ah! what a sight met her eyes! She looked, but needed no second gaze; on the gravel path, dying, and already nearly insensible, lay little Silverbell, worried by the fierce dog, which had been let loose in the grounds, most probably, by the gardener of the shrubbery, whose plants and seedlings the cats destroyed.

Fanny had just strength left to lift the poor expiring creature, who raised his glazing orbs towards his dear mistress, and who, giving one cry of recognition, died so in her arms.

Poor little Silverbell! and oh poor Fanny! The weeping child had scarce strength to reach the railing, bearing her dead favorite; and when she got there, fainted at her father's feet. She was taken home, and placed in her little white bed; but it was many weeks ere poor Fanny—who was of a loving and sensitive disposition—was thought well enough to leave it. The child had fretted herself into a nervous fever.

As for little Silverbell, he was buried beneath a rosebush in Fanny's own garden; and in after days she had a melancholy pleasure in plucking the roses which grew over her poor loving favorite's grave.

Fanny is a woman now; but never, to the end of her life, can she forget the night on which, maimed and wounded, she found her poor little Silverbell or his dying glance. What I have written is a simple story, and only about a poor cat; but it is a true one, happening within the writer's own remembrance.

PEWS IN CHURCHES.

We gather the following curious facts in regard to the history of pews in churches. In Anglo-Saxon and some Norman churches of very early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running round the whole interior except the east end. In 1319 they are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman Conquest. In 1287 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first entered.

As we approach the Reformation, 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by cross bars and the initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1546, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the *quyre* or some *pue*. In 1608 galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611 pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being *baised* or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide within (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand or bow when the name of Jesus was mentioned). The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion :

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews :
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

With the reign of Charles I. the reasons for the heightening the sides disappeared; and from the civil war they declined gradually to the present height.

BURNING RATS ALIVE.—The following curious but cruel custom is occasionally practised in the vaults of the warehouses and on board the vessels in the harbor of Kingston-upon-Hull. A rat having been caught alive in a wire trap, is dipped into strong spirit, and a lighted match having been applied, the burning animal is turned loose near one of its haunts; it is supposed that the rats have places of rendezvous, where they congregate when danger is threatened, and that the shrieking, half-roasted wretch seeks one of these places, and so terrifies its fellows by its cries and appearance, that they ever afterwards refrain from visiting the vault or vessel. Some years since, a gentleman, who had just returned from Rome, informed me that he had witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a large number of rats, after having been dipped into spirits of turpentine and set on fire, being turned loose at the top of the flight of steps which leads to the Vatican (?) to the plaza below. A great crowd of persons was assembled to witness the spectacle, which took place at night; and I think my informant stated, was customary on the evening of a particular day of the year; the miserable rats which left the top step of the flight like living balls of fire—amidst the shouts of the populace—arrived at the bottom mere masses of scorched flesh.—*Notes and Queries.*

A FAMILY SUPPORTED BY EAGLES.—Luckombe, in his "Tour through Ireland in 1779," says—"In most of these mountains (the Mac Gillycuddys Reeks in Kerry) are numbers of eagles and other rapacious birds. I have been assured, that some years ago a certain poor man in this part of the country discovered one of their nests, and that by clipping the wings of the eaglets, and fixing collars of leather about their throats, which prevented them from swallowing, he daily found a store of good provisions in the nest, such as various kinds of excellent fish, wild-fowl, rabbits and hares, which the old ones constantly brought to their young. And thus the man and his children were well supported during an hard summer, by only giving the garblish to the eaglets to keep them alive."

CORK.—Many persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come those useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork-tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as is the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at the present day, with the exception of stopples. The ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. Even in modern times cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles, till about the seventeenth century—cement being used until then for that purpose.

CLIMATE NOT THE CAUSE OF COLOR.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion so remarkable in the human race. A very few facts may suffice to show that such cannot be the case. Thus, the negroes of Van Diemen's Land, who are among the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland, while the Indo-Chinese nations, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. It is remarked by Humboldt that the American tribes of the equinoctial regions have no darker skin than the mountaineers of the temperate zone. So, also, the Puelches of the Magellanic Plains, beyond the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, are absolutely darker than Abipones, Tobas, and other tribes, who are many degrees nearer the equator. Again, the Charruas, who live south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the Guayacas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, not to multiply examples, those nations of the Caucasian race which have become inhabitants of the torrid zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries, and in Africa for many centuries, exposed to the most active influences of the climate, have never, in a solitary instance, exhibited the transformation from the Caucasian to a negro complexion.

THE FOOD OF OUR FOREFATHERS.—Many of the most favorite dishes of those times (the reign of Elizabeth) have fallen into disrepute, as the swan, the crane, the heron, the peacock, and a variety of smaller birds which now are considered all but uneatable; and what to our custom seems equally strange, the fish course was sometimes served last; at an earlier period very usually so. But if we think with disgust of swans and herons, what shall we say to seals and porpoises, which were once favorite dishes at an English nobleman's table? Lady Fanshawe speaks of dolphins as "excellent meat"—she eat them in Spain; and time was when snails, stewed with spices, oil and vinegar, and fricasseed frogs, were accustomed delicacies. At the time of which we treat it was usual, not, perhaps, in England, but on the Continent, to eat cats, horses and lizards; the guano lizard is now, we believe, a favorite article of food in the West Indies. Don Anthony, of Guevera, the chronicler of the Emperor Charles V., thus writes of a feast at which he was present: "I will tell you no lye. I saw also at another feast such kinds of meates eaten as are wont to be sene, but not eaten; as a horse roasted, a cat in gely, little lizards with hot broth, frogges fried, and divers other sortes of meates, which I sawe them eate, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten."

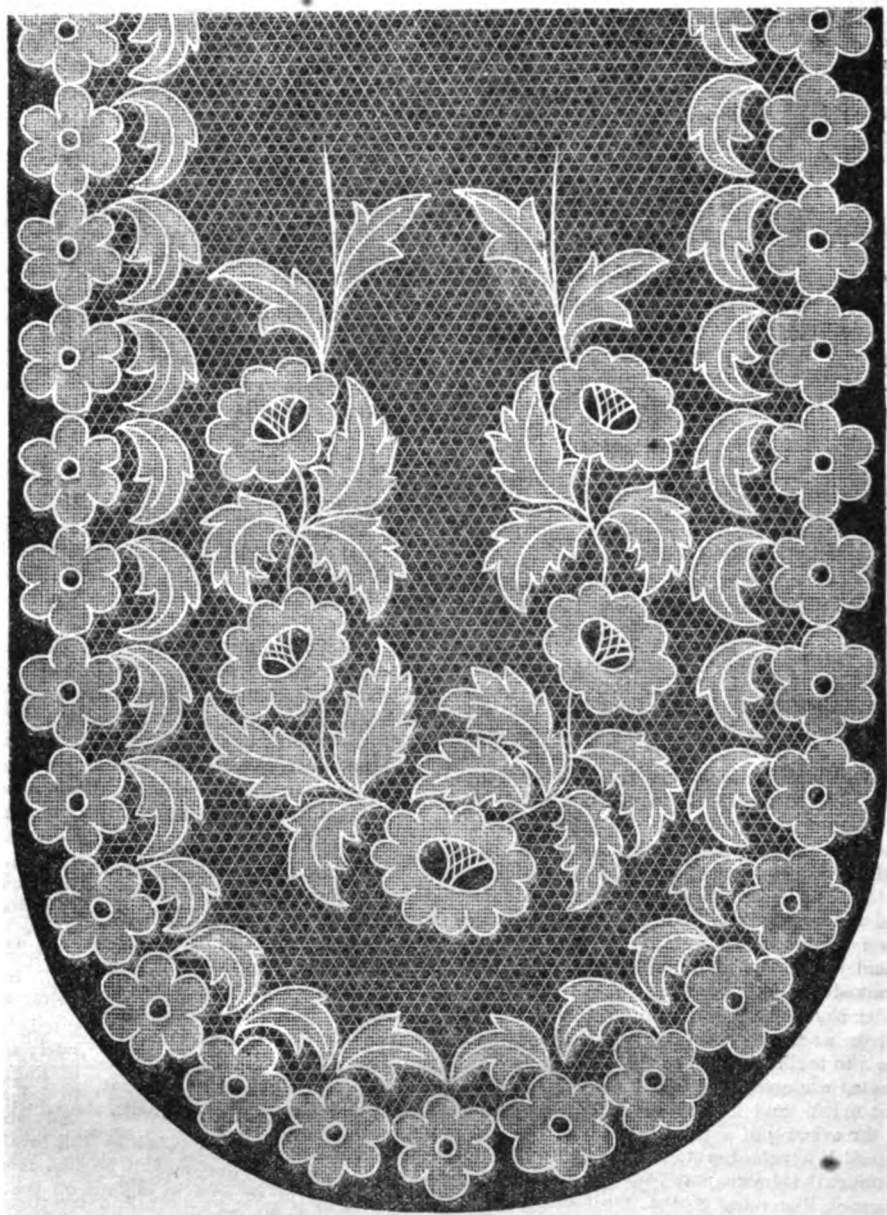
THE OLDEST CLOCK IN AMERICA.—The Philadelphia Library claims possession of the oldest clock in America. It wants but a few years of being two centuries old. It was made in London, keeps good time, and is said to have been once owned by Oliver Cromwell.

SHAWL MANTELET.—PAGE 81.

THIS is a pretty and becoming shawl mantelet, of moderate dimensions. It is made of rich black glacé silk in the shawl form, with four flounces, cut beads and finished with a heading. Below this heading is a braid of corded silk, of the kind we have mentioned elsewhere as being exceedingly fashionable this season.

The mantelet does not close at the throat, but near the waist, so that it displays the front of the corsage. As shawl pins always more or less destroy both the dress and mantle where

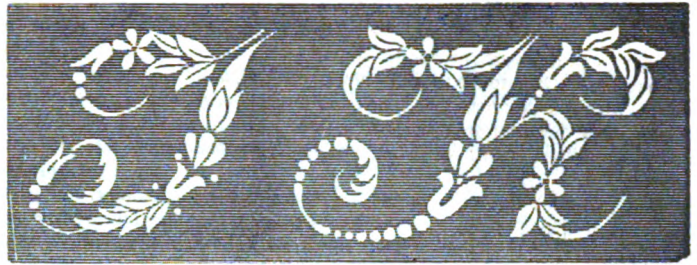
ONE OF PHARAOH'S DAHLIAS.—Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings among the pyramids of Egypt he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least two thousand years of age. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last; and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.



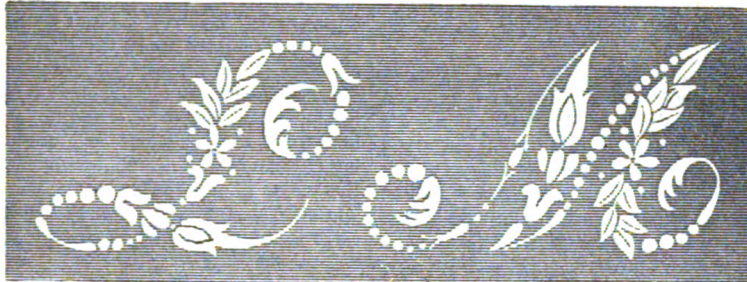
LAPPET IN SWISS LACE. PAGE 86.

they are pinned, we advise our readers to secure all of this construction by means of two strings of narrow silk ribbon; one is long enough to go round the waist, the other only just sufficiently long to tie. Sew them on the edge of the mantle opposite each other, and carry the long string round the waist from the opposite side (if sewed on the left hand, it is brought first round the right side); then tie them together. This simple plan secures the mantle without running the risk of injuring it; being also not absolutely tight, the strings yield to any motion of the arms.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE AT EDINBURGH.—The valuable Museum and Library of the Society of Antiquaries, of Scotland, has been transferred to Government, and removed to the saloons of the Royal Institute at Edinburgh. Since the transfer of the Museum, a valuable addition has been made to it by the donation of a collection of Egyptian antiquities, from the tombs of Thebes, under the personal inspection of the donor, who for two winters had resided there. The mummy cases are in a wonderful state of preservation, and from their interest and importance have deservedly obtained a conspicuous place in the Museum.



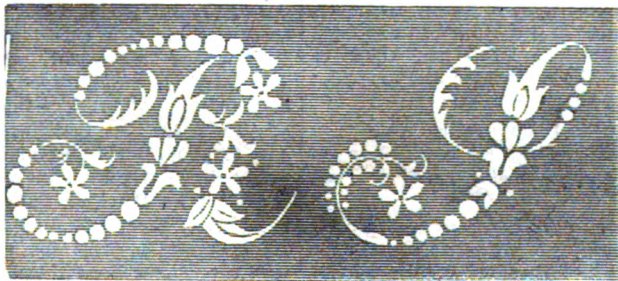
THE WEEPING CYPRESS OF CHINA.—The most beautiful tree found in this district is a species of weeping-cypress, which I had never met with in any other part of China, and which was quite new to me. It was during one of my daily rambles that I saw the first specimen. About half a mile distant from where I was I observed a noble-looking fir-tree, about sixty feet in height, having a stem as straight as the Norfolk Island pine and weeping branches like the willow of St. Helena. Its branches grew at first at right angles to the main stem, then described a graceful curve upwards, and bent again at their points. From these main



nately covered with a quantity of ripe fruit, a portion of which I was most anxious to secure. The tree was growing in some grounds belonging to a country inn, and was the property of the innkeeper. A wall intervened between us and it, which I confess I felt very much inclined to get over; but remembering that I was acting Chinaman, and that such a proceeding would have been very indecorous, to say the least of it, I immediately gave up the idea. We now walked into the inn, and, seating ourselves quietly down at one of the tables, ordered some dinner to be brought to us. When we had taken our meal we lighted our Chinese pipes and



branches others long and slender hung down perpendicularly, and gave the whole tree a weeping and graceful form. It reminded me of some of those large and gorgeous chandeliers sometimes seen in theatres and public halls in Europe. What could it be? It evidently belonged to the pine tribe, and was more handsome and ornamental than them all. I walked—no, to tell the plain truth, I ran up to the place where it grew, much to the surprise of my attendants, who evidently thought I had gone crazy. When I reached the spot where it grew it appeared more beautiful even than it had done in the distance. Its stem was perfectly straight, and its leaves were formed like those of the well-known arbutus, only much more slender and graceful. This specimen was fortu-



sauntered out, accompanied by our polite host, into the garden where the real attraction lay. "What a fine tree this of yours is! We have never seen it in the countries near the sea where we come from. Pray give us some of its seeds." "It is a fine tree," said the man, who was evidently much pleased with our admiration of it, and readily complied with our request. These seeds were carefully treasured; and as they got home safely and are now growing in England, we may expect in a few years to see a new and striking feature produced upon our landscapes by this lovely tree. Afterwards, as we journeyed westward, it became more common, and was frequently to be seen in clumps on the sides of the hills.—*Journey to the Tea Countries.*



A REMARKABLE DREAM.

In the year 1795 the Reverend George Biddulph, at that time chaplain to a nobleman, and my college associate, was in London. We spent much time together, and as he was a man of earnest, serious turn of mind, our conversation was very much on religious subjects, he being anxious to disprove me from the free-thinking principles of the French and German philosophy, to which I was at that time much addicted. One day being together at Woolwich, we took a stroll on Blackheath, when we accidentally came upon a young man, who, having been overturned in a gig, had slightly injured his arm. The little service which we were enabled to render him led to our spending the remainder of the day together, and as it was then hardly past noon this consisted of several hours, which were sufficient to enable young men socially inclined to become tolerably familiar before parting.

Our new acquaintance informed us that he was Lieutenant Macintosh, in the service of the East India Company, and that the following day he was to embark for his destination. He was a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and lively manners. In the course of conversation some words dropped from myself with reference to an unfinished argument with my clerical friend on our often-contested religious subject. This led to the discovery that the young soldier was even more sceptically disposed than myself, and now, with such an ally, the argument was resumed, and continued till we were about to part, when the lieutenant asserting his positive belief in no other life than the present, declared, that if after death his soul really existed, and he died before his new clerical acquaintance, he would pay him a visit and confess his error, and adding that he would not fail to enlighten me also.

We parted, and we saw the lieutenant no more—at least in this life. One remark I must make in this place, which is of importance, namely, that although the lieutenant had told us his name, he had not mentioned his family nor his native place, nor had we inquired about them; and after that time neither of us thought more of him I believe than is commonly thought of any passing, agreeable acquaintance who has enabled us to spend an hour or two pleasantly.

One night, however, about three years afterwards, I dreamed that I was sitting in my library as usual, when the door opened and a young man entered, whom I immediately recognised to be Lieutenant Macintosh, though he was then wearing a captain's uniform. He looked much sunburnt, as one might naturally expect a man to look after about three years' exposure to a tropical sun. His countenance, however, was grave, and there was a peculiar expression in it that even in my dream excited an unusual degree of attention. I motioned him to be seated, and, without addressing him, waited for him to speak; he did so immediately, and his words were these:

"I promised when we were at Woolwich together to visit you if I died. I am dead, and have now kept my word. You can tell all your friends who are sceptics that the soul does not perish with the body."

When these words were ended I awoke, and so distinctly were they, as it seemed, impressed upon my senses, that for the moment I could not believe but that they had been spoken to me by the actual tongue of man. I convinced myself that the chamber was empty, and then remembering that immediately before going to bed I had been reading the mystical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, I persuaded myself that it was but the effect of my excited imagination, and again slept.

The next morning I regarded it merely as ordinary dream. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when early in the day I received a visit from my friend Biddulph, who instantly accosted me with the inquiry, whether I had heard any news of that Lieutenant Macintosh, whose acquaintance we had accidentally made three years before. I related my dream. "Strange, indeed," he said: "then of a truth he is dead!" He then related that the preceding night he also had a similar dream, with this difference, that it was twice repeated, and that each time he was desired to write to —, in Inverness-shire, where lived his mother and sister, and to inform them of his death; the apparition in the dream adding each time that his death would be a great affliction to them, and there-

fore he laid it earnestly upon him to offer them all the consolation in his power.

After the first dream, Biddulph, like myself, in awakening had persuaded himself that it was merely a dream, and after some time he again slept, when it was repeated precisely as before; and then on waking he had risen and written down not only the address, but a letter to the clergyman of the parish, inquiring from him if a family such as had been intimated to him lived at the place mentioned, but without giving him the reasons for this inquiry. When day came, however, the whole thing seemed to him so extraordinary, that he determined to come and consult with me, who had known the young man equally as well as himself, before he took any decided step.

The whole thing appeared so strange and so contrary to all human experience, that I could only advise him to send the letter which he had written to the clergyman, and be guided by his answer. We resolved not to mention the subject to any one; but we noted down the date and hour of these remarkable dreams. A few posts afterwards settled the whole thing. Mrs. Macintosh and her daughter were living, as had been told in the dream, at —, and the clergyman added, "that he hoped his correspondent had news to communicate respecting Captain Macintosh, about whom they were anxious." Thus two points were proved: our lieutenant had become a captain, and his mother and sister were living at the address communicated in this dream: as a natural inference, therefore, the third fact was true also.

As the best means of communicating the sad intelligence he had so singularly received, Biddulph determined to make a journey at once into Inverness-shire; he did so, and singularly enough that visit ended in his marrying Miss Macintosh.

In the course of a few months official tidings came of the death of Captain Macintosh, who had died by a *coup de soleil* while hunting up the country with a party of brother officers, and the time of his death exactly corresponded with that of our dreams.

JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.—The question still remains unsolved, whether the mortal remains, which passed through such alternations of honor and dishonor, were or were not those of James IV., who was supposed to have perished on the fatal field of Flodden. The absence of the iron penance chain, which the king invariably wore, raised doubts as to the identity of the corpse. These were confirmed by the fact that a strong likeness subsisted between the king and Lord Elphinstone, a nobleman who fought and fell near his royal master: added to which, it became known that on the day of battle the king had attired several of his nobility in royal armor, in order to encourage his own troops and confound the enemy by the semblance of his presence. On these grounds, the opinion prevailed that Lord Elphinstone's body had been mistaken for that of the king; and many of the common people consoled themselves with the hope that their beloved monarch had left them only to perform his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whence he would shortly return. But after-circumstances led to a strong suspicion that the king fell a victim to private treachery. In the heat of the conflict he had observed the troops of Lord Home keep themselves aloof; and, riding up to that nobleman, used both reproaches and threatenings in urging him to do his duty. It was darkly surmised that Lord Home took care to prevent his indignant sovereign from having the power of executing his threats: he is said to have conveyed the king to his own castle, and ordered him to be put to death by several of his servants, one of whom afterwards hinted that "he had assisted to teach a Scottish king that he was mortal;" and another offered to the Regent Albany, on condition of a free pardon, to show him the king's body, with its belt of iron. The offer was unfortunately refused. These rumors are reported, with more or less credence, by the historians of the period; they received an unexpected and startling confirmation within the last half-century. During the course of alterations in Home Castle, some excavations in the moat around its walls brought to light a skeleton, wrapped in an ox-hide and bearing round the waist an iron chain. This important fact, which has not yet taken its place in Scottish history, seems to leave little doubt that James IV. lost his throne as he had won it—by treachery.—*Mrs. Green.*

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly



its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186

Fulton street, New York (sole agent

for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.

STRANGE STORY.—Colonel Sleeman told us a singular story of the carrying off and "educating" of children by wolves in this neighborhood. Some time ago two of the King of Oude's suwars riding along the banks of the river saw three animals come down to drink. Two of them were evidently young wolves, but the third was some other animal. They rode up and captured the whole three, and to their great surprise found that the doubtful animal was a small naked boy. He was on all fours like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude used in moving about, and bit and scratched his captors as any wolf might have done. The boy was brought into Lucknow, and after a long time to a certain extent tamed. At first he could not speak at all, but he seemed to have a dog-like facility for finding out what was meant by signs. He lived some time at Lucknow; but what became of him afterwards I don't know. Another boy found under somewhat similar circumstances lived with two English people for some time. He learnt at last to pronounce one word, the name of a lady who was kind to him; but his intellect was always clouded, more like the instinct of an animal than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful but less well-authenticated story of a boy, who after his recapture was seen to be visited by three wolves one evening. They came evidently with evil intentions; but after examining him closely, he apparently not the least alarmed, they fraternized with him, played with him, and subsequently brought the rest of the family, until the wolves were five in number, which was also the number of the litter the boy had been taken from. A curious part of the story is the statement that this boy always had about him, spite of ablutions, &c., a strong wolfish smell. This story my informant did not vouch for; but he said he knew of five instances of his own personal knowledge.—*Egerton's Tour of India.*

INVESTITURE OF A PRINCE.—The ceremony of investiture, when a prince first appeared in Parliament, presenting his letters patent, and taking his seat among the peers, has always been one of great pomp and solemnity, although the circumstances of that pomp and ceremony have varied under different reigns. In early times the chancellor administered the oath, and then placed on the brow of the prince a wreath, for which, at a later period, a gold coronet was substituted; on one of the prince's fingers the same official put a golden ring, and deposited in his hand the silver rod, emblem of princely rule. The whole ceremony was fittingly concluded by the father kissing his son, in token of affection as well as of congratulation; and a magnificent banquet crowned the glories of the day.

GROWING OLD HAPPILY.

THERE is naturally but one disease—that of old age. To leave the world as gently as go out the embers on the hearth or as the candle in its socket, without pain or shock or spasm, this is worth taking pains for! Literally, the lot is terrible, of a man with tottering limbs and gray hairs, dying by piecemeal from racking rheumatism, from torturing gout or the slow-eating cancer! the mind all the while, by reason of incessant pain, growing morose, querulous, bitter and atheistic! on the other hand, how ineffably beautiful is it to arrive at a hearty, buoyant old age, without ache or pain or sadness; sunshine always in the face, gladness in the eye, the heart meanwhile welling up and running over with human sympathies and love divine, of whom "my mother sang" so often in the clear, sweet and cheery tones of youth and health.

The day glides swiftly o'er their head,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shade,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thought their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

And when their work is done, their journey ended, the life of time melts into an immortal existence:

As fades a summer cloud away,
As sinks a gale when storms are o'er,
As gently shuts the eye of day,
As dies a wave along the shore.

To have the lamp of life thus go out, physically, we must live regularly, temperately, actively; for by these means only can the human clock work well until all the wheels wear out together and all cease their running at the same instant; then there is no shock, no pain, no torture, and scarce a perceptible struggle, so that the moment of departure can be noted only by the most scrutinizing eye. Reader! may such be your exit and mine!

THE COUNTRY OF THE DON.—We entered the country of the Don Cossacks at Jablonsky, our first stage from Tzaritsin. Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the country between the Volga and the Don, except, perhaps, that through which we travelled after crossing the latter river. The undulating prairie, covered with a short dry grass, interspersed with quantities of wild thyme and lilac crocuses, stretched away illimitably, and looked like an ocean regaining its tranquillity after a three days' storm. For miles we did not meet a soul; occasionally we saw a few bullock-carts carrying timber across to the Don, or a wild-looking Cossack gallop past on a wilder-looking horse. The road seemed carefully to avoid all villages, and the few we discovered at a distance consisted chiefly of round huts, so exactly like the haystacks amid which they were placed as to be scarcely distinguishable from them; but though I saw carts carrying straw, as well as these haystack villages, I do not remember passing a rood of cultivation until we reached the Don. The weather having been fine for some weeks past, the road was pretty good, though a mere track; but the delays at the huts—dignified with the name of post stations—were most annoying. However, after a ten hours' journey we reached the river, a placid and unpretending stream. Its banks had much the same character as those of the Volga—the high steppe on the west rising abruptly from the water's edge, intersected in every direction by ravines.—*Lawrence Oliphant.*

TRAVELLING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Copy of an advertisement from an old magazine: "This is to give notice to all gentlemen and others, that the Colchester machine sets out from the White Hart Inn, in Colchester, every Monday and Thursday, to the King's Arms Inn, in Leadenhall Street, London, and returns to the place aforesaid every Tuesday and Friday, at twelve shillings a passenger; to be allowed twenty pounds weight, and all above to be paid one penny a pound, to be paid for at Ingatestone; and all outside passengers to pay six shillings a passenger. To set out at six o'clock in the summer and seven in winter."

FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINE.

With this most simple, compact, durable, portable, efficient and economical machine, one woman can easily and perfectly do the washing of an ordinary family before breakfast!

This is the only machine that will wash all kinds of clothes perfectly without injury. It has been tested in the laundry of French's Hotel, and in numerous private families, and elsewhere, with all other washing machines making any pretensions to novelty, and has, in every instance, performed its work in less than half the time required by any other, and much more thoroughly and satisfactorily.

By all the ordinary methods of cleaning fine fabrics, such as laces, &c., the greatest care is required; while, with this machine, the most delicate materials can be washed, without the possibility of being damaged, a most conclusive recommendation to all those housekeepers who know the difficulty of getting clothes washed without tearing! It will wash a single handkerchief, collar, lace sleeve, six shirts, or all of these articles together, without the necessity of soaking or boiling.



FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINE.

These results are produced by the constant reaction of the suds, and not by friction of rubbing surfaces. It is admirably adapted for introduction into homes with stationary tubs, as it may be inclosed and connected with the waste and water pipes, and will make an important feature in houses with all the modern improvements.

ANIMAL LIFE.—The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life, from the most celebrated writers on natural history: A hare will live ten years, a cat ten, a goat eight, an ass thirty, a sheep ten, a ram fifteen, a dog from fourteen to twenty, a bull fifteen, an ox twenty, swine twenty-five, a pigeon eight, a turtle-dove twenty-five, a partridge twenty-five, a raven one hundred, an eagle one hundred, a goose one hundred.

Life's pleasures, if not abused, will be new every morning and fresh every evening.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.



TIDY OR PILLOW-COVER IN NETTING AND EMBROIDERY. PAGE 87.



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AN ARTIST'S STORY.

By M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

"If you please, sir, No. 2 is coming to-night, and maissus would be hextreemly obliged if you could find room for your images and monuments."

The deuce she would, was in my thoughts, but being, like most artists, of a mild disposition, and inclined to be chivalrous towards the fair sex, I merely said, blandly :

"Well, Georgina, tell Miss Martha I shall be very happy to find room for my casts—if she will tell me where."

"As to the matter of that, sir, Miss 'Tilda said she thought the brazen Hindian in the blanket, and the little boys with their pa attacked by the snake, and the hangel in white, would look very genteel and ornamental on the landing, if you wouldn't mind, sir."

"Oh! she is welcome to the Coriolanus and to the Laocoon; but the Hope must come here, and the rest of my things may be stowed in my bedroom, or where you like, so that I can get at them when I want."

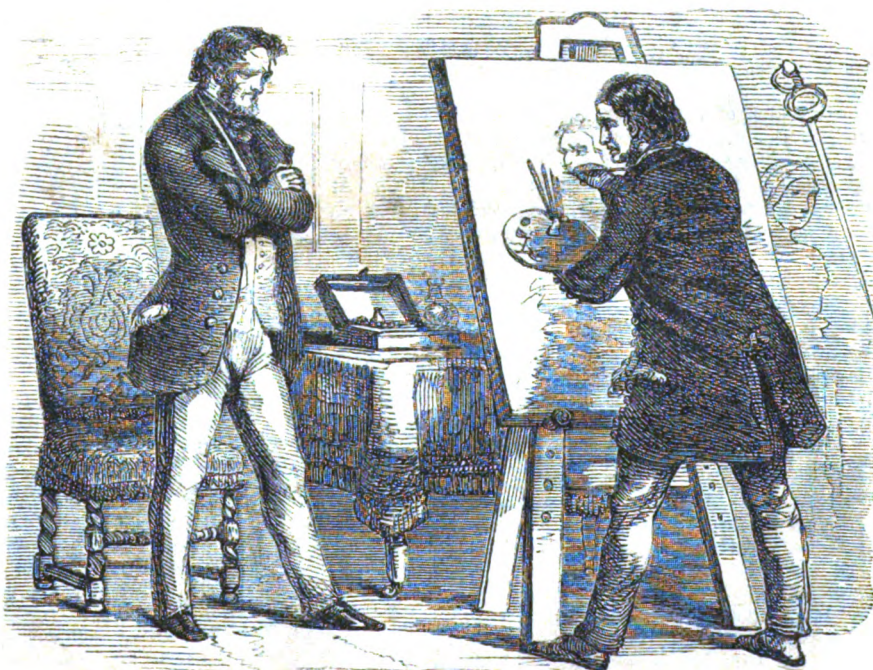
Georgina went away, and being intensely interested in my picture—a water-color sketch of the sunny Rhine-land—I thought no more of the new occupant of No. 2, whose coming had so upset my property. Not that I had any right to grumble thereat, for, at the time I am spe king of, I was young and unknown, working for bread, and only dreaming of fame; consequently I could afford but to hire two rooms, a bedroom and studio, and was indebted to Miss Matilda's good nature for the use of No. 2 sitting-room, which had been unoccupied for nearly a year. Two facts,

however, reminded me, in the course of the evening, of the new arrival. In the first place, instead of my usual silver candlesticks, I had pewter ones; and in the second, my tea was poured out by Georgina's instead of the fair hand of Miss Matilda herself. Now, both these circumstances intimated pretty plainly that the new lodger was a person of great importance in the eyes of my landlady, and I, who had formerly been the very apple of her eye, felt somewhat spiteful against my rival.

As if she had foreseen this feeling on my part, at supper-time she came in, snuffed my candle, hoped the potatoes were baked to a turn, and added, with a very mollifying voice :

"I hope 'Gina has behaved herself, Mr. Arthur, and that she did my superintendin' duties without impudence."

At which Mr. Arthur replied, that of course nobody could superintend like Miss Matilda, but that Georgina had been a very good girl indeed.



M. BOYNO RECALLS ITALY AND YOUTH.

"In course, Mr. Arthur, when a new lodger enters the bosom of my family I feel bounden to show him a few hextra partialities; it's only Christianlike and feelin', more especially when he is a unbefriended forriner."

Heigho! thought I, a moustached foreigner, with an unpronounceable name and a braided coat—that's quite enough to influence the romantic susceptibilities of a soft-hearted landlady like Miss Matilda Binks. No. 2 will get all the silver candlesticks, muffins, and (alas! for my Nebuchadnezzar propensities) water-cresses!

"Your new lodger is a foreigner, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Arthur, and, like all foreigners, very genteel. 'Gina thinks he is a hartist, because he has put out some paints and varnishes on his table; but I am inclined to think he is an independant; his air is so polite, and when he speaks to me he says madame, as if I were a queen."

"Why, really!"

"And, Mr. Arthur, he's so helpless and uncomfortable like in his ways, that I'm quite conduced he's a bachelor. (Present company always accepted, Mr. Arthur, of course,) but bachelors always have uncomfortable, helpless ways: they don't know what they want; they go out in the pouring rain without umbrellas; they come home with their poor dear feet wet through, and never think of such a thing as a dry shoe or stocking; they go to bed with the awfulest cold without a drop of gruel, and they won't wear flannel as a pertective unless they're driven to it."

"No, they won't," I said moodily, for umbrellas, gruel and flannel were the only bones of contention between my landlady and myself. I confess myself somewhat weak against female influence, and oh! the quarts of abominable gruel this weakness had inflicted upon me.

"That's No. 2's bell," cried Miss Matilda all at once. "You'll excuse me, I know, Mr. Arthur, as it's duty calls me."

"By all means," I said, with a vain attempt at something like a hypocritical deprecation, but feeling really glad to get rid of her, for I wanted to think out a new picture. So she patted the bugled cap on the top of her head, arranged her little wiry black curls, and trotted out of the room with such wonderful agility and girlishness in her stout little figure, that I opened my eyes in amazement, and said, involuntarily, "Cupid."

But, think as I would, that night I could not fix upon the subject of my new picture. I recalled poems that I had read, scenes I had visited, faces that had struck my fancy; tableau after tableau I painted in imagination, with details of light and shade, of color and expression; but not one could I decide upon. Now it was a group of Irish hop-gatherers on a hill of woodland Kent, with Bacchanalian faces and warm sunlight glittering on their broad smiles; now it was a scene of London street life—a repentant, forsaken girl, spending her last half-penny on a bunch of violets that reminded her of innocent childhood in the country; now a seaside picture of frothy breakers and watery sky; now a scene from Shakespeare; now an impersonation of one of the passions: none would do. At last I grew out of patience, and, giving up the task, took up my night-lamp and went to bed. It is my custom (must I confess it?) of reading an hour or two before going to sleep; and that night my book happened to be Byron's *Lara*. As I read on I was especially struck with the vivid and diabolical representation of that looking back upon a haunted past, that torture of an evil memory, and of a life hopeless, mysterious and self-contained, which is personified in the poet's hero. Then the thought occurred to me—Are there not materials for a picture here? Is there not poetry in his isolation?—is there not a moral in his despair? Yes, my next picture shall be "*Lara*;" a Study. Turning down my leaf at these lines ending:

'Twas midnight—all was slumber; the lone light
Dimmed in the lamp, as loth to breathe the night.
Hark! there be murmur heard in *Lara's* hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call—
—and silence!

I put out my lamp and went off to sleep.

How long I slept I cannot tell; but I awoke startled and unrefreshed. The street below was utterly silent, and a broken ray or two of moonlight gleamed through the Venetians of my room; strange sounds of footsteps and muttered words in an unknown tongue fell on my ear. I started up and listened for

five, perhaps ten minutes. Still the same sound—a slow pacing of footsteps in the adjoining room, accompanied with low-breathed, agitated words; then came a half-suppressed shriek a heavy fall—"and silence."

Was I dreaming through the poem of *Lara*? or was I awake? and if awake, what was this mystery?

Just as I had thrown on my dressing-gown, with the firm intention of ascertaining one of these points, there came a soft tap at my door, and:

"It's only 'Gina, sir, please; will you wake, sir, please? No. 2's the matter, sir."

Instantly the thought of our new occupant occurred to me as the probable actor or agent in this strange matter, and I said:

"And what's the matter with No. 2?"

"That's what missus wants you to find out, if you will, sir. The gent locked himself in at night, and we was sound and snorin', Miss 'Tilda and I; and lo and behold, there was all at once such a scrimmage and bounce jist over our 'eads! It's my firm suppresion that he has suicided himself, poor cretur."

I put a stop to 'Gina's harangue by going at once into the passage, where I found Miss Matilda in starched nightcap and curl-papers, with yellow dressing-gown, and a lace-bordered petticoat over the every-day black one, by way of ornament (for Miss Binks never forgot the adornment of her person under any circumstances, however distressing), knocking vigorously at the new lodger's door, and crying, with comical pathos:

"Moshew, moshew (she had learned French in her youth), dear moshew, please let us in; do take a sip of brandy; do try and feel better; can't you let me in to bring my smelling-salts? Oh! Mr. Arthur, say this in French and German and Hindostanee, or in the classics. I'm sure he's bad."

Just then the door opened, and a tall and somewhat graceful man appeared, with a face which, though very white, was very calm and self-possessed,

"*Mille pardons*," he said, smiling faintly, "good madame, monsieur, I make you apologies; it is unnecessary to be alarmed; *c'est sentiment*, an affection spasmodique, which took me as a little child. I am much afflicted, my breath goes, then *j'ai recours à l'eau de vie et c'est passé. C'est tout.*"

The entire ease with which he spoke, and his passionless countenance, reassured me; so, translating his words to Miss Matilda, I returned to my bed-room. Soon after I heard the steps of the landlady and domestic retire also, and then the house was still as death.

CHAPTER II.

OR the next few days I was very busy over my "*Sunny Rhineland*," and at night was too tired to be waked by the *affections spasmodique* of M. Victor Boyno (for such was the name of Miss Matilda's new inmate), even had they occurred. Indeed, I had never seen him since, and had hardly given him a thought, save in conjunction with my contemplated picture of *Lara*. In about a week's time, however, I received a gracious invitation from my landlady to take tea

with her, coupled with the intimation that her new inmate, on hearing of my *hartistical* profession, had expressed a great wish to form my acquaintance.

Accordingly, at six o'clock precisely, I put away my painting and went down-stairs, where I found a very grand tea of buttered muffins and shrimps, with watercresses and rice cakes prepared for us. Miss Matilda was in wonderful costume and precision; artistically speaking, I may say, that the effect was striking, though got up perhaps with too much hardness of outline and warmth of tone. By-and-bye M. Boyno appeared. He was a singular-looking man, and had a countenance unlike any



other I had ever seen. I never wish to see such a countenance again. Not that there was the impress of great wickedness or great individual depravity upon it; on the contrary, there was a certain loftiness, a loftiness satanic, defiant, despairing in it, that struck to your heart with a feeling akin to horror. The features were slender in outline and well-shaped, but perfectly white, immobile and passionless, whilst the eyes, without being dark, had a glitter, which, on a careless glance, made them appear black. Power was written on every lineament; not power of intellect, or of an energy which conquers difficulties one by one; but it was the Promethean power of daring and of endurance. You could not look upon his face without feeling that some inexplicable pest of suffering, of wrong, or perhaps of sin, divided him from all other human kind. Yet he was a man you could never pity. Our little tea-party passed off very well. I found M. Boyno intelligent, travelled and very well educated. He was a gentleman; and entered into conversation with readiness and ease. One thing puzzled me. He seemed to belong to no country, and to have no language for his own; evidently he was acquainted with the nations and tongues of half Europe.

When Miss Matilda fell into a doze over her knitting, we carried on our conversation in French; for his English, though intelligible, was somewhat labored. He discussed my art with considerable interest and cleverness.

"You would make an excellent artist, monsieur," I said, "or, perhaps, are one already."

"I am everything and nothing," he answered, smiling faintly.

"There is hardly a trade, profession or handicraft in which I have not, at some time or other, tried my hand."

I glanced at his dress, and for the first time noticed that it was well worn, and in part shabby. "You are not an amateur, M. Victor Boyno," I thought to myself.

"Perhaps, when you have leisure, you will visit me in my *atelier*, if so it can be called," he continued: "I will then show you my present occupations, and will take the liberty of asking your advice on one or two points which, as an artist, you doubtless can answer."

"Most willingly."

"Thanks. It is not the fashion of you English to answer so readily; but, when you do speak, your word can be relied upon. And you like your art, this painting, Mr. Brocklebanke?"

"I could never get my living any other way."

Such a strange weird smile passed over his thin lips.

"That is not the general verdict. Most people who love the art they cultivate love it as a goddess to give them inspiration—not as a working day woman who earns bread by your side. You are wise, but you astonish me. To me familiarity brings disgust."

"As soon as you fairly attain ease in any occupation, you throw it aside, then, I presume?"

"Not precisely," he answered, with something of bitter sarcasm. "That which is most profitable you will often find men pursue, though they could curse their fingers meanwhile. Poverty and sin divide the empire of hell."

"Rather say, riches and sin, monsieur."

His eyes gleamed with an angry fire, and he said quickly—

"Poverty and riches, then—sin being a part of both."

I watched his countenance with the eager eyes of an artist, and quite gloated over the discovery of his narrow circumstances, since it would obviate all difficulties in my plan. At least, I hoped so. From his dress and conversation, it was evident that he was certainly not rich; and, if poor, would he not be glad to earn money as a scribe? That wild gleam of his eyes, that scornful, mocking smile, the haughty, contemptuous patience of brow—what a picture of Lara was here! I think I must have studied his features very narrowly, for at last I caught him looking at me with a gesture of impatience.

"*Cu fera*, monsieur," he said shortly, "I am not sitting here for my portrait."

"Pardon me, M. Boyno, but it is very difficult to avoid carrying one's profession into society. Authors will find themselves studying character in a drawing-room; artists cannot help painting mental portraits of unconscious sitters—"

"Then, for heaven's sake, remember that I am not unconscious," he retorted impatiently, "and change the subject. Do you smoke? I have got some excellent Havannahs up-stairs, madame will excuse us."

He then turned to Miss Matilda, and said—

"This monsieur and I would prefer much a cigar, but we cannot absent madame's society."

"My dear moshew, do smoke here, I so enjoy the smell of cigars," said the good-natured, vain little woman, starting up; "let me fetch them."

"No, I will not trouble; I find them more easily," answered M. Boyno, and, lighting a candle, he went to his room.

"Poor dear," said Miss Matilda, "I never saw a gentleman so afraid of giving trouble; it's always so with those who are aristocratic. But I am very much obliged to you for coming in this evening, Mr. Arthur, for you have made him quite lively."

"Lively? good heavens! my dear lady, to call him lively is as if you said a skeleton smiled; there's something in his laugh that sounds as though it came from a grave."

"Oh! Mr. Arthur, pray don't."

"How is he at other times, then, if he is unusually gay to-night, Miss Matilda?"

"Very low indeed, very low; as though he had lost his fortune, which I think he has."

She then heard his step on the staircase, and was silent. We smoked the cigars in stolid silence, but when we parted at night M. Boyno shook my hand with a bland smile, and said—

"Come and have another with me to-morrow, as you like them."

That night I lay awake for some time thinking of my strange acquaintance. From whence was he? What was the mystery that palled, like a death shadow, the light in his eye and the smile on his lips? Was it sorrow—misfortune—crime?

As I lay musing thus in the silence of midnight, there came to my ears the same sounds I had heard once before—slow, heavy footsteps, the footsteps of a restless, unhappy night-watcher. It was M. Boyno. Hour after hour I remained awake, till the first dawning of the London day appeared; and still, the steps went on. Backwards and forward, to and fro, slowly, heavily, mournfully; and ever and anon came also the sound of a smothered voice, half in ejaculation, half in a groan.

I rose the next morning unrefreshed, and out of temper.

"Bless the man!" I muttered; "either he must learn to sleep in his bed, like a Christian, or I must get a new lodging. 'Gina, you stupid girl, you've put no sugar to my chocolate; and, dear me! what horrible butter this is!'"

"I never see'd Mr. Arthur in such a way afore," muttered 'Gina, as she went down-stairs; "surely he's crossed in love."

CHAPTER III.

I WENT in the evening, however, and M. Boyno welcomed me to his room with friendliness. Everything was in miserable confusion; but he did not seem to be aware of it, and, clearing a chair for me with the greatest composure, bade me be seated.

"I am a man of many trades, you see," he said; "and it is imperative that my *atelier* hold the necessaries for all. This occasions a want of room, but no matter; I see no visitors, and I feel assured that Mr. Brocklebanke's bachelor life has not made him critical on such points."

"Oh! dear no," I answered; and, looking round, made vain attempts to find a clue to even one of his numerous professions. Never before had I seen such a chaos of old paper, varnishes, paints, rags, oil bottles, pictures, frames, porcelain, partly-engraved stones, chemicals, pasteboard, musical instruments and carved boxes."

"Well," said my host, "and what do you think of it all?"

"You would do a charitable act if you would relieve my curiosity as to the united effects of so many materials and so much latent—"

"Of that you have yet to judge," said M. Boyno; and, opening a closet, he bade me look in.

I confess myself to have been more astonished at that moment than at any other of my life. On the shelves of the closet were some of the most delicate and graceful articles of *bijouterie* that I have ever seen—fanciful vases of indescribable manufacture, cornucopias, taper-stands, writing-cases, boxes, illuminated portfolios, carved seals, rings and medallions. There were also some curiously worked bracelets of fruit stones, carved with the utmost minuteness.

"And now, perhaps, you know why I have invited you to

look at my work," continued M. Boyno. "I would sell these—you may be able to tell me where."

I mused a few moments, and then bethought myself of a maiden aunt, rich, eccentric and trinket-loving, who lived in May Fair. Gathering up two or three of the choicest articles, I said, in a business-like way—

"You shall hear of them in a few days, and, meanwhile, trust to me."

He made no remark, but locked the closet, and reentered himself.

"You have a dexterous hand, monsieur," I continued, "and must be gifted with great patience to do such delicate work."

"Bah! patience and dexterity won't win you a fortune; but when one is in this miserable world, he must keep in it, and want is a sharpener of the wits. Sharp wits will always earn a living of some sort—I don't say a reputable one."

He spoke bitterly, and, lighting a cigar, puffed away with great impatience, as if to get rid of thought. By-and-bye he threw it down, and exclaimed—

"This air is stifling; will you take a turn in the streets?"

Assented, and arm-in-arm we walked round Miss Matilda's quiet square, and out into the street below.

"Come, Brocklebanke," he said, moodily, "talk. Say the sea is green, or the moon is round, but talk. You love your art—have you been successful in it? or, if you are modest on that score, talk to me about politics, literature, science—"

"No, I will be egotistical, and speak of myself. You ask if I have been successful? I have found work; I hold that to be the only success a young man can reasonably expect."

"You are an enthusiast."

"Pardon me, that is just what I am not. I do not, because I love my art passionately, and devote my life to it, look for the immediate reward of fame and wealth. I look for competence; I give my whole soul to my work, and I am content, feeling assured that such success as is deserved will unfailingly come. The secret of so many disappointed men and women is, that they have hoped unreasonably."

"But," interrupted my companion eagerly, "will this go on, will you be wise till the end? Your philosophy is good, but to me it sounds impracticable."

"I trust that I shall always have this child's wisdom to carry me through the world; and then—"

"And then?—go on."

"When life is over, I doubt not other wisdom will be given me."

"You must talk of something else, Mr. Brocklebanke, I cease to comprehend you."

"Then I will speak of a less distant future. Next year I purpose to go to Rome—"

Suddenly my companion's arm was drawn from mine convulsively, and I saw by the light of a lamp that he had grown deadly white.

"Let us go home," he said, hoarsely; and home we went, without interchanging another word.

Several days passed, and I did not seek to forward this strange acquaintance. I never liked mysteries, and I felt uneasiness in the presence of a man so uncertain and so incomprehensible. I did, however, endeavor to serve him by selling some of his handiwork, and had the satisfaction, after a week's time, of presenting him with five guineas, the proceeds of my merchandise.

He took up the money, with a gleam of satisfaction in his wild eyes, and said:

"Thank you; if I could serve you, I would do it gladly."

I hesitated for a moment, and then answered, "You could serve me in one way very much, and the service would not be unprofitable to yourself."

"You want to take my portrait?"

"Not precisely your portrait."

"For some historical picture, perhaps?"

"Romantic, not historical."

"But the picture would be in so far a resemblance of me, that any one who had formerly known me might recognise it?"

"Yes; the resemblance might strike, or might not."

"Then," he said, shortly, "in this thing I cannot oblige you, and do not let us speak of the subject again."

Perhaps a look of suspicion passed over my face, for he added,

"You are almost a stranger to me, but you are young, and have an honest, independent face; you have shown kindness to me, and thus much I will trust to you of my former life. There is one man in this world whom I would never meet again—whom I would never have to know my abode. It is not crime—it is not vice that makes me shun that man; I have not injured a hair of his head that I should fear to look upon his face, but—he has injured me, and I hate him. But enough. Ah! you have brought me this money, luckily—madame's rent here is just due, I know."

CHAPTER IV.

BOYNO was undoubtedly very poor. He lived on the plainest of fare, and drank nothing but water; his dress was respectable, but well worn; and in the wettest and worst of weathers he never took an omnibus. These facts were revealed to me by Miss Matilda, who watched over him with a motherly, or rather a wife-like care, persisted in the gruel and hot water bottle systems, and quite martyred him by her tenderness.

Meantime he worked assiduously amongst his paints, varnishes and oils, and manufactured all sorts of curious articles, both of use and ornament. For some of these I still continued to find customers, and thus our acquaintance grew to be more friendly, and our intercourse more frequent. I saw him to be a lonely, unhappy man, and what little comfort or forgetfulness my society could bring him, I was willing to give; and, when in the humor for talking, I found him by no means a dull companion. He had travelled over half the world, and his experiences of life were varied and unique. Besides, he possessed a keen and ready insight into the workings of character and circumstance,

thereby turning his experiences to good account, and drawing inferences which were both just and wide. But over all there was a tinge of bitterness and cynicism that made you at times shrink from the meaning of his words. One day, as I was sketching busily in my room, thinking of Rome and (oh! pardon, dear reader) my future fame, some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, looking up, I beheld M. Boyno. His eyes glittered with a wild triumphant light, his pale lips trembled, his whole face lit with an unnatural expression of mingled passion and exultation.

"Brocklebanke," he exclaimed, "I am tired of my vile daubing; you asked me once to sit for you—here I am."

I looked up in astonishment; and, bending down, he whispered in my ear:

"He is dead."

Then the fire passed from his face; he examined my drawing, criticised it in his ordinary cold voice, spoke of the weather indifferently, and returned to the subject of the sitting.

"It remains with you," he said; "I am willing, if you are still desirous of it. You have shown me many kindnesses, and I shall feel more comfortable if I can, in any way, repay you. Will you, or will you not, accept my offer?"

"I will accept it gladly, gratefully—on one condition, M. Boyno."

"Name it."

"That the sitting be entirely a business matter between us."

"I understand you—you would pay me for my time?"

"Otherwise I should be robbing you of the most valuable commodity men possess."

He took an angry turn or two before my easel, and then said, "Well, why should I refuse? I am poor, you know it, and I have done with pride and its fooleries long ago. It shall be as you wish."

So that same week I began my picture. But I had by no means measured my herculean labor. It was not that M.



Boyno was a bad sitter ; on the contrary, he fell at once into a pose, easy, dignified and characteristic, and remained like a statue. His face, too, was perfectly immobile and composed ; but it was the most wonderful face I had ever seen. Such an outward tranquillity and such a hidden passion seemed to bid you defiance from the very outset ; and the glitter of those unsearchable gray eyes !—would pencil ever fix so subtle an expression on the canvas ? It was like painting the deathlike stillness of a thunder-cloud before the lightning flash.

I think he took an interest in the picture, for he watched its progress from day to day, and suggested many points in which improvement might be made. And, strange to say, I found him to be an infallible authority as to his customary expression, attitude, &c. He soon saw that I wished the portrait to be strongly individualized, and to this end he aided me considerably. Not the falling of a hair, or the attitude of a finger, escaped his notice, and I verily believe that, but for his help, I should never have made my picture what I did.

Weeks passed, and my task grew to a close. A touch or two of life and passion were only wanted to the face, and then I felt that I could be satisfied—or as far satisfied as I could hope to be, for who that loves his art ever feels his worship worthy ?

As I contemplated the picture just before our last sitting, M. Boyno entered, looking singularly rigid and self-occupied.

"Your portrait is still imperfect," he said coldly ; "I do not yet see myself there."

"And I am not quite content. But I think a few touches will do all that is necessary. A little more light in the eyes, a shade or two on the lips, *et ça suffit*."

I then took up my brushes, and, keeping a steady look upon his countenance, said carelessly, "But you need not trouble yourself to sit down, M. Boyno. I do not require a regular sitting."

We then entered into conversation on various subjects, I waiting with brush in hand till some subject in discussion should call up the fire to his eyes and the curl to his lips. We talked on politics, art, books and travel, and at last I brought the dialogue to my all-absorbing dream—Rome. I spoke hopefully, joyfully of the future, as who does not at twenty-four ? and I saw my companion smile scornfully.

"Ah ! that's how we all talk in our youth, success and happiness—nothing else will satisfy us. We must all be great, prosperous and wealthy," he added, with bitterness ; "and what is the end of the chapter ? Some of us are made fools of by women, some by passion, some by pride of rank or talents ; some are made knaves by poverty, and some are made poor by crime—a pretty ending, truly—"

"Stop, stop, M. Boyno, will you allow no good leaven in the lump of humanity ? Will you not allow that there is something good and purifying in these aspirations of manhood ? and will you not surely hold that Italy and youth are blessed things ?"

"Italy and youth," he said, almost fiercely, "Italy and youth ; to me they are cursed—cursed for evermore."

He folded his arms and drooped his head, whilst a terrible storm of passionate thoughts scintillated in the depths of his raised eyes. An inexpressible hatred and scorn worked his trembling lips. Every feature kindled with intense inward agony, yet the power was there also—the hidden power of disdain, the mastery over pain. I felt that the moment was come for me, and, seizing the palette, caught the expression so fearful and so transient which was all that was wanting to render my portrait lifelike.

That morning I completed the picture. It was the most ambitious work I had ever yet undertaken ; and, looking on it, I confess myself to have been more satisfied than I had ever felt with any previous undertaking. The background was sombre and weird, and the face was thrown into broad relief by a ray of flickered lamplight. Over the whole figure was a startling expression of deathlike calm and hidden fever heat ; the lips were pale, passionate and fierce ; the eyes were intensely luminous ; and there was a terrible energy of self-control in the contracted brow. For the first time in my life I felt the reality of art. Looking on my picture, I felt how simple and yet how potent is truth, and what deep meaning and morality may be shadowed forth in the study of one human face. And is it not

so in all art ?—in poetry, music, sculpture ? Is it not the individual sorrow, or sin, or suffering portrayed that touches the heart and teaches it ? Who ever wept over an epic, or melted at the sound of an overture ? Yet a simple ballad will moisten a strong man's eyes, and a plaintive melody will subdue the worldliest. So, in painting, will a single countenance teach the strength of virtue or the horrors of remorse.

(I called my picture "Lara : a Study," and awaited the 1st of May with some anxiety.)

CHAPTER V.



8 I entered the exhibition-rooms a day or two after opening, I was gratified to find a knot of spectators around my picture, which, *mirabile dictu*, was well hung. One of these was a plethoric old gentleman, who had a most unaccountable way of poking himself in everybody's light, and making all sorts of apostrophic remarks to supposed listeners. Another was an enthusiastic spectacled young lady, who raised her hands tragically, murmuring artistic expressions whilst she

did so to an elderly and less enthusiastic lady hanging on her arm.

"A murderer's portrait from head to foot !" cried the old gentleman ; I should say rather that of an assassin or a conspirator. That hand is out of drawing, I'll be bound. The eyes are splendid, sir ?—ma'am, please notice those eyes."

"Decidedly too vivid in coloring," said the young lady ; "and the effect of shade is clumsily managed—but the pose is perfect and the flesh-tints marvellous. What a wonderful, dreadful face—an impersonation of Byron's hero—"

"Cain, ma'am, Cain," echoed the old gentleman.

Just then a man of foreign appearance approached ; he walked leisurely, and glanced around as he did so with the air of one who seeks something. Involuntarily I found my attention fixed on him, for there was that glitter in his eyes, that arch in his lips, which recalled the image of M. Boyno. I looked again. Was there really any likeness, or was I only dreaming ? Once—twice—a third time I gazed, and then I felt convinced. He was like—unmistakably like—M. Boyno ; the likeness was not confined to the eyes and mouth and brow, but the figure was of the same mould—long neck, high stature, drooping shoulders. No chance resemblance was here—

Good heavens ! the man recognizes his own face in the picture. He folds his arms and stands before it for a few moments, and as he gazes the very expression portrayed in the picture is on his features. His lips curl, half with scorn and half with hatred, his eyes scintillate, as those of a crouching lion—his very attitude is that of M. Boyno's portrait.

Confound the man ! I wish he would go, I am of quiet habits and hate mysteries, and the strange likeness between himself and "Lara" made the bystanders look on bewildered ; others drew near attracted by such astonished faces, and soon a crowd had collected. The stranger, however, seemed by no means aware of the interest he was exciting, and, after a sharp scrutiny of some moments, clenched his fist at the portrait, and, muttering to himself, turned away.

An exclamation of surprise ran through the room, and every one looked in the direction whither he had gone ; then the cluster broke up, and people talked in twos and threes of the strange circumstance they had just witnessed. One effect I was not displeased to observe—all turned at different intervals to my picture, and I felt from that moment that its success was

determined. When I returned home Miss Matilda opened the door for me with a very important face.

"Oh! Mr. Arthur, what a time you have been gone. A gentleman has been waiting to see you for this last hour."

"Is it Bryant, or Speldman?"

"Neither, Mr. Arthur; it's a strange gentleman, he cannot speak English, and he would not give me his name."

"More mysteries—well, we'll see who it is," I said, and hurried past Miss Matilda to my sitting-room.

The same man—of course it was he—and, looking more like Lara than ever, as he stood on my hearthrug, his head slightly drooped, his brow knit, his whole attitude gloomy and contemplative.

"Mr. Arthur Brocklebanke," I said, bowing, "at your service, sir."

He raised his head, slightly bent himself, and then scanned me inquisitively.

"I beg pardon," he said, in French, "for intruding upon you, monsieur, but my errand is one that does away the necessity of apology; the reason of my visit being private, as a gentleman, I feel assured you will not inquire into it. Will you be so good as to answer a question or two relative to your picture in the Exhibition at Trafalgar Square?"

"Upon my word, sir, your request is a singular one—unprecedented I may say."

He glowered upon me, and continued sharply—

"You will not refuse?"

"That must be determined by the nature of your questions."

"Well, all I want to know of you amounts to this—where is the man whose portrait you have painted?"

"And that knowledge, I am sorry to say, it is not in my power to give you."

He jumped to his feet, white and trembling with rage.

"Do you mean to say that you will tamper with me? But I will not be tampered with; if you refuse, law, justice, common justice, I say, shall force you to give up your hoarded secret."

"Hist! monsieur," I said coolly, "remember that I am an Englishman, and that words will not frighten me."

The lightning passed from his eyes, and he seated himself, gazing on me with a mingled expression of determination and anxiety.

"Will you tell me or will you not?" he asked doggedly.

"Will you tell me what motive you have for asking?"

"That is impossible—the business is private."

I paused for a moment in deep thought. One course was certainly clear to me—I had no right to give up M. Boyno's secret without his consent; yet was he a criminal, then ought not justice to have its way? But I remembered his words—"There is one man in the world I would never meet again; I have not injured a hair of his head, that I should fear him, but he has injured me, and I hate him!" Ought I not, as a gentleman, to respect the faith placed in me?

"The matter must end thus, monsieur," I answered at length; "under existing circumstances I cannot disclose to you the address of the gentleman you seek; but, should I obtain his permission to do so, if you will honor me with your card, I will let you know, and be most happy to oblige you."

"How long will it take you to get this knowledge?"

I smiled, and looked Machiavelian.

"Pardon me if I decline to answer that question; but, give me your address, and I promise, on my word of honor, to write to you."

He took a card from his pocket, and, scribbling on the back, handed it to me.

M. LEON CHOJNACKI,

12 Percy Street, Pentonville."

"I hope it will be soon, then," he said, moodily, "I cannot stay in England long."

Whilst he was speaking I heard the slow, steady footstep of M. Boyno ascend the stairs; at the landing-place, as if attracted by the voice, he stopped short and listened.

"Oh! never mind," I interrupted desperately, and saying the first thing that occurred to me in order to silence my companion, for I had no wish to see the two thunder clouds meet; "now will you take a cigar?—there are some good Havannahs

in that box at your elbow—do help yourself—and, I believe I have got some Scotch ale, somewhere—"

"I have no objection to a cigar at any time. You English seem deuced hard smokers—"

The footsteps approached slowly, stealthily. The next moment I felt that he was outside the door—on the very threshold—his hand clasped the handle—Good heavens! only a thin partition of wood was between two men who hated each other to the death—who might meet at the next instant—and what might not that meeting be?

"And now for the Scotch ale—or, perhaps you will have a bit of supper with me," I rushed on, with a frantic attempt at friendliness; "bachelor quarters, you know, beefsteak and salad, &c."

"I'll have the ale, if I can get it, and, thank you; but for supper—bah! 'tis only young men like yourself who can eat. I'm never hungry."

The door-handle clicked.

"Who's that?" said Chojnacki with a start.

There was no answer; and, to my intense relief, I heard the footsteps retreat; then the front door below was opened, and shut with a slam, somebody walked towards the square, and I breathed freely. He was gone.

My friendliness towards Chojnacki lessened immediately.

"Did you speak, sir?" I asked.

"Somebody was at the door just now."

"Oh! only the servant, I dare say. Come in, if you please." And I rose to open the door with the utmost nonchalance.

In half-an-hour my strange visitor left, and I sat for some time musing over the strange incidents of the day. I tried to account, in a thousand ways, for the mysterious relationship (if any) between these two men; and for the hidden links that kept them bound together, and yet so wide apart. What secret of hate or injury or passion could thus divide them with a gulf so black, and yet no Lethe? Was there crime here, or merely the bitterness of some long rankled, evil passion? Were they brothers? A thousand conjectures flashed across my mind, but not one could I decide upon as being plausible, and at last gave it up in despair. Then I went to M. Boyno's room, hoping to obtain from him some further clue to the mystery.

Here, however, I was foiled, for he had not returned: and at three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the voice of Miss Matilda crying in great distress outside my door.

"Mr. Arthur! Mr. Arthur! do wake, please, for M. Boyno hasn't come back, and I'm so frightened, I don't know what to do."

And day came, and night and another day; and Miss Matilda wept and searched in vain. M. Boyno never returned.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a few days, I called upon Chojnacki, to inform him of what had transpired. When he heard that Boyno had gone, no one knew whither, his rage knew no bounds. He paced the room like a caged lion, cursed and swore, stamped in impotent passion on the floor, and groaned aloud from very anger and disappointment.

"For ten years!" he exclaimed bitterly—"for ten summers, winters, springs, autumns, I've sought that man and traced him like a bloodhound from place to place, and he has escaped me. We have been in the same city, in the same street, in the same boat at sea, and yet have never met face to face. And now, when we were in the same house, the same accursed fate has stepped between us. But I'll find him yet, coward, traitor that he is; were it even to the gates of death and hell, I'll track his footsteps yet."

"M. Chojnacki," I asked quietly, "answer me one question. Has this man committed a crime against God or man, that you seek him and hate him thus?"

He glared at me for an instant, and said, fiercely—

"What right have you to ask me?"

"A very natural one; it is the duty of every honest man to bring the criminal to justice."

Without replying, he walked up down the room for a few moments, with folded arms and scowling brow.

"You Englishmen are a cold-blooded, mechanical set," he answered at last, with a short, sinister laugh. "If a man mur-

der another, he is set aside as a villain and hanged outright; but if he wrong you to the death, and yet does not affront the law, though the stones should cry to heaven, he passes through life as innocent. That man has done me such an injury that I could curse every hair of his head and have a thousand to spare; yet he never attempted my life, he never stole a sou from me, he never called me a liar—bah! he has done nothing. Why do I hate him?"

"Why do you hate him, M. Chojnacki?"

"Why do I hate him? Man! how dare you ask me this? I have the same right to hate him as you have to breathe the air; to the last moment of my existence I'll hate, hate, hate him still. And, for the injury he has done to me, for the hell to which he has brought my soul, I will have my revenge yet."

There was a long pause, during which he seemed to cool a little; and though he continued to mutter a few words at intervals, I saw that the first impetuosity of the storm had spent itself. Wishing to obtain, if possible, some insight into this singular history, I waited, in the hopes of bringing him to a yet more amenable temper.

"Let us speak of the matter in a business-like way," I said, with some show of indifference. "The man is gone—you desire to find him. If I wished to assist you, how can I do so unless I know his real name and one or two other circumstances which, I suppose, you are able to inform me."

"You cannot assist me—how can you? Trust me, he will never return to his old quarters; I know him better than you do; and, if he did, how am I to know but that you would serve him as you served me before? He can take a thousand names, turn to a thousand trades: but, if he could turn to a thousand shapes, I would find him—by heavens, I would!"

"Well, allow me to wish you success, M. Chojnacki," I said, taking my hat. Good-morning."

He fastened his eyes upon me with a sharp wistful look, as if I were in some sort a link to the object of his search.

"You need not wish me success till I begin my task again. I am obliged to stay in London a few days longer. Shall I see you again?"

"As you please."

"Then call in, one evening."

"Willingly."

We touched hands and parted. How blessed seemed the light and noisy life of the open street! There was something in the mere presence of that man that chilled your blood, and almost appeared to stop the beating of your heart. His face was different in some respects from Boyno's; the one was sensual, whilst the other might almost be called intellectual; Chojnacki's was darker, fiercer, more passionate than Boyno's; whilst, at the same time, it had more physical strength and greater regularity of feature; indeed, he might almost be deemed handsome, yet the very beauty of his face was inexorably repellent. Both the men were mysteries—which of the two was the greatest, it seemed impossible to decide.

Meantime, the strange story regarding my picture, the circumstance of Chojnacki's appearance at the exhibition-rooms, coupled with Boyno's flight, had got afloat, and was in everybody's mouth. In one respect, for myself, it was the luckiest thing in the world. Crowds gathered each day round "Lara," and it soon sold at an extraordinary price, being looked upon as some mysterious affair. I had visitors innumerable to inquire about what I was as ignorant as themselves, and heaps of fanciful notes from inquisitive lady authoresses, asking equally puzzling questions. As to Miss Matilda and 'Gina, it was their firm belief that Chojnacki, for some private spite, had murdered Boyno and buried him in a cellar. The tears of these silly, kind-hearted women were unceasing for the man's chivalric manner and friendless condition had canonized him as a saint in their hearts at once.

After a few days I called upon Chojnacki, but the visit was not a pleasant one. He evidently had a grudge against me, as having been the means of preventing his long-sought, passionately-cherished opportunity, and gave me no hint as to his future movements.

"If," he said, at parting, "if, what I consider impossible, he should return to England, or otherwise cross your path, a letter addressed to me, at No. 9 Rue St. Anne, Paris, will reach me.

But, I dare say, you will not be inclined to take any trouble about the matter, and I don't see what reason you have for doing so. Interest and fear are the only rulers of the world. However, you have shown friendliness to me and I don't wish to appear ungrateful. Let us have a cigar and then part good friends."

The next day he set out for Paris, and so every link which connected me to the mysterious pair seemed to be broken. Not quite. I drew this conclusion too rapidly.

CHAPTER VII.

NE morning I received the following note, accompanied by a small sealed paper:

"TO MR. ARTHUR BROCKLEBANK."

"Should you ever again meet the individual whose portrait you have painted in your picture of 'Lara: a Study,' you are entreated most earnestly to hand to him the enclosed packet. The writer is unknown to you, but trusts to your faith as a gentleman and to your honor as an Englishman, to fulfil a sacred trust committed to you by one, who, perhaps, may never have the opportunity of showing gratitude, but who will be eternally grateful."

So! more mysteries; will they never end? I turned the sealed paper over and over again in my hand, utterly puzzled. It looked to be merely a sheet of letter paper with writing on one side, neatly folded and sealed with a plain seal. On the outer side was written, "Rome, May, 1832. O. de C—."

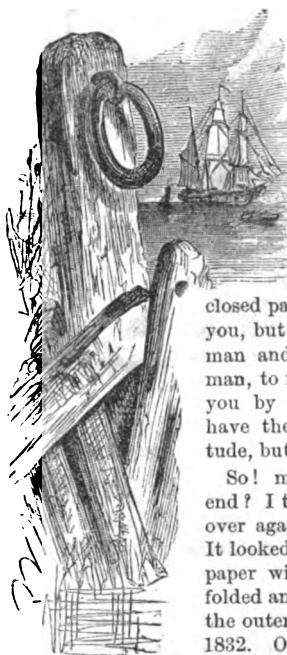
The envelope, directed to myself, had only a London postmark upon it; what did all this mean? Was it from Chojnacki?

I was too busy, however, to waste time in conjectures, for it was on the eve of my visit to Rome, and I was intent upon preparations. My heart yearned to Italy as the Swiss pines for his home, and dreams innumerable of turquoise skies, glittering marble, crystal waters and (so, oh! reader, do all our thoughts tend downwards) future fortune. Well, pardon me, for my wants are numerous, and my brush is my bread; besides, heaven be thanked for it, I have not myself alone to work for; my little orphan sister at school has only her brother Arthur to look to for protection, and my beautiful bright-eyed cousin Alice has promised to be my wife. Happy the man who has such ties. To him labor is no longer toil, but glory, and every day's work brings him nearer to his heart's heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM in Rome! From my window I look upon the ruined glories of ancient Italy, and the squalid degeneration of Italy as it is to day. Well, why should I feel a disappointment at heart? Is it not ever so? Napoleon died at St. Helena—the miserable whining beggar who sits on the step of my door is a descendant of the Cæsars; and Lord Macaulay tells us, that the great ugly London, of whom we English are so proud, shall one day be a heap of ruins, among which New Zealand artists shall sit and sketch! Very possibly; but it is not the ruin, the breaking away of stone and marble of Rome that gives you a sickness at heart—it is the common fate of all things, to pass away, as Horace used to ding into my ears at school (how I blessed him!) "*Liquenda tellus et domus*" &c.; it is the degradation of old age that disgusts—and the slavery!

We have a lovely sky to-day, beneath which the marbles gleam and the shadows deepen, making pictures everywhere. At present I have been a mere idle lounge, for the climate does not suit me, and I have had a kind of low fever for several days. A poor young English girl was carried to the Protestant burial-ground to-day, having died from the same complaint—





MR. BROCKLEBANKE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE COUNTESS.

the horrid laxative air. But I am quite well now, and feel that I can begin to work; therefore, I will not dwell upon a fear.

I have found a window on the terrace, at the back of the house, which commands a glorious view of the Appian Way, and here my artist eyes wander wistfully. That grand and immeasurable perspective of antique monuments of every form and dimension have a character and profusion far beyond words to describe, and the breadth and coloring of the background makes a picture to drive a painter wild. A picture did I say? It makes pictures without number.

About three weeks after my arrival at Rome, I received a note from an English lady of wealth and title, to wait upon her at the Palazzo Castiglione, regarding some water-color drawings she wished me to execute. This lady was the widow of the Earl of Milroy; and, in England, I had heard of her art-loving, profuse disposition, her beauty, her eccentricities and her riches. Why she should single out myself, poor, unknown Arthur Brocklebanke as the receiver of her favors, amongst so many others of the profession of wide repute at this time in Rome, I was at a loss to determine. However, I did not much trouble myself regarding that part of the business, and only too glad at the prospect of speedily earning a little money, betook myself to the palace without delay.

I was shown into a morning-room, furnished with blue and white velvet, and painted in the most voluptuous and delicious style of Italian artists. An easel stood in one corner, on which was a half-finished sketch of the Lake of Nemi, in dreamy twilight coloring—too morbid, perhaps, but soft and pleasing. Books were scattered about the room, and I noticed amongst them several volumes of George Sand, Bulwer Lytton, Byron, Shelley and others of the more passionate poets and novelists of England and France. Musical instruments were placed in niches, and everything betokened the presiding influence of a luxurious and cultivated mind.

"You ought to be a happy woman, Lady Milroy," thought I, as I gazed around on so much wealth and elegance; "just so charming a home as this should I like to give my Alice—"

As I apostrophised thus, the door opened and the countess entered. She advanced slowly and gracefully, with her large swimming eyes fixed on me, half doubtfully, half inquisitively, whilst a bright, womanly, genuine smile played on her lips.

"Mr. Brocklebanke," she said, in the sweetest accents of the South, "you are very welcome. It is good of you to come so soon; I am grateful, for I am dying of impatience to get my pictures—ah! you have a portfolio under your arm; I insist upon seeing the contents."

I laid my case on the table, and she took out each drawing by turns, criticising it in a quick enthusiastic way, and pointing to every beauty or defect with the most beautiful hand it has ever been my lot to see. She praised liberally. "There is one question I must put to you, Mr. Brocklebanke, and one fault I must find throughout all your pictures: why are you so sad and tranquil always? Have you abjured sunlight, and dashing water and sparkling skies—must you always be wandering by unruffled lakes, beneath sombre skies?"

I took the picture from off her easel.

"Here, at least, you have felt the same inspiration—the very beauty of the land has a sadness in it."

Her dark eyes softened to a momentary expression of grief.

"Don't speak of it," she exclaimed, "it gives me too much pain. And why grieve for that which no tears can alter? The land of poets and painters

and myrtle-flowers, the Italy of palaces and orange-groves is still ours—why not forget the rest? Ah! my poor sketch spoils the lovely Nemi, it is too dead and gloomy—I must try again; and that deep blue misty effect of mid-distance, do tell me how to get it, Mr. Brocklebanke."

I gave her the best and shortest directions that I was able, but she shrugged her shoulders with a pretty coquettish mow of despair.

"I cannot remember technicalities, I can only learn by the aid of my eyes; will you give me a few lessons whilst I stay here?"

"I shall only be too proud to do so," I said, bowing.

"Very well, then, I shall be glad of your instructions, for I have much neglected my painting lately (in England one can do nothing), so come, if you please, to-morrow evening, at six o'clock; and, meantime, let us arrange about my pictures. I must have several views from my windows here; and I discovered a lovely little bit of scenery yesterday, which I am sure would enrapture you. But now, would you mind walking round the palace and fixing your stations? You will find me here on your return, and then you must report all your plans."

She then rang for a servant to act as my guide, waved her hand with a little imperious nod, as much as to say, "Now go, and mind what you are about;" and curled herself up on a couch, making a beautiful picture as she lay there with her shining gold-brown hair flung so wantonly over the pale blue velvet pillow.

Yes! she was unmistakably lovely, and her loveliness was of that piquant and varying kind that most bewitches. Now her dark voluptuous eyes are suffused with tears of momentary sadness—now they sparkle and glow in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; for one instant a shadow of thought spreads over her face, in the next to be melted by a wild, merry laugh. There was not a feature that did not tempt you to look and look again. The soft dewy eyes—eyes that changed in their expression at every impulse of thought—the dark radiant complexion, the delicately-formed nose and smiling, imperious, rose-red lips—Lady Milroy, I shall be a miserable man till I have painted your portrait!

Her figure, too, was of that full and rounded type which is far more enchanting than the slenderness of girlhood; every line, every movement was full of grace and perfect self-possession; and around all, around looks, words and actions, played at times a somewhat of coquetry that would have bewitched Zeno.

CHAPTER IX.

I now spent a part of each day at the Palazzo di Castiglione, and two or three times a week I gave Lady Milroy a water-color lesson in her morning-room. Those were delightful hours. She had a wonderful gift in conversation, and threw over every topic such a hue of playful vivacity, that it made your pulses beat more freely and gladly to hear her. Listening to her sweet Italian words and looking upon her fair face made you feel as if earth were lovely and life divine. Then would come the low carolling laugh and the vain, coquettish smile, to break the spell and warn you that she was a true woman—nothing more.

Well, I scorned temptation—why should I not? Was I not a poor artist, without fame or rank or fascinations?—was I not betrothed to my gentle Alice, and did I not love her with all the depth and faithfulness of my sturdy English heart? Yes! I felt that I was secure, and was proud in my very humility. Yet at times, when Lady Milroy would lay her small, white hand upon my arm, and raise her tender, passionate eyes to mine, saying those kind things which a rich and titled woman of thirty can say with impunity to an ambitious artist of twenty-four—at such times I confess that the blood rushed to my brow and my heart beat quickly. Then the thought would come—am I right in being here?

But her very friendliness and kindness gave me a feeling of security; besides, honor, love, duty, rank—pshaw! what temptation could break such barriers? And, on the other hand, was I not right in accepting the favor and friendship of so valuable a friend?

One day, as I was giving her a lesson, our conversation turned upon picture-galleries and picture-dealers in England.

"By-the-bye," she asked, abruptly, "what became of that picture which people made such a fuss about in the Academy Exhibition last summer? It was a terrible thing, but very clever, and was an impersonation of one of Byron's characters; you must know all about it."

"I suppose I must," I answered, with a smile; "I painted it."

"Did it sell?"

"Yes, to a Mr. Ashley Berners. And did you see it, Lady Milroy?"

She continued painting, and said, carelessly, "I believe I did; but one forgets such things, and it is not that kind of picture that takes my fancy. Please, what color must I put in for this cloud, Mr. Brocklebanke? Ah, what we were talking of!"

"My picture of 'Lara.' You were remarking that it was not the kind of subject to take your fancy—"

She shrugged her shoulders and knit her brows.

"No; I like beautiful, good, bright-colored things; but that dismal one seemed to bring you luck. I heard a curious story about some man shaking his fist at the very same horrible picture of yours in the exhibition-room. Was it true?"

"Perfectly."

"And I also heard that he called upon you, desiring to hear who had sat for the portrait. Was that true, also, Mr. Brocklebanke?"

"Quite true, Lady Milroy."

"And stay—I heard a great deal more. We women hear so much gossip always. Did not the sitter, and also the man who sought after him, disappear? and did not some one deliver to you a letter to give one of them?"

I started to my feet.

"Who could have told you

that? I do not remember speaking of the subject to any living being."

"From whom I had the intelligence I really cannot remember; but," she continued, looking at me with a bright little smile and blush, "when one hears so many gossipries and slanders, who can remember from whence they come? And now, Mr. Brocklebanke, be good-natured, and gratify my curiosity. Did you, or did you not, receive such a mission?"

"I did—a sealed letter. Is it not delightfully mysterious?"

"Have you never found the person to whom you were directed to give it?"

"Never; I hope to do so, however, some day."

She turned to me quickly: "You know where he is, then?"

"Indeed, I do not, Lady Milroy, any more than I know why you are putting cobalt in your foliage instead of olive-green."

"I'm tired, and it is too warm to work this evening; that is why, Mr. Brocklebanke. And don't scold, please; but just wash it out, and put all to rights. That's very nice; go on, and I will watch you."

So saying, she threw herself back in her chair wearily, and urged me by entreaties and commands to proceed with her work.

"You have made me break rules, Lady Milroy," I said, as I went on; "I make it a custom never to assist my pupils."

"But I must be assisted. Oh! if I could but paint as you do, Mr. Brocklebanke, I would give half my wealth; it must be a glorious thing to be an artist!"

"To hear you say so, makes me hold my art nobler still," I said, with an effort; "but to your own life, Lady Milroy, it could add but few attractions. It is only the poor the friendless, and the unloved, who want something to worship and cherish, and follow through all toils and privations and disappointments. Your life is beautiful and complete; you have taste, generosity, beauty, wealth. Without such presiding influences as these, the artist's life would be barren indeed."

She rose and walked to and fro in the room, whilst her eyes lit and her cheeks glowed.

"But what is all this to the power of genius and the glory of ambition? A fool may scatter gold amongst descendants of kings—no, no, Mr. Brocklebanke, do not talk to me of wealth, and generosity, and patronage; what is that to the consciousness of talent and the pleasure of reputation? Oh! it is good to be admired and sought after!"

How beautiful she looked, then! her eyes wild with excitement, her burnished hair flung off the white temples, and her whole frame thrilling with the passionate enthusiasm of her



M. BOYNO SPEAKS A FEW WORDS.

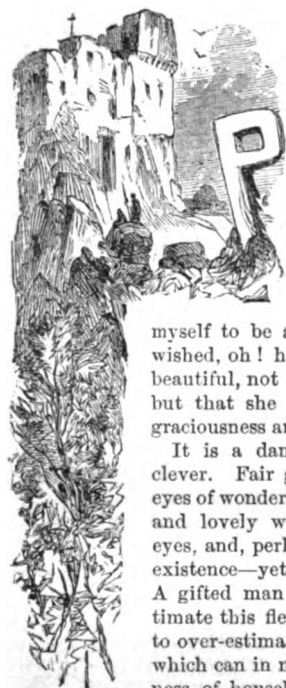
nature. Then, after a few moments, the long eyelashes drooped, the bosom ceased to heave, the white hands unclasped, and fell listlessly by her side.

She approached the easel, and, touching my arm, said, somewhat sadly :

"If I cannot possess your gift, Mr. Brocklebanke, at least teach me to appreciate it. But you shall paint no more to-day, you look pale and overworn already."

Again she laid her hand upon my arm, with that half imperious, half tender touch. Why did I start and turn pale and hesitate? Arthur Brocklebanke, be proud!

CHAPTER X.



PROUD I WAS. I scorned temptation. I went day after day to the Palazzo, and was not tempted.

I believe I was not. Days passed by, days and weeks, and the thrill of strange feeling had never returned since the evening mentioned in my last chapter. Lady Milroy was no less bewitching, no less arch, no less kind; but I received her kindness with the coldest appearance of gratitude, and did not feel myself to be a hypocrite. And yet at times I wished, oh! how I wished not that she were less beautiful, not that she were less distinguished, but that she were less tender in her womanly graciousness and appreciation of me.

It is a dangerous thing to be considered clever. Fair girls look up to you with innocent eyes of wonderment and admiration; intellectual and lovely women smile homage from their eyes, and, perhaps, the next moment forget your existence—yet the smiles linger in your heart. A gifted man or woman is too apt to over-estimate this fleeting kind of admiration; too apt to over-estimate a kind of influence and power which can in no way compensate for the sweetness of household ties, and the blessed peace of common love.

But to return. My gifts were by no means such as to dazzle a woman so brilliant and volatile as the Countess of Milroy; her kindness—why not?—was what she doubtless showed to hundreds of artists not more gifted than myself, and not more strikingly accomplished. As an artist, perseverance and intense passion for my art had secured me greater success than I should ever have owed to innate talent; but, as a man, I was naturally quiet, and unpretending in manner, and possessed of few acquisitions, either of manner or of conversation. I grew more talkative, however, in her company; perhaps it was that her greater powers of mind brought out my lesser ones; or, perhaps, her apparent appreciation of me, acted as a stimulant. Be this as it may, those painting hours in the blue and white morning room were some of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent.

Returning to my lodgings one evening, I suddenly found myself in an immense crowd, who had collected in the square to hear a public proclamation read. I was not in a hurry, and stopped to listen. The language was intended for the rabble, and had in it a touch of gravity and fair seeming, which might well deceive untutored minds; but underneath ran such a vein of deep policy and despotic cunning, that the free northern blood in me boiled as I listened. Presently I was attracted by a diversion on the part of the multitude, and, looking in the direction of the new point of interest, saw a man bareheaded speaking to the people with upraised arm and flashing eyes.

That man was Boyno!

As he spoke, a low murmur ran through the mass, and then a few faint cheers were heard. Rash man, thought I; must he bring further anathemas on his head? But my second thought was of the sealed paper—now was the opportunity to fulfil my trust. Breaking my way as best I could, I made wild attempts to reach him; now I was within a yard or two of the very spot

where he stood—another moment, and I am swayed by the rude mob, and lost sight of him altogether. At last I succeeded in reaching the spot, with torn coat, broken hat, and utterly out of breath; but he was no longer there. I turned quickly round, and caught a glimpse of his retreating figure as he edged his way towards a quiet street. Then I made a last effort, and ran in pursuit; I called his name, I shouted to the pitch of my voice, and had the satisfaction to see him turn and wait. But, again I was foiled. A pale Italian, shabbily dressed, and of Boyno's figure and gait raised his hat, and said, with a bland smile:

"Does monsieur wish to speak with me? I am at his service."

Baffled and out of temper I retraced my steps homewards, fully determined to venture in no more Roman mobs; for I had spoilt a new hat, lost my purse, and got thoroughly heated and out of breath into the bargain—all to no purpose.

The next evening I found Lady Milroy looking pale and distraught; she welcomed me with a languid smile, and declared her inability of painting that night.

"I did not sleep well last night," she said, wearily; "it was so warm, and I had such a terrible dream. I think I shall never be able to spend the winter here, Mr. Brocklebanke. I am tired of Rome already."

"You tired of Rome, Lady Milroy?" I exclaimed, half in dismay, half with a vague feeling of joy. "Do you really mean to go?"

She raised her eyes to mine with a strange expression of interest and softness.

"Would you be sorry if I were to go?" she asked gently.

Something in the tone of her voice, and in the expression of her face, made the hot blood rush to my heart. I bent over the easel, and said, with hesitation:

"It would no longer be Italy if you were not here, Lady Milroy."

Hardly were the rash words out of my lips, when I bitterly cursed my folly in uttering them. Where was all my pride, my humility, my honor?

There was a long and awkward silence. I made vain attempts to proceed with my painting, and Lady Milroy played abstractedly with the long gold fringe of the curtain; when I ventured to look upon her face, I met her eyes fixed intently on my own, and they seemed to tremble and moisten beneath my gaze. Good Heavens! this madness must no longer continue. I must leave Rome, or—oh! fool—that I have been, to be so confident in my fancied security!

Making a violent effort to regain self-possession, I rushed into conversation.

"Such a singular event happened to me last night," I said, with an attempt at easy cheerfulness; "you could never guess what it was!"

A sudden expression of pain passed over her features.

"You have seen him!" she exclaimed quickly. "One of those men are here! Which is it?—where is he?"

"The man whose portrait I painted—"

"And you delivered to him the sealed letter?"

"Ah! it is easier to arrive at conclusions than to make one's way through a mob. No, Lady Milroy, I had the misfortune to miss him. But I do not despair; he is here; why should we not meet again?"

"Are you sure it was he? It is so easy to be deceived."

"Not in such a face as his. Ah! I forgot; you have neither seen the man, nor the portrait."

She rose, and moved towards the open window. The mellow sunlight gilded her rich hair, and shed a rosy flush on her delicate cheek; her long dress of ruby velvet set off her queen-like figure; her small jewelled hands drooped listlessly on the panelling. Never had I seen her before look so sad, never before so beautiful.

"Mr. Brocklebanke," she said, sadly, "is there nothing I can do to serve you before I leave Rome? You have been a very patient master, and I am grateful. Let me show you my gratitude."

"To have been of use to you, Lady Milroy, is sufficient happiness and reward enough."

"At least, then, accept my friendship," she continued, with a shade of embarrassment.

"Ah! you are too good. Wealth, position, titles—I have no right to expect that. I have been able to give you pleasure, and I have received far more than I was able to bestow—"

"Wealth! position? titles!" she broke in, passionately. "Why do you speak of them? Does not genius and talent confer a position and a title beyond any other? Wealth, position—how I hate the words! and must you, you, above all others—you, who understand the greatness of art and the aristocracy of genius, must you be continually ringing them into my ears?"

"Pardon me!" I answered humbly; "but you misconceive my meaning. I know well that with a woman so generous and high-minded as yourself, these distinctions stand for nothing, but with the world—"

"Do not speak of the world; you put me out of patience. Who cares for the world, its hollow conventionalisms, its hypocritical forms? Ah! Mr. Brocklebanke, we Italian women love Art and Nature too much to care for the opinion of the world."

"Lady Milroy is then an Italian?"

"Yes," she replied, with glowing cheek and kindling eye, "I am proud to say I am an Italian. Despite the degradation and poverty of my land, I am proud of it still; is it not the garden of Europe, the treasury of art, the nation of poets and painters, the home of music?"

"And of beauty," I said, impulsively.

She looked at me inquiringly, as if to read my inmost thoughts, and then said in a low voice:

"I am pleased to hear you praise my Italy; you must become a great painter, and teach others to love it also."

"I do not hope to become great."

"Why not? You have not half ambition enough; ambition and passionate love for one's art can make any one great—at least, famous. Oh! reputation is very sweet! Put away your painting, Mr. Brocklebanke, and listen whilst I tell you a story of real life. I was ambitious once; some years ago, in my girlhood, I loved music as you now love painting, only twice as wildly, twice as well. We southerners have such ardent natures, you know, and I was the only child of a ruined nobleman. I had nothing to love, nothing to hope for, nothing to protect me but art. I had a fine voice, and music was innate in me. Well, the story is short; a young Italian with a fine voice, can soon obtain a reputation, and a fortune in your rich old England; and I was happy. I think I was heartless and vain in those days—but what women are not? and I had flattery and homage enough to turn so young a head. An English peer fell in love with me, for I was pretty then, and I married him, though he was twice as old as myself; but I coveted position and titles; I gave up music, I gave up my delicious, free, bewildering life. Do you think I was happy?" She held up her hands before her eyes, and I saw a tear fall on the shining velvet skirt; but it was only a momentary passion of grief; she turned to me with pale, cold face, and said:

"What have I received in return for all I gave up? I surrendered youth, beauty, independence, fame; I have received a title, rich lands, and a position for which I am in no wise fitted. My life is barren, aimless, friendless. Oh! for my freedom, and my young, warm, hopeful heart."

Then she threw herself on a low seat, and, flinging her long bright hair over her white shoulders, with a wanton action of despair, buried her face in her hands. What could I do? what could I say? A long time passed; the golden sunlight died away; and gray twilight shadows deepened around the palace. It was time for me to go; I must go, and never, never return.

I rose, and touched her cold hand,

"Are you going?" she asked, with a start.

"I fear I must; it is getting late."

"You will come to-morrow?"

"Yes; that is, if not hindered."

"You must come," she replied, quickly; "promise me you will come."

I dared not gaze upon her face; I hardly dared to hold her hand, such a storm of passionate feelings contended in my breast.

"Promise," she continued, in a hard voice.

"Do not ask me to promise, Lady Milroy; if possible, I will come."

"No," she said, in the same voice, "you shall not go till you have promised. I will have it."

"I will come," I said, at last, and broke away desperately.

How I reached home I do not know; but such a night's agony of thought and feeling I hope few mortals have endured, except myself. I could not sleep; or, if indeed I did sleep, the distracting dreams were worse than the wakeful misery. It seemed as if morning would never come, and two thoughts hovered around me like demons of despair. Oh! Lady Milroy, why did we ever meet? Oh! gentle cousin Alice, better for you had I never been born! Wretch—madman that I have been—would that the sorrow might fall on myself alone, since I alone am to blame.

The next morning I awoke, pale, haggard, and hollow-eyed; my pulses beat as if in high fever; my hands shook so that the brushes fell from them. Without taking any breakfast I strolled out into the open air. It was a fresh, blowy morning, and the exercise and the early breeze upon my cheek cooled in some degree the fever of my blood. I reviewed, coldly and dispassionately, the events of the previous evening. Ought I, or ought I not to fulfil my promise? I had never in my life broken my word of honor, and I shrank from doing so now, especially to a woman. No; I would nerve myself to be cold and resolute during the interview, and then on the morrow, without a word of parting, I would leave Rome. This seemed the only reasonable course to pursue. Oh! that Lady Milroy and I had ever met. But such thoughts were worse than useless. Let me be a man again, and brave the danger and the storm.

As I reached the door of my lodging, a ragged man stepped from the portico, and handed me a dingy-looking letter, carefully sealed. On opening it, I read the following:

"I have been thrown into prison for a few mad words spoke aloud, yesterday, to the people; what devil tempted me I know not, but—they are said; I do not regret them. I wish, however, to get out of this damnable place as soon as possible; and you can help me, or, I may have an awkward business of it. I only discovered yesterday, that you were living here, or you would have seen me; but you can see me on Wednesday, between three and four in the afternoon, if you will take the trouble to come. How you can serve me, is thus: you are a gentleman, and English; all English are listened to here; go to Lord — and speak for me. A word from him to that dastardly P—— will set me free any day; and, good Heavens! the air of a prison is not worth breathing. Tell Lord — I am a Polish gentleman, who took part in the revolution of 1830, and in it lost everything. My real name is not necessary; or if it is, I can let you know by a trusty messenger. This man's name is Luigi Picini, and will do anything for a bribe. Adieu.

"ADAM BOYSO."

"Can you swear to deliver a letter into the hands of the person who gave you this?" I asked of the man, who waited near.

He scratched his head reflectively, and eyed me from the depths of his black cunning eyes.

"I can't swear to it," he said, at last; "but the signor may rely upon me doing my best."

"You cannot see M. —; you cannot see the person who wrote this letter?" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Not exactly, signor; but I can see somebody who may do as well, perhaps."

I instantly resolved upon not trusting to his hands the mysterious sealed paper; and, bidding the man wait, hastily wrote the following lines:

"You shall see me; meantime I will do my best.

Yours, A.B."

"Now," I said, sharply, "if you please, make the best of your way to the place from whence you came; and if you want another job, you had better do this well."

He pocketed my letter and coin with infinite satisfaction, vowed the intensest devotion to my service, and then walked lazily away.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY MILROY met me with a radiant smile. Every trace of the previous night's emotion was gone, and I alone was agitated; for, in spite of my resolution and nerved-up pride, I confess



ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—VICE-CHANCELLOR SHADWELL'S HYDRO-PATHIC INJUNCTION.—PAGE 110.

that I could not look upon her face unmoved. Whatever I tried to say was distract or awkward, and the fact that she perceived my embarrassment rendered my position still more painful.

"And how does the search progress?" she asked, after there had been a long silence; "have you been able to find him?"

"Boyno? Yes, I have discovered where he is—"

"Boyno!" she interrupted quickly, "is that his name?"

"No; his real name he thinks proper to conceal for reasons as yet unknown to me."

"And so," she answered, with a light nervous laugh, "the strange business is ended; you have fulfilled your trust?"

"Not yet, Lady Milroy; I have not seen him myself, and the letter waits till then."

"Pshaw! how rigidly exact and honorable you English people are. Very likely the letter is after all, merely a bank note from some one who owes this Boyno money. People's consciences often smite them when they are dying."

She looked at me long and earnestly, and then added:

"Do you really mean to say that you have not had the curiosity just to peep in? What harm?—were you told not to do so?"

"But it was a trust put in my honor, and made more binding from the very absence of injunctions. No, Lady Milroy, my curiosity has never been even a temptation."

"You are too puritanical," she said, lightly; "but now I have a favor to ask you. Let me look at that letter; let me hold it in my hands for five minutes."

As she spoke, she moved nearer to me, and, clasping her hands in a playful gesture of entreaty, looked up into my face.

"Will you or will you not?" she said, coaxingly.

"I cannot," I answered, coldly, and bent down over my painting, for it seemed to take my breath away to look upon her then. A soft light filled her eyes; her cheek glowed with conscious power and beauty; her bright lips smiled half engagingly, half in triumph.

"Will you, or will you not?" she said again; but I pretended not to hear, and painted assiduously. Then she rose, and, laying both her little hands upon my own, whispered softly:

"Promise that you will."

I shook off that light burning touch, and said, almost with fierceness:

"Oh, Lady Milroy, friend, do not tempt me; I am weak; have pity."

The next moment she drew back, and, shaking aside her glorious curls of brown hair with a wild gesture of excitement, cried passionately:

"Good, noble friend; you have triumphed. I but tried you, and I find you as firm as adamant and true as Heaven; and I know in other things that you are firm and true also. Arthur, you little know us Italian women. You think, because you are a poor artist, and I am a rich lady, that I should scorn your love, and deride the idea of becoming your wife. You mistake us, grievously mistake. Where we love, neither rank nor duty, nor ties, have a feather's weight in the balance. Everything gives way to love—should it not? But it is not so in your cold, northern island. There is no love there; but a man marries a wife to be his household slave, and one woman does as well as another. I married for ambition, and I was married for my beauty; but, love—oh! what need for love in English marriages? I was Lady Milroy, and the earl was proud of his young wife. But, oh! Arthur, through these rosy years of youth, I have found no friend, no one to understand me, to love me. It has been so dreary—so dreary; and at last the dreariness is passing away, for I have found you—"

"Dear Lady Milroy, in pity's sake, hear me—"

"Hush," she cried, with wild, bright eyes: "hush, and let me speak. I know what is passing in your mind, for you are the soul of truth and honor; and you think, because you are a poor artist and of middle rank, that I am too high for you. I have long known your secret, and have seen your efforts to



ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—ROWLAND HILL AND HIS REFRACTORY SERVANTS.—PAGE 111.

conceal it. Ah! generous, kind, unselfish friend, I knew you loved me long ago and I felt so happy. It is sweet to be loved for one's own self only; so sweet to be loved neither for wealth nor beauty, but for one's own woman's soul. And, were I a queen, Arthur, and you my lowliest subject, I would love you, and you alone, because you have valued me for myself—"

She ceased, for tears choked her utterance; her bosom heaved, her cheeks burned, her lips quivered. Then, very white and cold, I rose, and kneeling before her, said—"

"God forgive me, Lady Milroy, if I have, unwittingly, so wronged you. My love and troth are pledged to another."

Let me not dwell upon that scene; the memory of it is neither good for my readers nor for myself. I say so in all humility.

God be my witness, that I had been the unconscious cause of so much misery to that generous Italian woman. For my weakness in not before escaping from temptation, I cannot sufficiently culpate myself; but, for her unhappiness, for any attempts to gain her love, for any foresight of her passion for myself—on these heads I am innocent.

I write this as I lie upon my couch, for I am suffering from low fever and can scarcely hold my pen. This morning I wrote the following to Lady Milroy, and have sent it. Now I must never mention her name again; or, if I think of her, it must be as the generous patron, the enthusiastic student—as the beautiful passionate woman; I dare not, must not, remember her.

"KIND, GENEROUS FRIEND—May I address you thus? Believe that I do it in the utmost gratitude and reverence.

"Pardon me, if I have caused you unhappiness; the thought of this has afflicted me more than I can by any words express; and, I fear, that yesterday I said in nowise what was uppermost in my heart. I am betrothed to an English girl, an orphan, and my cousin. I do not know why I had never mentioned this to you before, except that I am naturally reserved, and

always slow to intrude my private affairs on others. Yet, I cannot sufficiently blame myself for not having done so. What might it not have spared us both?—and, perhaps, I might even now have possessed your friendship. Your friendship. Oh! Lady Milroy, I cannot tell you how dear that has been to me—I cannot tell you how unhappy I am to lose it. For the highest and best aspirations of my artist life I have to thank you—for the enlargement and elevation of my intellect and sympathies I have to thank you; and oh! noble Italian friend, to you I owe a higher appreciation of all other women, a truer love of all that is useful and ennobling. Forgive me, and think of me with kindness—or forget me, for I feel that I am not worthy of your remembrance; and, yet, if you knew all, if you knew how I have suffered for the last few days, and what I suffer still—yes, you would forgive me.

"When I saw you so gifted and so beautiful, I ought to have left Rome or never to have seen you more; but you seemed so far removed from me, that in my very humility I felt secure. Yet—but let me not say what now ought never to be spoken. As it is—honor, duty—a gulf lies between us. I can only say, forgive. Then, great and high-souled lady, farewell. May you be—I will not say happy as you deserve, for that would be an idle wish—but I will say happy as my prayers would have you to be. With this word, farewell, then, is torn from my life its most golden page. Two names are written on it—your own and that of Italy; but they will remain on my heart for evermore. Lady Milroy, heaven bless you. Farewell."

CHAPTER XII.

For some days I was really ill—weak as a child, utterly depressed in mind, and having a feverish confusion of brain that rendered me totally incapable of thinking one sober thought. The intense misery of such a condition most of my readers have, doubtless, experienced. I felt that I could think of nothing; yet thought after thought, like burning lead, seemed to drop upon my brain; and even sleep brought no refresh-

ment, for the thoughts seethed away still. My room was filled with shapes: now it was Lady Milroy, throwing up her white arms with a wild gesture of despair, and reproaching me for all the unhappiness I had caused her; now she stood on the brink of a precipice, she called on me to save her; she told me her love would make me happy, rich, renowned; and I still held back. Then she cursed me; and I saw nothing but hideous gaping waves and a pair of white arms stretching out for help, and long gold-brown locks that fluttered on the water. Again I saw two terrible, remorseless faces—Boyno's, Chojnacki's. The two men had met at last, and stood like tigers ready to avenge their strange hatred. I tried to step in between them, but I was chained in prison, and dumb. They rushed at each other. I felt that Boyno would be murdered, and tried, in the eleventh hour to throw to him the sealed paper. He fell. He looked imploringly towards me, saying, "Justice! justice! remember thy trust." I made a desperate effort, and cast the paper on the ground. It fell at his feet; but as he reached to take it, a bird flew down and carried it away in its beak to heaven.

And then I lay upon a quiet shore, and my gentle Alice bent over me, saying, "Live, Arthur: I forgive you. You are come to peace and home at last."

Thank heaven, the fever has left me now, and I have been out for the first time to-day. I have been to Lord N——'s regarding poor Boyno; for, on recovering, almost my first thoughts were of my promise yet unfulfilled to him, and I was sadly afraid my good offices would come too late.

Lord N—— was a white-haired statesman, with a large forehead and sharp gray eyes, that seemed very capable of reading your secret thoughts and concealing his own. He gave me a bland, quiet greeting, which was neither condescension nor stiffness, but partook of the nature of both.

"Boyno? Boyno?" he said, reflectively, as I named my errand. "Do you know that this man has deceived you regarding his name?"

"I beg pardon, I have not been deceived. M. Boyno informed me that, for some private reason, he had concealed his name; but he is quite willing to give it, if necessary."

The nobleman smiled, and glanced at me with some degree of curiosity.

"Why do you take an interest in this Polish refugee?" he asked.

"Simply because he lodged in the same house in London with me, and we became slightly acquainted. He allowed me to take his portrait, and I am anxious to do him any service in my power. I know very little of M. Boyno; but he seemed a friendless, unhappy man, and I pitied him."

Well, he has friends somewhere, at any rate; you are the third person who has come to me with petitions for him. But the man has got quite a false idea into his head. He knows that I have sympathy for the Polish exiles; and he fancies, I suppose, that I shall send an armed body to escort him in triumph from prison. Pshaw! 'tis all a farce. He said some foolish things, and the penalty is a few weeks' confinement."

"Then I have intruded upon your lordship to no purpose?"

"The fact is, Mr. Brocklebanke, you have come too late. M. Boyno will walk out of prison to-morrow night, and any further intervention of mine would, I think, be fruitless. Should this gentleman, however, in whom you take so warm an interest, be disposed to accept of such trifling assistance as I have been pleased to give his unfortunate fellow-countrymen, I can only say I shall be happy to grant it. But, excuse me for asking, do you think him a quiet, respectable character—one whom you could trust?"

"That is rather a difficult question. I have, however, been favorably predisposed towards him."

"One or two circumstances have given me suspicion; there is a man in Rome who has been hunting in every quarter for him; to-day he even came here, to see if he could not get an order to visit the prison; the two must be leagued together, and I always mistrust the friendship of such characters."

"Chojnacki again!" I exclaimed, "I know the man."

"Chojnacki—that was the name he gave me, and you know him, Mr. Brocklebanke?"

"I have seen him; he was on the search for Boyno then. There is some curious mystery about the two men."

"There certainly is; but I daresay not worth the finding out. However, send Boyno to me."

I then took my leave, and, having found out my sharp friend Luigi Picini, dispatched him to the prison with a short slip of paper for Boyno, merely containing the words: "I have been ill, but will see you to-morrow."

To-morrow my trust will be fulfilled. Then I shall journey on towards Florence, and leave behind me the glorious fatal atmosphere of Rome—for ever!

(To be continued.)

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—VICE-CHANCELLOR SHADWELL'S HYDROPATHIC INJUNCTION.

THE late Vice-Chancellor of England, Sir Lancelot Shadwell, was as indefatigable a bather as the monk noticed by Bede. Every morning throughout the year, during his residence at Barnes Elms, he might be seen wrestling joyously with the Thames. It is said that on one occasion a party, in urgent need of an injunction, after looking for the judge in a hundred places where he was not to be found, at length took a boat and encountered him as he was swimming in the river. There he is said to have heard the case, listening to the details as the astonished applicants made them, and now and then performing a frolicsome "summersault," when they paused for want of breath. The injunction was granted, it is said, after which the applicants left the judge to continue his favorite aquatic sport by himself.

SIR LANCELOT OF THE LAKE.*

BEING THE ABOVE LEGEND VERSIFIED: SOMETHING, BUT NOT MUCH, IN THE EARLY MANNER OF TENNYSON.

On either side the river fly
Excited hunkeys, proud and high;
They scare the fish, and rend the sky,
With questions to the passers-by—
"Wherever have he got?
Three great swells of legal powers
Has been waiting here for hours,
Hunting through the lawns and bowers,
(Aint they been and picked the flowers?)
For good Sir Lancelot."

Cookmaids whiten, housemaids quiver,
Buttoned pages duck and shiver,
Master, no one can "disilver;"
Had they better drag the river,
Or had they better not?
Behold each glove—with ne'er a hand—
And there's his hat upon the stand,
He can't have left the house by land,
The good Sir Lancelot!

A furlong from his dwelling place
He splashed among the roach and dace.
The sun burst forth—as for a race—
And shone upon the jolly face
Of good Sir Lancelot.
A learned knight in Chancery's field,
But now by wig nor gown concealed,
The human being stands revealed,
(Or rather swims)—completely "peeled"
As onion or shalot.

His beaming visage glittered free
Like a dew-spangled peony,
Or like a lobster boiled, we see,
Rise steaming from the pot.
He plunged—now rose—then struck out wide
On breast—on back—on either side—
Turned summersaults beneath the tide:
"It's jollier here than chambers," cried
The good Sir Lancelot.

Who is this? and what is here?
What men are these, a boat that steer?
"Sir Lancelot—at last—oh dear!
That you were drowned, we were in fear—
But since it seems you're not—

* Considering that the incident is reported to have taken place on the Thames, the "Lake" must be apologized for as a nuance of imaginative water-coloring—not inexcusable, perhaps, in a poet who likes to view things through a *coulis de rose* medium.

Here's a case, oh, great lawgiver !
 Won't take long—I see you shiver—
 If a judgment you'll deliver."
 "Well I'm jiggered! In the river!"
 Groaned Sir Lancelot.

They brought a brief and read it through,
 The bather's nose was turning blue;
 He wished that legal cockboat's crew
 Would also go to Bath—or to
 A place, than Bath, more hot.
 In vain a summersault he tried
 To keep up circulation's tide.
 That lawyer's prose his arts defied:
 "The curse has come upon me!" sighed
 The good Sir Lancelot.

Only, when fulfilled his function,
 When he'd granted an injunction,
 Did these lawyers show compunction;
 Then "good morning," they, with unction,
 Bade Sir Lancelot.
 Sir Lancelot mused a little space,
 And said, "If there be time or place
 'That's safe from the attorney race,
 "I wish I may be shot!"

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—ROWLAND HILL AND HIS REFRACTORY SERVANTS.

THE Reverend Rowland Hill was not only a good man and a great preacher, but one of the most eccentric of human beings. It was he who compared the Gospel to a huge round of beef, "where there was cut and come again;" it was he who broke into Greek suddenly in a sermon to rouse some sleepers; it was he who turned "Rule Britannia" into a psalm tune, saying, "the devil should not have all the good melodies;" yet never sturdier arm beat dust out of pulpit cushions, or set the pendent sounding-board ringing. If the drum ecclesiastic ever frightened away Apollyon, it did when beaten lustily by Rowland Hill, one of the heartiest and honestest of men—the very Cobbett of the pulpit, at whose feet all the great of the age by hours sat and listened. Our verses refer to one of the numerous stories told of him.

On one occasion, his servants neglected to get him milk for breakfast. He rang and ordered; the kitchen had scruples—there were questions of precedency to settle. Cook said it was housemaid's place—housemaid thought it cook's—butler never did such a thing—and footman was not going to begin. A line must be drawn somewhere. In a word, the kitchen downstairs was mutinying against the parlor up-stairs. A deputation was sent up to decline going for milk; culinary vanity was hurt even at the proposal. But Rowland Hill was not to be put down by the pride and insolence of a fat cook, with temper and liver deranged by incessant Indian heat.

At once he rang the bell and ordered the horses to be put to the carriage. The coachman mounted and drove to the street-door. Then Rowland Hill ordered his cook and housemaid to get in and drive to the milk shop. Abashed and confused, the servants complied, and the mutiny was quelled for ever. In our verses we have ventured to gently parody Tennyson's beautiful poem, and christen the refractory cook, for obvious reasons, "the Lady of Shalot."

The bubbling urn goes steaming up,
 Set is each china breakfast cup,
 All but the milk is taken up;
 (The tardy milkman cometh not.)
 Heedless of bells, the housemaid sings;
 The master for the milk jug rings;
 No milk to him the cook maid brings—
 That Lady of Shalot.

The milkman with his clattering cans
 And shrill long cry—O drat the man's
 Neglect that so disturbs our plans!
 The fat cook's tongue is loud and hot—
 "Master must wait—Why there's his bell;
 Well, Mary Jane, go up and tell
 The accident wot 'as befel—"
 The Lady of Shalot.

"It's not my place," pert Mary said,
 Tossing her little sancy head.
 "Nor mine, I'm sure," cried out the lad
 That cleaned the yellow chariot:
 "I'm not an arrant boy," said Joe,
 "Nor, Mary Jane, his slave are you,"
 "As one u'd be done by, one should do,"
 Says the Lady of Shalot.

The butler's busy with his plate,
 "Likewise the hour is wery late;"
 So Joe, the knife boy, scratched his pate
 And went to clean the chariot.
 The kitchen maid is scraping fish,
 The cook is rinsing greasy dish,
 Defiant of her master's wish,
 That Lady of Shalot.

The angry master rings the bell;
 Orders the carriage; bids them tell
 The coachman and the page as well
 To mount the yellow chariot.
 "Now ladies," thinks bold Rowland Hill,
 "I'll give your pride a bitter pill,
 And vex and fret unto the fill
 Our Lady of Shalot.

"Out on their silly mincing airs!
 Go, bring our rebel cook up stairs!"
 (The footman, frightened, gaping stares,
 And orders out the chariot.)
 "These maids of mine shall quickly go,
 Their pride shall have a parlor blow,
 I'll see if I am lord or no,
 My Lady of Shalot!"

* * * * *

The fat cook put the onions down,
 And, with a grim sardonic frown,
 Smoothed her smart cap upon her crown,
 And tied her greasy ribbon knot.
 Then, with her bouncing angry jets,
 And many pouting sulks and frets,
 Into the yellow chariot gets
 The Lady of Shalot.

And Mary Jane—with cheeks on fire,
 Red eyes, half bashfulness, half ire,
 Angry by turns, now all the slyer—
 Steps quick into the chariot.
 Then master slams the carriage door,
 "So as he never did before;"
 While John, the coachman, softly swore
 At the Lady of Shalot.

And "Well, I'm sure!" the fat cook cries,
 Rubbing quite red her tearful eyes,
 Which soon she vexed yet angry dries,
 Rocked in that yellow chariot.
 While Mary Jane, with hot cheek red,
 Hangs down her pretty pouting head,
 Wishing that she were cold and dead,
 Like the Lady of Shalot.

The page his silvery buttons counts,
 His eyes stream like rain-swollen founts:
 The footman on the dicky mounts,
 Ashamed of the old chariot.
 "A pack of nonsense—master's mad;
 Why, John, I say this ere's too bad!
 Drive on to Bedlam, there's a lad,
 The Lady of Shalot."

"Why, here's a pretty go," said he,
 "I'm so ashamed," cries Mary, she
 By far the worst of all the three,
 Cussing the yellow chariot.
 They hung their heads—no Tyburn cart
 Could give those rebels such a start,
 Each stoppage struck as with a dart
 Our Lady of Shalot.

The butcher boy, with loaded tray,
 Calls out, with leering eye, "make way!"
 The dirty urchins cease to play
 To watch the yellow chariot.

Around the baker's grating there
A crowd of dirty street boys stare,
To see the coachman and his fare—
The Lady of Shalot.

Then, looking back, they see their master
Laughing at their sad disaster,
Calm and cool as alabaster,
Gazing at the chariot.
Oh horrible! the boys begin
With yell and shout, and whoop and din,
To see the dreadful scrape she's in—
That Lady of Shalot.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE LOAF.—Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God send us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca



OX-CART USED BY THE MEXICANS IN HARVEST TIME.

CHINESE ALMANAC.—The Chinese insurgents have prepared a new almanac. Amongst other things, it excludes the demonology and astrologic superstition which overload other almanacs, especially those brought out in the interest of the reigning dynasty; it makes the year begin on the 7th instead of the 4th of February; it orders the observance of one day in the week as a Sabbath, but abolishes all other holidays; it solemnly adjures the people to be faithful to the insurgent cause, and to be brave in its defence; it proclaims that Tai Ping is sent on earth by God to do God's work; it records the titles, qualities and duties of his principal chiefs—one of them is designated "the prince who implores heaven for the unfortunate," and, finally, it divides the year into twelve months, each month being alternately either thirty or thirty-one days.

this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."



SACRIFICIAL STONE IN THE FOREST.

A STRANGE LAND IN CENTRAL AMERICA DISCOVERED
BY THE CHEVALIER DE PONTELLI.

Our readers may recollect something of the curious discoveries in Central America made by the Chevalier de Pontelli. In giving them some of his sketches illustrating his travels in the *terra incognita*, we cannot fail to add his account of it, which we translate :

After having passed over a great portion of Africa and Asia, and visited nearly the whole of South America, my scientific researches conducted me to Central America, where I passed three consecutive years. I explored from the Isthmus of Panama to Tehuantepec, and so it happened that I discovered a country entirely unknown to geography.

The reason why no stranger before me was ever or yet able to penetrate to this country is owing to the fact that the natives cherish a mortal hatred against the white and Spanish race, sometimes ravaging with fire and blood the cities of the shore, such as Yucatan, Vera Paz, Tabasco and Chiapas (!)

The most interesting portion of the country is situated within the limits of Mexico, in the state of Chiapas. It occupies a wide extent of territory in the southern part of Mexico, in the Pacific Ocean, embracing about nineteen thousand square leagues. Abounding in rivers and mountains, this country so much recalled the land in which I passed most of my youth, that I have named it the American Switzerland.

The innumerable ruins with which its soil is covered deeply interested me.

The Geographical Societies of New York and of Paris have already spoken of Copaniquista and of d'Ostiota, which I first indicated to them ; but independent of the splendid remains of a primeval civilization which abound in the territory of these two cities, I could tell them of seven or eight others.

The numerous *teocalli*, or tombs of ancient warriors and of their families, still bear hieroglyphics, and are covered with antique sculpture.

We observe with astonishment and admiration the tombs of kings, sarcophagi, towers, ruined palaces, beautiful mosaics, aqueducts still in good order, but partly buried beneath the soil, and square towers cut from a single block of porphyry or jasper.

The beauty of these ruins surpasses all that can be imagined.

Every traveller who is not familiar with the idioms of these divers and ancient casts, as well as with the Maya, Sapotec and Japanese hieroglyphics, would explore in vain these rich ruins.

I insist particularly on the Japanese characters, because they have enabled me to discover a number of idols once adored, such as the gods Amida, Zoranga, Xantai, Xaca, Canon, the fish Natsja, and the Great Serpents. These latter twine around the sacrificial stones.

The warlike Maya, Zapotec and Lancondone Indians inhabit the interior. To travel among them it is necessary to know their languages and be profoundly versed in the arts of war, horsemanship, chemistry, botany and mineralogy, in order to be esteemed by the chiefs and ancients, and to collect information relative to the plants and to the fertility of the soil.

The Indian of these countries is an excellent observer ; nothing escapes his penetrating eye. He dislikes flattery ; he honors the stranger when he finds in him superior qualities ;



HUNTING THE LEOPARD

but when he meets with men who put their race above his own and assume the tone of rulers he treats them without pity, as he once treated Colonel Galindo, two Belgian naturalists and three Dominican monks, who paid with their lives for unseasonable arrogance.

To penetrate without danger among these warlike races one needs a simple exterior, sober tastes and at the same time an energetic character, commanding at once that esteem and confidence which the Indian only accords after long trials.

Laconic by nature, the Indian often speaks by signs. The first whom I met asked me what I came to do in his country, and then to try me led me a wild horse which I was obliged to break. He then invited me to a hunt of wild beasts, and finally presented me with cups containing metals and fruits. Woe to me had I not succeeded in triumphing over these tests! Scorn and expulsion would have been the least punishment of my ignorance. The means employed by the Indians to transmit news from tribe to tribe; they play a horn, which by particular sounds conveys certain ideas. When a stranger enters the country his arrival is known twenty-five leagues distant within an hour. If it is an enemy, ambuscades promptly prepared soon take him prisoner.

The race is sober and of extraordinarily severe manners. When any one of the tribe has been guilty of a crime the council of the elders assembles at once and judges him. Not only is the guilty one punished according to the degree of his crime, but his relations, even to the most distant branch, are banished with him; there is no longer a place for them among the people.

I propose at another time to discuss more fully the inexhaustible mine of curiosities contained in this country.

SACRIFICIAL STONE IN THE FOREST.

This stone, interlaced with serpents, once received the blood of victims. Hieroglyphic signs are inscribed on the pedestal. A brook which flows from some little distance loses itself in the ground near this altar. According to tradition the priest here once ripped out the heart of the victim, showed it to the people, and afterwards devoted it to the god.

HUNTING THE LEOPARD.

I was invited once by the chief Bach-na Ibit to hunt with him the leopard. We left at an early hour, and arriving at a clearing in the forest, found a den of leopards of which he was informed. Arriving, the chief gave the signal for attack by crying aloud "*jach, jach!*" meaning "attention!" We were all armed with rifles and poignards. I attacked the male as he crouched in the fork of a tree, just as he was about to spring on me. A bullet from my rifle struck him in the head, and he fell dead, while the chief killed the female with a blow of his dagger. We took captives their two young.

INDIAN TOMBS IN THE FOREST.

The tomb in the midst is flanked on either side by a warrior holding a trophy. These figures are well preserved. The tombs cover caverns, and they might be explored were it not that the entrance is obstructed by stones. When any one visits this field of the dead, the Indian who guards it follows his footsteps with great vigilance. You may believe yourself alone, but you are always under the watch of the invisible guardian, who, hidden among the ruins, spies out every movement. And no one should dare to dig among the tombs, for, at the least movement which indicates the intention of such a profanation, an arrow shot from behind a tree or a blow from a dagger punishes the sacrilegious violation.

INTERIOR OF A CAVERN OF WORSHIP.

The divinity is placed in the centre of a sun of shell, silver and gold, pointing with one hand to the sun and with the other holding a sword. This temple is constantly illuminated by lamps fed with odoriferous oils, and is ornamented with a mosaic pavement representing flowers of every kind.

When we are young we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

THE CHINA VASE.

BY VISCOUNT PONSON DU TERRAIL.

It was autumn, and the parting rays of the sun were lighting up the walls of an old castle, situated in that wild and picturesque part of Burgundy called Le Morvan.

Over the principal door a shield, on which stood sculptured the armorial bearings of the owner, showed that in spite of time and revolutions, this ancient building was still in the hands of the same family. The castle was called *La Roche*, after the name of its ancient masters, who took the title of baron. At the period we allude to it was inhabited by the widow of the last baron, and on that particular evening the baroness was sitting by the fireside in her boudoir—a pretty little room in the first floor of one of the turrets, with one window overlooking the river and the other a beautiful forest, which had been furnished and re-decorated to suit modern notions of elegance and comfort, in spite of the gloomy, feudal appearance of the ancient castle.

Though only five and twenty, Madame de la Roche was a widow of two years' standing. Of a slim and elegant figure, with hands and feet as small as those of an Andalusian, and large dark eyes, deep and dreamy in their expression as a *Clair-lun* beauty's—the baroness looked very lovely, as she sat all alone, indulging in one of those gentle reveries that women delight in.

Her look occasionally wandered towards the clock on the mantelpiece, offering a pretty specimen of the *rococo* style; and from thence to a china vase that stood on a *buhl* table, when a smile would hover round her lips, while at the same time her slightly knit brows betrayed the firmness of purpose with which she meant to carry through some resolution she had adopted.

Just as the clock struck five the rolling of carriages was heard in the courtyard, accompanied by the barking of dogs.

"There come my three suitors," said the baroness to herself.

Presently a livery servant opened the door, announcing successively the Count de Massille, the Baron d'Arcy and Monsieur Max de Lerh.

They were all three young and handsome, though of a very different kind of beauty, and all dressed alike, in dark blue coats with silver buttons—such being the hunting costume of Burgundian sportsmen.

"I feel obliged to you, gentlemen, for having accepted my invitation," said the baroness, rising to receive them, with a gracious smile, "and coming, after the fatigues of a day's sport to dine with a poor lone widow, who has not even a chaperon to help her to entertain you; for the marquis, my father, was obliged to start for Paris yesterday. Now, count, will you hand me to the dining-room?"

The baroness placed the count on her right, the baron on her left, and the remaining guest opposite her. The three gentlemen had all been friends to the deceased baron, which may explain the young widow's inviting thus familiarly three men, the eldest of whom was scarcely five-and-thirty. But what would have seemed still stranger to an observer would have been that, at dessert, a valet brought the china vase from the boudoir and placed it on the table.

Seeing the astonishment of her guests at the apparition of this vase, on which her own likeness had been painted in a fanciful costume, somewhat recalling the *Pompadour* era, which the *Sevres* vase closely imitated, the baroness hastened to say, "Gentlemen, this vase plays a very important part; and it is, in short, my letter-box."

Then, without seeming to notice the evident confusion apparent on the countenance of each of her listeners at the mention of letters, the lady proceeded to speak as follows: "My late husband was your mutual friend. He was of the same age as yourself, Count de Massille, and from the windows of his own castle he could see the turrets of your castle. You were the comrade of his childhood and his oldest friend. As to you, baron, you knew him for the last fifteen years, and shared his favorite studies. Your estate, too, is in our neighborhood, and you leave Paris every autumn to visit it. Lastly, you Monsieur de Lerh, though a friend of much more recent date,

were equally dear to him. You met him five years ago in Italy, whither he had taken me for the benefit of my health, while you were making a pilgrimage to the classic land of fine arts, with all the enthusiasm of an artist who delights in his profession. Have I not spoken the truth, gentlemen?"

The three guests all bowed affirmatively.

"The late baron," continued the widow, "was passionately fond of hunting; and had founded the sporting club to which you all belong; and you have still remained faithful to your engagements, since you return each year to fulfil them. Now, gentlemen, the second year of my widowhood is drawing to a close," here the three guests all started—"I am five-and-twenty, I feel lonely, my father is very aged, and I am in want of a protector—these reasons probably induced each of you respectively to write and ask for my hand."

At these words the guests looked at each other in surprise, neither of them having confided his secret to the other.

"The late baron's profuse expenditure impaired his fortune and diminished my marriage portion," continued the lady; "consequently, I am not rich. My income consists of about ten thousand francs. You have, therefore, sought me from motives of disinterested love, since your income, count, amounts to thirty thousand francs; yours, Baron d'Arcy, to one hundred and fifty thousand; while you, Monsieur de Lerh, though possessing but a small patrimony, have become one of our celebrated painters, and a picture from your pencil is worth its weight in gold. I am, therefore, justified in concluding," added she, with a smile of melancholy coquetry, "that you all three love me."

"Assuredly," said they in a breath.

"Then what is to be done?" resumed she: "you all possess noble qualities that increase the difficulty of my making a choice; besides, I cannot bear the idea that you should ever cease to be friends; and I should give up all thoughts of matrimony could I imagine that the happiness of one of the three should draw upon him the enmity of the other two."

The baroness then drew three letters from the china vase. "These are your three letters," said she: "though the matter is the same in all, it is plain, from the manner in which it is expressed, that you each love me in a different fashion, since each has arranged plans for the future according to his views. Now, may I read these letters aloud?"

Although this measure occasioned a feeling of embarrassment common alike to all the baroness's suitors, they could not find in their hearts to refuse anything she proposed with a smile. She first opened the Count de Massile's letter. The count had begun by a declaration of love after the usual pattern, and then wound up by expatiating on the life they might lead, supposing she condescended to crown his hopes: "Our lands join each other," wrote he, "and would form together the finest estate in the province. You would make a beautiful lady of the manor, and I should be proud to possess at once the most amiable and lovely of women, and the finest landed property in the Morvan. We should spend the winter in my town mansion in Avallon, the spring and summer at Massile, and the autumn in your own castle, for La Roche is a delightful place for hunting. We shall visit with our neighbors, and give them entertainments. In short, madam, it is my ambition that you should be admired throughout the province, and that I should be envied as the happiest of men."

"From which I conclude," said the baroness, "that you wish me to share your rural taste and your fondness for provincial life."

"Can anything be more agreeable, madam, than to live and love in the country!" exclaimed the count.

The baron's letter was next brought under consideration. The preamble was much the same as that of the count, but his projects were widely different, and ran thus: "My mansion in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain is at present as lonely as it is vast; but I should soon convert it into a charming residence, if you would but share it with me. For us, the winter would be but one long series of fêtes, of which you should be the queen. All the rank and fashion of Paris would crowd our rooms to admire you and envy me. Then when spring came round, we should set out on our travels. Germany, Italy and the fashionable watering-places should each in turn afford a new arena for the triumphs of your beauty."

"So that if I fall in love with you," said the baroness, "I must give up my present quiet mode of life."

"Dear me, madam," replied the baron, with a half sarcastic smile, "is there anything so very enticing in leafless trees, fields covered with snow, and the gloomy silence of an old castle in the depth of winter?"

It was now the turn of M. de Lerh's letter to be examined. It ran thus: "You are aware, madam, that two revolutions, and the prodigality of my ancestors, obliged me to seek for a profession to enable me to live. At the age of twenty it was necessary I should embrace a career. My opinions prevented my entering the army of the magistracy, and still less becoming a diplomat under Louis Philippe. Having some taste for painting, I became an artist. I had the good fortune to succeed, and, for a while, glory alone filled my whole existence, and I felt no void in my heart. At last, however, there came a moment when I asked myself whether the triumphs of an artist are not, after all, very hollow, and his labors but merely drudgery, unless some guardian angel, under the form of a woman, stands by him to share the former and to sweeten the latter. It was then that I ventured to raise my eyes towards you, and to indulge in the dream that I might be permitted to lay my rising fame and fortune at your feet. Oh! if in those moments, when an artist calls in vain upon his pencil to reproduce the inspirations of his fancy, I could turn from the lifeless canvas and look on you, seated in a corner of my studio, like a radiant apparition of hope—your smile, your encouragement would be all-powerful, and the painter would once more recover his self-reliance, and soar upwards, supported by his guardian angel! And then, we would build ourselves a delightful nest, in some secluded valley, about thirty leagues from Paris, all embowered in willows and laburnums, and thither would we repair in that delightful season when the meadows are dotted with white daisies, and blue convolvuluses are flowering along the banks of rivulets. Alas! is this all a dream?"

"It would appear, gentlemen," added the baroness, smiling, "that M. de Lerh is less exclusive than you two; for he proposes to enjoy alternatively both a town and a country life."

The two gentlemen smiled somewhat disdainfully, saying to themselves, "He is an artist?"

The baroness resumed—"Each of you has a settled plan for the future life he means to lead, should I accept him; but you have all of you forgotten one thing, which is to consult me. I am, therefore, more puzzled than ever what to do."

"Propose what you please," said the suitors.

"Well," said the lady, "since you each love me in a different way, I shall propose a different condition to each of you, and he who accepts it shall obtain my hand. Your sporting is now over for the month of October, and you, baron, will return to-morrow to Arcy; you, M. de Lerh to Paris; while you, count, will remain at Massile."

They bowed assent.

The baroness's hand again dived down into the vase, from whence she drew three little notes, written on pink paper, and sealed with perfumed wax.

"You must promise me," said she, "that you will not open these letters till after you have separated. Should the condition I propose suit one of you, he must then leave the high road and come back by a roundabout way and breakfast with me."

"But suppose we all accept?" said the gentlemen.

"Then," said the baroness, smiling, "we must see what is to be done. And now, good-night, gentlemen," added she, seeing that the dining-room clock was about to strike nine, which she considered a proper curfew hour for a lone widow of five-and-twenty.

At eight o'clock the following morning, the Baron d'Arcy and M. de Lerh took their departure from the Baron de Massile's castle, where they had been staying since the sporting season had begun.

While they were mounting their horses, the count observed, "I shall open my letter the moment you have passed through the outer gates of the park, and I advise you to do the same; for it is probable we shall all meet at breakfast at La Roche. Therefore, gentlemen, I need not bid you farewell for more than an hour or so."

No sooner had the sounds of their horses' hoofs died away, than the count opened the baroness's letter and read as follows:

"SIR—You know that I am a true Parisian. It was a great sacrifice of my tastes and inclination, when I agreed to live at La Roche for a portion of the year, to meet the wishes of my late husband. I hate the country, and bitterly regret the elegant society of Paris I was accustomed to frequent in early youth. I will not, therefore, consent to marry any man who does not feel inclined to give up the country at once, and take me back to Paris."

"Why, she is crazy!" cried the Count de Massile; "at that rate I must sell my estate and give up hunting! Pshaw! the thing is impossible! And it's my mind the Baron d'Arcy suits her ladyship a vast deal better than I should. I see I shall not breakfast at La Roche!" added he, with a sigh.

The baron and the painter rode together for half a league, and then separated, saying, "We shall soon meet again."

The Baron d'Arcy then opened the pink note and read:

"MY DEAR BARON—You fancied that I was fond of balls and parties, but so far from any longer caring about society or brilliant entertainments, I only covet peace and quiet—nay, almost solitude. For the last three years I have been longing to go and live beneath an Italian sky, in one of those verdant isles bathed by the blue waves of the Gulf of Naples. Is your love for me sufficiently strong to induce you to give up Paris, the Jockey Club, the Berny races and the fashionable throngs at the watering-places? Would you be content to spend the winters at Ischia or Sorrento, and the summers at Arcy or La Roche?"

"Vastly romantic, I declare!" said the baron to himself. "She must have been reading some novels that have turned her head. If this is her view of life, I must give up breakfasting with her to-day, that's a clear case."

And the baron continued his road, without even casting a parting glance at the turrets of Castle La Roche, as their slate roofs glittered in the beams of the morning sun.

Meantime, the painter was following a little footpath along the river, and was likewise reading the baroness's letter with the serious emotion of a man whose future fate depends upon a word:

"Sir,"—thus ran the widow's letter—"you propose to me to share an artist's life, with its labors and its triumphs—you say you love me, and I believe you. But do you love me sufficiently to sacrifice for my sake those very triumphs you propose to lay at my feet? Suppose that I confessed I prefer—owing to certain prejudices inherent to my birth—to be the wife of a country gentleman, rather than of a celebrated painter? Suppose I added, 'You must give up Paris and your friends and renounce your art and share my limited income, and live at La Roche, and forget your personal glory, and be only mindful of the name of your ancestors'—what would you say? Yet such is the price at which my hand can alone be obtained!"

Monsieur de Lerh did not utter any exclamation of surprise or disappointment like the count and the baron, but turned his horse in the direction leading to La Roche, whither he galloped with a beating heart.

The baroness was walking in her park when he arrived, and came to meet him with a smile.

"You are the first to keep the appointment," said she, giving him her hand to kiss; "and I believe you will be the only one."

"Is it possible!" cried he, in an ecstasy.

"So you accept my condition?" said she.

"Madame," replied he, "happiness is preferable to glory. I am no longer a painter; but am become once more a country gentleman. "For," added he, pressing her hands in his, "I love you!"

Madame de la Roche then bid him sit down by her side on a bench in the avenue.

"I required of the count to sacrifice his leading passion," said she, "and of the baron to give up his favorite amusements. Of you I required still more; for I asked you to sacrifice your art, which forms a portion of your very existence. These gentlemen have not made their appearance, probably because they deem the sacrifice too great; but since you accept my condition,

it is plain that you really love me." And then she added in a lower voice, "And it is you whom I love! I fully expected what has happened, and felt certain that you alone would stand the test."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man.

"I mean that I have not the slightest wish you should give up your glory and your noble career, of which I grew proud the moment I loved you. It was but an ordeal to test the sincerity of my suitors. In our days nobility is not thought to demean itself by following the profession of an artist. Is not art itself an aristocracy? Pray resume your pencil."

"Why need I?" said M. de Lerh, with an impassioned look at the baroness; "artists are generally running after some fancied ideal; but I have found mine."

"Then you shall paint it," said she.

THE ROMAN CÆSARS.—The Cæsars were the masters of Rome. Their power was boundless. Neither man's strength nor woman's virtue availed against them. Splendor unparalleled surrounded them in their daily life—their palaces were as large as cities—their villas covered whole provinces—they sat on thrones of gold—they melted pearls in wantonness in their wine. Yet in the entire annals of the civilized world there is probably no succession of men whose lot is so little enviable as that of these rulers of the world. We do not now speak of the Lower Empire, of the lower Cæsars, the lords of slaves and actresses. They are beyond contempt as well as envy. We look only at the imperial line living through the gorgeous period between Constantine and the first Cæsar. What was their fate, their length of days? Of the sixty-two emperors from Cæsar to Constantine, forty-two were murdered, three committed suicide, two abdicated or were forced to abdicate, one was killed in a rebellion, one was drowned, one died in war, one died it is not known how, and no more than eleven out of the sixty-two died in the way of nature. Between the death of Cæsar and the accession of Constantine three hundred and nineteen years elapsed, giving to each Cæsar an average reign of five years and two months. Comparing this rate of imperial mortality against the usual terms of royal lives, the waste appears most striking. The thirty-five sovereigns of England (omitting Cromwell as not affecting the return), since the Conquest, have "lived in the purple" seven hundred and eighty-seven years—an average of over twenty-two years and five months. The kings of France, from Clovis to Louis Philippe reigned on the average twenty years and two months. The German emperors, from the accession of Arnulf to the accession of Francis Joseph, each reigned nineteen years and three months. Even the Cæsars of Russia, from Fedor to Nicholas, ruled for fourteen years and ten months each.

THE SOMBAMBULIST.—In conning over an old magazine the other day we stumbled upon the following remarkable story of a sleep-walker, as related by a foreigner:—"Paying a visit to a friend in the country, I met there an Italian gentleman named Agostino Ipsari, whose extraordinary nocturnal rambles were the subject of general conversation. I had the curiosity to wish to witness his freaks, and accordingly bribed his valet to inform me when his master was likely to go through his vagaries. One night, towards the end of October, the signor retired to rest about eleven o'clock, when, from his disturbed sleep, his valet anticipated a rambling fit, and duly apprised me thereof. The servant was not wrong in his conjecture, for about twelve o'clock he arose and dressed himself, walked several times backward and forward in his chamber, then seated himself in an elbow-chair, and went some little time after into a closet, where was his portmanteau, the which he rummaged over, locked carefully and put the key into his pocket. He then descended the stairs, proceeded to the stable, and was about to caparison his horse, but not finding the saddle where it usually hung, he seemed vexed and disappointed. He notwithstanding mounted his steed, rode him to a pond and let him drink, and then returned to the stable, where he left him. He next proceeded to a room in which was a billiard table, where he seized a cue and went through all the attitudes of the game; from whence he proceeded to his bed-room, undressed himself and slept soundly until the morning, quite unconscious of this Qixotic adventure of the past night."



ON THE WAY TO MONKSTONE MANOR.

CARLYON'S VACATION: HOW HE TROLLED FOR JACK AND GOT HOOKED BY CUPID.

A TALE OF ENGLISH FASHIONABLE LIFE.—BY OUIDA.

CHAPTER I.—LION AND DUPE.

"CONFOUND 'em all!" amiably ejaculated Leicester Du Plat, of No. —, King's Bench-walk, barrister-at-law, addressing his Skye, that sat bolt upright on the *Times*, a pipe in its teeth and spectacles on its nose—"confound 'em all, Punch, I say, and you into the bargain.

"Who, why and what for? Have you been bumped at Putney, caught out at Lloyd's, or cheated in the yard? Has Daffodil gone lame or Octavie ceased to smile? It must be a desperate case, for the devil's cold and the beer's undrunk."

The disconsolate Templar looked up. "Halloa, Lion, my boy, how are you? I'm simply going to the dogs, that's all."

"No news, my dear fellow," said the new comer, seating himself in a rocking-chair. "You've been *en route* to join those mystical quadrupeds ever since we hooked Jack after second lesson, headed the Crick run and worried poor Arnold's life out. But what's the particular mess just now!"

"Oh! no end of a row!" swore the barrister. "Priggs has cut up rough and gone and dunned the governor, and that miserable little Balls has sent in a bill for a clear thousand only for the horrid gooseberry and Cape he's palmed off on me; ain't it a rascally shame? The governor's mad, of course, and, of all infernal things, what do you think he says? that if I don't marry some woman he's found out for me, he'll never give me another shilling! Marry—I—only fancy!" And Du Plat puffed away at his cutty-pipe with an air which plainly said, "The mines or Cayenne would be mercy to that."

Carlyon lay back in his chair and laughed a laugh like his voice, low, sweet and musical. "What an idea! Who's the poor victim?"

"I am, I should think," growled Du Plat.

"Of course—*sous-entendu*. But who's your fellow-sufferer?"

"Deuce take me if I know!" said the barrister, taking a pull at the Burton, and sitting down to the devilled drumsticks which were waiting for him on his breakfast-table. "I burnt the governor's stave and forgot the woman's name—some heiress, you're sure—trust the old boy for that. But marry her I never will. The devil! I'll go to San Francisco, I'll work as a navvy, I'll sell hot pies at the crossings, or cry periwinkles in Oxford-street, rather than tie myself to a lot of crinoline who will eternally check me with her confounded—tin."

"Are you better?" said Carlyon, quietly. "You are visionary, my dear fellow. Why shouldn't a man marry a woman because she chances to have some money that will keep her! Just now you think a pretty face worth all the world; by-and-bye you'll estimate a good house, good position and a good income at their right value."

"I'll be shot if ever I buy 'em with my wife's tin."

"Yes you will, some time or other."

"Oh, of course you say so!" said Du Plat, testily.

"Because I am engaged to Honoria Cosmetique? Yes, when I was walking St. George's I had much such fantastic notions as you own, but my Quixotism died out, as yours will."

"Hang it, Phil, your heart's as cool as your head!" cried the barrister. "Beauchamp has often said there wasn't a wilder man in town than you were; yet you always look as cool as any jolly old stoic."

Carlyon smiled. "What would my patients say if I reeled into their bedrooms? I never let anything excite me. That is the great secret. You take cognac, and get *entre deux vins*; I take claret, and am only refreshed. *Voilà!*"

"You never had a *grande passion*, Phil?"

"No, I am much obliged to you. Never wish to have."

"What does Honoria say to that?"

"Nothing. She is philosophic. So am I. But how can you understand this, you inflammable Lauzun? Poor Mrs. Leicester Du Plat, how I pity her!" said Carlyon, throwing back his head with a laugh. "Oh! the rose notes that will destroy her peace! The latchkey that will elude her wifely vigilance! The curtain lectures she will have to prepare, the pretty danseuses she will have to rival her, the breakfast and suppers and Richmond dinners her purse will buy for other women!"

"The devil take Mrs. Leicester Du Plat! See here, Carlyon," cried the barrister, springing up as a bright idea struck him, "hang me if I don't go down to old Chip's—town's decidedly hot and dull—and that will out-manœuvre the governor charmingly; he wants me to go to Hawtree, where the heiress hangs out, and he hates me to be at Chip's, because they've a lot of girls there generally. Come with me, old fellow, do!"

Carlyon thought a minute: "Perhaps I can. I always take a month this time of year, and there is not much illness now. But I must be off. By Jove! it's just one, and I've a consultation with Hawkins, operations to see at St. George's, and no end of people—one of 'em at Greenwich—to visit before seven. So *au revoir*!"

"Good-bye, old boy!" And Du Plat relighted his pipe, filled a tumbler of sherry and seltzer, and sat down to read "Arthur," while Carlyon sprang into a Hansom and drove as fast as he could to St. George's, pondering, as he went, on a very interesting case of gastralgia.

Lion and Dupe, as the school nicknamed them, had been cronies at Rugby and chums ever since. They were as unlike as soda-water and brandy, but mixed as well together; contrasts often do, you know. Their physiques were a type of them—faces generally are. Du Plat was like a young Greek, with his gay *debonnaire* air, long chestnut hair and languid hazel eyes; while Carlyon's pale features were as classic as a Roman emperor's, and his graceful figure, his dark eyes, "so soft when they smiled," as ladies said, the haughty beauty of his mouth and forehead, joined to his suave manners and gentle ways, won him conquests right and left among his fairer patients.

Du Plat furnished his chambers, kept his hack, his cab and his outrigger, gave his Richmond breakfasts and his opera suppers, as if he'd £3,000 a year instead of £100. He never read, most surely never pleaded, was petted by every woman he came near, from dowagers to danseuses, and at eight-and-twenty led as amusing a life as any fellow needs to do. Carlyon, on the contrary, wild as the Quartier-Latin had seen him, freely as he had plunged into life at all times and in all scenes, unceremoniously as he once left his practice for a three months' scamper over the Continent (N.B. All his patients came back to him when he returned), now worked hard with his masterly intellect in town as a general practitioner. His birth was good, the contrast of his poverty galled him ceaselessly; on the spur of it he tied himself to money. Though reserved, fastidiously proud and not a little satirical, he was a man to be passionately loved by women, and his fascinations won him easily enough the daughter of a wealthy stockbroker. The alliance was distasteful to the pride of well-born Carlyon, but—people like their doctor to drive to their doors in his brougham—he was three-and-thirty, the romance of his life was over, he thought, and so—he let money buy him.

CHAPTER II.—THE HEIRESS AND THE GOVERNESS.

THAT evening, with his silent step and stately grace, Carlyon ran up the stairs of a house in Portman-square, and entered its gaudy drawing-rooms unannounced.

His fiancée glanced up from her embroidery. Tall, severely handsome, about five-and-twenty, with black hair, done, as ladies say, à l'Impératrice, and no end of crinoline, white moire and jewellery, sat Honoria Cosmetique. One of those dragons—you know them, I dare say—who are like a protest against matrimony carved in marble, and on whose awful brows is written: "If you marry me, sir, you'll give up latchkeys, Epsom, bals d'Opera,loo parties and all the cognac of life, and be ironed down into a model husband forthwith."

"You are late, Philip," she said, without rising, in a voice as chilling as a nor-wester across a common.

"I know I am, Honoria, but I couldn't get away before."

Her lip curled. "Your practice has increased wonderfully?"

"It has," he answered, simply, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece. (*Entre nous*, sir, I often envy medical men the deliciously easy, incontrovertible excuse they have in their "practice" when they don't want to do a thing.)

There was a long pause. He broke it. "Town is quite empty now. Do you go to Muddybrook soon?"

"Next week. Will you take some coffee?"

"None, thank you. I hope you will like to hear that I shall be near there too. Du Plat has asked me to go down with him to his cousins the Chippenhams. I think I can get away; he promises me good fishing, and Monkstone is very close to Muddybrook."

Miss Cosmetique froze a little harder. "You could have come to Muddybrook, Philip, had you chosen. Since the same river runs through both, I should have imagined your only attraction, 'fishing,' would have been as good there as at Monkstone. If you have such a patrician disgust for trade, it is a pity you should condescend to ally yourself to a stockbroker's daughter."

"I have no disgust for trade, but I have a great disgust for men who, like your Muddybrook host, have enriched themselves with the ruin of others, and try to gloss over vulgarity by pretension. I have no right to dictate your father's friends, but I have a right to dictate whether they shall become mine," replied Carlyon, haughtily. "But come, Honoria, I am tired to-night; I want rest, not quarrelling. I was up all last night with an anxious case, and have been about in the heat to-day till I am weary and worn to death, and when I come here, where I hoped for a little sympathy and quiet, I am received with nothing but hinted reproaches and covert sneers. I had better have stayed at home with my pipe and a book; there, at least, if there be no happiness, there is no wrangling. By Heaven! if my life is to be nothing but toil abroad and bickering at home, I wish I had died in poor Montessor's stead at Scutari!"

So unwonted a burst from Carlyon touched the very small germ of kind feeling in Miss Cosmetique's chill and dignified soul. None knew him without becoming more or less fond of him.

"Poor Philip," she said, with a gentler intonation, as she looked at his pale, handsome, haughty face.

Carlyon bent forward and kissed her forehead—certainly I can't say with much lover-like ardor—and sank back on the sofa with a sigh as much of mental as of bodily fatigue.

"Carlyon, my friend, you made a fool of yourself to-night," said he to himself, as he smoked his last pipe before turning in. "Shut the door on all that boyish nonsense about sympathy and peace and happiness; its all bosh for you to talk so. You've been all alone all your life, and alone you will always be. Your fate is to work and make money, not to sentimentalize—you haven't time for it. Your destiny's settled, and as only would quarrel with it; so put away regrets, they're very dangerous, and think of the tin and the brougham and the nice easy life money will bring you. You ought to be a happy fellow, Philip Carlyon—why ain't you?" With which query to himself Carlyon put his pipe out and went to bed.

A few days afterwards he went down to Monkstone.

"Neat trap that—showy grays! Trust old Chip for horse-flesh," murmured Du Plat at the station, surveying with critical glance the conveyance sent to meet them. "How are you, Robert? How's Katie? Shot any poachers? When's the wedding?"

Robert grinned, Katie, the still-room maid, was his future; "Thank'ee, sir—quite well, sir—haven't shot none, sir, took two—and it's on Christmas-day, sir."

"All right, I'll come down on purpose to kiss the bride. Jump up, Lion. Don't the country look jolly after six months of drums and crushes, and club-windows and bouquet d'Ess atmosphere? 'Pon my life, its quite refreshing—like soda-water after one's last night's wine."

"Yes; thrushes and hedgerows are pleasant after squares and cockspawrows. I confess I rather long for my first day of jack-fishing. But for all that," continued Carlyon, lighting a weed, "if country air be purer for the body, London air's rather stronger for the mind; and I like succeeding in a critical case still better than hooking a three-pound trout."

"All very well, my luminary of St. George's; so that you don't chloroform me, I don't care. By Jove!" cried

Du Plat, "here's a tolerable-looking little girl. Pretty, ain't she?"

Carlyon put up his glass. "What a wild head, what breadth of shoulder, what good action," he muttered, admiringly.

The two they apostrophised passed them in a narrow lane. The mare was a chesnut, three parts thoroughbred, fifteen hands high, with straight neck, slender legs and coat like satin. The rider a girl, quite young, with gold-brown hair, large brilliant eyes and a mignonne air, half dashing half childlike. She wore a coquettish Spanish hat, a sky-blue tie and a black habit. She glanced merrily at them, shook her bridle, and cantered past.

"Who's that, Robert?" asked Du Plat.

"Please, sir, that's Miss Wyndham."

"Wyndham? Wyndham? why the devil, Lion, that's the name of the governor's heiress."

"This one, sir, is uncommon rich, I have heered say. A good many tin mines down somewhere in the south, sir," responded Robert.

Leicester groaned audibly. "Heaven preserve us! It's the identical girl. Does she live near here, Robert?"

"She is staying at our house, is Miss Wyndham, sir."

"Oh, Phil!" whispered poor Du Plat. "It's fate; it's all up with me. I know it is. She'll make horrid love to me, and I shall give in. I never can say 'No' to a woman; and—"

"You'll have a capital stud," laughed Carlyon. "Think of the tin mines, my dear fellow, and be practical and philosophic for once in your life. Here we are. Mind the gateposts; all right."

Monkstone Court was a sturdy pile of incongruous architecture, calculated to drive Mr. Ruskin mad, but to rejoice the heart of us barbarians, who like a comfortable bachelor's room, a good billiard table, and a nice wide sweep for a *deux-temps*, better than all the styles and orders, with Doric, Gothic and Ionian technicalities. Its owner, Sir Godfrey Chippenham, better known in the county as "Turnip Chip," from his marvellous swedes, was quite in keeping with it; neither literary nor scientific, political nor fashionable, but a jolly, generous, good-hearted sporting man.

He was out at the petty sessions, and Carlyon and Du Plat found only Lady Chippenham and a young girl in the drawing-room. The latter was sitting in the window, making paper boats for a couple of little Chips. She, too, was a Windham, but spelt with an "i," as she afterwards made them observe; tall, handsome as an Andalusian, with a Spanish form and beauty, and something half pride, half melancholy, in her dark eyes.

"By George, what a stunning girl!" murmured Du Plat, lounging over to her in the free-and-easy manner of his set—the fast men, whose ways and slang, cutaways and wide-awakes, would cause such acute agony to Brummell or Alvanley, or Edgeworth, if we could resuscitate the dandified ghosts of these worthies.

"Will you take me out fithing, L. hter?" asked one of the boys of Du Plat.

"Certainly, Bertie," rejoined Du Plat, with great amiability, to find favor in Miss Windham's eyes; "and you shall catch a whole stickleback for the nursery dinner."

Inez Windham looked up and smiled. "Do not let my little pupil fall headlong into the Alder, as he did the other day. Town is quite empty, I suppose, as you have left it for Monkstone?"

"Pupil! Oh, hang it, she can't be the governess," thought Du Plat, as he answered, "Quite. Not a loungee in the bay window, or a Park hack in the ride. Piccolomini has a respite, and so have the Crystal Palace waiters. In the district 'W.,' as they now style it, all is barren, and the pavé of Pall Mall is as hot as the sands of Sahara."

"Town is disagreeable," she replied, "when the few, who are everybody, are off; and the million, who are nobody, stay to work."

"Town disagreeable! Oh, Inez! how can you say so? It's the most charming place in the world. The lots of people one sees are fun enough. Don't you know what Jekyll says? 'If he had to live in the country he would pave the road before his house, and have a hackney coach to drive up and down on it, to make believe it was London.'"

Carlyon, chatting with Lady Chippenham, turned in surprise at the glad laughing voice which greeted his ears, and saw, balancing herself on the French window-step, and swinging her black hat, the little Die Vernon.

"Come in, Leila," said Lady Chip, a pretty, delicate woman, mother of six small male Chips.

The girl shook her head, laughed and ran off.

"Not till I am *en grande tenue*. Since I left Sir Godfrey I have taken two gates and a staken-bound fence, not to mention ditches innumerable."

"What a strange little thing, but very graceful and attractive," mused Carlyon. "She the heiress! She is scarcely out of the schoolroom. Du Plat will have neither eyes, nor taste, nor sense, if he does not take her."

"I say, Phil, she's the governess," said Leicester, coming into his chum's room while Carlyon was dressing.

"Who?"

"Who? Blockhead! why that superb Spanish creature, of course."

"Well, why shouldn't she be?"

"The devil take you, Lion, how prosaic you are. What! a woman of that style, that beauty, that age, a governess? Preposterous!"

"I don't see it at all. There's no particular reason why she shouldn't impart instruction well because she happens to be good-looking."

"Impart instruction! Good Lord deliver us from philosophy and platitudes. Fancy that girl teaching the little brutes their A B C, hearing the multiplication-table and setting round-hand copies!"

"Useful, if not interesting."

"But, good Heavens! she can't be twenty."

"Very sad if she has to support herself so soon; but at the same time no affair of ours," said Philip, smiling, as he brushed his handsome black whiskers. "Don't be romantic, my dear Dupe. Think of the tin mines, and keep out of the schoolroom."

"The tin mines!" repeated Du Plat, with intense scorn. "I wouldn't marry that little heiress—no! not if the governor forbid me; and I can't picture a stronger motive. Marry money! Not I, old fellow."

Carlyon shrugged his shoulders. "*Comme vous voudrez*. If you fancy the cap and bells, far be it from me to dissuade you, *mon cher*: but Chicot's rôle would not be to my taste. There goes the gong."

"The governess dines; that's all right," thought Du Plat, crossing over to where she sat, while Carlyon, leaning on the mantelpiece, looked up as the little heiress entered, a Fay Orlande, in tulle illusion, with flowers Puck himself might have gathered in her shining hair. As she gave him a pretty French *révérence*, and a bright, unaffected glance, Carlyon smiled and bowed with that winning grace and fascination which did such damage among his lady patients. I don't know whether he knew it or not, but Carlyon's smile was a very effective weapon, and had cured many a fair invalid of a *migraine* only to give incurable disease of the heart. It now seemed to charm Leila Wyndham, for she held up a King Charles she carried, with its paws in an attitude of prayer, and asked him if he liked dogs.

Carlyon assured her he liked everything in zoology, spoke of his dog Pluck, a Skye, he held in higher estimation than any other living thing, and told her of his pets—his monkey, cockatoo, Persian cat, bellises, dianthus, serpulae, frogs and madrepoes.

"And where are they all?" asked Leila.

"At home—in town."

"You live in London? Oh! how I envy you. Don't you enjoy it?"

"No, I can't say I do particularly."

"Not? What do you do there, then?"

Carlyon smiled. "Work myself like a cab-horse all day long, get home an hour too late for dinner to find cold soup and overdone meat, bring all my energies to bear on a difficult case, only ten to one to be blamed for the issue, go to sleep every night with the pleasant conviction that I may be called up any minute—that is my life. Do you see much 'enjoyment' in it?"

"I see much that is noble and useful in it, and, therefore, a



CENTRAL AMERICA—INDIAN TOMBS IN THE FOREST.—PAGE 113.

certain amount of enjoyment," answered the young lady, decidedly. "The vocations of all men whose lives are of any value to their generation entail on them an amount of toil and self-sacrifice. Be the end fame, money, position, whatever it may, it cannot be attained without the surrender of some leisure and some comforts. Neither riches nor reputation will come to a man who folds his hands to slumber and dozes in his arm-chair. Were I you, I should glory in conquering death, to say nothing of the good you do."

"Good? Not at all," laughed Philip. "I am only getting money. I assure you I am very glad to have no good to do, and to be able to sleep without fear of hearing the nightbell. Money is the sole lever now-a-days, Miss Wyndham. It wakes all the eloquent philippics from the pulpits, and prompts all the holy zeal in the missionary papers. It wins forensic talent to the defence of the guilty, and buys a conscience as easily as a commission or a borough. It makes an eminent Christian as quickly as it erects a gin-palace, and tempts a bishop's virtue with the same bait that lures a burglar. We are no better than our fellows. Why should we be? Medical men never pretend to be the pharisees of the English synagogue, and our benevolence usually corresponds to the amount of the fee we receive."

"There's plenty of truth in all that, no doubt," said the little heiress, meditatively. "People's own interests are usually the guide for their conduct. But I fancy that though you would make yourself out a terrible egotist, still, unlike the generality, who delight in belying others, you take pleasure in belying yourself."

Carlyon laughed. He felt pleased to be read more truly by this five minutes' acquaintance than by friends he had known for years.

"Well, of the many men I knew at St. George's, one died of cholera, at Scutari, another was shot down in the trenches, another of consumption, brought on by the dissecting-rooms, a fourth from the virus he got into his hand at a post-mortem, a fifth from low fever from distress at his failure in four consecutive delicate operations, which, if successful, would have established his reputation. Of myself I say naught, but do you suppose we run all these risks for anything but our own interests; for any other reason than the hope of putting guineas in our pockets?"

Leila lifted her eyebrows and looked disgusted. "You might put a rather more exalted motive—love of science or desire for fame! But you may say what you like, I don't believe your soul is shrined in money bags."

"Pray, why not?" asked Carlyon, highly amused. "You have not lived very long to learn to study character."

"Intuition is as good as study sometimes," said Leila, indignantly. "I go by physiognomy, and I know at once a face noble and true."

Carlyon but for courtesy would have laughed outright; the compliment was so candid.

Dinner was served. Jack Huntley, a man in the Fusiliers, gave the heiress his arm. Carlyon, to his disgust, had to take in a Mrs. Edgehill, who was staying at Monkstone, a lively little woman separated from her husband, and much happier since the separation than before it. Philip lapsed into his grand hanteur, felt unreasoning but unconquerable hatred for Huntley, thought him an insufferable puppy, and wondered how women could tolerate that style of man. Carlyon consequently got satirical and severe, and electrified the table with his brilliant cutting and slashing at everything and everybody—at Palmerston and Louis Napoleon, John Bright and street organs, popular preachers and crinoline, Puseyism and the perambulator nuisance. No matter what, he satirised everything with wit as keen as Talleyrand's, till he caught Leila's bright eyes fixed admiringly on him from behind the *épergne*, when he dashed into a fire of repartee with her; after which his spirits were so good that poor unoffending Jack Huntley voted that doctor "a splendid fellow—a regular brick, and no mistake."

In the evening, while the governess (no relation, they found, to the heiress) sang bravuras in an artistic contralto voice, and Du Plat hung over her, enraptured, Carlyon sat himself down beside the heiress on a *vis-à-vis* sofa, and chatted that quiet, clever, charming chat that wrought him half his cures and won him half his reputation. They talked of zoophytology, of literature, of Comte's Positivism, and all the other "isms," of Goosse's discoveries, and Bulwer's novels; and Carlyon found the little heiress could talk with a wit, a depth and an originality such as he had scarcely hoped for with her girlish exterior. He found at last a young lady, who was neither affected nor superficial, who had read a good deal and thought for herself, who could argue, and reason, and fence with him with his favorite weapons of wit and of logic; and somehow Carlyon thought of Honoria Cosmetique as he retired to rest that night, and indulged himself with a few not over mild oaths at his destiny, and pondered much why the useful and the agreeable hadn't been combined in the stockbroker's daughter as they were in this bewitching little heiress.

CHAPTER III.—FISHING FOR A HEART.



soon as breakfast was over the next morning, Carlyon prepared to start for his seventh heaven, for though very unlike old Isaac Walton in temperament, he resembled him exceedingly in the ardor of his piscatory passion.

"Your paradise, Lion, will be full of chalk streams to a dead certainty. I believe, on my soul, you'd prefer a three-pound trout to a black-eyed houri," said Du

Plat, as Philip unpacked his tackle and flies with all a lover's ardor.

"Much safer game in this world, at any rate, and much less expensive," said Carlyon. "Your rod will never deceive you, never alter and never pall; you can't say as much for houris, old fellow. Won't you come and try the charmers hid in the waters of the

Alder?"

"Not I. I'm going to the schoolroom to hear the Smalls say their catechism. You know my rigid feelings on such subjects; and I've an idea I'm godfather to one of 'em."

Carlyon looked scorn unutterable. "I don't doubt you'll show, *à la* with your Andalusian beauty, that you consider your duty to your neighbor is to love her as yourself."

"Well! I may as well set my affections on a live governess as a dead pike any day. I bet you my sport in the schoolroom will be as good as yours in the Alder." And Du Plat sprang up the stairs, three at a time, to the schoolroom, where he

obtained the young Chips an immediate holiday and sang duets with the governess all the morning. Carlyon went forth to his loves—jack, perch, trout and roach—beauties to which, ever since he fished for sticklebacks with a phial, he had always been addicted.

Day after day he spent crouching down in the sloppy grass, a shower wetting him to the skin, waiting for the fish to nibble, or standing in the full blaze of an August noon, concentrating all his energies on trolling for jack. Wading home through dank fern and brushwood in a thunderstorm; getting up before dawn to walk ten miles, only to find the stream had been whipped before him; spinning fruitlessly, hour after hour, while the rain dripped off his wide-awake in miniature Niagaras; getting benighted, and following Jack-o'-lantern straight away into a bog, or finding himself stranded on a common, the night too dark to decipher the signpost—all this was the source of purest delight to Philip, because—O uninitiated!—it was *fishing*! The Egyptian canaille might as well have sought to penetrate the mysteries of Isis, or neophytes aspired to propound the learning of the schools, as ignorant tyros seek to understand the mysterious joys locked up in that one word for all brethren of the gentle craft. Of course, if all this toil and travail had been his trade, never, he would have vowed, was there so ill-used a man; but being sport, the knowledge that it was fishing made Carlyon, wet, weary, footsore, with every limb aching and every thread dripping, experience a deep, strong sensation of delight, which the uninitiated need never strive to explain or comprehend, and which he himself, I daresay, if put to it, would have been puzzled to analyze, piscatory philosopher though he was.

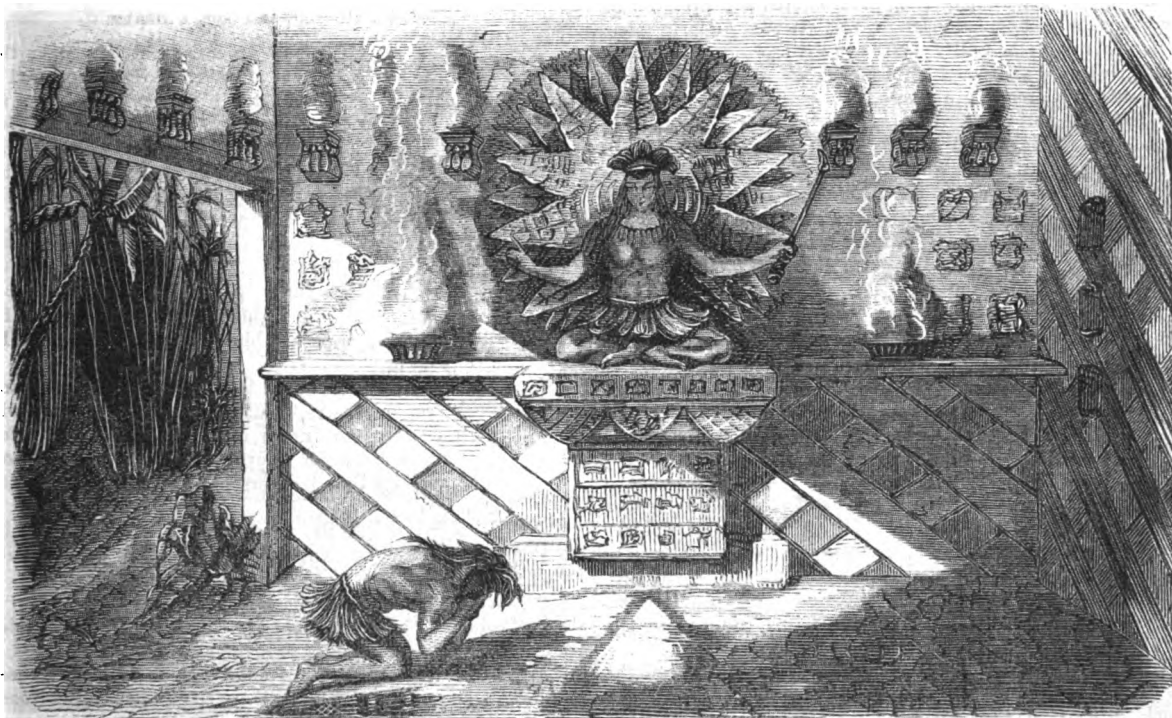
On the banks of the Alder, Carlyon forgot his cares, his profession, his *fiancée*—everything disagreeable; and came home to dinner in such charming spirits that every one at Monkstone Court voted him the best conversationalist in the world. And so he was; his sweet voice, his fascinating ways and his brilliant chat were not lost on somebody to whom he specially addressed them. I can't say whether he was aware of it or not (we'll hope not, and that he didn't hook hearts with as little remorse as a trout), but certain it is that Philip conquered as many fair ladies as he cured. As Lady Chip averred, he was a "dangerous doctor;" and Leila Wyndham began to grudge the jack so much of his company, and think this handsome, graceful, winning angler might just as well talk with her and ride with her as whip the Alder all day long. Before very long Carlyon began to share her opinion, and robbed the jack of several hours

to spend them in the Monkstone drawing-room, or in riding and driving with the little heiress. Every evening Carlyon took possession of the *vis-à-vis* sofa, and talked his way into the young lady's heart as he had talked it into a good many, for when Carlyon chose to go trolling with the bait of his fascinations, woe be to any trout that came nigh, for hooked it was, *volens volens*. Leila soon began to believe that nobody was ever so kind or so perfect as Mr. Carlyon; and when he saved a small Chip from a grave in the Alder, thought him the noblest paladin that ever breathed.

He was strolling on the river bank one day with her and Mrs. Edgehill, when screams at the top of a shrill, terrified voice interrupted them in the middle of a dissertation on Pendennis. "Good God! the boy'll be carried into the sluice," cried Philip, taking off his coat, as he beheld, a good many yards distant, a tub floating fast towards a water-mill and destruction, and Chip's son and heir within it.

Carlyon was into the water in a second and swimming like another Leander, while Leila stood on the banks looking, Mrs. Edgehill told her afterwards, desperately inclined to throw herself in after him. Philip, who was as plucky as he was strong, swam steadily after the brat, caught hold of the tub close to a sluice, through which the water rushed to fill the mill-pond, and landed it in safety. Mrs. Edgehill overwhelmed him with praises, but he only shook himself like a Newfoundland, took out his watch to see if the works were wet, threw back his head, laughed, and told her it was only a little agreeable exertion of his muscles. Leila took both his hands in hers and looked at him, the tears falling down her cheeks, with an expression which flattered him more than the capture of a salmon in the Tweed when he was seventeen, or the compliments the examiners paid him when he passed the college. Lady Chip, you are sure, worshipped him from that hour; and when Leila heard him protesting it was all nonsense to thank him—what had he done? nothing but what a Yarmouth boatman or a water-dog would have done every atom as well; that there was no danger in the sluice, and if there had been, his life was not so delightful to him that he'd shown much magnanimity in risking it—she thought, "What a warm, generous heart this man has under all his assumed coldness and philosophy!" Whereon mademoiselle looked at Carlyon's pale, handsome face, and slid into dangerous speculations.

"I suppose endangering your life to-day was pure selfishness, wasn't it?" she whispered, as she passed him.



CENTRAL AMERICA.—INTERIOR OF A CAVERN OF WORSHIP.—PAGE 113.

Carlyon looked at her with a merry smile. "Entirely; because, don't you see, if there had been a death in the family my visit would have been cut short!"

"*Comme vous me laquinez!*" cried Leila, tossing her head, lifting her eyebrows and dashing away from him in indignation. "So you are going fishing again," said she, next morning, at breakfast. "I think, if I were a man, I would find some better amusement for my lordly intellect than hooking a few poor fish."

"But if your lordly intellect had been wearing itself to death in London streets, operations and lectures, you would be very glad to rest it for a little while, and have a quiet day under the trees, with no greater trouble than how to fill your basket," laughed Carlyon.

"There, then, by your own admission, it is only an excuse for the *dolce*, a cover to your idleness, your cigar-case and your flask!" said the little heiress, handing him his coffee.

"A quiet day under the trees I could perfectly understand your enjoying, my dear fellow, but a stormy night spent in dancing after a Will-o'-the-Wisp, with your things dripping like a Skye after a bath and mud half way up to your knees, I must say is beyond me," observed Du Plat.

"I never knew one of you great anglers bring home enough dinner for the cat," laughed Lady Chip.

"Fishing is neither manly nor exciting, and it's very lazy and cruel," cried Leila. "Dear me! our pursuits are sneered at. Why, they're industry itself compared to knocking some ivory balls about, or firing small shot into unhappy birds, or sitting round a card-table with a few pieces of pasteboard, or any other amusement of you noble creatures, the lords of creation. If we lay on the grass all day, or whipped the water with a marchbrown or a caperer, what lectures we should get on waste of time, what sneers at women's *petilleses*, what scoffs at female frivolities!"

"Quite right, Leila," chimed in Mrs. Edgehill. "Fishing's not a quarter so useful as crochet or novel-reading."

"Or scandal. Don't forget ladies' pet pastime," smiled Carlyon. "I've known some rosebud lips torture more with their words than I ever do with my hook, and slay more reputations than I ever take perch or roach."

"Oh! you're a horrid man," said Mrs. Edgehill. "I believe the first words you uttered as a baby were a sarcasm against women."

"Or a petition for a fishing-rod," added Leila.

Carlyon laughed, and thought, "Is that little thing vexed I leave her for the jack?"

He went and spent the day with the jack, nevertheless; enjoyed himself immensely, and brought home some fish too good, even Lady Chip allowed, "for the cat."

At dinner Lady Chip asked him to do her a great favor—to go and visit some poor woman in the next village, who'd been given up by the parish doctors and decided to be in consumption.

Carlyon thought of his fishing. The visit would take a good couple of hours; sighed, but—acquiesced.

Leila looked at him with a *muin* smile. "You had better not go; you'll have no fifty-guinea fee, and the fee, you know, is all medical men care for. They never do anything except to fill their purses."

"Oh! we like to see interesting cases," answered he, carelessly; "and I don't like to disoblige my hostess."

"And we don't like to do a kindness, do we?"

"It is not a kindness. I may gain some knowledge out of this case; that is why I go."

"You provoking man!" cried Leila, giving him a blow with her bouquet. "I've known plenty of people try to make one think well of them, but I never knew anybody so obstinate in depreciating himself as you are. However, it is no use with me. I have the *lorgnon de Balzac*, and I can see your heart beneath your words, and I know your actions give the lie to your pretence of philosophic egotism. But I will adopt your phraseology, if you like it, and call giving up a morning of your darling sport to visit a poor woman 'selfishness' instead of kindness."

Carlyon laughed heartily. "Well, if you invest every ordinary action with a chivalrous aroma, I can't help it. You'll

tell me next that I passed at St. George's solely to benefit mankind. What are you reading there—the *Westminster*?"

"Yes; it is a great favorite of mine. It dares to tell the truth, and does not sneak out of discussion. Too many people of the present day are afraid to let in daylight upon orthodox subjects, because they know the sun shining in upon the orthodoxy will show it up to be a mesh of cobwebs."

"True!" said Carlyon. "Most of the creeds and prejudices of society might soon be tilted over, if brought into the arena of argument. We are to be silenced if we simply dare to question the 'received' dogmas, because the interrogation would perplex and probably unseat the priests; and grown men are hushed if they begin to discuss the great problems of nature, merely because the combat of opinions would end in opening people's eyes to reason."

"And reason," laughed Leila, "rational thought, is the *bête noire* of the red-tapeism, now the *règle* in everything. It is so easy to protect a subject from discussion by saying it is 'too sacred,' when the truth is that it is too weak."

"Ay, and we are told to take our faith on trust, as the devotee of the middle ages was bidden to believe in winking statues and weeping virgins, because the priest profited by the credulity given his machinery. But you and I cannot help it if our eyes will open and our reason assert its dominion."

So "you and I" talked away, till Carlyon contrasted this intercourse, where tastes agreed and minds fought with equal weapons, with Miss Cosmétique's vapid discourses on dress and jewellery, new bonnets and fresh *scandales*. And Philip made hay while the sun shone, and talked while talk he might, though the figure of his *fiancée* hung like a dense thundercloud on the horizon of his present enjoyment.

"Miss Wyndham, I want to convert you—to make you a disciple of Isaak Walton. Come with me to-morrow. I promise you a luxurious seat under the willows, and you shall see the trout lying behind their stones, and tell me if the piscatory art you despise does not make an August day pass pleasantly." So spoke Carlyon, leaning over the piano one evening.

Leila looked enraptured. "Yes, I will come; but, as to being converted, *nous verrons!* I shall fancy myself Undine—an Undine for your Alder, Sir Godfrey—in a black hat and high-heeled boots. Won't that be novel and poetic?"

"And an 'awakener' in a shooting-coat, ribbon-tie and wide-awake; don't forget that, Leila," said Mrs. Edgehill, maliciously.

Carlyon put up his head in the air and looked haughtiness unutterable. Leila colored, and began to play the "Express" at a mad gallop, whereon Du Plat and the governess, Huntley and Mrs. Edgehill, whirled themselves down the drawing-rooms; and Honoria Cosmétique came over Philip's mind with a chill which made him shudder. Du Plat had become seriously involved with the handsome governess, with a complete renunciation of his former estimation of governesses, and oblivion of how often he had sworn at his friends for keeping such temptations when they were pretty, and such nuisances when they were ugly, running about their houses. Du Plat dashed into love much as he gave a Star and Garter *déjeuner*, or sent a bracelet to an actress, without thinking what price he might have to pay for it. He had shot in and out of love as fast as an aphrodite changes its hues, and whispered more vows in *deux-temps*, ice-rooms, pic-nics and moonlight balconies, than fickle King Solomon himself in his seraglio. And in love he went headlong; and the governess, proud and stately though she was, accepted it, nay, encouraged it; which was very unprincipled in a penniless orphan, severe young ladies will say, who have never been similarly tempted; for we all know how amusing it is to be rigid, and crushing, and virtuous—on other people. Whether it is so amusing on one's own sins is another matter. Pharisees say yes; publicans no. I go with the publicans myself—don't you? So, *belle lectrice*, though it is easy for you to say she should have repulsed Du Plat, with his handsome face and sparkling talents, and a hundred and one attractions, I doubt it is not quite so easy for poor Inez to do so, especially as she is a governess, and unused to that sort of thing, of course.

And as for Carlyon and Leila—dear me! a couple of weeks had brought them quite into "friendship." She was a new species to Philip, jaded, sceptical man of the world that he was; and

such a telling contrast to the stockbroker's daughter! The little heiress's lively, winning, girlish ways were a great relief to Miss Cosmetique's dignified nothings and chill majesties of demeanor, and, had Carlyon been less of a practical philosopher, might have proved somewhat dangerous. Poor little Leila was not a philosopher. Unhappily, as heaven hath been pleased to create young men and maidens, Carlyon's society, his soft voice, his fascinating smiles, his brilliant, witty chat, all the weapons with which he caused more heartaches than all his morphia could soothe or skill cure, were not without their effect on her; but then Carlyon did not think of that. We never do, you know, when we're amusing ourselves; what are the agonies of the little trout on the hook to us, so that we've the fun of catching him? So Philip, in his bullet-proof armor of philosophy, told himself no possible harm could come of it, and was exceedingly satirical and contemptuous on Du Plat for paying such compromising attentions. "I suppose, Dupe, you mean to marry on the sale of allumettes made out of your dunning letters, or keep your governess in Ben's place to run for the beer and say 'Not at home' to sharks, eh?" said he, standing on the hall steps, waiting for Leila.

"Don't be a fool," rejoined Leicester, with courtesy. "When a man's up a tree, it isn't nice to kick him."

"Yes it is, if one kicks him down. You're getting caught in the branches, my boy, and I want to pull you to earth before you are out of my reach."

"Much obliged to you, but you may keep your civilities to yourself, as the woodcock said to the small-shot."

"Talk common sense, then. What would you marry for?"

"What do you marry Honoria for?"

"Money," said Carlyon, his mouth stern. "For what else do you imagine I take that cold, artificial——" "He broke off with a short laugh. "Come, my motive, at the least, is practical. You can't say as much for yours. Tell me, Dupe (heaven knows you deserve the name!) do you dream of marrying this governess?"

Du Plat made a wry face. "Marry! I don't like that word; it sounds ugly; has a detestable odor of family boots, screaming children, legs of mutton and the semination of one's wild oats. But I'm quite sure that if I don't have that girl I shall shoot myself."

"Do, my dear fellow; it will be far the lesser evil of the two," said Carlyon, shrugging his shoulders. "It's all up with you if you're gone so far as that."

"It's all up with you, or will be before long, so don't talk," said Du Plat, as Leila came across the hall in the identical black hat and high heels. She ran up to Carlyon. "Oh, I have thought how dreadful it will be! I shall have to hold my tongue, shan't I?"

He smiled at her "very kindly," as Leila called it. "Certainly, or we shall catch no fish; and I fancy silence is about the severest deprivation you could have, mademoiselle."

"That it is. I would rather sew for an hour or learn a sermon by heart, than not talk for a whole five minutes. You must fasten my lips up, Mr. Carlyon."

Philip looked at the said laughing lips, and thought of a mode of silencing them to which she should by no means object.

However, when they were under the willows, and he lay on the soft grass, initiating her into the mysteries of dead and live bait, spinning and trolling, minnows and gudgeons and the more recent "spoon," and looking up into the bright eyes beaming at him under the black lace, Carlyon, devoted angler though he was, found the lively talk and joyous voice more beguiling than all the jack, roach or trout in the Alder. Indeed, his line lay idle on the surface, and an epicure trout came out of his hole and carried off fly, hook and all in his pretty pink stomach, without eliciting more comment from Carlyon than a surprised "By Jove!" To such a pass will the wisest come!

They discoursed on Hallam and Macaulay, Goethe and Lamartine, Hyperion and Jocelyn, till they glided on to a dangerous topic, which, if people talk of, ten to one they fall into.

"I don't like to hear you say you don't believe in love, Mr. Carlyon," said Leila, meditatively. "It seems as if you had met with neither truth nor sincerity in the world. Had you no mother whose life showed you love?"

"My mother sent me to school at four years old, kissed me once in the holidays, liked me about a third as well as her lap-dogs, and writes to me now once a quarter. Not much remarkable affection there, mademoiselle?"

"No, indeed. What a wicked woman!" cried Leila, heartily.

"Not at all," said Carlyon, laughing. "People can't help it if their hearts are not patent Vestas, warranted to ignite at the touch. When I was twenty I was ready to believe in affection and to respond to it, as you are; but a few years' experience soon showed me my folly, and the world's cold water soon put out my romance."

The little heiress looked earnestly at him. "I do not believe it is put out; hidden fire may smoulder a long time, you know. You will never dissuade me that you have not warm and deep feelings, though you like to hide them under simulated sarcasm and coldness."

"Perhaps I have," said Philip, with something very like a sigh; "but I do not spread them out for the world like a pedlar showing his wares."

"But if you have them, you might give others credit for them?"

"To what avail? Love is contraband to me; I can never enjoy it, therefore I will never think of it. Love is a *passagère* chimera at the best, and I choose the wiser course—I neither look for it nor believe in it."

He could not see her face, for she dropped the black lace over it; but both of them were silent, and Carlyon, I dare say, gave himself great credit for the masterly manner and great self-sacrifice in which, by this enigmatical speech, he had showed the girl it was no use to fall in love with him. Whether it would not have been a better and quicker way never to have begun his attentions, "kind" smiles, fascinating chat, &c., &c., is another matter; but I suppose Carlyon knew best what suited him.

As the little heiress sat with the lace down and her merry tongue quiet, and Philip lay on the grass, his rod flung aside, his basket empty and the trout rising under his very eyes; while he gathered with one hand the heaths and foxgloves and orchises round him for Leila, lazily enjoying the sultry August air and the hum of the gnats and the bees, a chill, dignified, deep voice fell on his ear from the other bank of the Alder.

"Good morning, Philip. You have good sport, I trust?"

Leila started, tossed up her lace and colored. Carlyon sprang to his feet with an imprecation, which luckily did not reach across the Alder.

For once in his life, haughty, nonchalant, self-possessed Carlyon was nonplused and confused. He spoke, he wasn't quite sure what. "Honoria! you here—how unexpected a—"

"Very unexpected, since I wrote you word I should be at Muddybrook as yesterday," observed Miss Cosmetique, with cutting satire, standing and contemplating him with an air of dignified displeasure.

"To be sure, I remember now; how forgetful I am," said Carlyon. "I ought to have come to meet you, but—"

"Fishing is very absorbing, I have heard," answered his *fiancée*, drily, not taking her eyes from Leila Wyndham.

"I cannot come to you," said Carlyon, recovering himself, with a laugh. "There is no bridge within a mile, and we are as far separated as if the Atlantic rolled between us. You are out for an early walk, I suppose?"

"Which I will now continue. Do not let me interrupt your—fishing! Farewell." And Miss Cosmetique bowed majestically and floated on.

Carlyon lifted his hat with a rather distant "Good-bye for an hour; I will come down to Muddybrook this afternoon," and began to take his rod to pieces with many anathemas on the luckless wood and brass.

"Is that your sister?" asked Leila, quickly.

"No. The deuce take this thing, how tight it fits!"

"Your cousin, then?"

"No."

"But she called you 'Philip'?"

Carlyon's pale cheek flushed. He could not tell this frank, generous, warm-hearted little thing that he, Philip Carlyon, with all his pride and chivalric honor, had tied himself to a woman whom he could not love—for money.

"You told me the other day you liked wild flowers. See,

can anything be lovelier than that little pink heath? Conservatories cannot beat it," he said, giving her his bouquet wound together with some bindweed. She thanked him, but absently, and their walk home through the park was rather silent and distraught. As they crossed the lawn they found Du Plat sitting under the cedars with Inez Windham, and two small Chips shooting at a target; and Leicester's raillery on the troutless basket was more piquant than pleasant to Philip.

"Can you tell me if Miss Wyndham ever stayed at Hawtree?" asked Du Plat, as Carlyon and his companion went into the house.

Inez hesitated and colored. "Hawtree? Yes. I believe the heiress stayed there before coming here; and I think I have heard that she met a Mr. Du Plat, a charming old gentleman. Could he be any relation of yours?"

"My governor! Cantankerous old fellow! I asked you about her, because he met an heiress at Hawtree, with whom, or rather with whose tin mines, acres and consols he fell in love, and wanted me to do the same."

The governess blushed vividly and played with her parasol.

Du Plat saw the blush and bent eagerly forward. "But I swear I'll never marry an heiress to save myself from beggary. I wouldn't be indebted to any woman living for her tin. I'd sooner spend the rest of my days in the Queen's Bench; I would, upon my honor. I loathe the present fashion of weighing a wife by her sheer value in specie. What is true and noble, worth winning and worth wearing, is too high to be put in the balance with pounds, shilling and pence."

Inez looked pleased and vexed, happy and anxious, at the same time. She poked up the turf with her parasol, and her voice shook as she said, "Your generous thoughts will change like all the world's. The time will soon come when you will recant them as visionary and Quixotic."

"I'll be shot if ever I do," swore Leicester; "and I'll prove it. Inez, the only thing I care for on earth is——"

"Lether, my awow's up the twee," cried Bertie, running up to them.

Du Plat could have kicked him without the smallest hesitation. "Devil take that little wretch; he's always in the way. What a misery it is. That comes of loving a governess," thought the unhappy Temple.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HORTICULTURAL FETE.



N Monkstone Park there was a horticultural fête the day after Carlyon's inopportune rencontre with his *fiancée*, and thither came Miss Cosmetique, with her Muddybrook friends, *parvenus* tolerated in the county for the sake of their tin, stud, dinners, cook and wine. The stockbroker's daughter was grand to sight, in her Parisian chaussure, extensive toilette and fifteen-guinea bonnet. But Carlyon thought the little heiress, in her white muslin and blue ribbons, ten thousand times fresher and fairer, and

compared them in his own mind to a vain, stiff, gorgeous dahlia, and a soft, sweet, little rose d'amour. But the dahlia, not the rose, was for his conservatory; and the philosopher preached sharp practical lessons to himself on the folly of such regrets and comparisons.

Honoraria kept him well up to hand, and wouldn't let him leave her for five minutes. She questioned him closely about Leila; but few people were able to get much out of him, unless he chose to be questioned, so Honoraria, not being able to find ground for quarrel, contented herself with being cold, dignified and excessively vigilant, for she was proud of Carlyon—of his talents, his courtly manners and

his gentleman's name, and didn't want to lose him. Carlyon strolled about with her, sat with her by the band, introduced her to Lady Chip; and through it all was haunted by a pair of blue eyes following him with wonder and reproach. The eyes worried him dreadfully, and made him answer so *à tort et à travers* to his betrothed, that she stared at him in haughty surprise. "Good Heavens, Philip!" she at last said, "has your fishing turned your head? You are strangely altered since you were in town."

Carlyon made his peace with her somehow, told her he had a headache, which was true enough; managed to leave her with a guardsman for ten minutes, and went after some white muslin and blue ribbons he saw afar off. He followed Leila into a rose *allée*, where she was walking with two cornets, a young rector and a couple of other girls; he stepped quietly in between her and the rector, and strolled along into the tent. He and Leila waited behind the others, by some of the Chipponham fuschias and verbenas.

"Who is that young lady you have been with all day?" she whispered, with an anxious, eager look.

Philip's mouth shut tight, his eyebrows contracted, and his face grew stern as he answered briefly, "Miss Cosmetique."

"Is she such a great friend of yours?" asked the little heiress tremulously.

"Friend? No. Heaven knows! But she will be, some day, my wife."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but bent over the flowers, his lips as white as hers and the veins swelling on his forehead. She did not answer, but her little hands clenched on her parasol handle till the ivory snapped, and the mute misery he saw on her face made him feel that in fishing for hearts with the live bait of love, though trolling is very good fun to the angler, dying only to fill the basket of conquests is not quite such fun to the victim. The cornets and girls came up; Leila hurriedly pleaded the heat of the tent, and went into the house alone. She did not come down to dinner, and over the fish and soup Lady Chip said she was so sorry poor little Leila was quite unwell; had caught a chill, she feared, on the grass; what a pity it was girls would wear such thin boots; did not Carlyon think so? This speech stabbed uncomfortably into Philip's heart; he felt guilty. The spinning had been very pleasant, certainly, but the death agonies of the poor fish worried him. The warm springs that lay hidden under the conventional ice in Carlyon's heart was stirred, and as he stood in his bedroom window smoking his Cavendish gloomily, he swore heartily at himself, called himself very hard names, wished Honoraria Cosmetique at the bottom of the Red Sea; and when, at last, he turned in and fell asleep, as the sun streamed through his room, philosophical Philip saw nothing in his dreams but the pale face of his poor Rose d'Amour, asking him why, for her sake and his own, he had ever come out fishing in August?

"Come here, you star of St. George's," said Lady Chip, smiling, "and tell me what is the matter with Leila Wyndham. She tells me she is not ill, but I fear very much she is."

She led the way to the library, and Carlyon followed her, looking all the more stern and stoical because he was feeling uncomfortably remorseful and unhappy.

Leila was sitting in a window, and did not look up, as she assured him she was quite well—never better, &c. &c. Carlyon sat down by her, felt her pulse, and asked a few quiet questions, to which he obtained very unintelligible answers; and, soon after, Lady Chip was called out of the room. There was a dead silence. Leila played with Pluck's ears, who (more faithful to her than his master) lay at her feet. Carlyon got up, sat down again, opened a window, shut it, played with his whiskers, cut six pages of the *Westminster*, then suddenly spoke:

"You asked me, yesterday, who Miss Cosmetique was. I wish to tell you more fully how I—I first came to form an engagement with her. Heaven knows I bear her little love, and wish I had never met and known her. I acted wrongly at the first, and now I bear the punishment. I engaged myself for money; men told me, and it is so far true, that in our profession more than any, money is wanted. If I can give good parties, keep my carriage and my footmen, and make some show, people will say, Carlyon must have a good practice, he lives in such style, and patients will come to me. If not, they say, Carlyon is going to the dogs, and patients will fall slack. I knew this.

I am not rich. I met Miss Cosmétique, who is ; she sought me, I may say without vanity. I did not then believe in love, and I thought I had done with romance. This is my excuse for my engagement to her. I have none for my fault in coming here as a free man. Judge me gently, Leila ; you cannot blame me more than I blame myself. I could not resist the fascinations of your society ; you were so fresh, so charming, so novel a study to me, who disbelieved in all truth and innocence. Forgive me ! Great as has been my fault, I suffer, Heaven knows, enough for it !" His voice lost its forced calmness, his face was white as death, and his lips worked convulsively, in the double effort of conquering his pride and combating his love. Leila flung herself down, her face buried in the sofa cushions, and sobbed passionately ; deep, heart-breaking sobs, which nearly drove poor Philip mad. "I never dreamt of this—I never thought that you would care thus for me," he murmured, half distracted. "My God ! to see this and be compelled to renounce it. Oh, Leila ! never shall I forgive myself. But tell me, for pity's sake, that you forgive me, my poor darling !"

He drew away her hands as he spoke, and the little heiress lifted her face to his, woe unutterable in the once bright eyes. "Forgive you ? Yes ; what would I not forgive you ? But—but—"

Sobs choked her voice, and she sank down in an abandon of grief. Carlyon bent over her, his warm, passionate nature breaking away from the ice of years.

"Leila, my dearest, I shall go mad ! Better had I gone down to the grave unloving and unloved, than brought the misery of my own fate on your young head. Tell me—tell me once more you do not hate me, cruel and selfish as I have been."

"Hate you ?" murmured the girl. "Never—never. God bless you always, Philip !"

As she whispered his name, Carlyon, haughty Carlyon's tears dropped on her brow, and he kissed her passionately again and again.

Heaven knows what he might not have sworn if Lady Chip had not at that moment turned the handle of the door. Leila sprang up and rushed away through a side-door. Carlyon, with his head high in the air, for fear Lady Chip should detect the unusual moisture in his dark eyes, began to talk rather hurriedly of headache, remittent fever, cold caught on the lawn, chloric ether and quinine, telling as many medical falsehoods as ever a professional man did on occasion, till Lady Chip, reminded thereby, gave him a telegraphic despatch, just come for him. It summoned him to one of his best patients in town. Carlyon was glad of it. It gave him time for thought, and obviated the irksome duty of attendance on Honoria, and in half an hour he was in the train and off. It was a dangerous case : he was kept there three weeks ; and as he sat night after night in his own house, smoking in his solitude, the generosity, and passionate feeling and depth of affection that lay *perdu* in his inner nature rose up, grew and strengthened.

CHAPTER V.—A PICNIC PARTY AT THE ABBEY RUINS.



HE day of the horticultural show, so wearisome to Carlyon, was very literally a *jour de fête* to Du Plât. In the aforesaid *rose allée, au clair de la lune*, did the improvident Templar swear eternal fidelity to the Chips' governess, and beseech her to be his wife ; whether to live in chambers, disguised as the aforesaid Ben, according to Philip's suggestion, he did not pause to inquire, though how he

could keep her in any other capacity, Leicester, if put to it, could not have explained. But it was the real thing this time, you see—no *deux-temps* love or ice-cream flirtation—and obstacles were therefore in his eyes only so many hoops to be jumped through.

"But what will your friends say to your marryin' a governess ?" said Inez Windham, smiling.

"My friends ? Confound them all. What are they to me, love ? If they were to cut me—which they won't—it would be rat her a relief, for I am not very fond of the lot. I cannot offer you money, Inez, but I can work, and I will ; it is time I

should, at nine-and-twenty. I've been a sad idle dog, but I'm getting rather sick of the life, and it will be a change to get into harness and work one's brain a little. I'll imitate Jeffreys, darling, and if I only make as good an ending as he did, we shall do !"

Inez murmured a great deal about his generosity and self-sacrifice, &c., &c. Very pleasant to Du Plât's ears, I dare say ; it always is pleasant to be praised for magnanimity when one is doing a thing to gratify oneself. "But if you should marry the heiress, after all, Leicester !" whispered the governess, looking up in his face with a *malin* glance.

"Marry whom ? I would fling myself into the Alder sooner !" cried Du Plât, with vehement reproaches to her for doubting his love, for supposing him capable of such treachery, for thinking any riches could be to him what she was—and all the rest of it *ad infinitum*.

"And yet I have an idea that you may marry her, after all," continued Inez, an arch smile hid under her long lashes.

"Good God, dearest ! what can you mean ?" exclaimed Du Plât, fairly startled at this persistent disbelief in his truth and constancy.

"I mean," murmured Inez, "that as you were generous enough to wish to take me penniless, as you fancied me, you will be too generous to let my unhappy 'tin mines, acres, and consols' part us. Don't be angry with me, Leicester—don't let this miserable money break your poor Inez's heart."

He gazed into her eyes bewildered, mystified, scarcely crediting the veracity of his auricular or ocular organs. "You—the heiress—what do you mean ? You cannot be—"

"Yes," she answered, clinging to him—"yes, I am the heiress your father met at Hawtree. I am the Miss Windham who has ten thousand pounds a year, that she will wish to Heaven had never been hers if it annoys or angers you. Dear Leicester, I was sick to death of lovers and friends who sought me for my wealth. I longed for love unsoiled by avarice, and a heart unbought by gold. I had heard your father's wishes for you and me. I thought when you came here you were like the rest—heiress-hunting—and I resolved to trick you ; the Chippenhams, and Leila Wyndham, a school friend of mine then coming as governess here, helped me. Her name being the same, made it very easy. She is a dear little thing, ready for any fun, and we all entered into the plot for pure amusement, never thinking of the consequences. Tell me you forgive me, Leicester. Many a time have I been on the point of betraying myself, but the longing to be loved—loved for myself alone—made me go on with the deception. Never mind the money, love ; you would not have let poverty part us—you will not force us both to be wretched for the sake of my unfortunate riches. Speak to me, Leicester. Tell me you do not love me less !"

Du Plât could answer such an appeal only in one way ; and though he was certainly more astonished than ever he had been in his life, and was sincerely disappointed to be chiselled into doing the very thing he had always vowed not to do, he was far too wildly in love to part from Inez, if, to marry her, he had been compelled to live on the extreme peak of Mont Blanc.

"And you won't throw yourself into the Alder, Leicester, rather than marry 'the heiress,' will you ?" laughed the quasi-governess, an hour after, when they had settled everything *couleur de rose*.

"I shall throw myself into the Alder if I don't," said Du Plât. "By Jove ! to think that I should be done in this way, that I should marry money ! The worst of it is, the governor'll be so pleased ; he's set his heart upon your wonderful tin mines. But, however, the mistress of the tin mines knows I don't see a rush for them, and her verdict is the only one important to me."

On night Carlyon sat in his dining-room alone : his cat ascended on his knee, his cockatoo dozing on its stand, and the surgery-bell quiet on its wire. Pluck alone sat gazing at him with his true brown eyes, puzzling in his clever canine head what had come to his master to make him so stern, so silent and distraught. People's lives were in danger from Carlyon, and I'm not sure that at that time he didn't prescribe belladonna as

a tonic, and send a child's gray powder to a gouty member of Parliament.

He sat and smoked, and smoked and thought, and as he did so his broad, pale forehead knit, and his white teeth closed hard on his meerschaum. As the clock struck twelve he started up, exclaiming:

"By Heavens, I can't stand this any longer!"

That night, too, little Leila sat in her room in the moonlight, crying bitterly over a withered bunch of wild flowers, and thought to herself, "I shall never be his wife, but I shall love him dearer than his wife ever will, all my life through."

"Halloa, Lion, where the devil did you come from?" said Du Plat, seeing Philip come across the lawn at Monkstone Court, at noon the next day. "You look deucedly ill, old boy. I'm glad you've come down to finish your holiday."

"How are you all? Is—is—Miss Wyndham well?" asked Carlyon, throwing himself down under the celars.

"Inez? Oh yes, thank you, she's all right, and as—"

"Inez? Pshaw! I mean my—my—patient."

Du Plat whistled gently to himself. "That's the way the wind lies, is it? No, she looks as ill as—as you do. By George! Lion, you know she's not the heiress after all."

"No?" asked Carlyon, with a quick glance of his dark eyes.

"No. Oh, I've got no end to tell you." And Du Plat, taking his pipe out of his mouth, proceeded to tell the tale of how he, poor victim, had been trapped into marrying ten thousand pounds a year. Great was his marvel to hear at the end of his peroration a solemn and fervent "Thank Heaven!"

"The devil, my dear Lion, what's that for? Are you thanking Heaven that I've got the tinaines. I'll turn thanks in church about it if you think I ought."

"No," said the once calm Carlyon, springing to his feet, "I thank Heaven she is poor, that I may prove to her how dearly I love her, and that her cold rival may never say I married her for money."

"Ye gods! Phil, whom are you going to marry? Honoria's governor hasn't smashed, has he?"

"Honoria be hanged," cried Philip. "Cold, passionless nonentity, I blush to think I could ever have stooped to let her buy me with her gold. At last, in my life, Dupe, I love; love I disbelieved in, but nevertheless sighed for; and I will break, break at once and for ever with these hateful ties that bind me to one with whom I have not even one thought in common. I have erred—erred to both. My fault is great to Honoria; my engagement to her was an acted lie, and a lie ever brings its own punishment, but I will not add to the sin by marrying her."

Du Plat stared at him, amazed at this outburst from his calm and philosophic friend.

"But, good Heavens! Phil, she may bring a breach of promise case against you."

"Let her."

"But it will ruin your practice."

"So it must, but I shall be free from her, and a man with brains can always live somewhere. But she will not do that: cold and phlegmatic as she is, little affection as there is in her heart, she is neither low bred nor coarse minded, and would have as small sympathy as you or I with a woman who, for the sake of revenge—and a revenge, after all, only imaginary—would expose herself in court. Poor Honoria's pride will be bitterly hurt, but she will not heal it by proclaiming her injuries in the *Times* law reports."

"And your pride will be hurt too, old fellow. Haughty Philip Carlyon will have to confess that he was actually once in the wrong."

Philip smiled. "Unpleasant, but I am not so morally weak as to shirk the confession. I have wronged Honoria, and I should have gone on to wrong her still further by marrying her, that her money might keep my ougham, and make me a good position, if I had not been roused by a passion too strong for me to resist. When I was alone there up in town, I felt that union with a woman I detested would be insupportable. The solitude and barren egotism of my life became hateful; and I began to realise the possibility of a warmer, truer, higher existence. I cannot now go back to what satisfied me then; and it would be a crime to Leila, and a moral suicide to my-

self, if I could. I must either break my chains and marry where I love, or never marry at all, and lead a life as lowering and profitless as it will be bare and void of either aim, end or happiness."

"Break your chains then, Lion; you are too good to be lost. Leave Honoria and money to some fool with neither heart nor brains, and take two better mistresses, Leila and ambition; they'll make you a happier, and I bet, in the end, a more successful man: for at your age, and with your nature, if you set your fancy on this girl and lose her, you'll go to the dogs as sure as this pipe stem's made of cherry wood. Have you told the young lady of your entanglement?"

"Yes. It was my duty to tell her."

"Your duty six weeks ago, I humbly conceived. Well, what did she say?"

"Forgave me, like an angel."

"Never heard angels were given to forgiveness; their office generally seems, according to the parsons, to consist in writing down our sins. Of course she forgave you. She would if you blew her brains out, and she were able to speak to the fact afterwards; and besides, women are always flattered at an old love being turned over for 'em. But, by the powers! they're bringing the carriages round. We're going picnic to the ruins at Carlton. Come along. Poor Inez'll think I've been shot for a poacher, or disappeared for evermore into the Alder. By George, there she is, too!"

Du Plat tore across the lawn, Carlyon following more leisurely. He met Lady Chip, was warmly welcomed, and made her a pretty speech about having run away from his patients to apologise to her for having quitted Monkstone so unceremoniously three weeks before. Then he encountered Sir Godfrey, who made him an instant offer of his pet bay mare to ride to Carlton; then turned to Inez Windham, just being installed in her pony-carriage by Du Plat, and offered her courteous congratulations; and then made his way to a little pale face under a Spanish hat. There were the eyes of twenty people upon them, so Philip could only take his hat off and shake hands with her; but though she tried to smile and seem unconcerned, and said "Good-morning," talked of the weather, and the pony she was riding, with forced vivacity, Carlyon read quite enough in the sad eyes and the circles beneath them to satisfy him. "Old Chip" called to him to mount the bay; as he turned, his eyes fell upon Honoria Cosmetique.

She was just driving up with her Muddybrook friends, and she gave him a haughty surprised stare; for his two letters in three weeks, and those two laconic and cold to the last extent, had very naturally incensed her. Carlyon saw little Leila shudder slightly, strike her pony sharply and ride away as the Muddybrook barouche drove up. Honoria gave him the extreme tips of two fingers, uttered one or two dry sarcasms, and then leant back in the carriage in chill majesty; while the heir of Muddybrook, a pale, timid, sandy-haired individual, a snob, but an unobtrusive one, busied himself in putting the tiger-skin over her rich flounces.

Carlyon sprang on the bay and moved from the Muddybrook carriage. He rode like a rough-rider—rode as only those do accustomed to horses from boyhood; for Carlyon's father, an improvident rector, who saved nothing out of an income of sixteen hundred a year, and died when Philip was fifteen, had liked nothing better than to see his son taking hedges and ditches after a Suffolk fox. Leila looked at him reining in the fiery mare, at his graceful figure, his handsome chiselled features, his high-bred air, and thought, "He fancies I can easily forget him! He little knows his own attractions. Let him forget me, I shall never cease to care for him."

It was three miles to the abbey ruins, but not once during the three miles could Carlyon manage a *tête-à-tête* with Leila. Though she was the Chips' governess, men admired and sought the little thing, and Jack Huntley and the rector of Monkstone, a young fellow fresh from Grantley, accommodated their pace to the Shetland's short trot with all the dogged perseverance of lovers. Carlyon grew fairly in a passion at last; he felt if he stayed much longer he should probably knock the Fusilier off his horse, and the rector's hat over his eyes; so, striking the bay savagely, he galloped the last mile at a tremendous pace, arriving at the ruins twenty minutes before any of the party,

and causing the heir of Muddybrook to ask if Mr. Carlyon wasn't a little mad; to which Miss Cosmetique replied, with a sarcastic uplifting of the eyebrows, "I begin to think so."

They lunched on the grass, of course; people always do, because it's the most uncomfortable position they can select. However, a young lady once told me that it is the discomfort which makes the fun, so *chacun à son goût*. Carlyon somehow began to feel that this detestable luncheon would never come to an end. He could have shot Huntley and the rector without the smallest compunction; Miss Cosmetique flirted unnoticed at his elbow; and Du Plat whispered to Inez, that if he were to put salt into Lion's claret, he'd bet he'd drink it without knowing; to which she answered sympathisingly, "And so would you, Leicester, if two men were usurping me; so don't make fun of your friend."

Luncheon over, Carlyon's martyrdom ended. As they broke up into different parties, he bent down to Leila. "Come down the river with me; I will take you safely in the punt."

She looked at him in surprise and hesitation. "But Miss Cosmetique—" she murmured.

"Miss Cosmetique? Bah! she is nothing to me now. Come!"

She took his arm, the black lace hiding eyes full of tears, and Philip led her down towards the river. But the river went straight away out of the memories of both, and he found it more agreeable to stay in some of the old cloisters overhung with ivy and aspen, where, with no listeners save the black-birds and the mavises, and no witnesses except the campanulas, nodding themselves to sleep on their stems, Carlyon told his sins and asked for absolution, and, throwing over money, gave himself up—to love.

"I cannot help loving you, Philip," whispered Leila. "I should always have loved you if—even you had married her. Oh! are you sure that you will never look back and regret what you now do? Never wish that you had not renounced money for me, given up ambition for love?"

Carlyon kissed her lips to silence. "Never! With her my life would have been blighted. I should have had for my wife one with whom I had neither thought, feeling nor taste in unison, and fools would be able to point at me and say, 'See! Carlyon, proud as he is, yet sold himself for money.' In you, on the contrary, I shall ever have with me one to rejoice in my success and inspire my energies, a spur to exertion, a motive for ambition; you have woke me to a nobler hope, given me a warmer life. Had I never met and never loved you, I should have gone on in my cold and egotistical routine, deadening myself to every fonder feeling, because I despaired of finding one who would respond to them. Then do you ask me whether I shall regret giving up darkness for light, hell for heaven?"

"A very pretty scene—I beg your pardon for interrupting it." The voice was cold, sharp and clear.

Carlyon raised his eyes, Leila uttered a cry, blushed scarlet, unclasped her hands from round his neck and stooped to pick up her hat, which lay on the grass.

There, in full dignity, with her India cashmere gathered round her, and her point-lace parasol held with the majesty of a sceptre, stood Miss Cosmetique, looking in upon them from between the aspen boughs. How gratifying it must have been to have heard oneself symbolised by "hell!"

Carlyon felt glad the *éclaircissement* had come at last. He took a few steps towards her, and said, calmly, "I have long wished for this opportunity, Miss Cosmetique; I ought to have sought it before. Hear me for a few minutes, and—"

She turned her black eyes on him with fierce hauteur.

"There is not the slightest necessity, Mr. Carlyon; I have seen and heard quite sufficient, and do not wish to be insulted by any attempt at explanation."

Carlyon's color rose.

"Your anger is just; you cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself. I have acted wrongly to you from first to last. In engaging myself to you I deceived you, as a man always deceives a woman in simulating an affection he cannot feel. There I erred; I admit it frankly, and I ask your pardon for it."

He spoke with the grace natural to him. There is always, too, something winning in the voluntary self-condemnation of a very proud man, but it neither disturbed nor won Miss Cos-

metique. She answered very coolly, admiring her tight lavender kid glove,

"There is no wrong done, Mr. Carlyon; there is, therefore, no question of pardon. We have both of us, for some time, felt the want of congeniality between us. We shall be happier free, I hope. Whether your conduct has been exactly according to the rules of that chivalrous honor and gentlemanlike courtesy you are wont to say you admire, I will not pretend to decide; but of that you are the best judge."

Carlyon bit his lip, but kept all passion down, for he felt Honoria had a right to condemn as severely as she chose.

"I do not defend myself," he said, gently, "and I tell you I have done wrong. I feel you have a right to judge me harshly, and had I ever thought you loved me, I should blame myself indeed. But you never did; we shall both, as you observe, be happier free. I can only say, what I would say to no living man, that I ask your pardon for the wrong done to you."

"Very condescending!" said Honoria with a sneer, slightly shrugging her cashmere-covered shoulders. "The next time I hear people talk of a 'man of honor,' I shall remember Mr. Carlyon. I offer you and Miss Wyndham my sincere congratulations, and beg to wish you good morning."

Whereupon Miss Cosmetique gathered her cashmere round her, shifted her parasol between her and the sun, and without deigning to glance at either of them more, swept through the trees in solemn majesty, her thick bayadère flounces knocking the heads off the campanulas right and left, and spreading destruction among the heaths. Carlyon stood still, and swore a little bit to relieve himself, till Leila whispered,

"Don't be angry, dear Philip; I can afford to pity her now, poor thing, for has she not lost you?"

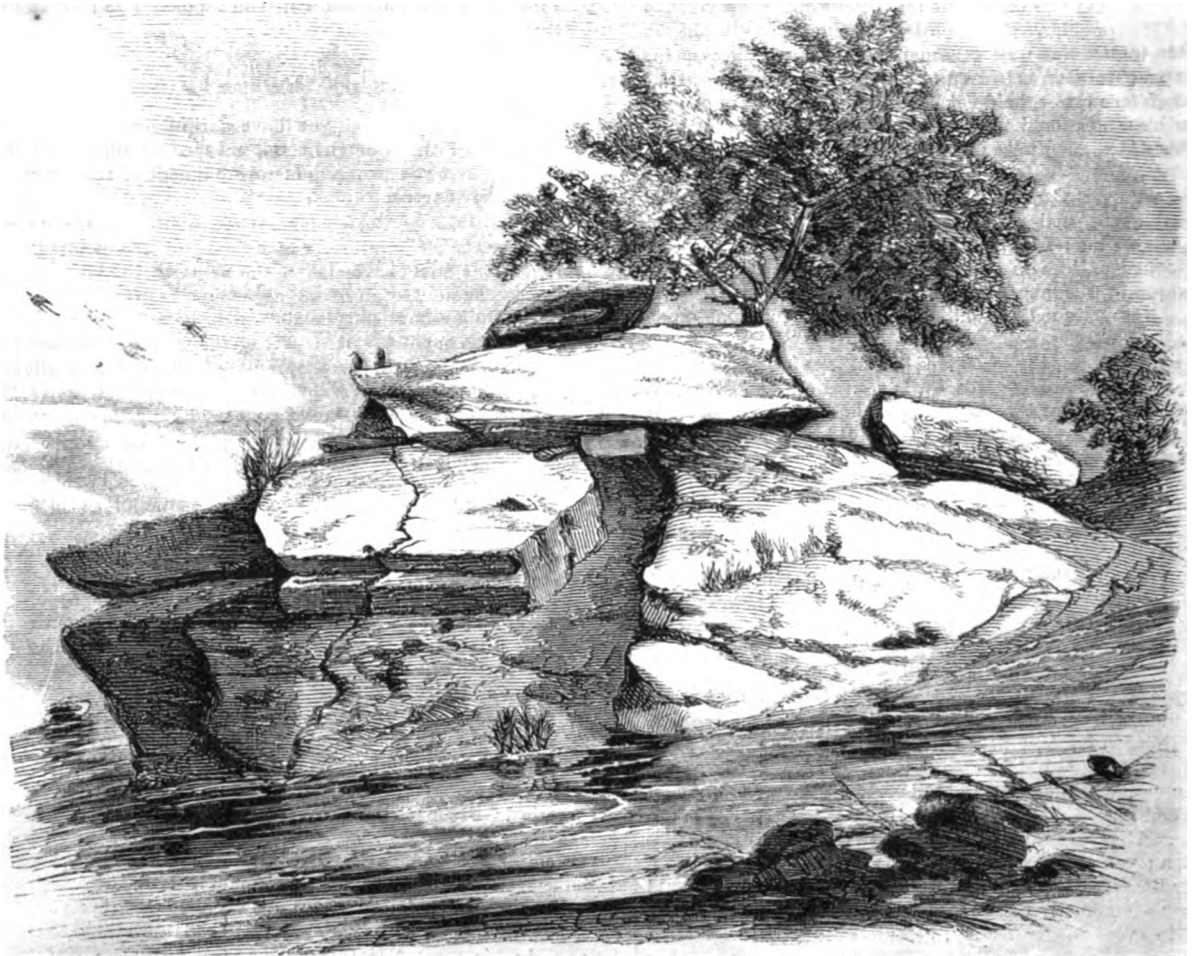
Whereon Carlyon called her every caressing name he could lay his tongue to, and talked more of what six weeks before he would have decreed bosh and spoonysm, than anybody who only knew his "practical" and "philosophic" exterior would have credited.

"How strange it is that you, you little thing, should have such power over me. I could have defied any one to shake my self-control or unman my resolution, but you, my darling, with a word, could desolate my life, or make existence paradise," said sceptical Carlyon, still rather surprised at the strength of the new-born love within him.

"I won't abuse the power, Philip," she whispered, looking at him as if he were some sublime archangel descended to earth for her especial worship. "If I have such power over you, what have you over me?" Then she laughed the laugh that Carlyon, in his present state of mind, thought the divinest music he had ever heard. "But don't you know that you admired me from the first, monsieur?" When I met you in lane the day you came down here, did you not praise 'my wild head, breadth of shoulders and strength of action?'"

A month or two afterwards, Carlyon heard that Honoria was wooed and won by the scion of the house of Muddybrook. It was the fusion of two *nouveaux riches*—they can't carp at each other for lack of pedigree. She rules her sandy-haired lord with triumphant vigilance, and he submits to be henpecked with admirable grace and meekness; and when a regret rises in her mind for Philip's clever brain and handsome face, she consoles herself with the recollection that she certainly never could have so ruled him. As her carriage turned into the Ring the other day, she saw Carlyon and Leila walking across the Park. They were close by the rails, laughing and talking as they hurried on, and Honoria, as she saw his face, could no longer hope she and her brougham were regretted, or Philip made to repent the preference he had given to Cupid over Plutus.

Du Plat is reconciled to the tin mines, and finds £10,000 a year anything but a disagreeable addenda to existence. He was married from old Chip's at the same time with Carlyon, which day, he avers, recollection of the tin mines alone carried him through. Lion and Dupe are as fast chums as ever. They see a good deal of each other, as Du Plat spends the best part of the year in town, and a trout stream running through his place in Devonshire is carefully preserved for Lion's especial benefit. Philip hasn't tin mines, either literal or figurative, but he likes his Rose d'Amour better than a brougham, and,



LOWER VIEW OF JEFFERSON'S ROCK.

when he comes home tired at night, finds a joyous welcome more refreshing than one of Honoria's chill *soirées* would have been. His deep warm heart has found an object to lavish itself upon, and the nobler inner nature of the man finds sympathy and rest in the sunshine of affection. And I do really believe he is perfectly happy, since, during a fortnight on the banks of the Wye last August, he converted his little wife to the piscatory art, or rather to interest in his fishing. If she has become an apostle to Isaak Walton, he has become a convert to Love, and Carlyon and Leila both agree in blessing that fateful autumn vacation when—he trolled for jack and got hooked by Cupid.

AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.—A friend of mine has a miniature bearing the following inscription, which is written on paper at the back: "An original portrait of W. Shakespeare, taken during his life, and once in the possession of the Dudley family, which was held in high estimation by them. The late John Lord Dudley and Ward, who kept it amongst his greatest valuables, presented it to Mr. James Gubbins as a token of his friendship for him. N. B. The portrait in the days it was taken cost only sixpence. The above was written July 10th, 1796." The miniature is painted on wood, in a black wooden frame, with a simple gold beading, and is in size six inches by two. Shakespeare is represented with little beard and eyebrows, but large mustachios and brown hair, inclined to curl: his dress, a blue tunic, with a Byronic collar.—*Notes and Queries.*

A PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.—As I was proceeding out of the front door to engage a carriage for Trenton Falls, I was politely accosted by an American gentleman. "The President," said he, "will receive this morning, sir. Would you like to be presented?" "Very much," I replied. Then looking aghast at my shooting-jacket and careless costume, I added, "But will not this dress prevent my having that honor?" "Not at all," replied the stranger who had accosted me; "your dress is quite good enough. This is a free country." My turn at length came, and I had the great honor of shaking hands with Mr. Fillmore, who addressed me in a manner full of natural dignity. "I am extremely sorry," said he, "that I was unable to receive you at Washington;" alluding to a death in his family which stopped his receptions. The President is a portly man, with frank and simple manners. His countenance bears strong indications of amiability and kindness of heart. On turning to retire, I was invited to remain, and gladly took advantage of the opportunity. The good citizens continued to pour in without the slightest bustle and confusion. Occasionally a lady appeared, and all grasped the President's hand in a hearty and affectionate manner. As this was the first time I had ever beheld such a sight, I looked on with intense interest. Although there was a considerable crowd and no police, the utmost order and regularity prevailed. In the course of my experience I never beheld so courteous and well-conducted a crowd, altogether forming a strong contrast to the demeanor of the "brilliant mob" in a similar ceremony in England.—*Capt. Mackinnon.*

THE ORDER OF ISSACHAR—A REMINISCENCE OF JERUSALEM.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Monthly).

CHAPTER V.

OUR tourist was now conscious that he was approaching the turning point in his adventure, where he was to decide whether to go forward or recede, where imposition was to be detected, or his senses confounded afresh by an accumulation of mysteries which his intellect could not fathom or unravel.

We have spoken of Marston as being brave as steel, and far from being influenced by a weak credulity under ordinary circumstances, but since his meeting with the astrologer, the whole chapter of events had in some way seemed the result of such a strange, unseen, ghostly agency, that almost imperceptibly to himself he had begun to theorise on the probability of occult knowledge and supernatural power being in the possession of living men, as it unquestionably had been in remote times, and to feel something very like superstitious fear, as he followed his strange, silent guide through many a damp, lonely corridor and gloomy passage, down, down toward the bowels of the earth, where were the secret chambers of the mysterious order.

At length, after traversing a dreary mildewed passage, through which a small lamp, swinging in an iron chain that depended from the ceiling, diffused a sickly, feeble glimmer, they reached a ponderous door, which opened at the touch of the astrologer, and admitted them into a huge dimly-lighted apartment in the form of an ellipsis.

The ceiling was lofty, supported on ponderous pointed arches, from which

The mildew drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash upon the stone,

and glittered in the pale light like beautiful gems.

The roof of the apartment was mapped off like a celestial atlas, displaying some of the more prominent of the constellations of the heavens.

On the walls of the chamber were written in the Hebrew tongue texts of Scripture, which more or less pointedly referred to the final restoration of the Jews to the land of their fathers. There, too, in fresco, appeared a representation of the Ark of the Covenant and the altar, with its smoking holocaust, while on the opposite side a part of the wall was concealed by a ponderous curtain, in the front of which was a slightly elevated platform, upon which stood a rough chair and table, the latter supplied with a gavel and sundry mystic appliances.

"You are now in the lodge-room of the Order of Issachar," said the astrologer; "as yet none of the brotherhood have



UPPER VIEW OF JEFFERSON'S ROCK.—SEE PAGE 135.

arrived, and I brought you thus early that you might observe and question me without restraint."

"This is deeply subterranean, is it not?" said Marston, in a suppressed voice.

"Aye, it extends beneath the vaults of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and one day, not far distant, when this idolatrous Saracen horde are in the midst of their orgies a mine will explode beneath them, and their destruction will be sudden and terrible."

"This, then, is your plan for exterminating the Saracen," said Marston, regarding with an involuntary shudder the modern Guy Fawkes.

"It is one—we have many; but enough of this at present. Would you have proof of my powers?"

"I would; but I warn you, father, I shall be hard to convince, and loth to attribute many things for which I can give no explanation to a supernatural agency; still, I confess, I sometimes have asked myself if persons possessed of supernatural powers may not walk the earth as they once did."

"I will strive to answer the question for you. You are convinced by this time, doubtless, that until yesterday I knew nothing of you."

"I am certain I knew nothing of you, and I cannot conceive how you obtained the knowledge by which you at first startled me."

"It would be more truthful to say you will not, but I am not disposed to quarrel with your ideas, which are the result of education. As I said before, I leave them to be confirmed or changed by what you shall see hereafter. I have asked the stars to reveal to me your past life, that I might read it to you as from a printed book, and you hearing should be compelled to say, there is a knowledge on earth above and beyond the simple cunning of men. They have granted my prayer. See! they are moving slowly on in their orbits."

Instinctively Marston turned his eyes toward the miniature firmament mapped out upon the ceiling of the chamber, and as he was prepared to anticipate, saw the glittering representations of the heavenly bodies moving slowly on in their several defined paths.

The astrologer looked on thoughtfully, abstracted for a moment, and then seated himself by the table, and appeared to be alternately surveying the motions of the stars and in making strange calculations in hieroglyphics, upon a smooth white stone—using a pen made from an ibis feather, which he dipped in a fluid having the appearance of fresh warm blood.

Presently he lighted a brazen censer, which he placed before him, occasionally throwing into it small quantities of incense, producing a dense and highly perfumed vapor, which settled slowly around him in a small odorous cloud, half concealing him from view, and giving to him a more weird, unearthly appearance than he had worn before.

"Are you ready for me to proceed?" said the astrologer, in a solemn voice. "Have a care! for the stars take cognizance of secret thoughts and actions, and if you bethink you of any deed or thought which you would not have repeated, even where there is none save you to hear, speak now! before I commence reading."

"Go on!" replied Marston, in a firm voice, "I have doubtless had many thoughts and done many deeds, the recital of which would not be flattering, but in this respect, I believe I have the whole world for companions."

"Doubtless the whole world," replied the astrologer; "but now listen! your past and future is before me—and as I read, mark me well! and if in aught I discover myself to you as an impostor, spurn me like a dog—if not, believe, I conjure you, and accept the splendid destiny which the stars bid me offer you."

The astrologer then proceeded in the same solemn, impressive voice, to recite to Marston the incidents of his life, with a precision of date and detail which fairly astonished him into an acknowledgment of the other's possession which was not of earth. The manner, too, of the stargazer was cunningly calculated to strengthen the feeling of belief, which it was but too evident had partially taken the place of our tourist's habitual scepticism upon all matters of such a character; for as he proceeded with the recital his face became haggard and careworn, and he assumed a wild nervousness of action that corresponded

with his wizard look; and as he from time to time cast fresh incense upon the burning censer the perfumed cloud went up and overshadowed him, until only the outline of his form and face were seen, we cannot blame our young traveller, imaginative and impetuous as he was, for almost casting aside for the moment sense and reason, and giving himself blindly up to the belief that the man before him was possessed of occult knowledge, and that he himself was under the influence of a strange and brilliant destiny which he must follow out—whether he would or not.

"I have done with the past," said the astrologer, in a low, weak voice, as though exhausted by intense effort. "Would you now know the future?"

"No, no," said Marston, hastily, "I have seen enough—I believe—that is, I am astonished, confounded; but I wish to know nothing of the future, which I have ever believed was wisely hid from us."

"Well answered, my son," said the astrologer, "and since you are now satisfied that I am no vile impostor, are you ready for initiation into the preliminary mysteries of the Order of Issachar?"

"Yes, quite ready, and quite ready to become your pupil, if you can impart your strange science."

"It is well—you choose wisely."

The astrologer cast handful after handful of incense upon the censer, the dark sweet-scented vapor rolled upward and draped the whole apartment as with sackcloth, and when the cloud lifted its form had changed into a parallelogram, the miniature firmament no longer glittered from the ceiling, the ponderous curtain was raised, revealing to his view another apartment similar to that in which he then stood, where was the assembled conclave of the mysterious order.

The assembly was large, and seemed made up of representatives from every nation upon earth, but as the astrologer smote upon the table with his gavel, a stillness like that of death pervaded the room, until his voice broke the silence.

"Brothers," he said, rising, "a youth from the land of sunset, where dwell many of our people, comes seeking admission into our order. The stars have shown me that he is brave and true, and destined to render great service in the restoration of the Holy Land."

"Then we will greet him as a brother," said an old man rising in their midst, whom Marston recognised as one who had participated in the foray with the Pe'louins, "Let him be blindfolded, and receive the initiatory rites."

The astrologer nodded approvingly, and two men approached and covered his eyes with a dark bandage, and after leading him once or twice round the echoing, vault-like room, seated him on a low settee, and removed the bandage. The conclave were masqued to a man, and by his side was a figure, enveloped from head to foot in black, silent and immovable as marble.

He glanced wonderingly around, half doubting the reality of what he saw, until his eye rested on what seemed to be a splendid painting of Jerusalem and its environs, as it appeared in the days of its glory, and covering one entire wall of the apartment. The execution of the painting was magnificent, and its various features stood out from the canvas in life-like reality. It was a night scene, the whole city seemed wrapped in peaceful slumber, and the declining moon was casting a soft radiance over the holy Olivet, the Mount of Zion and Calvary, and being reflected from the glittering walls and roof of the great Jewish temple, then as he gazed, the picture moved on, and in its place appeared a view of the same city, but now surrounded by beleaguered hosts; a vast army of steel-clad men environed it on every side, the huge battering ram seemed just swinging back for a renewed stroke upon the cracked and tottering walls, upon which appeared men and women, famished and famine-stricken, doing battle with the courage of desperation and fanaticism; the ponderous catapult was projecting its fearful missiles and the air was filled with arrows and javelins, then the panorama moved on, and the city was now seen ruined and desolate—the victorious army searching for treasures beneath deeply-laid foundation stones, or striving to wring by torture from some unfortunate Jew the burial-place of some coveted hoard. The dead and the dying were everywhere scattered; the lusty conqueror and the starving conquered roamed the dreary streets, contending like wild beasts over

some morsel of food; then came another change, showing the holy city under the Saracen sway, each cherished spot and locality bristling with the minarets of heathen mosques—then it appeared once more as a beleaguered city; but this time the despised Jew composed the assaulting army—they are victorious, and the bearded Mussulman is praying for mercy or flying for life toward the mountains; the mosque of Omar is a blazing ruin, and each place of heathen worship is level with the ground. Once more the scene changes—this time only to bring again into view the scene with which the panorama opened; Jerusalem is restored, the temple rebuilt.

"Our young brother has seen; did he understand?" said the astrologer.

"Yea," replied Marston briefly.

"Then replace the blindfold for a moment."

The order was obeyed and again he was in darkness, but it scarcely seemed a moment before the bandage was again removed, and he beheld the assembly once more unmasked and seated round an immense table, running nearly the entire length of the apartment and bearing massive goblets of wine. All had been done so silently and swiftly, that it required almost a painful effort on the part of Marston to convince himself that he was not dreaming.

But it was real; the immense banquet table stretched away before him, surrounded by the faces he had seen when he first entered the room, and at the head, in a sort of chair of state, sat the weird, strange astrologer. He sat at the foot, and by his side was the same funeral-draped immovable figure.

"We now invite our brother to pledge us his faith and fealty as we do ours to him in the wine-cup," said the astrologer, rising.

All stood up and raised their goblets save Marston's silent companion, who alone moved not.

"There is one who does not respond to our invitation," said the astrologer slowly; "but peradventure he sleeps. We will drink, and then our new brother shall awaken him."

The goblets were drained, every one, and then the eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon our tourist—who, with a strange nameless fear creeping over his heart, stooped down and strove to arouse his silent companion.

Still he did not move, and with a trembling hand he lifted the sable hood that covered the head and brought to light a robed skeleton!

Marston started back, and with difficulty suppressed a wild cry of terror.

"This is all that remains of the only traitor who ever found his way into our midst," said the astrologer solemnly, "and whenever we pledge a new brother in the wine-cup, we deem it well to have these relics with us, to remind us of his sin and of its punishment. We may now retire; to-morrow evening, when our brother shall have recovered from the fatigues of his journey, and shall have had time to ponder over what he has seen, we will meet him again; and when he has written his name upon the great stone tablet, with pen of ibis feather, dipped in his own blood, we will welcome him to all the mysteries and privileges of the Holy Order of Issachar."

CHAPTER VI.

THE shades of evening were beginning to settle slowly over tower and battlement—when Marston reached his chamber, weary, perplexed and nervous. At the door the astrologer left him, for which he was not sorry, for so bewildered was he with the events of the day, that he felt the necessity of quiet and repose.

A delicate repast similar to that of the morning was laid out in his apartment when he entered, and the quadroom was also there, seated upon his master's portmanteau, evidently awaiting his return with no little anxiety and impatience.

"I'd 'bout gin up ever seein' you agin, Maser George," said Lemons, as his master appeared. "I tell ye, it's time we was gettin' out o' dis ere place, it's all ghosts and witchcraft; and mas'r, as sure as my name's Lemons, I've seen an angel straight from heben since you went away."

"An angel! what was it like, Lemons?"

"A lady, Mas'r George. You see, being lonesome like after you went away, I goes to sleep to pass away de time. But

I didn't sleep sound, and bimeby I hears some wings flutter, flutter. I look up, and right where you's a settin' was de angel, looking so sad and sweet, dat I jest turns to and cries a little for 'spectful sympathy. Says she, 'Lemons, whar's your mas'r'?"

"'Dunno,' says I, 'but I'se spectin' him ebry minit.'

"Says she, 'Lemons, he's in danger, and I'se come to save him.' Wid dat she fell to cryin', and jest up and disappeared right through the floor."

"How much of this story do you wish me to believe?" said Marston sternly, perceiving that Lemons had not been drawing entirely upon imagination.

"Wall, mos' all of it, mas'r. I'se told it as straight as I could."

"And was there really some one here to see me?"

"Jest as true as you's here now, and said as how you's in danger, and she'd come to save you."

"Well, I don't know as that is any more mysterious than everything else that has happened in this house since I have been in it. Bring me some coffee, and then I must sleep, for I am weary and excited. Should the angel, as you call her, make her appearance again, wake me."

The quadroom said nothing but brought the fragrant beverage, which Marston swallowed at a draught, and then threw himself upon one of the couches close by the musical fountain, and notwithstanding the excitement of the day slept almost instantly.

One, two, three hours passed, though it scarcely seemed a moment, when a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder. He started up and found by his side a young girl of such bewildering beauty, that he was inclined to think with his servant that he was favored with a celestial visitor.

"What is your pleasure, fair lady?" said Marston, as soon as he had recovered the power of speech.

"I come," replied the maiden in a voice more musical than the musical tinkling of the fountain, "to warn you of a great danger to which you are exposed."

"Oh! you have sought me once before to-day—and now that I have seen you, I can well excuse the extravagant language of which my servant made use in describing the visitor."

"You say truly, I have sought you once before to-day, and lest the interest I take in your welfare may seem unwarrantable, I must tell you I am the lady you so gallantly protected from the Bedouin last evening, and for that good service I would save you from the ruin toward which you are unwittingly hastening."

"Speak unreservedly, fair lady, and believe me, your words shall not fall on unheeding ears."

"Well, then, the man calling himself the Egyptian astrologer is an impostor, who has for years sustained himself ease and wealth by the repetition of a similar story to that with which you were beguiled."

"Lady, you do him wrong. I have never been a believer in star reading and astrology, but this man has, I must confess, confounded me by repeating every particular of my life, and I have been already initiated into the order which has for its object the restoration of the Holy Land."

"Listen! Sir Stranger. The confession I am about to make I had rather leave unsaid, but it is necessary to convince you of my truth and my desire to serve you. The astrologer, as he is pleased to call himself, is my father, at least he says so, though I cannot believe it sometimes, and for years I have assisted him in the juggleries by which he keeps in subjugation to his will the fanatical band who verily believe they are destined to overthrow the Saracen in Palestine, never dreaming, alas! that their hardly spared contributions to the advancement of this cause go to support in idleness the arch-deceiver, who has gained their confidence only to betray it."

Until lately I must do myself the justice to say that I have acted blindly in this matter, and when last night he unfolded to me his designs against you I refused to have part or lot from that time henceforth in his deceptions, for which rebellion he confined me in my chamber upon a diet of bread and water. Believe me, Sir Stranger, your wealth is all he desires, and when that has become exhausted, paid into the so-called treasury, upon one pretext or another, the order will be no nearer the accomplishment of its object than now."

"You surely wrong him, lady," said Marston, who would extenuate as long as extenuation was possible, "for he said any contributions to the cause should be voluntary, neither should I bind myself to them by any oath or obligation."

"Very like, and all the time he intended to work upon your enthusiasm, if he could not upon your superstition, until you voluntarily resigned your fortune into his keeping; and he well knew he needed no oath of secrecy to bind you to them, for there is not one among his deluded, infatuated followers who would not deem it a praiseworthy act to plunge the assassin's knife into the heart of one who, having once presented himself before the so-called brotherhood, turned back."

Marston thought of his fearful companion of the banquet table, and shuddered to see how blindly he had rushed into so great a danger.

"But how came he in possession of every particular of my life?" he said, turning suddenly to the lady.

"Simply by being cognizant of them as they transpired. He tells me that he abode for years in your native town and knew you in your boyhood."

"That cannot be—I seldom forget a face, and his I am certain I have never seen."

"Perhaps you would say differently, could you see him without his false hair and beard, without which disguise he never appears before the world. Once more, I tell you he is an impostor in every action of his life. I have escaped from the room in which he imprisoned me to tell you this, and having thus in part discharged the debt of gratitude I owe you, I must bid you farewell."

"Not to return to your prison, surely," said Marston, gazing half entranced upon the beautiful face before him.

"No, I leave this roof to-night to return no more."

"And whither would you go? Have you another home or friends upon whose kindness you count?"

"Neither—I go forth a wanderer, and to perish unless the saints protect me."

"You shall not do that," said Marston, impetuously, "I have a home, and if you will accept it, it shall be yours also."

"How?" said the maiden, regarding him calmly.

"As you will—as my guest (I have a mother and sisters)—as my sister—or, pardon my impetuous disposition. I have seen you but once—I know nothing of you but what you have told me—I do not even know your name. You are equally ignorant in regard to me. Still I felt when I first saw you that we were destined for each other, and I am not afraid to trust the promptings of my heart. Will you go with me as my wife?"

"You must have forgotten what a disgraceful history I have been unfolding to you."

"No, I have not—but your face—your mien—your language all assure me you come of gentle blood, and that I may trust you fully. I repeat the offer."

"And I accept it."

"I am called George Marston."

"I know no name but Tama."

"Its beauty makes up for its brevity. Ours has been a strange courtship, Tama; the world would call us both rashly imprudent."

"The sage world frequently makes sad mistakes, my friend; I have no fears for the future."

"Nor I; I feel certain just now that the fates sent me to Jerusalem to find my mate, and I have done so; and do you know, it begins to seem to me as though I had known you always—as though we had played together when children upon the banks of the noble Mississippi, which washes one side of my father's plantation. Isn't it a strange idea?"

"To some it might be, but not to me; for I have a similar one, and have always had vague remembrances of a great river and of a playmate a year or two older than myself, a bright, fair-haired boy; but these memories are very vague and misty; beside there are realities enough to claim our attention now. We are to escape."

"Certainly, but how? You perceive I am already yielding to you the direction of our affairs."

"By the door, of which I have fortunately a duplicate key; a trusty servant in my confidence will saddle our steeds immediately. Let your weapons be prepared in case of emergency—I have mine, you see," holding up a richly-mounted stiletto.

"I see, and being an old traveller my pistols are always ready for instant use. I will meet you in the corridor in ten minutes."

"You will find me there. Adieu."

"The fates shall have the directing of my actions now; I yield myself passively to their will," muttered Marston as he thrust himself into his own travelling costume and bestowed a gentle kick upon his slumbering attendant.

"Who dar?" said the quadroom, rubbing his eyes.

"Me, I believe, although I am not quite certain, but up with you! The angel has been back and we are going away with her."

"What! to heben, Mas'r George? I tell ye, dey nebber let dis darkey in dar; de Lord say, 'You lie so, Lemons, we can't hab you here, no how.'"

"I think quite likely that will be the case; nevertheless, come along and make no noise; bring your sword and my port-manteau."

"All here, mas'r, but don't know what you wants of so much baggage to go on dat journey."

"You will see, come along."

On reaching the corridor Marston found Tama waiting, accompanied by a female attendant, who seemed tolerably well laden with various packages.

Lemons eyed the group askance, but said nothing.

"I am ready," said Tama leading the way; "be careful, tread lightly."

Cautionally they moved down the stone steps along the dark vestibule and reached the outer door, which readily yielded to Tama's efforts, and presently they found themselves in the street.

Horses for the entire party stood ready saddled at the door, and with as little noise as possible they mounted and rode down the street, until their farther progress was stopped by the outer gate of the city.

"Who seeks egress from Jerusalem at this unseemly hour?" said the porter.

"The daughter of the Egyptian astrologer and her attendants," said Tama haughtily; "let us pass quickly."

The man obeyed with alacrity and in silence—the ponderous gate swung back, they passed out and saw the open country before them.

"We must test the mettle of our steeds now," Tama said, riding up by Marston's side, "before daylight it is probable our flight will be discovered, and emissaries of the astrologer will be looking for us up and down throughout the land. It will fare ill with us if we are overtaken."

"Never fear!" said our tourist cheerily, "we are well mounted and have the start. Forward!"

Away dashed the hightbred Arabian coursers at a pace which seemed to defy pursuit, our tourist and Tama taking the lead, their attendants bringing up the rear; once only when they had reached a rocky eminence they paused and looked back, Jerusalem was already growing hazy and indistinct in the distance.

"A long farewell to the Holy City," said Tama, waving her hand, "I leave it without a tear, following in the footsteps of my chosen lord. On!"

Away they dashed again—the city was lost to view—the desert stretched on beyond.

Two days later an aged missionary, an unpretending man, whose name we have looked for in vain in the journal of foreign missions, sat in the door of his humble mansion in the ancient city of Joppa, looking out on the quiet moonlit waters of the Mediterranean.

The sound of hoofs clattering down the street startled him from his meditations, and he looked up and saw a party of four, dusty and travel-stained as if they came from the desert, coming toward his door. As they drew near a smile of recognition passed over his face, and he hastened out to meet the foremost of the party, whose hand he is presently grasping warmly.

"Oh! Marston," he said, "You made but a short stay at the Holy City, but your retinue has increased since you left me. Has it been well with you?"

"It has indeed, father; I have met with this maiden, who has consented to commence a journey with me which will only end I trust at the grave. We require your services."

"They shall be most willingly bestowed ; but have you considered, children, upon the importance of the step you are about taking?"

"We have," said our tourist. "Is it not so, Tama?"

"It is even so."

"Then dismount, and enter my humble dwelling, scarcely a fit place for a wedding party, but it is fully at your disposal."

The young couple obeyed the invitation, and entered the unpretending cottage, and when they emerged therefrom the two were no more twain.

Reader, two years have flown since the quiet evening that witnessed the bridal at the house of the old missionary on the shores of the Mediterranean ; and if we would know aught of the two there joined together, we must seek them at their residence on a beautiful plantation a few miles out of the Crescent City.

It is a delightful summer evening, and Mr. Marston is walking in his garden, his wife and little one at his side. A servant approaches and places in his hand a letter, bearing the Jerusalem postmark.

He hastily breaks the seal and reads :

"I am near unto death and would confess my sins. Your wife that now is, is not my child, but the daughter of a Spanish nobleman who took refuge in New Orleans many years ago to escape a political tumult wherein he was proscribed. I purloined the child, thinking to obtain from her father a rich reward for her restoration, but when the intelligence of her disappearance was made known to him he fell in a fit and expired. His love for her was great.

"Frightened at what I had done, I fled away, and after many wanderings took up my abode in Jerusalem, where, for my own purposes I established the Order of Issachar, which grew and flourished until you came and stole away one whom I had educated to assist me in my deceptions. From that time it withered away. I will say no more except that I enclose a locket which was on the child's neck when I took her. It contains a portrait of her father, also his name.

"THE ASTROLOGER."

"What is it?" said Tama, when her husband had finished the perusal of this strange letter.

"Read it, my dear."

She did so.

"Thank God ! I am the daughter of an honorable man," she exclaimed, when she learned the nature of the epistle.

"So say I," replied Marston, "for though you have been all in all to me as the daughter of that arch villain, I rejoice to find that you are no blood relation to the Order of Issachar."

THE END.

A DUEL WITH SWORDS.

BY LIEUTENANT-COL. H. R. ADDISON.

THERE are certain atmospheric influences which raise or depress the spirits far beyond the power of control ; there are certain scenes which equally impart buoyancy or dejection to the mind ; and thus it was that I never felt in more exuberant good-humor than I did as I lounged through the beautiful little enclosure, pompously styled "The Park," in Brussels, on one of those bright October days when a slight foretaste of frost struggles to oppose the steady beams of a brilliant but scarcely heating sun.

As a companion, I had one of the best and bravest men that

ever did honor to our national bulldogism—ever ready to share his purse with his needy friend, or his excellent cellar with his boon companion. Driffield, though generally popular, was still a somewhat troublesome intimate. He was for ever getting in and out of scrapes through the unfortunate warmth of a temper which showed the caloric of his heart. A friend sneered at—a woman offended—Driffield would at once take up the quarrel. Convinced, however, that he had been hasty, he would most amply apologise, and probably seek, with increased eagerness, the friendship of the individual he had wronged. Such were the characteristics of my friend, who now, leaning on my arm, freely passed his remarks on the gay and fair beings who perambulated the stiff broad walks in search of health and pleasure, or, tired by the previous night's ball, sat chatting on the numerous benches (for which, by-the-by, they do not pay twopence in Brussels, as we do in Hyde Park), or listened to the band of the "Guides" playing some of the last new overtures in magnificent style.

We had been in the park nearly half an hour, when I saw the Comte de Montfort hastily approach, and, touching Driffield's arm, politely request to speak to him in private. From the grave and studied formality of the usually gay Frenchman, I at once saw something was wrong, and was therefore less surprised, when, after hearing some half a dozen words uttered in an angry tone, Driffield rejoined me, and, in an agitated manner, requested me instantly to return to my lodgings.

"What does all this mean?"

"It is simple enough. Montfort called me aside, and insisted on my retracting certain words that he had been told I uttered derogatory to his honor—words that I am convinced I never made use of."

"And you told him so?"

"Not I ; he would have thought I retracted, whereas I could not withdraw expressions I never uttered."

"With this assurance he was surely satisfied?"

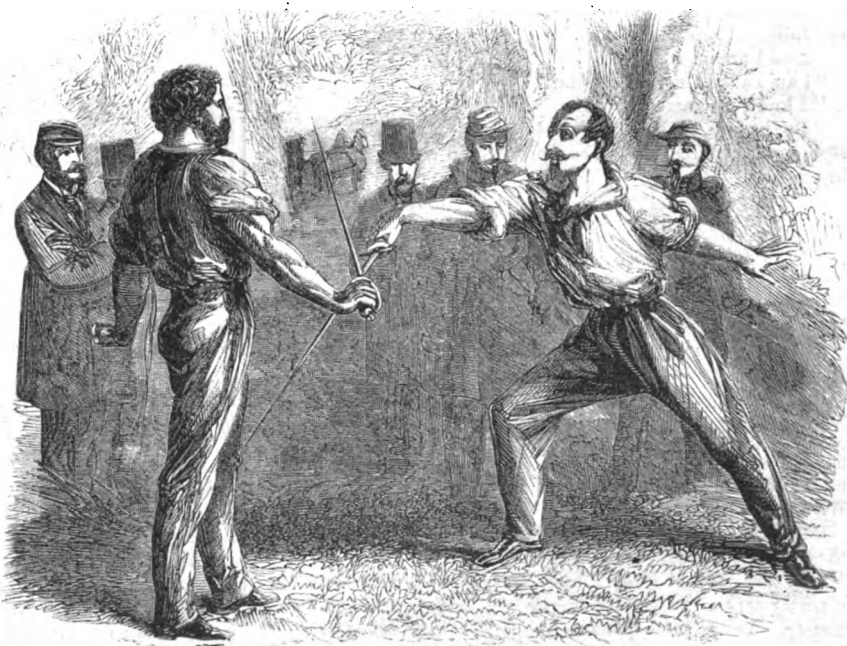
"Well, that is another matter. I must freely confess to you I did not exactly say so to him. He is a notorious duellist, and he might have thought I feared him, so I neither admitted or denied the words. He got violent—used an expression I did not like."

"What was it?"

"Why, you well know I am no great Frenchman, so I scarcely understood it ; but it was used in an angry overbearing tone, so I at once called him out."

"How very imprudent ! But what has this to do with my returning home?"

"Well, you have twice before assisted me in similar affairs,



DUEL WITH SWORDS.

so I took it for granted you would not refuse me on this occasion. I named you as my friend, and Montfort hurried off, saying that Colonel Very would call on you in half an hour. So run away, my dear friend, we must not seem to avoid the fellows;" and before I had time to remonstrate Driffield had started off, and I found myself crossing the *Place Royale en route* for my lodgings, where I might expect to receive a visit from the second of my friend's antagonist.

The half hour had scarcely elapsed when Colonel Very was announced. I desired him to be shown in; the gallant officer entered. He was the very person to bear a cartel; tall, upright and polite in the extreme; studied in his expressions, gentle yet firm in his manner, cold as an iceberg—and scarcely less dangerous. I at once saw I had a thorough adept in the art of duelling to cope with. On this occasion, however, there was little room for discussion; my friend had palpably insulted the nobleman he represented, and unless the former was ready to retract his words, no power could avert the combat.

Now this was anything but pleasant, for I felt fully assured that my principal was in the wrong, and I would gladly have explained the circumstances, but I well knew that Driffield, far from confirming my views, would, if possible, make matters worse. It is true that, as his second, I had a right to act for him, but I was no less aware that, if I attempted a pacific arrangement, I should only cause a fresh insult to be given, and, as the affair appeared "a really very pretty quarrel" as it stood, I thought it better to leave it as it was—when matters might possibly be made up, even on the ground—to drawing on further complications, which might render the breach still wider. I therefore assumed a tone as quiet, as determined as that of my friend the colonel.

"Requested to do so by the Comte de Montfort, I have done myself the honor of calling on you to arrange this affair. I regret, however, to say I cannot be on the ground; General Sierminski and Baron Fierton will be there. Of course they will come to you, if you desire to see them."

"It is not at all necessary."

"Then we may, if you please, consider this business as arranged. The *Forest de Soigné*, at eight o'clock. The carriages to set down near the principal avenue at Boitsfort?"

"We will be punctual!"

"As the challenged party, we have the choice of weapons—we name swords; shall we bring them, or will you?"

Now this was the very point I had all along feared. That the party called out had an undoubted privilege to select the arms, none could doubt; yet, as De Montfort had been all his life in the French army, and was supposed to be a thorough swordsman, I felt it my duty to object.

"Colonel Very, you well know that my friend is an Englishman and unskilled in fencing, while the count is celebrated for his proficiency."

"You will pardon me, I hope; but as such is the case, Monsieur Driffield should not have challenged Monsieur de Montfort."

"Yes, yes; but—"

"Do not take offence; but we can admit no 'buts'; we choose the sword."

"Is there no alternative?"

"None; unless, indeed, a retraction."

"Impossible."

"Then I have the honor to repeat, we choose the sword."

I was again about to remonstrate. Nay, I almost made up my mind to get into a towering passion at the sudden determination of Colonel Very, when my servant entered and placed a crumpled little note in my hand marked "immediate." Apologising for doing so, I opened it and read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Major Horseley consents to act with you as second. I must beg of you privately to accept Montfort's offer should he propose to fight with swords. I flatter myself I am perfect master of the weapon; and so confident do I feel in my powers, that if this luckily occurs, I think, by disarming my adversary, I may end this affair without any loss of blood. Thine in haste.

DRIFFIELD."

I do not ever recollect feeling such a sudden relief. Colonel Very must, indeed, have remarked it, as I turned round and with a smile, and in a somewhat exulting tone, addressed him:

"Be it as you wish, colonel; though I still think we should have used pistols; yet, as you so earnestly desire it, we consent to swords; but, being somewhat strange to us, beg of you to bring the weapons."

I really do believe that Colonel Very almost started at my sudden change of manner, but, concealing his surprise, he bowed himself out of my little *entresol* apartment with the grace of an accomplished courtier.

I instantly started off for Driffield's. Here I met Horseley. We dined together, and after the ladies had left the table, talked matters over; not, however, so eagerly as we might have done had this been our first affair together. But we had mutually served each other on former occasions. So, except in the arms to be used, there was little or nothing new in the business. We drank but little—were more lively in the drawing-room than usual—and retired early. I confess I sighed as I bade "good night" to Mrs. Driffield and her six children. She might be a widow and they might be orphans before another sun disappeared. God help them. I confess I felt strangely uncomfortable!

THE DUEL.

Who can describe the very unpleasant sensation of being awakened some hours before the world is well aired for the purpose of sharing in a duel? Yet, there are certain forms which must be gone through—an unshaved, carelessly dressed second would denote flurry and agitation. I was, therefore, *de rigueur*, compelled to pay unusual attention to my toilet. Horseley came to the door in a large rumbling hired carriage, and we proceeded to the *Porte de Namur*, where we found Driffield and Dr. Forceps waiting for us, according to agreement.

Reader, did you ever travel some ten miles over a hard road, on a cold misty morning in October, not quite certain whether the vehicle might not have to do the duties of a hearse on its return? Beside me sat my principal. Horseley, evidently in very low spirits, occupied the corner, and the surgeon sat opposite to me. He had a good sized bundle of instruments placed beneath his seat, and took the whole affair as a matter of course.

Driffield was in high spirits; but these must have been forced. I cannot willingly believe that any man balancing on the brink of eternity could thus seem really lively, when he reflected on those he had left (perhaps for ever) beneath his domestic roof. If, however, his cheerfulness was simulated, he was a clever actor. Dr. Forceps kept forcing upon us some anecdotes illustrative of his skill in the Peninsula—we neither attended to them nor believed in them. Horseley tried to elicit, in case of accident, the best wishes of our friend; who, however, avoided the subject, and kept up a rolling fire of conversation relative to all and everything save and except the business we were engaged in.

We had now plunged into one of the wide avenues of the forest above five minutes when our carriage came to a dead halt. The coachman opened the door, touched his hat, muttered something, and lowered the steps. We understood his meaning and sprang out.

At fifty paces distant stood another carriage, from which three gentlemen had also descended. Major Horseley and myself advanced and politely saluted General Sierminski and the Baron Fierton; agreed upon a spot; and then returned to our principals, who accompanied us to a quiet glade within a hundred yards, admirably adapted from its fine turf and close privacy to the purpose we required.

As we knew little about it, and were far too proud to seek information on the subject, the major and I contented ourselves by following the motions of our antagonists.

The Count de Montfort, from frequent practice, was perfectly *au fait* in the arrangements. In a moment he had stripped off his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth; the latter of which he, however, fortunately, by accident, re-assumed, and deliberately turned up his shirt sleeves above his elbow. He then tried the turf to see that it was not slippery, and throwing off his cap, stood ready for action. I confess, I never saw a finer *athlete*.

In the mean time, Driffield had imitated his actions, and now he stood with bull throat and brawny arms awaiting with eagerness the coming struggle.

The general and his co-second now approached us, and handed to us half-a-dozen swords; from which, having won the toss,

we had a right to select a weapon. Now, of all the diabolical, mischievous-looking implements I ever saw, these swords seemed to be the very worst; short, slim and balanced so entirely by weight in the hand, so as to render the blade very light, they appeared like anything but the fitting arm for a soldier's use. Driffield at once took the nearest to him. De Montfort tried several before he made his selection. The general kindly explained that his reason for bringing such an extensive armory, was the fear of a blade breaking or a possible difference between the seconds arising, when each would require a weapon to settle the dispute. Highly consolatory to me, who, though a good broad-swordsmen, never touched a foil in my life. However, I was in for it, and must at all hazards go through with it.

Our principals were placed on the ground and the signal given to set to.

Never can I forget that moment. It was, it is, it ever will be, the most painful reminiscence of my life. De Montfort threw himself *en garde*, with the grace of a finished fencer. Driffield grasped his weapon tightly, and without even coming into the first position held it upright! pressed against his antagonist's blade. The case was clear, Driffield had deceived me. He stood a ready victim for the count to pierce whenever or wherever he thought proper. His face, however, was determined, and when the noble, to my great surprise, uttered a coarse imprecation, he burst out into a loud laugh, which so exasperated the experienced swordsman that he made a violent pass, which Driffield diverted by actually striking against the weapon, and then, with a most provoking grin, stood firm to his ground. The Frenchman became frantic. "I will wash my hands in your blood." "Do if you can," coolly replied the Briton, and again grinned at him. The count lunged. Another blow of Driffield's sword turned the direction, and the blade passed through his cheek. We now vainly endeavored to stop the combat. Blood had been drawn; yet, on consultation, the wound was so trifling, we feared if we insisted, it might become a matter of ridicule. So again they set to.

This time the Frenchman was more wild than ever, and his passion overcame his skill. Driffield, by one of his strange blows, bent the foil of his adversary—while, in his blind anger, the count received the point of the Englishman's sword in his neckcloth. There must have been a stiffener in it, for it did not penetrate.

We dashed in, and forced up the swords of the infuriated combatants, and gave a fresh weapon to Driffield, whose perfect calm seemed to render his skilled antagonist almost mad. While we were selecting another sword, the count kept fencing at a tree, using the strongest terms of reproach and anger. It was in vain I tried to put a stop to the horrid scene, which had already endured above a quarter of an hour. They again fell to.

I am told I was as white as a sheet; I really believe it. Before me stood one of my dearest friends; the husband of a lady I much respected; the father of a large family, wholly unable (in my opinion) to defend himself from the murderous attacks of a skilled soldier. I felt his doom to be certain; my blood almost froze in my veins, and I would gladly have risked even a personal contest with one of my opposite seconds, rather than thus have stood coolly by and seen my friend murdered.

It is well to smile, but only those who have experienced them can tell my feelings at that moment.

Clash—clash—clash! a spring—a recoil—an advance—a shout of frenzy—a cry of agony from Driffield—and we rushed in, and, at the risk of being run through, separated the combatants.

My friend had received a wound in his side, and the affair was over. Mentally, yet truly, did I thank God for the result. The doctor declared the puncture to be severe but not dangerous, and, with a lightened heart, I began to assist Driffield in his toilet.

In the mean time Sierminski and Flerton had with difficulty disarmed their man, who no sooner found himself free, than he rushed up to Driffield and began kissing and hugging him. The case was clear: the accomplished—the much-admired count had gone raving mad! and all parties now assisted in quieting him. This, with difficulty, we effected. But he insisted on returning in the same carriage with his dear friend Driffield. The doctor accompanied them.

RESULT.

The laws against duelling are most severe in Belgium. With great difficulty, and only through the intervention of our ambassador, Driffield escaped a long imprisonment. He refused to quarrel with me, though I bitterly reproached him with the trick he had put upon me. The wound, however, became daily more troublesome. Driffield was ordered to try the German baths. He did so, and now lies in a grave not far distant from the banks of the Rhine.

Count de Montfort was placed under restraint, but becoming worse, was confined in a *Maison de Santé*. Here he expired within twelve months, leaving a widow and a lovely daughter to mourn his loss.

Such were the consequences of this duel with swords.

JEFFERSON'S ROCK.

THE reader who knows anything of American scenery is doubtless aware that Harper's Ferry, apart from its extraordinary and varied historical associations, is one of the most remarkable places as regards beauty in the world. In Chas. A. Dana's "United States Illustrated"—the most interesting work on the picturesque in America ever written—the reader will find apropos of this assertion a truthful anecdote illustrating our remark. A father and daughter were observed some years ago in the gallery of the Art Union of Philadelphia, contemplating the most exquisite landscape in the collection. "I do not remember this landscape in our tour," remarked the lady, "and surely we visited every place of note upon the continent." "A Rhenish scene, I am quite confident," answered the father. The remark was not by any means absurd, for the scenery is indeed Rhine-like, though not inferior to any on the Rhine.

Among the many minor natural attractions of Harper's Ferry are the rocking stone—"almost Druidical in its shape and suggestions"—and the celebrated Jefferson's Rock, whose history is summed up in a few words, as one upon which President Jefferson once carved his name, and whose top was knocked off by the partisan blow of a certain federalist captain of artillery, who doubtless lived long enough to regret the action and join in naming the country in which Harper's Ferry is situated after the sage of Monticello." In our engraving the reader has an excellent view of the rock in question.

GENOA.—In passing through the streets at Genoa it is amusing to look at the culinary occupations going on in each, with the exception of the three principal ones. Nor is there aught disgusting in the process or in the odors exhaled; for the oil used in the *frituras* is of the pure olive, and the cooks are not only scrupulously clean in their dress, but the utensils they employ look equally so. Here the *polenta*, *polpetta* and *ravioli*, the three favorite dishes of Genoa, are prepared; and great is the demand for them and the avidity with which they are devoured. But not only are the national dishes thus cooked in the streets, but shops are in each, and ranged on the quays, in which the edibles of a more costly nature are to be procured, and where cutlets and capons, smoking hot, tempt by their savory odors the appetites of the passers-by. In the back of these shops are stoves, round which are placed all the necessary apparatus for cooking; and the proprietor, with one or two assistants, white-capped and aproned, with knife in belt, stand ready to boil, stew, fry or broil, according to the wish of their visitors. A portion of the shop is devoted to undressed dainties, which are seen peeping forth from green leaves and snowy napkins, waiting to be selected by some pedestrian epicure, who may see his dinner cooked and eat it on the spot, in a very short space of time. Men and women roll barrows through the streets, tiled with trays, on which various kinds of comestibles are disposed, and thus serve the inmates of the different artisans' houses, who are thus saved the trouble of cooking and the expense and heat of fires. The cleanliness of these people, as well as that of the articles on which the food is placed, precludes the disgust one might experience at beholding such a constant succession of eatables passing and repassing; and it is amusing to witness the eagerness with which their approach is hailed.



BEELZEBUB SEES HIMSELF IN A MIRROR.

THE DEVIL'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CONVERTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ANAIS SEGALAS.

BY MEISTER KARL.

"Oh, my dear, you are the very perfection of a man!"

It was to her husband that Celeste—and she was, indeed, a celestial beauty—addressed this endearing expression. With her eyes firmly fixed on him she contemplated him as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world, probably that of the Olympian Jupiter—or may be as an angel in a black frock coat, whose wings had, however, been clipped by the clergyman who officiated when they were married. Remember, however, that the sun rays which at that moment shone through the gold and crimson colored glass of the saloon, and fell in delicate rainbow light on the young couple, were in reality those of the honeymoon.

It was, Madame, my dear reader, you whose heart palpitates and cheeks flush with delicious memories of that happy period, the first quarter of that sweet waking dream, that blended rapture of tenderness and anticipation, of dainty peccadilloes and holy affection which follows the day of orange flowers and lace.

"Flatterer!" replied the angel, twisting up his little black moustache.

"But I see you as you really are, beloved—perfectly good, sweet—oh sweet as the angels in heaven—virtuous as one of Father Ravignan's sermons and poetic as the spring in all its glory. Oh—yon—DEAR!"

The young couple embraced passionately; pale with intense attraction they gazed into each other's dark eyes as if to exhaust by intensity the unutterable desires which their burning words had awakened, and after a fresh outburst of extravagant avowal abandoned themselves to renewed vows and poetic protestations of love. But after an hour poetry and protestation were exhausted, the sugar-plums were all eaten!

If Robert de Valigny had only been a senator, or banker, or lawyer, or even a clerk in a store, he would have left his wife to pass the day at his business. But he was rich, and not ambitious, and particularly indolent. So he remained by his wife, and the young couple, having nothing more to say, looked at each other tenderly till they were tired, and finally Celeste went and sat by the window and opened a volume of religious-poetic-allegoric diabolical legends.

It was an excellent dessert, Madame, after her late surfeit of sentiment—a sort of *pousse-café* after dinner—a forgetfulness-inducing draught. There is nothing like an interesting book after these domestic scenes, to get them out of your mind. Try it. Read for instance this story.

Celeste, with her rich brown-blond hair in wild confusion,

her cream-amber complexion, violet eyes of almond-shape, and above all with her Greek features and perfect form, looked like a true angel who has just realised the most exquisite thrills of earthly passions; while Robert, with his sharply-cut features, black hair and semi-Oriental Mephistophelean eyebrow, had very much the air of Robert the Devil—after a slight round of dissipation. Celeste was dreamy, poetic, sentimental and rather a foe to the realities of life, while Robert, accustomed to a free and easy bachelor life, was an accomplished voluptuary, whose literary opinions were limited to believing that a tragedy in five acts wasn't worth a dinner of two courses. Nature had made him a glutton, Paris had civilised him into an epicure.

When Robert found out that his wife adored the ethereal and ideal, he saw at once that he must conceal with all care his deadly sin of gluttony—but chase Nature out of an eating-house and she will return through a restaurant. So while Celeste floated in reverie over the works of great poets, Master Robert devoured the Divina Commedia of Francatelli, the Iliad of Ude, the Henriade of Carême, the Nibelungen of Kochmeister, the Paradise Regained of Gunter, the Macaronics of Soyer.

Therefore it was that Celeste—after the tender passage at arms described—opened a volume of legends, while Robert, sneaking into a corner, drew from his pocket and began to read by stealth *The Perfect Cook*.

All at once Celeste, whom her husband believed to be absorbed in reading, suddenly raised her Hebe head and asked, "What are you reading, darling?"

"What am I reading?" quoth Robert (who believed that he would be lost if he avowed his crime), "is—that is to say—I am reading what you would like to know interests me by its perusal. It is—that is to say—a little work—in book form."

"Poetry, dear, isn't it? I supposed so. Is it Victor Hugo or Byron?"

"Yes—that's it. It's Byron."

"Ah, I knew it—I knew that you, dearest, would choose our inspired poets whose souls are sisters to your soul—angel—divinity—ducky. Oh, how beautifully you must read, who do everything so much better than anybody else! How well you must read those verses! Oh, you are going to read Byron to me—ar'n't you, sweetest?"

The sweetest felt the cold perspiration gather on his forehead.

"Don't you think we'd better take a little walk?" he asked faintly.

"Nonsense. I insist on it—oh, you must, you must, you must!"

So all was up with the glutton, the liar, the sinner. The young may see from this moral tale how one vice leads to another. If Robert had breakfasted on a little mush and cold water, gone at once down town to his business and left his wife and *The Perfect Cook* alone, we should have seen none of the horrors which I have described. He had been married only eight days and wished to obey. He pretended he had lost the book, but Celeste pointed out to him the fact that it was in his pocket. So it became necessary to hunt for Byron in *The Perfect Cook*.

"Have you done turning over those leaves?" inquired the wife of her angel.

"Here I am!" cried Robert, who was raking out of his memory all the little of Byron which ever went into it. Here I am! It's from the *Corsair*, my apricot."

"Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's humblest roots"

(He was at the recipe for preparing potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*),

"And scarce the summer's luxury of fruits"

(Here he came to directions for stewing apples),

"His short repast in humbleness supply,"

(Recipe for *cotelettes de poulet aux truffes*),

"With all a hermit's board would scarce deny"

(*Ortolans à l'Italian*).

"But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense"

(Boiled beef in the German style, with stewed horse-radish),

"His mind seems nourished by that abstinence."

"How sweetly you read!" sighed Celeste. Robert re-echoed the sigh. He was out of Byron.

"I've got a little cold," said he, closing the book.

"Cold—nonsense! Why there is tenderness in every note of your voice."

There was no help for it—the book had to be opened again, while stammering out something he became confused, and without knowing what he was about, read aloud from the book:

"Kid steaks stewed with olives."

"What!" cried Celeste. At one bound like a panther she was by his side with glowing eyes, and snatched from him the book.

("What stupidity!" quoth Robert to himself.)

"And while I thought you were entertaining me, your were gratifying your vile *penchant* with *The Perfect Cook*!" cried his wife."

"Well, I was," exclaimed Robert firmly and desperately. "What would you have, little Celeste? Marriage is a community of faults. Pass me the kid steaks (when there are any on the cloth), and I'll pass you the *croquettes de riz* or *de volaille*



CELESTE READING POETRY TO ROBERT AFTER HIS REFORM.

or whatever they're made of. To tell the plain truth, I'm something of a high liver and an epicure.

"But—my—dearest," said Celeste in a tone of saddest despair, "perhaps—you might cure yourself of the fault!"

"*Ma foi!* No. Now that I have thrown aside the mask I'll be plain with you. There's no hope of me. I mean to give my favorite recipes to the cook; I shall teach you how to teach her, and when we are alone, instead of everlastingly talking poetry, we'll talk cookery. The most perfect of all the muses is The Domestic—no, that's too vulgar—I mean The Perfect Cook. She holds a sancepan for a lyre. Oh, if men must quote poetry let them say of me:

'Behold his breakfasts shine with reputation!
His diners are the wonder of the nation.'

Come, don't scold, my blonde seraph! I'm going at last to order a real good dinner!"

And like a wild bird set free, he tore off to the kitchen. Celeste fell almost lifeless on the sofa.

Oh, waking from love's young dream; oh, agony and despair! bitter disappointment—waves of joy ebbing from the sunny strand; all was over! This was the husband whom the tender soul

(Etcetera, etcetera. The reader will please supply, say a page and three-quarters from the first sensation novel, one by a lady to be preferred for obvious reasons).

She reposed on the *fauteuil*, her snow-white hand resting on the ebony *prie-dieu*, her exquisitely chiselled boots slumbering in graceful outline upon the velvet cushion brodered in orfèverie. The book of legends was still open, and her eyes rested mechanically on a strange and fearful story of the olden time. It was the dark and weird legend of The Devil's Looking-Glass! She read she scarce knew how (observe, reader, that I am still sticking to the regular old novel style, though the original French does'nt. If Mlle. Anaïs Segalas ever sees this translation of her little moral tale, she'll open her eyes, I fancy). Yes, the fair Celeste read the first lines, when at once a wild inspiration flashed like tri-colored lightning, doubly startling, through the midnight of her despair. Came it from heaven—*ou de l'enfer*? With a smile on her lips and hope in her heart, she read the following legend:

"Beelzebub, fly-god of Old Babylon, became a sedentary fiend, and for ages remained under the paternal and infernal roof, dwelling quietly in his house of red and black. (This is in the original. "*Sa maison rouge et noir*"—you see, don't you, Madame, why gambling-houses are called "hells;" excuse the word!) He passed his evenings pleasantly enough, however, chatting with Voltaire, playing chess with Montaigne, drinking aquafortis with Calvin, reading Boker's plays and poems, telling stories with Peter Aretine, quoting the young England and young English poets to the little devils when they were naughty, and giving them Lamartine and Tupper for medicine (treacle and brimstone has no effect down there). Over and above this when his wife was absent he flirted with Christina of Sweden, Ninon of Paris, Messalina of Boston, Aurora Koningsmarke of New York, and a vast array of other ladies, who at present board in his hotel. So he sat of evenings by the corner of the fire, in his old easy chair, coloring his meerschaum, and had quite forgotten when the foreign steamers were due or the hours of the railway trains. But one day a gentleman who was behind hand in his accounts and had achieved a vast bankruptcy, or stealure, arrived. He had been travelling immensely in Belgium, and talked a great deal—so much as to awaken in his host a fancy to rush forth into the world. Of course he began with Paris, where a part of his family had long resided—his Father of Lies, his brother Mephistopheles, returned some time before from the German universities, and his wooden-legged nephew, Asmodeus; with a parcel of American country cousins, rapping spirits, good fellows as ever drew a cork, but sadly poor devils, who at a pinch helped in two-shilling shows.

"No sooner had he arrived in Paris, than Beelzebub went to the Stock Exchange, where, as he had been informed, his father was to be found at all hours. But imagine the amazement of Beelzebub to find that wherever he went his appearance excited roars of laughter. Now Beelzebub could believe himself to be good-looking. He had been very successful among the ladies *chez lui*,

and supposed himself an infernalesque Adonis—for there are no mirrors in his place.

"His cousin, the fair Ashtaroth, who was walking with him, saw with woman's tact where the trouble was, and led him with a Yankee devil into a picture framer's store. Here in a splendid mirror Beelzebub saw himself at full length and uttered a deep grating roar of tremendous amazement and fury. Nay, there was even horror in the cry. He saw himself with eyes darting lightnings, his every expression intensely diabolical, his beard singed with fires, the whole expressing uncivilisation and ferocity.

"He went quietly home, trimmed his beard, subdued his wild outbursts; and became charming, fashionable, elegant—for he had cured himself of the sins which had been revealed to him by The Devil's Looking-Glass."

"And I too," said Celeste, "I will cure my husband by reproducing faithfully as in a mirror his faults."

And smiling as she caught a view of her beautiful eyes in the Psyche opposite, she murmured:

"I, too, will be a Devil's Looking-Glass."

I believe, Madame, that none of your sex ever determined to become a reflector without freely and completely fulfilling the intention. Probably Anaïs Segalas, when she wrote this very story, knew this. There is a deep mystery unknown to man in the ties which identify woman with a mirror. The oldest type of Venus—the primæval Egyptian—represents her with one. According to Artemidorus it is the symbol of life, and woman the source of life. I believe that the poet Mat Prior has somewhere hit on something like a solution of the mystery—but I must stop here, or I shall say too much, and am, moreover, in a hurry to be with the delicious Celeste.

"Well, my friend," said she to Robert, as he re-entered the room (French ladies call their husbands "friends"), "have you ordered a fine dinner, a truly artistic one, piquant, nourishing, cherishing?"

"It seems to interest you all of a sudden."

"Interest me! Darling, didn't you say that marriage is the community of faults? The fact is, that if I have one fault greater than another, Robert, it is of being a little glutton. I know it—I'm ashamed of it; and when I heard you avow the same fault, why it vexed me, just as it always does to see our faults reflected in others. But, on reflection, I've concluded to make common cause with you, and live a delightful epicurean life. Oh! beloved, how we will eat—how we'll stuff and cram! What suppers, what dinners, what breakfasts! What living, and oh, what love!"

And she cast herself lazily on the sofa, *whis-sp-ing* with her lips in that watery, appetizing manner, and rolling up her eyes and glancing at Robert, as if all the joys conceivable consisted merely of eating and digestion.

"Why, this is queer," said Robert, with a faint sensation of discontent, "you, so gentle, so poetic—for, without flattery, I must admit that I could not have chosen a more charming little wife—"

"Did you order an eel pie, with mushrooms? I adore them!"

"By and by," exclaimed Robert, impatiently. "You know, Celeste, that I have vowed to eternally devote to you a tenderness—"

"With mashed potatoes—"

"Oh, do stop with your dinner!" cried Robert, impatiently. "I told you that I had vowed eternal tenderness. I shall never forget our first meeting; it is a memory full of exquisite emotions—"

"And mustard."

"Ma 'a 'am!" exclaimed Robert. (I'm wrong, reader—he said MADAME—in small capitals. But this is the bore of translation—you are always getting hold of words which don't work well into English; for which reason we should follow Sir Thomas Urquhart's plan with Rabelais, and steer as wide of the original as possible.)

"Ma 'a 'am!" exclaimed Robert, "what is the use of mixing up my love with your mustard in this aggravating way? Do you know that you have been answering very singularly to my loving efforts? One would say that you hadn't felt one of my manifestations of attachment. But your love is mine (warming

up again), isn't it? What with a thousand little tendernesses and every care, I shall preserve it for ever."

"Like fruits with plenty of sugar. Talking of preserving, I have a really adorable recipe for apple jelly."

"Ah!—this is detestable!" cried Robert. "Conversation is impossible. There will be no more of those tender interviews which make married life so delicious and constitute its sweetest—"

"Marianne!" cried Celeste, without listening to her husband, and running after the cook, whom she saw crossing the next room, "are the pies ready?"

And she arose and ran away like a young grayhound. She returned in a few minutes with an enormous cut of hot pie in one hand, devouring it with a rapture and avidity which completely unpoetised her in the eyes of her husband.

"Go on, dear," she said. "You were saying something about your affection. Oh! how nice this pie is."

"Ma—A—AM!" exclaimed Robert, fairly enraged—"a husband's sacred duty is to speak the truth to his wife. You seem ugly enough, ma'am, to frighten the d— when you talk in that manner, with your mouth crammed with a great wedge of pie—why, it is perfectly disgusting!"

"There's the first insolent speech you've made since we were married."

"Well, and this is the first fault I've found in you."

"Well, I have a terrible appetite; it is a weakness of mine."

"But, ma'am," replied Robert, "you must know that I only love delicate and aerial women. That's what I chose you for. And now you'll grow fat!"

"And after all, sir, what if I do, if I have a fancy for it?"

"But I insist upon it that you shan't grow fat!" cried Robert, stamping on the floor in a rage.

"I have a right to," replied Celeste: "the Civil Code, section Marriage, has nothing to the contrary. It isn't a ground for separation."

"Come, Celeste," exclaimed Robert, tendering down, "it would be cruel if disenchantment should begin eight days after the wedding. If you want to please me, avoid this everlasting conversation of the vulgar kitchen—it's horribly *bourgeois*. And do get rid of your gluttony. It's a vulgar fault, my love: repulsive, hideous!"

Here Robert had mounted the horse of eloquence and gave him rein.

"It is a prosaic, brutal vice," he continued, "wanting the romantic fascination which in some form or another gilds every other crime. It chased Adam from his terrestrial paradise—it will chase me yet from mine."

"Re-ally! And yet you cultivate it, this prosaic, atrocious, vulgar and villainous vice! Well, if you don't like it, I will reform; but then pray don't you yourself lay temptation and obstacles in my way, *Roberto, tu ch'adoro*. If you keep talking to me all the time of the exquisite recipes in your Perfect Cook—why—*dame!*—you make the water come into my mouth—and—why I can't help yielding sometimes."

"The Perfect Cook!" cried Robert, his eyes suddenly opening; "the cause of our first quarrel! By Jove, here it goes, into the fire, to which it has in its time condemned so many innocent *poultices!*"

And, like a good fellow, Robert slung The Perfect Cook into the centre of the coals. It blazed, twisted up its covers in agony, like a Huguenot or a Servetus kicking at the stake, and finally departed on the wings of flames material to those aerial regions devoted to the souls of Perfect Cooks.

The quarrel was over, and the harmony of the morning completely re-established. Robert read elegies and performed amiabilities to perfection. Finally, Celeste, looking up in rapture, with moistened eyes and blushing cheeks, exclaimed:

"Oh, my friend! you are the most perfect of men!"

THE MAKOUA—A STORY OF THE COAST OF MADRAS.

BY C. RUSSELL.

In a little village in the environs of Madras lives one of those workers in clay who are named *cossevers* on the Coromandel Coast. He was happy in his employment and proud of his caste, as well as of his daughter, who was renowned for her skill in moulding the small clay horses, which the superstitious inhabitants hang in their trees and fields as the protecting gods of their harvests.

As they were working one day a paria fisherman of the tribe of Makouas, a young man of good appearance, advanced towards them, holding some fish in his hand, without speaking, and in the submissive attitude of one who feels the inferiority of his caste.

"Go on thy way, Makoua," said the old potter, "our provisions are bought for to-day."

The fisherman approached Palaca, who shook her head negatively, and turned away from the glances of the young man.

"How much do you ask for this little horse?" said he timidly, pointing to the one on which Palaca was at work.

The cossever turned round hastily: "And what would you do with it, Makoua? Have you a field to protect against evil spirits?"

The question disconcerted the poor Makoua; bowing with humility he went sadly and slowly away, hid himself behind a cocoa-nut tree and watched the young girl with admiration, mingled with respect.

"Palaca," said the old man, "it seems to me that that Makoua is often wandering about here; was he not passing yesterday?"

"Perhaps; I have not noticed; so many people come by here."

"And what could he want with that horse? Is it for such people I have learnt my trade? The cossevers take rank above laborers and shepherds; they have already given kings to Massour. Without us the Brahmins could not perform their ablutions, and the mother scarcely cook her rice." Then suddenly perceiving the Makoua at the bottom of the garden, he cried—"Ha! Makoua! the rook and the kite do not perch on the same branch. Go and sleep at a distance if you are tired, and do not show yourself so soon again here."

The fisherman did not wait for another dismissal. By night-fall he had sold his fish, and re-entering Madras met his brother, a fisherman like himself, in a large square, filled with populace, who were watching the performance of a juggler, who had taught a goat to play some tricks, and, in its own way, answer the questions of its master. It must be remembered that the Hindoos hold all animals in superstitious veneration, which is no doubt increased by their belief in the transmigration of souls; hence, more than one of those present stood in amazement, having a firm opinion that a divinity was concealed under the form of a quadruped.

His master pocketing in the crowd a rich banian with a white turban, whose pocket seemed to be well lined, wished to make a direct appeal to his generosity.

"Tell us, Nandi," said he pushing the animal towards the banian, "who is the person whom the gods honor with their special favor? and who will enjoy riches and happiness in this life and the next?"

The little animal set off at a trot; but the banian, guessing the intention, beat a retreat, his place being filled up by the Makouas. Nandi, unobservant of the change, stopped before Bettalon, the elder, and shook his horns.

"What, Nandi!" cried his disappointed master, "are you quite sure that this young man is the friend of the gods?"

Tired of his work, the wise animal obstinately replied in the affirmative to all his master's questions.

"Be attentive, Nandi," said the juggler: "is it really to this man you promise happiness?" "Yes." "Well, then, what have you for his companion, who would share in his prosperity I am sure; for he has a sorrowful air, poor young man? What do you promise him? Crosses? misfortunes? Ah! fisherman, I pity you; for Nandi is never deceived!"

All the lookers-on burst into a laugh and turned to look

"TAKE A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU."—This advice, which is now only given in a figurative sense, by "take a cool draught of ale in the morning after an excess over night," was given and taken seriously and practically by our forefathers. In an old recipe book, dated 1670, I find it written, "Take a hair from the dog that bit you, dry it, put it into the wound, and it will heal it, be it never so sore."—*Notes and Queries*.

Dindigal, the young Makoua, who tried to conceal his vexation, and walked away with his brother (each differently impressed by what they had heard) towards their cabin on the sea-shore. The whole native population of Madras turn out at this hour from their stifling homes, to enjoy the open air—men, women and children, which the march of ages has scarcely altered, crowd the pagodas, bazaars, streets and squares like a cloud of insects. The two poor Makouas did not shine in the midst of this crowd; the bayaderes addressed no word to them; the palanquin-bearers shrugged their shoulders with a gesture of contempt, as they passed. The elder, pre-occupied with his happy future, walked away upright and careless; the younger followed with shorter steps, ashamed and irritated, like a gambler whom fortune has neglected.

As they were passing down a street, their progress was barred by the marriage-procession of two Brahmin families, dressed up like idols, and wearing their fine jewels.

"The Brahmins are like elephants," said Dindigal, with lowering brow; "wherever they go, they fill up the road!"

"We shall escape them if we go up the next street," replied Bettalon: "be quick."

Here, however, they were not fortunate; for a troop of great apes (established in the streets of Madras, and held in veneration by the Hindoos) set upon them with their horrid contortions and jabbering, the leader at length tearing up a tile and throwing it in the fisherman's face. Dindigal's anger, long smothered, broke out, and expressed itself by those violent apostrophes which the people of India address to the elements, animals and idols. But such invectives, directed against a sacred animal sheltered under a Brahmin's roof, excited the murmurs of the crowd, who were preparing to take part against Dindigal, had not his brother dragged him away; and, frightened at his own audacity, he ran home at the top of his speed.

"You are mad," said Bettalon to him; "why do you rouse these high-caste people, who look upon us as dogs?"

"Everybody feels the same to me; men repulse me; the gods and beasts insult and menace me!"

"You draw misfortunes on yourself," replied Bettalon.

"What matters it to you, if you are to be happier?" retorted Dindigal. "What destiny wills is graven on stone, and no one can efface it."

They laid down to rest; but Dindigal courted sleep in vain. From the day when he had first seen Palaca (his miserable condition as a paria preventing the demand of her hand), deep grief had settled on his mind; he felt a secret envy of all above him in rank, and jealous of his brother even, whose merry, equable temper supported him through the trials of life. In the morning, before the sun appeared on the horizon, Bettalon awoke, refreshed and ready for work.

"The sky is red, Dindigal," said he; "let us go. There is no wind: it is a fine day for fishing."

"Go, if you will; I have heard a jackal howling on my left side (a sign of bad omen); I shall not go to-day."

"You are growing a greater coward than a woman, and idler than a fakir," replied Bettalon. "At least you will help me to launch my *catamaran*."

Dindigal obeyed with a very bad grace, and then, seating himself on the shore, threw his disheartened glances over the calm waves, and followed instinctively his brother's movements, who, from time to time, held up the fish he caught towards him.

"The fishing is always good if I stay on land," and, giving way to his spite, he concealed himself in his cabin, discontented with himself and everybody else.

Towards noon, all the fishermen made their way to shore; the clouds on the horizon and the deep silence of the waters betokened a storm. In the evening it burst forth; torrents of rain and gusts of wind tore off the roofs of the houses, bent the cocoa-nut trees into an arch; mountains of foam beat on the shore; whilst the lightning playing through the deep obscurity threw its electric light into the midst of this chaos. Day broke on scenes of desolation. The hut of the Makouas had, like all those made of bamboo, entirely disappeared, and, wet to the skin, the brothers waited impatiently for the rising of the sun.

"It is well that the fishing was prosperous yesterday; we cannot venture out for the next three days," said Bettalon.

"We are ruined! The tempest has driven our cabin to the four corners of the earth," replied Dindigal.

"Who possesses nothing is never ruined. There are plenty of palm-leaves around us, and before evening we shall have a new house; and then the sea may bring us some rich treasure."

"Of nails and rotten planks," replied Dindigal.

"Who knows? In nights like these the sea often restores what it has long concealed."

Their hut was soon repaired, and about noonday Dindigal disappeared, and went straight to the cossever's garden, which the storm had not respected. Palaca was endeavoring to cut a trench, that the water spread over her flower-beds might run off; Dindigal passed her furtively, and, kneeling down, soon hollowed out a deep channel, drying the pools which stood in the garden.

"Oh! father," cried Palaca, "come and look; the mischief is not so great as we thought. Nothing is uprooted."

"Child," replied the old man, "everything is saved because your flowers have not perished! You have taken a laborer to help you, I see."

"Did you not send him, father!"

"No; I have plenty about my house. Here, young man! all work deserves wages; but he who works without being told runs the risk of losing his."

"I ask for nothing," replied Dindigal, calmly.

"Perhaps," said the cossever to his daughter, "he is some robber. Send him away."

"He looks very inoffensive; he may not be in his right mind."

"Young man," cried the cossever, "I have no need of your help."

Dindigal remained motionless, as if an irresistible force chained him to Palaca. She recognized him, whilst her father was still in ignorance of his identity with the fisherman.

"Must I tell you again to go?" said the potter, impatiently.

"Certainly you were right, Palaca; the man is mad."

On hearing these words, Dindigal bounded out of the garden like a wounded stag, choked with shame, and furious at the idea that Palaca thought him mad; but soon, overcome with an anguish he could not conquer, he burst into a torrent of tears. Night coming on, he regained his cabin, where his brother, walking among the debris of the shore, was picking up trifles that might be turned to account; bits of rope and broken planks. By the light of the stars he perceived a round black box, about the size of a watch, which seemed to have been long under the waves. He was trying to open it, when he heard steps, and hid it in his belt, fearing the presence of a stranger. It was, however, his own brother. They were soon under their own roof.

"We must light our fire to cook our supper," said Bettalon; "I have brought a handkerchief full of provisions—rice, pimento, pepper, salt. Have you a good appetite this evening?"

"Not much," replied Dindigal; "I feel feverish."

"Bah!" said Bettalon, shrugging his shoulders, "you are ill—in fancy, that is all. Light the lamp; there is oil for a quarter of an hour; it is more than we shall want."

The match applied to the wick in cocoa-nut oil gave much smoke and little light. Bettalon laid his hand on his brother's shoulder; then drawing the little box from the folds of his belt, he said, with solemnity:

"See! Raise your eyes! Will you share in my evening's good luck?"

"You are always fortunate," replied Dindigal, in a low tone.

"We have to see that."

With difficulty he forced open the lid, uttered a cry of delight, and by the expiring lamp a magnificent diamond ring glittered before their eyes. The next moment they were left in darkness, and Bettalon, clasping his treasure as if he feared it would disappear, carefully replaced it in the box, and again in his waistband.

"How much will a jeweller give you for it?" asked Dindigal.

"Who knows? Twenty or thirty thousand rupees. It is a fortune for us."

"With such a sum," continued Dindigal, "I need not row my *catamaran* any more. I shall be rich enough to be drawn in a little car by two bullocks, like the great banians of the

basar. They will never say to me again; "Go thy way, vile Makoua, poor fool!"

"You are always dreaming of idleness," said Bettalon; "for me, I will buy a fine ship, and trade in all the ports from Ceylon to Masulipatam. My capital will be doubled when you have spent your last cowry; come rather with me!"

"Always to obey, and never command," murmured Dindigal. "That has lasted too long for me; I wish to be my own master."

No reply was made; and each, stretching himself on his mat, prepared for sleep.

Their conversation had, alas! been overheard. A vagabond of the caste of *kallabantrons* (thieves by profession), concealed behind the cabin, had seen the fine diamond sparkle, and began to reconnoitre how he could best make the treasure his own. When certain that they were asleep, he crept like a serpent to Bettalon's side, and began searching about his person, with the utmost delicacy of touch, for the box, which he found, and disappeared immediately, carrying away with him the fine dreams with which the poor fishermen had nursed themselves to sleep. On awaking, Bettalon's first thought was to look at the box, and passed his hand into the folds of his dress. "It is very odd," said he; "the box must have slipped under the mat whilst I slept. Dindigal, help me to seek it."

The latter threw an angry and contemptuous glance at his brother, turned over the mat, and scratched in the sand. "To make me seek for what you would never be so foolish as to lose," retorted he. "I am not the dupe of your jugglery!"

"We have been robbed!" cried Bettalon, tearing his hair; "we have been robbed! The diamond, the box, all has disappeared!"

"Yes, I am robbed of my share of fifteen thousand rupees—that is very likely! Robbers do not come to the huts of parias or Makouas."

"They have robbed us!" cried Bettalon again, "or I dreamed that I found a magnificent diamond yesterday!"

"You dreamed you promised me half, and this morning would make me believe that it is lost!"

Oh! have you taken it?" said Bettalon, seizing his brother's arm; "if it were you! Since you accuse me of wishing to deceive you, perhaps you are yourself capable of such an act? Answer me in all frankness; have you been tempted with this diamond? Have you thought, 'With this money I can marry some beautiful girl in the neighborhood?' I have courage; I love work; my catamaron is enough for a livelihood. Tell me, my brother, have you taken it? Do you wish for more than half? Only, I beseech you, tell me where it is."

Saying so, Bettalon passed his arm round his brother's neck and awaited his answer; but the exasperated Dindigal repulsed him. "Liar and thief! where is the jewel you had whilst you slept? I will live no longer with you. I shall re-appear some day, and you shall not enjoy in peace the fruit of your lies."

"Go," said Bettalon, "the door is open. You will return and knock at it some day to beg a handful of rice."

"Never!" cried the younger brother. "Never!"

And he darted out of the hut. Bettalon marked his path across the sand with sadness, turning his back on the poor home where they had lived in peace so many years. A treasure possessed for a few moments had, then, broken for ever the ties of nature and affection; and in disappearing from the cabin which it had lighted up with its splendor, the diamond had left in the hearts of the two Makouas a mutual distrust, founded on one of those ineffaceable suspicions which hindered two friends—brothers even—from drawing together again. The Hindoo poet understood human nature well when he said:

Who has the power to restore firmness to an affection that distrust has broken?

Can a little shell-lac unite a pearl which has been broken?

The tempest which had ravaged the coast of Madras had not spared the thousands of little clay horses placed in the fields to protect the harvest. From all sides the laborers ran to the old cossever for new ones. For more than a month Palaca and her father were busily engaged, and the receipts were excellent. When the demand ceased, the cossever thought he would restore to the gods a part of the money that the credulity of the peasants had given him.

"Palaca," said he, one day, "I have worked a long time; I

am growing old, and you are grown up; it is time we made a pilgrimage to the banks of the Ganges."

"I will accompany you, my father; your wishes are commands for me."

"Will you not be glad to bathe in the waters which purify from all sin?"

Palaca glanced at her garden, blooming with flowers. "My father," said she, in a low voice, "I am so happy here!"

"Well, we shall return," replied the old potter. "You may believe that, I, too, feel some regret at departing. I love to mould my clay, and turn my wheel. But I have made a vow to see the Ganges, and distribute some hundreds of rupees to the pilgrims on its banks. Besides, the pilgrimage will give me a name in this neighborhood, and business will prosper better than ever on our return."

"And when shall we set out?" asked Palaca.

"As soon as you are ready, my child; to-morrow, if possible. I shall go by land, and join a convoy of carriages, which will pass through shortly."

The Hindoos are not long in making their preparations. The following day the hut was closed; the potter's wheel had disappeared from the garden; perfect silence reigned around the deserted home, and all the neighbors were aware that the cossever had gone on a pilgrimage.

One evening, Dindigal, leaving the port, ventured towards the well-known spot; neither the old man's harshness nor the daughter's indifference could banish her from his memory. Since his quarrel with his brother he had become more and more violent, sometimes working with ardor, sometimes lying on the shore in idleness. His companions thought that a spell had been thrown on him. He had given up fishing, and now carried letters on his catamaron (a kind of raft) to ships in the road, or accompanied the boats which brought passengers to shore. When the wind is high, the waves on the bar of the port of Madras are so dangerous, that in case of accident to the boats, the rowers of the catamarons (always excellent swimmers) keep in readiness to seize those who are carried off by the waves, and save them from death. Such was Dindigal's occupation since he had renounced the quieter one of a fisherman. As may be anticipated, he found the garden desolate, and meeting a young child, he asked, "Does the cossever not live here now?"

"Where do you come from?" was the reply. "Do you not know he is gone?"

"Gone!" cried Dindigal.

"Yes, gone on a pilgrimage, like all people of good caste. And he wrote on the sand the sacred name of Ganges."

"But he will return?"

"He will return if the gods please. Who knows the future!"

Dindigal entered the garden; he saw the flowers running wild, or drooping for want of water. He set about to release the branches of the bananas from the enveloping creepers, and dug up the earth at the roots of the bananas, which were just showing their green tuft of leaves. The work seemed to inspire him, and night by night he returned, until the neighbors were convinced that a beneficent genii, a friend to the cossever, took care of his home whilst he fulfilled his vow.

As soon as the day broke Dindigal lost his serenity, and went back to the shore. He then thought with bitterness of the jewel he believed his brother to have hidden. Never since their separation had he approached the hut, but waited for the moment when Bettalon, enriched by the sale of the precious diamond, should betray his condition by changing his way of life. On the other side, Bettalon, angry at first, was weary in a few weeks of not seeing his brother. A young cousin assisted him actively in his work, which was wonderfully profitable, and his savings increased. He said to himself, "The little goat prophesied that I should be rich, and I am so now. As to prosperity, that is mine too, for I want for nothing. Every man assists his own destiny."

At these moments of calm and repose he forgave his brother, and looked anxiously towards the port to see if he were not coming home again.

One Sunday morning, when work had ceased on board the ships at anchor in the harbor, Dindigal, sadly gazing on the

sea, discovered a sail which was making for Madras, and signed to a companion to prepare to go out.

"That sail," said an old boatman, "brings us no Englishman to land; it must be some native boat from the Bay of Bengal."

"True," replied Dindigal, "who knows? there may be some rich banian on board!"

"Who will have to swallow some salt water in passing the bar, and then you will get from him a dozen rupees—eh? The sea is high enough this morning to try our luck."

A boat with eight rowers set off, and Dindigal, accompanied by a skilful rower, followed with a catamaran. When the ship came to anchor, two passengers only appeared on deck—the potter and his daughter. When Dindigal's eyes fell on them, he could scarcely suppress an exclamation.

"Ah," said his companion, "the old man seems to be returning from a pilgrimage; he is in the dress of a devotee, his arms and breast covered with ashes. It is a pity he took so much pains, for in a few moments the waves will have washed him from head to foot!"

The potter was truly in the pilgrim's garb—his hair plaited, the triple stick in his hand, and a beatified expression in his face. He had, indeed, meditated so much upon the universal soul spread among all creatures, that he could not tear himself from contemplation. Palaca, on the contrary, had lost all her childishness. Her arms and legs were loaded with bracelets, and rings which tinkled as she walked. Her features, still regular, were more firm. The Makoua's face was the first she recognized, and she smiled involuntarily. Dindigal, bowing as to an idol, pointed to the little yellow flag which floated on shore.

"Poor madman!" thought she, "he is pleased to see that rag waving." Then addressing him, "It is very pretty; the Makoua would like to make a turban of it!"

"The sea is rising," replied Dindigal: "that flag forbids boats to leave the shore and recalls those which are out. It is time to embark."

Palaca did not listen to the reply, nor would she have understood it, fancying that all danger was over when in sight of land. However, she and her father descended quickly into the boat, Dindigal following close at hand. Nearing the bar, the boat, carried by the violence of the waves, bounded over the foaming crest, then plunged into the hollow furrow; a second struck the poop and inundated it from end to end. The skiff recovered itself with some difficulty; and the old potter, recalled to the reality of existence by this unexpected bath, rose terrified, with haggard eyes and outstretched arms. He sought his daughter, whom the wave had swept overboard! She was, however, saved. Agile as a dolphin, Dindigal struck out for the young girl, who still floated, supported by her dress. He raised her over his shoulder, and thus rejoined his raft.

"My daughter! where is my daughter?" cried the old father. "A hundred rupees to him who restores my child! Do you see her?"

"Keep quiet," said the captain, coldly; "they will find her for you."

As he spoke, a wave pushed the boat, half-filled with water, on shore. At some distance Dindigal, kneeling on his catamaran, supported the fainting Palaca in his arms. She opened her eyes and saw with terror the Makoua leaning over her; at the same moment she made a movement as if to escape. He shuddered as one waking from a dream. His low caste—that distinction which is the curse of India—had inspired the girl with disgust. In deep sorrow he carried her on shore and disappeared in the crowd!

"Stop!" cried his companion; "the old man promised a hundred rupees. You must not let him go, especially when he has got his daughter."

"You will see them again," replied Dindigal. "What can you ask of them in their present situation?"

"The old man's head seems to be turned, it is true; he cannot stand steady. Let them go."

The accident brought a crowd on to the shore. A merchant friend received the potter and his daughter. The latter recovered from her emotion, and tranquillity re-entered the heart of the former. He immediately sent the money down to be divided between the two rowers.

Bettalon, who had joined a group of boatmen, heard what had happened, and it seemed to him a good opportunity to attempt a reconciliation. A good action must dispose Dindigal's heart to softer sentiments. He found him standing apart, his arms folded, his head hanging in the attitude of a despairing man.

"My brother," said Bettalon, holding out his hand, "you have been fortunate to-day!"

"Leave me alone," replied Dindigal. "What do you want?"

"I am weary of never seeing you; let bygones be bygones: I will think no more of it. Give me your hand." Dindigal let him take it rather than gave it. "Raise your head," said he, "and look at me. Do you find it pleasant to live among people who are nothing to you, and who do not love you?"

"No one loves me; I know that well," replied Dindigal. Ah! if you had given me my share of the diamond—"

"Did I keep it myself?" asked Bettalon. "Have I changed my condition, left my hut, or ceased to work? The jewel disappeared like a dream, and, having held it for a few hours, I remain, as ever, a poor Makoua!"

"And I, too, have had an inestimable jewel in my arms, which has flown away!" murmured Dindigal. Then, after a moment's silence—"A dog is but a dog if he hang a lion's mane on his neck—no one fears him. A Makoua, covered with gold, cannot efface the fatal mark on his brow."

He walked away to the place where the cossever and his daughter were mounting a low car to convey them home. A dozen porters were quarrelling who should take the luggage. Dindigal advanced resolutely among them, attached the two boxes to the extremities of a bamboo-stem, and, balancing them over his shoulder, followed the car.

"At length we are on land, and in an hour we shall see our home," said the potter. "To-morrow I shall begin to work again!"

"And my poor flowers," replied Palaca, "how the sun will have withered them! I long to see them again!"

"Flowers spring and die in a week; but it will require more time than that to regain what I have spent this morning. We should have been wiser to return by land. I was sadly frightened about you, Palaca! That Makoua was very ready to fish you up again; such people are more like fishes than men!"

When the car had nearly reached the village, Dindigal hastened forward to arrive the first: he laid his burthen down on the threshold, and leaned against the wall with folded arms. Palaca perceived him as she jumped down: a cry of fear escaped her, and she seized her father's arm.

"Ah!" said the cossever, "I knew the joy of returning would cause you much emotion. Why all is fresh here! You would fancy we had only gone yesterday!" Palaca stepped into the garden. She saw the soil irrigated, and her flowers tended by an unknown hand. There was a mystery about it that made her uneasy; she would rather have seen it overgrown by parasites. "You see the gods watch over those who make a pilgrimage. But I am forgetting to pay the porter. Come here, Makoua."

"What do you wish?" asked Dindigal, his hands on his forehead.

"To pay you for your journey, my boy."

"Keep your money! I restore you the fifty rupees you gave me this morning."

And he threw them at the old man's feet.

"Look, Palaca, your eyes are better than mine—this must be the madman we found here once before!"

"Yes," replied Dindigal; "I am the fool who saved your daughter this morning! and she feared me more than the wave that would have swallowed her up! I am really a fool, for I have passed many nights in cultivating this garden, to please her; and now she is frightened to see it in such good condition! I am a fool when I go from hence, and a fool when I return! Palaca, what have I done that you treat me so harshly? You tremble before me as before an evil beast! yet I have adored you at a distance, and not dared to kiss the trace of your footsteps!" Palaca concealed herself behind her father, who could not understand the impassioned language of the Makoua. "It is not for the sake of your money," continued Dindigal, impetuously. "It is not your fault if the gods, who

have made you so lovely, have created in me so abject a position! I have no right to you; fear not: the raven will not scare the white swan!" As if moved and attracted by his last words, Palaca cast a look of sad pity on the unhappy young man, and burst into tears. "No, no," said Dindigal, "do not shed tears; rather rejoice. Smile on these flowers, on your father, on the youth which sparkles in your features!"

Saying these words, he knelt in the dust: then rising precipitately, went away.

"Listen, fisherman," said the old potter. "It is no doubt in expiation of some great fault, committed in a previous condition, that you have been condemned to live under the form of a Makoua. If you will perform some good works, you will rise again in a higher position."

To this consoling observation Dindigal sadly shook his head, and walked away to the edge of the plantation. Imbued with the doctrine of successive births, the Hindoo, when he suffers, looks joyfully on death; and Dindigal, weary of struggling against his lot, drew his knife from his waistband, and sought some quiet nook to terminate his existence. At this moment his brother, who had followed his traces, seized his arm.

"What are you going to do? Dindigal, whom will you kill?"

"Myself! A blow with this knife, and I shall no longer be a Makoua."

"And you will become something worse, perhaps. There are viler things than parias. Come this way."

He led him to a tuft of bamboos, and, lying on the ground, was a wretched being nearly naked, with a large wound in his breast, evidently in the last agonies. With a dying effort he turned away his head, as if to conceal his agony from the Makouas.

"Would you be in this man's place?" asked Bettalon. "The birds of prey are impatient to devour him, and to-night the jackals will dispute over the remains."

Dindigal turned away with horror. Life, which a moment before he had despised, seemed less insupportable in the face of such a death. The man gave his last dying struggle; a piece of red cotton tied round his forehead came unloose: Bettalon saw the little box which he had found on the seashore roll out of it; he seized it with avidity. "This time," he cried, "I shall know how to keep it: but no—you take it, Dindigal. You see, now, that there are men more degraded than ourselves. Had you reappeared in the world in the form of a thief, what would you have gained by leaving it? Let us go, my brother; the companions of this fellow will be coming to seek him." Dindigal followed his brother, and the two Makouas were once more reunited under the same roof. "Let us see," said Bettalon, "what are our possessions? I have two hundred rupees buried in the sand; to-morrow we will sell the diamond. You shall take your share and live wherever you will. Do you not wish to be your own master?"

"Where do you wish me to go?" replied Dindigal.

The elder turned kindly to his younger brother, who cast down his eyes. There was a moment's silence, during which these two miserable fishermen, attracted by the current of brotherly love, felt all the sweetness of a sincere reconciliation. At this moment they had no cause for envying any one.

"If you will bear with me near you, Bettalon, I will never leave," said Dindigal. "I am weary of being so far from you."

"You are sure, now, that I did not wrong you?"

"Yes, I am sure, and I ought to have believed your word. I was jealous, furious, at finding myself in so low a position; and it is a misfortune for which I can never be consoled."

"It is true," replied Bettalon, "we are parias, and that thought may sometimes cause us sorrow: but grief has rendered you unjust. We sometimes have days as stormy as the sea, when the wind lashes it into fury. I, too, have had my suspicions, but they gave me so much suffering, I could not keep them long. You feel, then, that I love you, my poor brother?"

"Yes, yes, you only in the whole world love me. Lead me where you will, far away from here. Guide me like a child, and I will obey your wishes."

"In that case," said Bettalon, smiling, with a tear in his eye, "let us buy a coasting-boat; we shall see the country, and become so rich that no one will remember whence we come."

The old cossever was not long in marrying Palaca to a man

of his own caste, who took her away to the neighborhood of Arcot; and she left the garden she had formerly loved so much with less regret than she could have imagined possible.

Bettalon made the purchase he so much desired. Sometimes, in the soft evening breeze, Dindigal fell into dark dreams and bitter remembrances: then his brother would say, "It is pleasant this evening; let us sing some stanzas in honor of the God of Ocean, who sends these land-breezes full of sweet odors."

And as their voices united in harmony, serenity was again restored to the younger of the Makouas.

DEATH AND SLEEP.—The Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death walked the earth in a brotherly embrace. It was evening. They laid them down on a hill not far distant from the habitations of men. A melancholy stillness reigned around, whilst the vesper-bell sounded in the distance. The night drew on and found the beneficent genii conversing sadly and sweetly (as is their wont) clasped in each other's arms; when the Angel of Sleep arose from his mossy couch and scattered with gentle hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening breezes wafted them towards the peaceful dwellings of the wearied husbandmen, who were soon enfolded in the gentle arms of repose, from the hoary-headed man with his staff to the suckling in the cradle. And now the sick man forgets his sufferings, the mourner his sorrows, the poor his cares—the seal of oblivion has closed every eye. Having performed his tender office, the Angel of Sleep once more reclined beside his stern brother, and exclaimed with innocent delight—"At the uprising of the rosy morn men also shall awake to bless me as their benefactor and friend. Oh, the bliss of secret, invisible well-doing! Thrice happy we, my brother! Secret ministers of the spirit of good, how beautiful is our still mission!" So spake the loving angel. The Spirit of Death gazed on him in silent sorrow, and a tear, such as immortals weep, stood in his large, rayless eye. "Ah!" replied he, "why may not I luxuriate, as you do, in making others happy? Alas! I am only known on earth as the grand enemy—the joy-destroyer!" "Nay, my brother," replied the Angel of Slumber, "will not the good man, at his last waking, hail thee as his best friend with grateful blessings? Are we not ministering brothers of one great Father?" As he thus spake, the dim eye of the Angel of Death flashed through its darkness, and the brotherly spirits once more were clasped in a brotherly embrace.—*From the German.*

ROYAL DIADEMS.—The progress of the crown from being a mere circlet of gold to its present form may be told in a few words. There is no mention in Scripture of a royal crown, as a kingly possession, till the time when the Amalekites are described as bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, *a.c.* 616. It was at first a mere fillet, than a garland, subsequently stuffs adorned with pearls. Alfred is said to have been the first English king who wore this symbol of authority, *a.d.* 872. Athelstan (*a.d.* 929), wore a modern earl's coronet. In 1063, Pope Damasius II. introduced the papal cap. Thirteen years later, William the Conqueror added a coronet with points to his ducal cap. The papal cap was not encircled with a crown till the era of John XIX., (1276.) Nineteen years afterwards Boniface VIII. added a second crown. Benedict XII. completed the tiara, or triple crown, about the year 1334. In 1836, Richard II. pawned his crown and regalia to the city of London for two thousand pounds. The crosses on the crown of England were introduced by Richard III., 1483. The arches date from Henry VII., (1485.) The sceptre has undergone as many changes as the crown. Originally it was a staff, intended for the support of the monarch; they who shortened it sometimes turned it into a club, to lay prostrate their people.

BELLES AND DAHLIAS.—A modern writer, who evidently delights to study the most charming productions of nature, says: "Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality; they strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendor, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or lily to the dahlia it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden—but, wanting scent, it is like a fine woman without mind."



THE THREE MAIDENS.

THE THREE MAIDENS.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

THERE were three maidens met on the highway ;
 The sun was down, the night was late ;
 And two sang loud with the birds of May,
 " O the nightingale is merry with its mate."

Said they to the youngest, " Why walk you there so still ?
 The land is dark, the night is late ;"
 " O, but the heart in my side is ill,
 And the nightingale will languish for its mate."

Said they to the youngest, " Of lovers there is store ;
 The moon mounts up, the night is late :"
 " O, I shall look on no man more,
 And the nightingale is dumb without its mate."

Said they to the youngest, " Uncross your arms and sing ;
 The moon mounts high, the night is late :"
 " O my dear lover can hear no thing,
 And the nightingale sings only to its mate."

" They slew him in revenge, and his true-love was his lure :
 The moon is pale, the night is late :
 His grave is shallow on the moor ;
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

" His blood is on his breast, and the moss roots at his hair ;
 The moon is chill, the night is late :
 But I will lie beside him there :
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

" Farewell, all happy friends, and my parents kiss for me ;
 The morn is near, the night is late :
 He bids me come, and quiet be,
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate."

PLAYING CARDS THE ORIGIN OF PRINTING.—It is partly to the use of playing cards that we owe the invention which has been justly regarded as one of the greatest benefits granted to mankind. The first cards were printed with the hand. They were subsequently made more rapidly by a process called stencilling—that is, by cutting the rude forms through a piece of paste-board, parchment or thin metal, which placed on the card-

board intended to receive the impression, was brushed over with ink or color, which passed through the cut-out lines, and imparted the figure to the material beneath. A further improvement was made by cutting the figures on blocks of wood, and literally printing them on the cards. The card-blocks are supposed to have given the first idea of wood engraving. When people saw the effects of cutting the figures of the cards upon blocks, they began to cut figures of saints on blocks in the same manner, and then applied the method to other subjects, cutting in like manner the few words of necessary explanation. This practice further expanded itself into what are called block-books, consisting of pictorial subjects, with copious explanatory text. Some one at length hit upon the idea of cutting the pages of a regular book on so many blocks of wood, and taking impressions on paper and vellum, instead of writing the manuscript ; and this plan was soon further improved by cutting letters or words on separate pieces of wood, and setting them up together to form pages. The wood was subsequently superseded by metal. And thus originated the noble art of printing.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SNAKE.—A Chinese cook, at the Netherlands Consulate, Canton, was bitten in the foot by a snake while walking across the factory. In springing to get out of the way of what he supposed to be a cat, he trod on the tail of a snake, which again bit him twice in the same foot. He staggered a few paces and fell from giddiness. His companions procured the assistance of a native "doctor," who tied a ligature round his knees, and applied a poultice of the "bruised head of the reptile" on the wounds. Nausea and swelling of the fauces succeeded ; and about three A. M., four hours after the accident, when it was evident that death was approaching, the master of the house was acquainted with the circumstance ; but before the medical gentleman, who was immediately sent for, could arrive, the man died. Early on the same day a snake, most probably the same, had entwined itself round the leg of a gentleman residing in the same factory, but he shook it off without being wounded, and the animal escaped. It was killed, while on its way upstairs, a few minutes after inflicting the wound. It appears to have belonged to the species called (from the marks on the body) the species called the annulated snake, the bite of which, in all countries where it is found, is regarded as fatal. This kind is, we are told, not uncommon in the neighborhood of Canton, though it is but seldom known to enter houses.—*Canton Register*.

WHAT SAY THE CLOUDS?

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

What say the clouds on the hill and plain?
 "We come, we go."
 What say the springs of the dreaming brain?
 "We shrink, we flow."
 What say the maids in their changeeful hours?
 "We laugh, we cry."
 What say the budding and fading flowers?
 "We live, we die."
 And thus all things go ranging,
 From riddle to riddle changing,
 From day into night, from life into death.
 And no one knows why, my song saith.

A fable is good, and a truth is good,
 And loss, and gain;
 And the ebb and the flood, and the black pine wood,
 And the vast bare plain;
 To wake and to sleep, and to dream of the deep,
 Are good, say I;
 And 'tis good to laugh, and 'tis good to weep;
 But who knows why?
 Yet thus all things go ranging,
 From riddle to riddle changing,
 From day into night, from life into death.
 And no one knows why, my song saith.

We cumber the earth for a hundred years;
 We learn, we teach;
 We fight amidst perils, and hopes and fears,
 Fame's rock to reach.
 We boast that our fellows are sages wrought
 In toil and pain;
 Yet the commonest lesson by Nature taught
 Doth vex their brain!
 Oh, all things here go ranging,
 From riddle to riddle changing,
 From day into night, from life into death.
 And no one knows why, my song saith.

DISAPPOINTMENT HALL.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

On the road between Dublin and Naas, and not far from the small village of Lucan, there stands a tolerably sized mansion, square built and new, but so peculiarly situated as to arrest the attention of the most ordinary observer, and few have seen it for the first time without inquiring what could have induced the builder to choose that position. The house rises in the midst of a stony hollow; its front view is shut in by a steep hillside which slopes up almost from the door, and is thickly wooded; while in the rear, the stable, coach-house and granary interpose between it and one of the loveliest prospects to be found on the Annan Liffey. The passing traveller who asks the name of the place from any of its dependents will be told it is Wardbrook, but should his question be addressed to one of the surrounding peasantry, he is pretty sure to be informed it is Disappointment Hall. It is too probable that the same title might be applied with great propriety to many a more stately mansion. Yet the his-

tory of that house gives it a peculiar claim to the popular designation, and merits record as an instance of overreaching one's self.

At no great distance, in a spot overlooking village, road and river, there stands a small but pretty house, with a green in front and a garden behind. It is called Lucan Lodge; and there, many a year before Disappointment Hall was thought of, lived Major Ward. Where the major got his title nobody could tell. He had never served in any regiment at home or abroad but the County Militia, in which distinguished corps he held the rank of sergeant, about the time known in Ireland as ninety-eight, the year of the "United Men." The major's history was not very clear for a considerable time after that period. He grew rich, however, and popular accounts varied regarding the source of his wealth. Some said he had found money in an old house in "The Liberties," some that he had been a "United Man," and played the informer. Be that as it would, the major had got enough to buy Lucan Lodge and the small estate on which it stood. There he established himself with his title, his son and two daughters, for his wife had gone to "the house appointed," and he had neither friend nor relation that the major cared to acknowledge, but Captain Munroe.

That officer took rank and title from the militia also. It was said he had commanded the company in which Sergeant Ward served, and the captain still commanded the major. Blest with a better education, sounder sense and more spirit, Munroe took the lead of Ward in everything—counselled, admonished and sometimes swayed at him. The two men were so unlike that their friendship could only be accounted for by the doctrine of contrast. The major was thin, bloodless and drone—a man of little nerve, little brain, and possessed only of two ideas—to keep his money, and to get more. The captain was stout, frank and jovial, bold of speech, liberal of hand, ready to give counsel, and more ready to give help. As a natural consequence, while the major was rich, compared with his antecedents, the captain, if not poor, was rather limited, and lived in a neat cottage on the skirts of the Phoenix Park, with two orphan nieces who had been brought up by him.

The eldest, a plain, sensible young lady, managed his domestic affairs; the youngest, a pretty, lively girl, was the old man's darling and sometimes his vexation, for pretty girls will get spoiled; but they were all on friendly terms at Lucan Lodge; the young people had "goings on" of their own, and the captain drilled the major. To his commander-in-chief Ward confided his most secret affairs. It was believed the



BUTLER WARD ACTS THE GALLANT.

captain knew how his money had come; he certainly was acquainted with the places of its deposit, in the hands of two embarrassed peers, on sound security and ruinous interest; he was aware of the fears which disturbed the major's rest on the subject of the little plate and less cash kept in the lodge; but he did not know that the terror of the worthy man's life was that his son, Butler, might think of marrying Letty Munroe, the youngest of the captain's nieces. In all his confidings, the major durst not let out that secret. Munroe would scarcely have thought his son a match for Letty. Though honored with the family name of the nobleman deepest in his father's debt, there was nothing particularly shining about the young man. He had been brought up to do nothing, and he did it; played the flute; played the fool sometimes, as most men do; made great efforts to be a gentleman; made very sincere though frightened love to Letty Munroe; and lived in hope of the time when the old man's departure from this earthly stage would leave him master of the property, out of which he could not always get a decent suit without severe reflections on his extravagance.

To leave that son lands and thousands, to see him married to a real lady, with a dowry proportioned to her rank, was the dream and ambition of the major's days. Letty Munroe's family was not sufficiently distinguished; what was worse, he knew she had no fortune. The captain had been too easy and liberal to lay by anything for his girls, as he called them; indeed the family income was but small, and its wants many; but the captain was proud, and had he guessed that the son courted, and the father disapproved, there would have been a speedy end of all friendly relations with the Lodge. Munroe's friendship was more than the major could spare. He had been drilled, counselled and comforted under all his fears of losing, for so many years, by the sturdy captain, that nothing but the prospect of large and immediate gains, which would have made Ward do anything, could induce him to put their connection in jeopardy.

Such was the state of affairs when the Southern and Western Railway, which now connects Dublin and Cork, and carries passengers through some of the finest scenery in Ireland, was projected, and Lady Dunlievay came to spend the summer at Strawberry Bank, a handsome country-house in the major's vicinity. Lady Dunlievay was one of the Dublin gentry. The late Sir Robert had left her a considerable stake in the Leinster Bank, and an only daughter, Miss Livinia, who had reigned the belle of Merrion square for three complete seasons. Besides standing high in the ranks of fashion, her ladyship was believed to have a keen eye to business, and be deeply concerned as an extensive shareholder in the projected railway. Miss Livinia was decidedly a fine girl, handsome, gay and a bit of a coquette. In one of her rides abroad, the morning breeze chanced to blow an ill-secured feather out of the young lady's hat, and Butler Ward, being on his way to Park Cottage, picked up and presented it to the fair equestrian with all the grace he could command. To do Butler justice, that was not much, but he got a shower of thanks and smiles and a wave of the small and elegantly gloved hand as Miss Livinia trotted away.

It must have been his evil genius that brought the major to his own parlor window at that particular minute; he saw the feather picked up, the smiles bestowed, the hand waved, and it entered into the old man's brain—the powers of folly know how—that Miss Livinia Dunlievay would be a desirable match for his Butler. Nobody was permitted to guess the birth of that idea, but henceforth Major Ward cultivated his fashionable neighbors by all the means in his power. He made kind inquiries after the ladies' health of their passing servants. He offered his grounds for walks, rides and picnics. He sent from his garden presents of whatever was known to be scarce at Strawberry Bank, and, as a matter of course, the major's politeness was acknowledged. Lady Dunlievay would as soon have thought of marrying her daughter to the coachman as to his son and heir; Miss Livinia had as much fancy for the old gardener: but neither mother nor daughter guessed the cause of their neighbor's courteous attentions. Such civilities are not rare in St. Patrick's Isle, particularly where ladies are concerned, so the major and the Dunlievays were soon on as friendly terms as their respective positions would allow. Butler, like all the rest of the world, was kept in utter ignorance of the

great design. That he was a foolish boy was one of his father's fundamental maxims, and the young man was to be enlightened on his good fortune only when the major had fully prepared the way.

Meantime the railway was also in course of preparation. A company of wealth and influence proportioned to the undertaking had been formed; surveyors were employed to take levels, engineers to make estimates; the usual machinery for getting the bill through Parliament was set in motion; and the usual ferment about rights of way, rights of property, and vested interests, began to rise. Among all the objectors there was none stronger than Major Ward, when, from the very window through which that great matrimonial project had flashed on his mind, he beheld the surveyors in full operation along a stony hollow which he had thought of planting with young ash trees, but the nurseryman and he could not agree about their price. On inquiry of these invaders he learned that the railway was to pass over that ground; it presented the fewest engineering difficulties in the opinion of their principal, and of course the company would pay according to Act of Parliament. If the surveyors were not deafened by the storm of grief and indignation with which the owner of the stony hollow assailed them on the receipt of this intelligence, it must have been that habit had hardened their ears against such attacks. That was the most valuable part of the major's property; he had a sentimental affection for it which money could not compensate. The company might buy all the rest of his land, and his house if they pleased, but with that chosen spot he would part on no terms.

When the friends next met, Ward was occupied with a different subject; Lucan Lodge was too small for his family; Captain Munroe knew he had money enough to build a better house: where was the use in gathering and hoarding all his days, as the captain had often told him? He could raise a few thousands any day on Lord —'s bond; and if he did not begin to build soon there would be little time for him in his new house; but it would do for Butler. Once more Captain Munroe brought up the heavy artillery of his wisdom and turned it full upon the major. What business had he for a new house? Lucan Lodge was large enough for him and Butler too. Of course the girls expected to get married, and his money would be better employed in giving them handsome portions to secure settlements—for he knew they were no beauties—than on walls and windows which might not please him when they were built. According to custom the captain did not spare for calling fools and asses; but for the first time in his life Ward was resolute, and stuck to his own counsel. Build he would, in spite of all opposition. His son and daughters in vain protested that the lodge was large enough, and they would never be as comfortable in a new house. The captain in vain pointed out the cost of the undertaking; the tricks of architects, masons and carpenters, and the amount to which he would be fleeced; still Ward held out, till his ancient commander finding his long-established authority actually set at naught, lost patience and temper, applied some parting epithets savoring more of rage than friendship, and retired to Park Cottage, where he laid strict commands on both his nieces to eschew Lucan Lodge, and prophesied all manner of want and woe to its inhabitants.

Strange to say, the major laid a similar injunction on his household. It was a complete revolution in their history. The Munroes were henceforth to live without the Wards, and the Wards without the Munroes; yet everybody went about their own business with tolerable convenience; only in their respective dwellings it was remarked that Butler was out of sorts and Letty out of spirits. There was almost five miles between the lodge and the cottage, and diplomatic relations being thus suspended, the two great powers remained apart, without so much as sending an envoy for three consecutive weeks, when Butler's well-known knock was heard at the cottage door one evening. Letty flew to open it, and at once complied with his request to see the captain by ushering him into the parlor where the family sat at tea. The young man's troubled look had gone to Letty's heart; she naturally set it down to their separation; but, as sometimes happens, even to lovers, Butler had a far different cause of disquiet, which he revealed without further parley.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Munroe, but my father is gone

mad. Where do you think he is building his new house? in the very middle of the stony hollow he wanted to plant with young ashes. The front of it will face nothing in the world but the side of the steep gray hill. There is no ground for a decent lawn, and such a fine prospect lost behind the yards and offices. We all talked to him till our tongues were tired, but it was of no use. There he would build, and nowhere else. Captain, I am sure something must have come over him, he is scattering his money like the sands in the sea, and who has he got for an architect but Grogan, the greatest knave in Dublin, only he can work at a minute's warning, and that pleases the old man, for he is in a wonderful hurry with the house; the walls are rising fast, he is making the masons work double tides, and says he will have it finished and us all in by Martinmas."

The captain had listened in silent dismay. That his old friend was building a house in the stony hollow, employing Grogan, and, above all, scattering his money like the sands of the sea, appeared to him conclusive evidence of insanity. At first he thought of recommending two doctors and a straight waistcoat, but, on further reflection, such violent measures did not seem advisable. He told Butler that it was his opinion there was something decidedly wrong with the major, and it all came of not taking good advice; but he was sorry for the family, and would come over to-morrow to reason with the old man. Butler stayed for the rest of the evening, and gave fuller information concerning his father's unsoundness, the haste of his building, the large size of the house, the scattering of his money, &c., over which grievous signs the captain and his nieces lamented; but one particular was confided to Letty's ear alone, when she stood at the door to admire the beautiful night at his departure, and that was, that the old man always bid him hold his tongue, for that house would make a man of him, and did not he see how Miss Livinia Dunlievay looked at it as she rode by!

True to his promise, the captain appeared at Lucan Lodge next morning, and found its master overseeing his works, in the stony hollow. If Butler's account had astonished him over night, the worthy captain now stood aghast at the size, position and probable cost of his friend's house. Nothing but the steep side of the gray hill ever could be seen from its front windows. No earthly power could make lawn or garden of the surrounding soil; while the yard and offices, which were already planned, shut out a view of broad river, green plantation and richly cultivated farm.

"You must be mad, Ward, to build in such a place as this!" was his first salutation to the major, and the attack was followed up with an abundance of sound reasoning, and a considerable sprinkling of abuse. Neither had the slightest effect on the obstinate Ward. Let him alone; he knew what he was about as well as any man in Leinster. Everybody had their taste, and that was his! he did not care for fine views; lawns and gardens were costly to keep in repair. Captain Munroe would see the wisdom of building there yet; at any rate he would spend his own money as he liked, and those who were not pleased with the house might go by. There was nothing for it but to leave him to his own devices, which, after promising the major a place in either Bedlam or the workhouse, Captain Munroe did; told the young people that he was sorry for them, and they would be always welcome at the cottage; though, of course, neither he nor his girls could come to the lodge more.

Major Ward's house progressed, and became the talk of the surrounding country. Everybody agreed the old man had gone mad; many quoted the proverb concerning ill-gotten wealth; but there were neither men nor money spared on the fabric. The walls rose; the roof was put on; carpenters, glaziers and painters were busy about it. There was every prospect of the house being finished, if not dry, at Martinmas, when town and country got a new topic; for the railway company and their chief engineer fell out regarding estimates, and the dispute was ended by the scientific gentleman's resignation, and another taking the line in hand. As new laws came with new kings, all the surrounding proprietors were once more up in arms regarding the changes which rumor said the new engineer would make in his predecessor's plans. Those who had no property, advised and discussed; but there were two gentlemen who took no part in the matter—one was the major, entirely occupied with his house, and the other was his son,

entirely occupied with his secret suit to Letty Munroe. Butler had availed himself of the welcome at the cottage; but, as the mansion rose, his father's hints concerning the man he was to be made and the connection he might hope to form, became more plain and frequent, and were duly imparted to Letty. The pair had nothing to do, nothing to think about but each other; and under these circumstances, Pyramus made it plain to Thisbe, that as his father had gone mad and built his house in the stony hollow, his next attempt would be to marry him to Miss Dunlievay, or some other lady, which Butler did not doubt might be effected, and the best thing they could do was to defeat such wicked designs by an immediate elopement. Elope accordingly they did, one autumn evening, in a post-chaise provided for that purpose, to the house of Butler's grand-aunt, Mrs. Dorothea Day, who dwelt in Cork-street, and prudently sent intimation of their arrival to Captain Munroe.

The captain was getting ready the jaunting car and his pistols to shoot Butler and bring home Letty, about ten the same night, when the cottage door, which happened to be unlatched, was burst in by Major Ward, tearing his hair, wringing his hands and shrieking that he was ruined.

"What do you mean, you old villain?" cried the captain. Don't you think my niece good enough for your son's master?"

"I don't care about sons or daughters!" responded Ward, with another pull at his own hair. "I tell you I am ruined! there's a thousand pounds sunk in that cursed hollow on stone and lime, and God knows what's to pay for timber and carpenters, and that ruffian of an engineer has moved the railway line a mile off! I'll never get back my money!"

Captain Munroe and his entire household were so engrossed with bringing the major to his senses, that the runaway pair were permitted to remain at the house of Mrs. Dorothea undisturbed, till, through her friendly interference and the events of the time, they were brought home and married with all the proprieties. It is said that the curses bestowed by Ward on the surveyors, in whose testimony touching the stony hollow he had put such faith, were dreadful beyond the wont of maledictions. The loss incurred by his singular speculation was believed to have shortened the old man's days, and the house remained unfinished till after his death. It has since been occupied by sundry tenants, to whom a low rent makes up for the disadvantages of position; and, in spite of family efforts to give it a more inviting title, the country people know the mansion as Disappointment Hall.

AFRICAN VILLAGERS.—In well nigh every village we saw men spinning cotton, while others were weaving it into strong cloth, in looms of a very simple construction. Both spinning and weaving are very tedious processes. They are all anxious to trade. The women were often up all night grinding; their corn to sell to us. One village we passed without halting. The inhabitants followed us, calling upon our guide to return with them to trade. As a last argument, they shouted, "Are you to have it said that white people came to our country and we did not see them?" They are by no means teetotallers. Large quantities of beer are manufactured by them, and they are as fond of it as our countrymen are of whiskey. The chief of a village almost always presented us with a large pot of beer. We passed a village one day, and saw a large party of men sitting smoking in the public square, who did not seem at all communicative. After resting a little under a tree, a short distance from them, they sent us a calabash of beer, to see if we were friends, which was to be manifested by our partaking of it. We saw many partially intoxicated people—tipsy chiefs—and even members of the learned professions get "a little elevated at times." A native doctor, with his cupping-horn hanging round his neck, who had evidently been making some deep potations, came out and scolded us severely: "Is this the way to enter a man's village, without sending him word that you were coming?" Entering a hut, he came out, staggering under a large pot of beer.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Women were formed to temper mankind, and to soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord.

MY COUSIN CLARE.

BY CHRISTIAN CAMERON.

I HAD scarcely arrived in England, on a three years' furlough from India (where I had well nigh lost my health), before I heard that my cousin, Clare Ashton, was going to be married. The engagement had been short, the marriage was to take place in a few weeks; she wrote me word, and I had "come just in time to be one of the groomsmen." She said she hoped I would not refuse, if it was only for the sake of "old times."

"Old times!" yes, "old times." What crowds of thoughts do those two words bring back to every one, and to me among the number! Cousin Clare was associated with nearly all my "old times," for she had always been a great favorite of mine, and, having no brother of her own, had always looked upon me in the light of one.

When I left for India, five years ago, Clare Ashton was a bright, beautiful being of seventeen; talented and high spirited, full of quick feelings and noble impulses; and in many a letter from England had I heard of the admiration excited by her beauty, her sprightly manners and her universal amiability. I had heard, too, repeated rumors that she was about to be married, but they had all come to nothing. My sister Mary told me once, in confidence, that Herbert Grenville, the curate of the parish, and one who, like myself, had known her from childhood, would have died to win the love of Clare Ashton. "But that," said Mary, "could not be thought of, you know; for Herbert, though everything heart could desire, is only a curate, and the Abbas Leigh property is strictly entailed, and my aunt will never let Clare wed herself to love and poverty; and, indeed, do you know, I begin to think that Clare herself sets undue store on wealth and station; for, though I do believe that in her heart of hearts Herbert has a real corner, yet she never encourages him, by word or sign, and talks largely of all she intends to do when she is married, giving us to understand that she counts rank and riches among the items of her wedded life."

And now Clare was going to be married.

I could not see her till two days before the wedding, for I had my own family, sadly scattered and altered, to see after. One sister had become a wife, a mother and a widow since I had left home; one came to see us a blooming bride, and two fair children had left us for ever in this world.

But to return to Clare. Many were my inquiries after her; but there did not seem much to tell. She seldom wrote, and her note asking Mary to be one of her bridesmaids was short and hurried. All I heard was, that the bridegroom, Mr. Bletchley, was much older than she; was possessed of a large income, and a beautiful estate in the south of England.

Lands and moneys need not ever of themselves be baneful; they are beautiful gifts in the hand of a kind Providence; but I could not help a lingering fear for Cousin Clare when I heard of the dazzling appendages to the name of Bletchley. I knew my aunt was a proud and worldly woman, whose happiness was regulated by her income, and her temper by her surroundings. Well, Mary and I started for Abbas Leigh, the 25th of May; the marriage was to be on the 27th.

The house would be full to overflowing, so they had taken lodgings for us in the house of the village schoolmistress, where I had been many and many a time in the "old times."

As soon as we had unpacked, and Mary had ordered tea, we went up The Leigh, I all impatience to see the cousin I had left behind me five years ago. But I never saw that cousin again. No; the Clare Ashton of five years ago had ceased to be, and it was another Clare, though of the same form and shape, that now received me in the drawing-room after my long absence.

Was this quiet, composed, though exquisitely lovely creature—who calmly bade me welcome, asked me if I had come home on sick leave, and how long I thought of staying—the same bright young girl who had wept so long and so bitterly when she said good-bye to her "brother Percy," as she always called me? In those days her eye danced with life, her step was light and free, and her merry laugh rang through the house. Then, if ever a party of pleasure was proposed, Clare was wild for its

accomplishment; and though often her merriment was called excited, to me it was always natural and delightful.

How she was altered! Her beauty was refined and softened, it is true; her form had acquired a grace and dignity it had neither known nor wanted before. The sparkle of her eye was gone: its glance was calm and quiet. But Clare was not saddened; she was only subdued. Ah! how I missed the bright smile, the sweet, saucy words, the rippling curls, now so staidly braided! I remember, cousin Clare, in days of yore you used to say you could not sit still five minutes; and now for a whole hour you sat, and scarcely moved a muscle.

Ah! cousin Clare, cousin Clare! I begin to fear; in very truth, I begin to fear!

I was positively startled at the quiet, composed way in which she gave us directions, and told us the arrangements for the 27th. She mentioned Mr. Bletchley once or twice, saying he wished so and so, or had settled so and so. A wedding might have been the everyday business of her life; she entered into the most minute details without the least embarrassment, and calmly displayed the many costly gifts she had received. In vain did I look for the sweet flush of happiness that so often mantles on the cheek of the young bride, as she looks lovingly yet half fearfully at the bright and unutterable joy of the life before her. No; Clare was neither excited nor depressed—joyful nor tearful. I ventured to rally her on some of our childish superstitions about the month of May; for I well remember her vowing that nothing should tempt her to marry in May, for this had ever been one of many superstitious fancies and much sweet nonsense in the "old times."

She turned and looked at me, calmly and steadily, and said, in a low voice,

"I am surprised, Percy, that you should remember anything so nonsensical; I was a foolish child in those days, and think differently now on many subjects."

Her indifference provoked me, and I could not help recalling to her memory a bright May day, many summers back, when Herbert Grenville and myself had made her a crown, and called her our May Queen. My real allegiance was with a little sprite, Lillian by name, at my own home; for Clare was ever as a sister to me. But Herbert's true and undivided worship was for her alone; and on that day he had made her promise to be his wife when he should be a man. This I did not say to her; but I knew that she thought of it—and she knew that I thought of it, too.

For one moment her eyes filled with tears, and her fair brow crimsoned; but while I was still accusing myself of folly and unkindness, I was startled to hear her voice, clear as ever, telling Mary that Mr. Bletchley wished her to see his place in its spring beauty, before they went abroad. So that they were to go down there till the end of May! And then she dilated upon its size and splendor, the advantages of the neighborhood, &c., till I could bear it no longer, and, telling Mary I had letters to write, hurried away.

In the grounds I met my aunt, who overwhelmed me with her delight at dear Clare's good fortune: "Just the thing I have always wished for!" "Such a splendid property!" "Not very handsome, certainly; but our dear Clare has beauty enough for both! People talk of his temper; but we have seen nothing of it, and dear Clare is very yielding!" And then again she rang the hateful changes on liberal settlements, wealth, rank and station, till we parted.

Then I knew that cousin Clare had sold herself; then I knew that love had neither part nor lot in this marriage, and my heart was sick at the thought.

Oh! Clare, Clare! who would have thought this of you?—you of all people. "Yielding!" you were never wont to be so. Mary, Herbert and I always yielded to you. But times are indeed changed!

I walked on alone till Mary overtook me. I asked her, eagerly, how all this had come about; how Clare had so utterly changed.

Mary answered me, sadly, that the change had been gradual, and I must not be harsh with her. And then I saw that she knew more than she would say, and that her gentle heart was deeply pained. One thing I begged her to tell me, was it Clare's own doing?

She answered that it was. When Mr. Bletchley first made

his proposals, Clare at once refused him, to the great indignation of her mother, who unceasingly reproached her. Mr. Bletchley proffered himself again and again, until, to the great surprise of every one, she consented to become his wife. Even her mother was startled, and perhaps accusing herself for the sudden determination, which she felt was made without a particle of love on Clare's side, told her daughter that she gave her permission to have nothing more to say to Mr. Bletchley and his suit. To her astonishment, Clare was firm, and remained so.

I will hurry on to the wedding-day. By a most untoward coincidence, on the 26th the rector (who was to have married them) was seized with sudden illness, and Herbert Grenville (who had gone home, a few miles distant, for a week's holiday) had to be quickly summoned; for there was no other clergyman who could have come on so short a notice.

The 27th dawned—a bright May day. But everything to me appeared wrong. The merry peal of bells from the village church, that ushered in the day, seemed a hollow clang; the light was garish, and the village children, arrayed in their Sunday best, insupportable. And this was why: because I knew that on that day a solemn mockery was to be enacted, in the sight of heaven and earth, and I shrunk from my part in the heartless pageant.

We all met at the church. The bride, in her spotless drapery, looked more lovely than I had ever seen any earthly creature; her rich robes becomen her well. She wore them with a calm dignity which I had never associated with Clare Ashton. Her fair face was unruffled, her brow untroubled; but if there was no light in her eye, there was no woe; if there was no smile on her lip, there was no murmur on her tongue. No; Clare was a voluntary sacrifice. Had she, then, no heart?

All eyes were turned upon the bridegroom, as he entered the vestry where we were assembled. There he stood, as little abashed as she was; but from different reasons.

Cousin Clare was "mated to a clown," unrefined in mind and body, coarse and stupid! My heart sickened at the sight. Clare Ashton and Robert Bletchley could not have one feeling, one sympathy in common. Did I say not one feeling, not one sympathy? I recall my words. They had one bond between them—a lasting one, in truth; a thorough appreciation of this world's good—of broad lands and gold and silver coins!

As I looked at that stolid, heavy face, I saw no signs of the good-humor of a fool; but I read unmistakable traces of a stubborn will and a brutal temper. I believed he loved, or rather admired Clare, as much as it was in his power; but I saw that she was but as a new toy to him; that his affection, such as it was, would soon wear off, and his hard, bad nature show itself. Proud of her I felt sure he would be; but I felt that he would be a tyrant master, and Clare, sweet Clare, accustomed in her pretty way to rule all who came near her, would be his slave. Heaven help her!

Then I thought of the old German proverb—"Ehestand ist Tochstand"—and knew that it would be realized with them. But calm Scripture words broke in upon my reverie, and I saw that Herbert Grenville was making Robert Bletchley and Clare Ashton man and wife!

Do I hear you promising, Clare, that you will "love, honor and obey" the man who stands by your side? You may "obey" him, for he will make you; but, Clare, when you say that you will, "love and honor him," you utter a tremendous lie. Aye; that sounds a harsh word, but it is a true one for all that!

Herbert Grenville had a heart, if Clare had none; and as he married the woman he loved with all his being, to a man who must, he felt, be utterly repugnant to her, he could scarcely restrain his feeling. His face was frightfully pale, and it was by a great effort that he succeeded in staving his voice. He did it, however; and calmly read that beautiful and solemn service.

As I looked at him, in pitying admiration, I thought I read every good feeling, every noble impulse, in the lofty brow, the mild eyes, the finely-cut features, and the dignified yet chastened bearing of the whole man. I thought how different it would have been had Herbert and Clare been standing side by side at those communion rails! But it was no use; it was not to be. The three-fold blessing had been pronounced, and already on every side I heard a congratulatory buzz; and every one "must shake hands with dear Mrs. Robert Bletchley."

Sick at heart and very weary, I excused myself from attending the wedding breakfast, and made my way down to the river side, to a lonely spot, where we used often to resort in the "old times." Herbert Grenville was there before me. At first he shrank from me; but I soon showed him that he had my truest sympathies, and to my dying day I shall never forget the tremendous burst of long pent-up sorrow, the breaking of that manly heart, which that lonely river's-side and I witnessed on that bright May morning.

The usual newspaper paragraph announced the arrival of the "happy pair" at Mr. Bletchley's seat, the meeting of the tenantry, and all the usual show and folly; but it had no interest to me.

Farewell, Cousin Clare; farewell! You can be nothing now to me. Clare Ashton has ceased to be, and Mrs. Robert Bletchley I never care to see again; but, sweet Cousin Clare, to you I say farewell!

The French press are reaping up all sorts of trite anecdotes respecting the Napoleon. Amongst the rest, the old story of Bonaparte's magnanimity to Polignac is revived, with additional splendor, for a late "particular occasion only." The true story is as follows:—Monsieur le Comte de Polignac had been raised to honor by Bonaparte, but, for some unaccountable motive, betrayed the trust his patron reposed in him. As soon as Bonaparte discovered the perfidy, he ordered Polignac to be placed under arrest. Next day he was to have been tried, and, in all probability, would have been condemned, as his guilt was undoubted. In the interim, Madame Polignac solicited and obtained an audience of the emperor. "I am sorry, madam, for your sake," said he, "that your husband has been implicated in an affair which is marked with ingratitude. "He may not have been so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess. "Do you know your husband's signature?" asked the emperor, as he took a letter from his pocket and presented it to her. Madame de Polignac hastily glanced over the letter, recognised the writing, and fainted. As soon as she recovered, Bonaparte, offering her the letter, said, "Take it; it is the only legal evidence against your husband; that is a fine fire beside you." Madame de Polignac eagerly embraced the hint, seized the document, and in an instant committed it to the flames. The life of Polignac was saved; his honor it was beyond the power even of the generosity of an emperor to redeem.

ORIGIN OF THE MALAKOFF.—Some ten years ago a sailor and ropemaker, named Alexander Ivanovitch Malakoff, lived in Sebastopol, and by his good humor, jovial habits and entertaining qualities, became the centre of a select circle of admiring companions. Like many great conversationalists and wits, Malakoff contracted most intimate relations with Bacchus; and under the influence of the latter he participated, in 1831, in some riots which broke out in the town, and which had one result—that of the dismissal of Malakoff from the dockyard in which he was employed. Being incapable of turning himself to any more reputable trade, he opened a low wine-shed on a hill outside of the town, and introduced into practice the theoretical notions which he had acquired by a long and zealous study of the nature of beer-houses and wine-shops. His trade prospered; his old admirers crowded round him; and in their enthusiasm christened the wine-shed, which soon expanded into a decent public-house, and the hill on which it was built, by the name of the popular host. In time a village grew around the public-house, and was likewise called by the name of Malakoff. But the entertaining and imaginative founder of the place, in his deepest cups, could never have dreamt that one day his name would be in the mouths of all men, and that one of the heroes of a great war would esteem it as an inestimable title of honor.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.—A remarkable illustration of the collar borne by negro slaves in England may be seen in the bust of the favorite slave of William III., at Hampton Court; the head of which is of black marble, the draping round the shoulders and chest of veined yellow marble, while a carefully carved white marble collar, with a pullet, and in every respect made like a dog's metal collar, encircles the throat of the favorite slave of the champion of British liberty.

UNBELOVED.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Like a tree beside the river
Of life that runs from me,
Do I lean me, murmuring ever
In my love's idolatry.
And I reach out hands of blessing,
And I stretch out hands of prayer,
And, with passionate caressing,
Waste my life upon the air.
In my ears the syren river
Sings and smiles up in my face;
But for ever and for ever,
Runs from my embrace.

Spring by spring the branches duly
Clothe themselves in tender flower;
And for her sweet sake as truly
All their fruit and fragrance shower;
But the stream, with careless laughter,
Runs in merry beauty by,
And it leaves me, yearning after,
Lorn to weep, and lone to die.
In my ears the syren river
Sings and smiles up in my face;
But for ever and for ever
Runs from my embrace.

SPIRIT PAINTING.

CHAPTER I.

"STANDISH, by all that's acceptable!"

"Frank Markham, by all that is hairy! Why Frank, man, where do you spring from, after being lost to the world for years?"

"I have been completing my education as a painter, my dear Alf. Last of all I come from my studio in Brompton, and before that from Jerusalem, where I have been painting a big picture; and if you will look for it next year at the Academy, your weak mind will be astonished to find all my Jews with blue eyes and unobtrusive noses, which, after all, is the most frequent type out there. And now, Alfred, what of you during the four years I have been travelling; married?" (I knew Alfred had been in love for years.)

"Yes; my uncle, Sir James, is dead, and I have been married these three years and more. And some day, Frank, you must see my little son."

"And his mamma," interrupted I. "Why, Sir Alfred, have you forgotten the old agreement that I was to take your wife's picture. Luckily, I have waited so long that I can now introduce the young heir too."

So it was all arranged; and soon after (it was in the pleasant month of August) I found myself on my way to Garton. It was a quaint and castellated house, consisting mostly of several octagon towers. There was a fine view of the sea from the hall-door; indeed you had not many hundred yards to go to find yourself on the edge of the cliff, against which, at high tides, the sea impatiently beat, as if longing to undermine it all. I found myself alone on arriving at Garton; both Sir Alfred and Lady Standish were out; but, as I returned from a short ramble on the shore, I found Lady Standish just alighting from her carriage at her own door.

"Mr. Markham, I presume," she said; and apologising for the absence of Sir Alfred, she led the way to a bench in the garden, where we sat talking for some time.

I remembered how Alfred used to rave to me about his Isabel's wonderful hair, in the days when I was his confidant; he used to declare it would puzzle me when I came to paint it, being the true "blue-black" which was so rare and beautiful. I smiled to myself now, as I glanced at Lady Standish's head, for I could see nothing peculiar in her hair; it was fine dark hair, but very much like anybody else's. So much, thought I, for lovers' rhapsodies! I was examining her attentively, as we sat talking, and approved what I saw very much. She was handsome, with a regular style of beauty, and a slightly disdainful

expression about the lips, which I fancied deepened as Sir Alfred by-and-bye came out of the house to us, and began overwhelming me with apologies for having mistaken the day of my arrival.

"And have you seen the boy?" asked Alfred eagerly. "Oh I must fetch him to you, he is just gone into his tea; he has been with me all the afternoon. Now, Markham, you must admire him," and off he ran to the house.

"Sir Alfred is mad about the child," said Lady Standish to me, as we watched his retreating figure. "I believe he considers it quite perfect, and thinks of nothing else."

"An amiable weakness, we must allow," said I, smiling.

"Must we?" said she. "I am afraid I should never consider any weakness amiable, at any rate in a man."

"You would not expect any very great decision from Alfred's chin, would you?"

"You are a physiognomist?" she asked, in answer.

"I could scarcely be a painter without having a little knowledge of the science," I replied. "I am going to study you for the next two days if you will allow me; for I should like the picture to be a picture of you, not only of Lady Standish the outer."

She turned and gave me her first smile, which made her face positively beautiful for a moment; but the next it faded, as Sir Alfred reappeared, carrying his son.

"I must go in," she said, hurriedly; and passing them without a word, she left her husband to show off the child to me, which he did with the greatest delight: indeed he might well be proud of the handsome little fellow, though I certainly thought he looked delicate.

I thought Sir Alfred and his wife the most melancholy examples of married lovers I had ever come across—how sad, I mused, if so much love can so degenerate by custom. I knew how madly Alfred had been in love, and I saw there was much about her that might have warranted it when her manner to him had not that blighting bitterness, almost insulting to a man. It was at times difficult, as I often found, to keep up the ball of conversation at dinner. She talked well, and was evidently clever, but the moment he joined in the discussion, on whatever subject it might be, she instantly closed her lips and retired from the field.

It was after one of these rather awkward pauses, that to introduce a new subject, I one evening brought forward some sentiment about the sea:

"You must love it dearly, Lady Standish, for I believe you have lived near it all your life, have you not?"

"Never till I married, and I dislike it particularly," was her reply, and gathering the lace shawl she wore round her fine figure, she rose and left the dining-room.

"I thought Lady Standish used to live near here in your uncle's time," I said to Standish.

"It was not that Isabel I married," said Sir Alfred, rising, and going to the chimney-piece, against which he leaned his head as he spoke. "The manoeuvres of others, and my own lamentable weakness, against which you, Markham, so often warned me, separated us."

Then the next moment, as though to console himself, he began talking about his boy. Certainly never was any one more wrapped up in another, than Standish in that child; a frail tenure of happiness, I used to think, as I was drawing his pale oval face. His very beauty had a warning in it, those strange spiritual eyes, in a child, with the dark rims under them, predicted anything but a long or easy life. Meantime I seemed to have a talent for introducing disagreeable subjects; one evening, Alfred Standish, approaching a side-table, uttered a sudden exclamation, then correcting himself said angrily, as he took up a vase with some passion flowers in it:

"Who brought these flowers here?"

"I did," said I, looking up from the sofa where I was lounging exhausted with the day's labors; "I brought them for Lady Standish, thinking she might like the novelty of them. I have not seen any in your gardens; they are passion flowers, Lady Standish, and the place where I found them would make a picture in itself—they were the sole remains of civilization in a deserted house, about five miles from here, along the cliff; it seems partly pulled down. Who lived there, Alfred?"

"I—what does it signify? I am sure, Isabel—Lady Standish does not care for those flowers."

"You are mistaken, Sir Alfred," replied Lady Standish, for once looking full at him with her clear liquid eyes. "I like them very much, and am much obliged to Mr. Markham."

Before her hand could touch the flower I extended to hers, Sir Alfred had snatched it from me.

"I can't bear the sight of it," he said—then, as if ashamed of his impetuosity, he walked to the other end of the room.

"Let us have some music," said Lady Standish, calmly, after following him with her eyes, in a disdainful questioning manner, for a moment; but I thought her hand shook as she turned over the music in the portfolio, and her full deep voice was more passionate than ever as its rich cadence swelled on my ear. There were tones in her voice that quite surprised you with their pathos. When she was about to retire for the night, she said: "I forgot to tell you, Sir Alfred, that the Bruces were here to-day, and I asked them to dinner next week. We owe the county a feast, so we may as well get over them all at once. I fixed Friday week, the 20th."

When I came back from opening the door for her, I found Alfred as pale as death.

"Is it not astonishing, amazing," he said passionately, "how some women love to wound and hurt you? Was there no other day she could have fixed for her company than this one—this 20th? She knew how I must feel it."

"It is an anniversary then?" I asked.

"Markham! it is the day she—my Isabel destroyed herself—for my sake."

He remained silent for some moments, not appearing to heed my expressions of regret at having involuntarily introduced so painful a subject, but after a while, endeavoring to recover himself, he asked me to come to his private room.

"I want to show you her picture, that you may see what you might have painted."

He took it from a secret drawer in his desk. It was no photograph, none of those soulless things, giving the most unnatural of all expressions, a fixed one; it was a miniature, beautifully painted; the artist had felt what he represented in his own soul, and so passed it on to yours. The globular under eyelid, the short upper lip, spoke of a very sensitive character, the heavy brow of a melancholy one; there, too, was the blue-black hair of which I had heard so much, in which was placed the only ornament in the picture, a passion flower.

"It was her favorite flower: you can imagine that I can bear to see no one else wearing one;" Standish said, and then all his fortitude deserted him, and he gave way to one of those bursts of despair to which you sometimes see rather weak people abandon themselves. I soothed him as well as I could, and far, far into the night remained talking to him, and hearing from him many details of the past I had never heard before—perhaps, if Lady Standish guessed half these regrets for the dead, her evident alienation from her husband was partly justifiable, or at any rate, comprehensible. On the other hand, Alfred seemed to have reason almost to accuse himself as the cause of the death of his first love; a report of his intended marriage to the lady chosen by his mother and uncle, after his separation from her, seemed to have turned her brain, and there was too much reason to fear she had died by her own hand.

CHAPTER II.

In spite of my late vigil with Standish, I rose very early next morning, having a good deal of work to do on Lady Standish's picture before our next sitting. I took care to remove the occasion of the previous night's discomfort from the drawing-room by carrying the passion flowers down to my studio with me. The room given up to my painting was on the ground-floor in the end tower which formed the corner of the house, and had a separate entrance. I was working away steadily at Lady Standish's portrait, thinking, I must confess, less of the features before me than of Alfred's sad history, which had procured me a sleepless night—for I was really much attached to him—when the light in the room seemed suddenly to diminish. I thought the morning had turned very cold, and the sun gone in; when, looking quickly up, I saw that a lady had entered the room, and now stood by the door, which she had closed after her. She was dressed wholly in dark violet, and a large

shawl of the same material as her dress was draped round her. Her face was almost hidden by a large drooping hat with a long feather, which she wore very low over her eyes.

"Can I be of any service to you, madam?" I asked, advancing to her with my palette still in my hand, as she did not seem about to speak.

"Of the very greatest, sir, if you will," was the reply, in a sweet voice which had the peculiarity of a total want of intonation. "Indeed I am come here to ask you a favor."

I bowed, and renewed my offers of service.

"You will think my request a very extraordinary one. I am come to ask you to take my picture."

As she spoke she removed her hat, and stood motionless before me, as if prepared for my examination. I saw a face, which without having positive beauty, you could not look at once without longing to see it again. Some memory, I know not what, haunted me as I gazed at her. Yet I felt sure I had never seen her before. The peculiarity of her face was her low white forehead, over which the dark hair was tightly drawn. As I looked at her I thought what a splendid Judith she would make, after the sacrifice of Holofernes. Yet there was a look of deep sorrow in her eyes which, when she raised, I saw to my surprise were deep blue—a most uncommon conjunction with such black hair.

"You would not refuse me, indeed you would not," she said, finding I did not immediately reply to her request, clasping her hands in front of her, "if you knew how much depended on it—and I must add to this another petition, strange as you may think it—that you will mention to no one my having been here, and if you do paint me, that you will show the picture to no one until it is finished—then I will release you from the promise of secrecy, and you will understand the reasons for it."

The mystery of the affair piqued and pleased me. "I shall be happy," I said, "to accede to your request."

"Thank you—I thank you—you know not how much. Can you begin directly?"

I looked round, somewhat surprised at this great haste. Fortunately, I had brought two ready stretched and prepared canvases, not being of the right size for Lady Standish's picture, and placing the one not yet used on the easel, I invited my visitor to take her place.

"What is your idea for the picture?" said I. "Have you any particular fancy or wish?"

"I wish for no ornament," she replied. "Yet stay," looking round, and seeing the passion flowers on the table, "if you will allow me, I will place one of these in my hair."

She did so, and again stood before me. Where had I seen that face before?

"This is a very despairing attitude you have chosen," said I, with a smile, as she hung down her clasped hands and drooped her head a little.

"That is what it should be," she replied. "Oblige me by letting it be so."

It was as well to humor her to her full bent; therefore I began to sketch, and continued steadily at work for the next hour or more, till the sounds of life and resumed animation began to reach us from the house. Then she suddenly looked up.

"I will, if you please, return to-morrow morning at the same hour," she said, and replacing her large hat, she besought me to remember her injunction of secrecy, which I promised to do, made me a little inclination of the head, and glided from the room.

Every morning she came again, and the picture grew beneath my hand till I almost loved it. There was something wild and strange about it, for all the graceful quiet of the figure before me. I never had so still a model; she never wanted to move, and her very words came from her lips without seeming to make them stir. The subject she liked speaking of best was the Standish child. She never wearied of hearing all I could tell about him; she seemed to forget herself and all else gazing at this picture, and sometimes she would draw me on to tell her of his father's great love for him, which it seemed had almost passed into a proverb in the country. I so often heard people attacking him for "doating" on his boy.

We were discussing this subject as usual one morning, about week after her first appearance in my room.



LOOKING QUICKLY UP, I SAW THAT A LADY HAD ENTERED THE ROOM.

"I really believe," I was saying, "Standish makes a perfect idol of that boy!"

"If we have idols, we shall suffer through them," replied my visitor, in her calm, quiet voice.

"Ah! I fear there is only too much truth in that," I answered; "it is not only the heathen who require to have their idols taken away from them: we too, almost every one of us, have something—"

"Frank! who in the name of goodness are you talking to?"

I looked up and saw Standish's amused questioning face looking in at the open window. To spring forward and place myself between the lady and him was the impulse of the moment.

"What brings you out so early, my good friend?" I said, to parry the question.

"The natural restlessness of the individual, I suppose. Seriously, Frank, who were you talking to? I have heard you morning after morning as I passed the window, but have had too much discretion to look in before, thinking I might disturb you."

"You can't come in—don't come in. Lady Standish never sits so early."

I hastened to interpose, thinking perhaps he was jealous.

"Lady Standish—nonsense—come, who was it, Frank?" and placing his hand on the window bench, he, to my extreme discomfort, vaulted in. I looked round in terror at the thought of my visitor's dismay.

"It is not my fault, madame; this is Sir Alfred Stan—"

I was spared the trouble of explanation. She had disappeared.

"Frank," exclaimed the agitated voice, "in the name of heaven, what is this?" He was standing opposite the uncovered picture I had been interrupted in.

"That—oh—a—a fancy—an idea," stammered I.

"Idea! fancy! Oh, Isabel!" was the reply.

Isabel—the mystery was explained. Yes, I had seen that face before, in the miniature: but she, what was she? and what was I? I staggered and sank down on a chair.

"What is the matter, Frank? Nay, are you vexed at my coming in and discovering it before it was finished? Were you doing it for me, old fellow? It was very kind of you. But fancy being able to do that from memory, and only of a picture too! Oh, Frank! can you wonder if that one short look at

her picture so impressed her on your memory, that the reality can never, never fade from mine?"

He paused, overcome. What could I say? I gasped for breath.

"It was not all imagination," I began; then remembering my promise to her, stopped. "Alfred, promise me you will not come here again—not before breakfast, till the picture is finished; then—"

"Why, Frank, what is the matter with you? You look so queer, and 'not come here'; what do you mean? You little know the pleasure it is to me to gaze at her."

"But you must not—you must not," I repeated; "at any rate, not till it is finished. Give me air, Standish."

"Why, old man, you are taking it quite to heart! Well, till the picture is finished I will try and keep away."

I did not close my eyes that night. Had they played me false the whole of the past week, and was it all a delusion? or was she—I could not mould my thoughts into shape. After a sleepless night I rose, still earlier than before, anticipating that it being the day of the great dinner party, the stir in the house would begin more betimes than usual.

Early as I was, she was before me. I felt her presence before I opened the door. She was standing in her old attitude before the picture of the child Alfred. She turned slowly to me as I muttered some incoherent greeting—some excuse for our having been disturbed the day before.

"It matters little to me," she said; "nothing matters much; my errand is nearly done."

Once more she placed herself nearly as before; once more I began my work, and now I began to plead with her to make herself known to Sir Alfred.

"He recognised your picture," I urged. "I fear he feels only too much for you as it is—for your unhappy fate; for his sake, for the sake of his future peace, do not hide yourself any longer from him; let him know the truth, and then leave."

"The truth!" she repeated.

"The truth!" echoed another voice; and Standish was again by my side.

"Frank, my dear fellow, what you talking about? Are you unwell?"

I looked from him to her; she did not move.

"No, Alfred," I said; "but see, your lost Isabel is there!"

"Frank!" repeated Standish, "what are you saying?"

"I have promised to keep her secret," I continued; "but you have broken your word, so I must forfeit mine. Have you nothing to say to her?"

I waved my hand towards her. He stared strangely round.

"I see nothing," he said.

"He does not see me," the calm voice of Isabel said, breaking the silence. "He can neither see nor hear me. Tell him from me the message I come to bring. I come from an unhallowed grave to warn him."

The drops of agony stood on my brow as I repeated after her that fearful message:

"This, this is the warning," I continued, still following her, word for word. 'Beware of idols, of earthly idols, Alfred! For her great love for you she forfeited her hopes of life on earth and peace in heaven. She loved you too much for her peace; too much to live without you; and when she heard your resolution had given way, that you had proved faithless, her brain reeled, and in a moment of madness she destroyed the life she no longer valued. Now she knows how terrible it is to have an earthly idol between the soul and heaven. Now she knows to what it may lead: now that she sees you about to fall into the same error—about to set up for yourself an idol in the shape of the son as she did of the father—she comes to warn you ere it be too late; to tell you that is a sin; to remind you if we have idols, we shall suffer through them.'"

"Frank, for heaven's sake, compose yourself; you will go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, as I paused, almost exhausted with the impetuosity with which I had repeated her words. She was calm enough, heaven knows!

"Hush! she speaks again," I replied, an irresistible power again impelling me to be the interpreter of the to him voiceless warning. "She leaves this picture to keep this in your mind; to remind you, not in love, but in warning, of one who lost her soul through idolatry. Heavens! Standish, she is crying in despair! Alfred! Alfred! do you neither hear nor see her?"

"Dear heavens, I shall go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, pressing his hands on his eyes, then staggering forwards as I would have dragged him towards her, with his hands out.

"Touch her! feel her; it is no illusion!" I almost screamed, as I tore him on. Then the figure I gazed on seemed to fade before my eyes; the colors grew dim, the outlines blurred. There was a passionate wail of "Alfred!" and the whole vanished into mist.

And with an exclamation of horror all my senses gave way; and when, after tossing in delirium for weeks after, I at last rose from the bed which had almost been my deathbed, I smiled to myself to hear them say too much work and exertion and an over-excited brain had brought on brain fever.

I knew what it was, and Alfred.

MR. TRADDLES' TALE.

BY LOUIS SAND.

"Down in Link's Hollow, where the gibbet was?"

"Aye."

"A ugly place and a ugly night. I wouldn't go."

"It won't be the first time that gibbet kept him here," said the landlord between the whiffs of his pipe, "as his wife could tell. Ever hear about it, sir?"

"No," said the pimple-faced man, who was a stranger.

"Come sit down, Traddles, and tell it."

Mr. Traddles looked at the fire and at the window; he cast an upward glance at the shining brasses on the shelf; a corner of his eye took in the preparations for supper which were going on quietly; a pewter measure threw an affectionate twinkle at him, which said "Stay;" the stout old arms of the wooden settle stretched themselves out in their rough but kindly fashion, and said, "Come, nonsense about going—sit down and don't bother!" The settle finished it. Such beaming good humor there was in its polished back—such an air of reckless jollity in the way its arms were held out, and its feet, one kicking one way, one another; and so shiny was its seat, from much rubbing of drab unmentionables and marvellously embroidered smock frocks. It wasn't everywhere you could see such a settle as that; for the march of civilization and refinement is against settles and chimney corners and high mantles with glittering brasses.

Mr. Traddles then sat down obediently; he put out his knees wide, with a hand resting on each of them; he looked up amongst the hams and fitches for inspiration, and the pimple-faced man offered him a pipe, which he refused; for Mr. Traddles couldn't smoke, it gave him a tickling sensation in the throat, and if persevered in produced a sort of blur before his visual organs, in which the brasses were seen to make rapid circuits round the room, the fire-irons to conduct themselves in a very light manner, and even the arms of the settle to hit out with such violence against everything in general, as to give rise to the idea that it was parting company in the middle, and going to pieces under him.

Mr. Traddles did not say all this to the stranger, he merely remarked that smoking was a bad habit for young men to get into, and shook his head with a self-denial very virtuous under the circumstances.

"It was in the days," began Mr. Traddles, "when there was a good deal doing on the road—not that the trade is quite used up yet, but it's damaged; things are a little altered since Dick Turpin did his bit of a step with Black Bess—there was a farmer lived down yonder"—with a jerk of his thumb towards the window—

"Link's Hollow?"

"Aye; it was about the time my mother sent me—being a lad of genius, but, as she called it, poor soul, 'a Jack-of-all-trades, master-o'-none'—away to learn farming, expecting I should have money left me, which I had, but that's neither here nor there, for it's gone, somehow, long ago. It's a curious



THE ROBBER'S REVENGE.

thing now," said the little man, looking into the fire, "how that money did go! It was in a bank, safe enough, as I thought; I drew just a bit now and a bit then, thinking to make it up by-and-bye; and one morning, going to ask for a small sum—a mere trifle—they said it was all gone. I don't wish to wrong anybody, but it was curious, you know!"

"But the gibbet," said the pimple-faced man impatiently. "What about that?"

"Well, the farmer was well to do; had no chick nor child, and plenty of money; a rich man, so to speak. He used to go, like other farmers, to — market, to sell his grain and get the money for it; and it was a lonely ride enough between there and Link's Hollow, but he was a bold man, and it didn't trouble him. He had been to market as usual, and had received money. He had it about him, bank-notes and sovereigns, tied up in a brown holland bag, which looked all the richer because it was dirty. He took his grog well, and gave it freely to the man who had paid him, as he always did, for he was open-handed enough. There was a stranger sitting in the same room, but his back was turned, and he seemed just to be minding his own business and taking no notice of any one, till, all at once, the farmer felt a sort of spell on him to look up. He did so, and saw the stranger's eye fastened on the bag, which he had just tied up.

"Your health," says the farmer, looking at him, and taking a pull at his grog.

"Same to you," says he, laughing. "It's to be hoped you carry arms, if you mean to ride far with that sort of thing at this time of night."

"Arms," says the farmer. "Aye, and fists at the end of 'em."

"He doubled his fists as he spoke, and the man, laughing again, wished him a pleasant ride, and went away.

"The farmer mounted his horse and rode off. He had ten good miles before him, and most on 'em across a common, with no house near, not even a cottage. He looked about as he left behind him the last house he should see till he reached his own, and then set off at a trot, whistling as he went. He had often done the same thing before; he had often ridden home as late, with as much money in his pocket, and he had no fear now. Very soon he heard the ring of hoofs on the hard road behind him. He quickened his pace a bit, but not enough, for, before he was aware, a horse was stretching neck-for-neck with his, and a blow from some weapon staggered him in his seat.

"Aye, aye," said the farmer, gathering up the reins and rising in his stirrups, for the moon had shone right across the robber's face, and he knew him again. "Arms, is it? Aye, and fists at the end of 'em. Your health, my friend!"

"Hitting out, and spurring his horse, off he started, and 'my friend' after him. The robber had a tough nag, but the farmer's was the fleetest, if she could only hold her pace long enough. On they went, the sparks flying up from the hard road after them. A neck-or-nothing race it was, but the farmer gained on his friend fast. He was just beginning to draw a comfortable breath and think about home, when a sharp whistle came from behind, and another horseman sprang into the road right before him. He wasn't going to give it up even then; they grappled together for a minute, and the dancing and capering of horses' feet mingled with their heavy breathing. It was but for a minute; the farmer got his bridle free, doubled suddenly, and sending his riding-stick at his assailant, as a last fond remembrance, he made for a low fence, cleared it, and got in front again. They were both after him, however, at a spanking gallop. He dug his spurs into the mare, and she spun along like the wind with him, all panting and stiff as he was, for he had got some blows, too. And now, getting near his own house—where he could see the smoke curling up from the chimney, and knew his wife was sitting there waiting for him and keeping up the fire for him—the mare's foot caught against a stone. See what little things turn the balance; it was but a moment or so lost, but it was that too much. He was seized, pinioned and his pockets rifled. He never spoke, never asked for mercy, but he struggled hard, and the robbers had no easy task to keep him fast while they searched him. They took his money, and one of them, with a curse, struck a heavy blow on the mare's reeking flank that made her spring off again like mad, while the other, perhaps his bad blood was up at the farmer's hard

fighting, drawing something from his bosom, steadied his hand a minute, took aim, and the farmer tumbled from his horse like a rook out of a branch. That was in sight of his own door."

"Was he dead?"

"He lived long enough to tell it, and to swear to the man who stopped him first. The other got off."

"He did die, then?"

"He did. His wife took on horribly, shut herself up, and never spoke a word to anybody, making no sound but a moaning, which kept on all day and all night, asleep and awake. At last she took a fancy to go rambling about the house at night, like a moaning ghost, up-stairs and down-stairs, along the passages, in and out of every room but the one he had lain in; and one night she tried that too. Perhaps she heard the strange creaking outside, or perhaps some spirit was in her, dragging her on; she must have pulled up the blind and looked out, however, and in the tree within a few yards of her, swinging backwards and forwards in the wind—we know what the moon was shining on, and she must have seen it. There came from that room a shriek that rung through the house and startled everybody out of their beds to see what was the matter. But they could only guess—she never told."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Mad!" said the little man, shaking his head—"raving!"

"Humph!" said the pimple-faced stranger—"robbed in sight of his own door! that sounds rather—rather—"

"That man," said Mr. Traddles, striking his drab knees emphatically, "was my uncle. I was at his house when it happened. That horrible thing in the gibbet swung there, creaking, in sight of the house, crowds of people coming to see it every day—swarms of people. After that night they took it down, but it was too late to save my aunt!"

"And that gibbet," said the landlord, shaking the ashes out of his pipe solemnly, "was the last gibbet as I ever see, and I don't care if I never see another, nor hear on it. Pass the grog."

THE ORGAN OF SECRETIVENESS.—This organ was a leading feature in William Palmer; and under the most trying circumstances he could prevent expressing the slightest emotion of his feelings. The remarks made by Palmer's groom are strictly illustrative of secretiveness in his master. "He was a singular man. He never changed countenance, whatever happened. We used to notice it as we passed by. We never could tell whether he had won or lost." When Field and the other detectives called on Palmer, and informed him of the suspicions that Walter Palmer had not been fairly dealt with, and that they were going to make inquiries, Palmer replied, "Quite right," without the least expression of feeling. They thought they would try him further, and said, "They had also doubts about his wife's death;" but he never said anything beyond "Very right and proper." Sampson, one of the detectives in question, is stated to have said that he never witnessed such an impassibility in all his life. He expected that Palmer would have jumped up and knocked them down; but he never stirred, but went on sipping his wine and cracking his walnuts as unconcerned as possible. Secretiveness is very large in the head of Rush, which led him to conceive that the mask he wore when he murdered his victims perfectly concealed him from recognition. He never appeared to consider that his peculiar manner of carrying his head would point out his identity and lead to his detection. His large secretiveness made him feel perfectly secure with himself, and he, like Palmer, thought all his movements impenetrable.

DRESS.—The following paragraph appears in the *Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser* of Saturday, July 29, 1880: "A few days ago, a Macaroni made his appearance in the assembly-room at Whitehaven in the following dress: a mixed silk coat, pink sattin waistcoat and breeches, covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink sattin shoes, and large pearl buckles, a mushroom-coloured stock, covered with a fine point lace; his hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins."

THE BEST GIFT.

HEART, thou wilt grieve no more,
 Darkness is past;
 Storm-cloud and gloom are o'er,
 Peace come at last.
 Fate smiles at length on
 The web she hath wove,
 Gives one to love me, Heart,
 Some one to love!

Summer there is but one,
 Day without night;
 Winter's a name alone,
 No frost nor blight—
 Grief passes stingless by,
 Cares pointless prove,
 For some one loves me, Heart,
 Some one I love.

Flowers have sweeter sprung,
 Skies seemed more clear,
 Birds have more blithely sung,
 Heaven seemed so near—
 Life gained a sudden worth,
 All price above,
 Since some one loves me, Heart,
 Since I have loved.

Harshness, where bides it now?
 Sorrow, where fled?
 Weariness buried low,
 Joy come instead.
 Patience that hopeth all,
 Trust to be proved,
 By one that loves me, Heart,
 One that I love.

Speak to me, silver stream,
 Language thou'st found,
 Soft clouds of sunset's dream
 Floating around.
 Voices in all of ye,
 Field, brook and grove,
 Whisper, one loves me, Heart,
 One that I love.

Sweet rose, thou hast a voice
 In thy soft breath,
 In thy world I rejoice—
 Hark! what she saith—
 "Last glimpse of Paradise,
 Where I had birth,
 To thee is granted,
 O daughter of earth;
 Prize it, and treasure it,
 All else above"—
 Some one to love thee, Heart,
 Some one to love!

POST NATAL.—Notwithstanding its almost tropical position, Natal has an eminently healthy climate. Newly-arrived settlers often remain for months under canvas, or in very slight and carelessly-constructed buildings, without experiencing the slightest ill-effect. The climate proves serviceable to consumptive persons, provided they come to it before the disease has too firmly established itself. In the early stages of the disease, the improvement is very much due to the genial temperature allowing the invalid to live constantly in the free open air, and to the habits of colonial life necessitating the riding continually on horseback. The grave forms of malarious and intermittent fever are entirely unknown. Asiatic cholera has never been seen in the colony. Small-pox has not yet visited it. Fevers connected with derangement of the organs of digestion occur occasionally during the season of transition from summer to winter, and after prolonged exposure and exertion in the sun; but they are for the most part tractable, and soon yield to judicious treatment. Diarrhoea and dysentery also are sometimes met with after the heat. About the same time, a tiresome pustular affection of the skin is also liable to occur, in which the pustules are apt to degenerate into indolent ulcers, and become what are known as "Natal sores." Little else needs to be noted with respect to the climate and healthiness of this highly-favored colony.

HEPN REVISITED: ALSO MISS EMMA—A LOVE DREAM DISSIPATED.

BY THEOPHILUS OPER.

I HAVE seen Hepn once more, and I have seen Miss Emma. Let me see; ten, twenty-three; yes, it is thirteen years since I fell in love with Emma. I had just concluded my ninth year. She was older, but what is age in love affairs? Nothing. The rubric proves it, for I am sure I've read that a man may not marry his grandmother. I think Emma was about twenty-five. I am sure she was a lovely angel. Her bonnet was a sweet thing—Leghorn, with three pink roses, each in a green leaf on one side, arranged in the shape of a heart, and three more pink roses, in three more leaves, like another heart on the second side. As for the strings—one pink, to match with the roses, and one green, to match with the leaves. How beautiful she and they were! I used to watch her all through the Litany, and I think she used sometimes to look at me. Whenever I thus thought, I used to sweep my white handkerchief over my face. Once the cambric fell into Lady Blakheim's paw below the gallery. I tried not to blush, so that nobody should accuse me. She smiled, oh! so kindly; and as for me, I would have wept, only—I could not wipe my tears away. I did blush, and the doctor marked me in more ways than one. The "impositions" were cruel, but for Emmy's sake I bore them and did not run away. Nay, 'twas only the gentle Emmy who saved me from defiance of the doctor by the traditional means of the inkstand. Such is the influence of all-absorbing and humanising first love! The complaint is not so bad the second time. I think, after much consideration, that it is best to have the complaint—kill or cure.

Emma was fair, and when her beautiful head was touched with the sunlight, bright dark-gold lines broke out all over her curls. She wore it curled. She lived at the mill, for she was the miller's daughter. If you went to the high part of the playground and climbed the pole, you could see the tops of the revolving sails: they always seemed to be kissing the sky. *Oh! les beaux jours quand j'étais malheureux.* I saw her the very first Sunday the honored doctor had me under his literal eye; and as I had only a shilling a week, and there was three shillings for the slate I broke, tenpence stopped for extra pencils, and three-and-sixpence for postage and bribes to the mercurial day-boys, it took four months and a fortnight to purchase the brooch.

It was a beautiful thing. A pansy of two amethysts and three topazes, with a sweet turquoise in the centre to throw up the colors, and seven silver leaves round about. I did not trust that to the day-boy. I asked to go into the town, and flung it in at the best parlor window, right through the geraniums. It was only four days to Sunday, but I really thought it was four centuries.

She wore it, and I knew she recognized me by the pencil portrait I wrapped about it. Mugley, the engraver's son, charged sixpence for it.

I think I wept. I am quite sure I was very deep in love. I never spoke to her. I conjugated "amo" and "aimer" every day, but I never addressed Miss Emma otherwise than by letter—that is—yes, never.

I was at Hepn but during six months, and then my friends, being advised thereto, applied me to another school, but I took Miss Emma with me. Every Sunday at the blank new school I sighed as we went to church. We had the gallery here also, and how many and many a time have I looked for a face such as hers! such a bonnet as that lovely thing I have mentioned! Ah! I never saw their equal. I did once think I had found her faint image in the free seats, but the image pinched her younger brother by her side; she was reprimanded by the beadle and I was once more alone. "'Tis a weary world, Eugenius!"

However, constant dripping will wear away a stone, and so continual absence obliterated the miller's daughter to some extent; and it has just struck me that perhaps it would have been as well for me, if, during the thirteen years Emma was hid from me, I had always held her in as tender remembrance as I did during the first few months of my existence from the date of my departure from Hepn.

I was melancholy; for I would have you know my affection was as real as possibly ridiculous; but melancholy is an abstract term, and therein lies my doubt.

No, I never spoke to her during that enraptured six months; but ah! I serenaded the queen of my soul. Not in the usual way—the Spanish. No. To commemorate something or somebody we had fireworks. All the boys had to contribute, and it was one-and-sixpence out of the brooch-money. I thought the mulct hard till—oh, rapture!—she came, with many other neighbors, to gloriously enhance the gala. She wore a pink muslin, for it was summer-time, and a blue feather over the bonnet. So I crept near her, together with several of the boys, who, liking to hear me sing, would do me if I refused; and delightedly I commenced. First, "My heart's in the Highlands"—I should have liked to substitute "Mill-lands," but the word would not come out.

She heard, and bending forward, I saw her by the illumination of a Roman candle, nodding her head and smiling. Then I sang, "She wore a wreath of roses," and though the effect was awfully marred by Tomkins, a soulless boy, saying, "All round her hat," I went through with it, concluding with a beautiful cadence. I also sang, "Away with melancholy," "Come, arouse thee, arouse thee," and "My love is like the red, red rose." She arranged her hair after the last ballad. I was very happy, and I was very miserable.

When I comprehended I should see Emma no more, when I entered under the new school portal, I bade adieu to life: but we really say farewell to existence so frequently in the midst of our little troubles, that I am afraid I was not particularly struck with the novelty of being able, after a time, to eat three meals a day with an appetite. Such is life.

Let me see; my fight for the daily bread, which is given, but which must be sought, commenced at sixteen. Sixteen from twenty-three—for seven years have I been making monthly promises to visit Hepn and Miss Emma. I know that Yarrow revisited resulted in utter bankruptcy. I know that memory can flatter better than a court painter, for memory is but hope looking over her shoulder. I know that a handsomely white-washed building may contain heart-sickening relics, but for all that, on one wintry day I started for Hepn.

The vagaries of indigestion, as a lady, for whom I have a real and lasting respect, once told me, may be Protean—but that one of them should take me to Hepn!

Ma foi, there is the old mill. Why 'tis but a ramshackle concern at best; but—somehow it extorts tribute; and, *ma foi*, I think Hepn is already the richer by a whole tear. But am I deceiving myself? Is this real sentiment, or is this humbug? *Bon*; now I cannot see the mill at all, so I suppose Hepn is the richer by a couple of tears.

Can I go up to the little gate which clicked one single time behind me? Can I open it, go to the door, and make inquiries in a preternaturally gruff voice? No, *ma foi*, I cannot do this. There are the geraniums; and those balls of emotion which I find situated in some human throats are chasing up and down my windpipe in the most assertive manner.

Now, what shall be done? "This is cowardice," says Conscience. "Nay, 'tis not," says Vanity; "'tis an honorable feeling." "What, shall the love of the boy flutter the heart of the man?" says Conscience. "By Jove!" says Vanity, "is not the boy father to the man?"

Meanwhile this entity has walked towards the town. So Miss Emma, if in Hepn, must do her best with candles, for the town is still destitute of gas—in fact Hepn is dead; the very smoke is lazy, and the ploughmen possess the politeness of silence because they have not strength of purpose sufficient to induce them to open their singularly wide mouths. In a word, Hepn is nowhere in the race of towns, and is covered with the dust of her working neighbors. Poor Hepn!

MR. LOOMEY, HAIRDRESSER, FROM LONDON.

"Now," says Conscience. "The barber knows everything," says Curiosity; "go in and draw him." "Do not," says Pride. "I think you may as well," says Ennui and Indigestion in a chorus, whereon Conscience and Pride lose the field, and I unintentionally ring such a summons on the shop bell that it might be imagined I think Mr. Loomsey still in the metropolis. Now I don't want shaving, and I'm not going to have my hair

cut, with the millpond almost ready to bear after the three nights' frost, so I order my head to be dressed.

"Suttingly, sir," said the presumable Mr. Loomsey, who comes to the fore.

Mr. Loomsey has told no untruth, he is from "the metropolis"—the native of no other part could so wildly defy the letter "h" to be right, or be so thoroughly sure of his own opinion.

"Deesly weather, aint it?" says Mr. Loomsey.

"Very," I return. By-the-bye, it is by this time dusk.

"I 'adn't the 'onor of your p'tronage when I was in town, I s'pose, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said I, with perfect truth.

"Twenty years ago, sir."

"Ah!" said I, "then you and I were here in Hepn together, I suppose?"

"Hindeed, sir! Father in trade yere praps."

"No, not exactly. I was at the school."

"Lor! what are yer one of the hold 'uns?"

"Yes," I say, and with a sigh, for my thirteen years have little *per contra*.

By this time the scissors have been exhibited, the comb and brush displayed, and after much useless calling of "Hem, hem!" the tongs have been found and scoured.

"But," I add, "I don't remember you as the barber."

"No, sir; I was old Fibson's assistant. Poor old Fibson! he's dead! That makes one — Hem!"

"Old Fibson was not up in haircutting," I said, with a half sigh. "He always cut my hair."

"An' you looked much wuss after the hoppurrashun than before it — Hem!"

"Thus the barber. 'Indeed, yes.' Thus I—

Whereupon the barber—"Hem!"

"Dear me," said he, "where's Hem?"

"I beg your pardon," said I; "really I thought it was a cough. What's she to do?"

"'Old the light," said Mr. Loomsey; and then he added — "Hem!"

This time some effect was produced, for a screaming voice returned, "I'm comin', when I'm fit."

Then there was such a scuffling overhead as I have heard my young cousins make when preparing for a ball, and when I have been in the next room wondering what it all meant. In about two minutes I heard a "lump, lump, lump" down some mysterious staircase, which seemed to be planted over the stove; then I distinctly heard a voice say "Hook me!"

During this time Mr. Loomsey, from London, was away, and apparently combining the occupations of swearing and excavating in a small domestic coal-mine. After a time and a vast deal of smothered recrimination, Mr. Loomsey led a procession, he smacking his tongs, the presumable Mrs. Loomsey following with a flat candlestick, wherein flared a candle; while a black Tom cat, with a tendency to appreciate the domestic unquiet of the household, brought up the rear.

I began to feel extremely dismal.

"Now, Hem," said Mr. Loomsey, and at once plunged a comb at my head.

I had never had my head "dressed" since leaving school for good. I remembered that, on the festive occasions when the tongs were heated, I found the operation entrancingly exquisite. I anticipated a repetition of this sensation. Well, the feeling I experienced when the first curl was achieved could not be called blissful. I have had a tooth out—only one, upon my honor—well, it was very like mild tooth-drawing!

We had three curls done, and I was about to draw out the barber, who seemed absorbed in his work, when the operator suddenly called out, "Hem! mind the gentleman's back 'air!"

"I beg your—" the illuminator had said, when Loomsey silenced her with the recommendation to "old it 'igher."

I was beginning to feel an inclination steal over me to choke this tyrannical barber, when, as though aware he had forgotten a portion of his art, the hairdresser began to soliloquize.

"Ah! them was the good times at the school, afore the old doctor was took off—'old 'ard, sir!" (for "sir" had suddenly started.)

"You cannot mean to say the doctor is dead?" said I.

"An' berried, six years ago," said the barber, curling away. "An' then even his right 'ad gone—Mr. 'amilton B. Hay, which he died of sperits!"

Ah! Hepn was changed indeed.

"Why," said the barber, "I've made ten and sixpence by locks o' 'air in a week—snuff it, Hem!"

I sighed, for I remembered the hair-lock business. It became a mania, and it lasted for years. A handsome, curly-headed laddie set the thing in motion, and from that time the despatch of love-locks to favored maidens was as much a matter of course as caning.

"Why they used to blush up when they used to come in, sir," continued the operator, "and say—'My packet, if you please.' And lor', I often got sixpence for myself for tyin' of 'em up in ribbin. They said some of 'em went to Ingia; an' the girls in the town got lots."

It was at the end of this sentence that I heard a smothered sob, and the next instant there was a frizzle—I felt heat at the back of the head, and then I was violently banged about.

"You Hem! you—you wouldn't 'old it 'igher! Why, you set the gent's 'ead a-fire!"

"I really beg—" said the illuminator, lowly; and then she added, "you know my eyes are so bad, Loomey."

"Then," said Loomey, emphatically, "'old it 'igher!"

I had had enough of the hair-dressing; so I laid down the whole of a shilling, and walked out, leaving Mrs. L. disconsolately holding the candle, and Mr. L. smacking the tongs with frightful intent.

The moon was bright by this time, and by its patient, melancholy light I went to the churchyard. There is a breeze murmuring, and from afar off comes the lowing of impatient cattle. Softly pass my footsteps from stone to stone, and at last they are found. First, poor Hamilton's—a good man, but a nasty, with a fine intellect, overpowered by irresolution. Peace is with thee! Then the old doctor's tomb is below my eyes; peace be with thee also, doctor; but in thy life thou didst make much unrest!

Then to the old school. There were the same solemn shadows cast by the trees, and which I had so often tried to read in my early youth. All seemed the outward same, and yet how much change had passed over it! All new faces, all new thoughts; only Nature, patient Nature, unchanged and beneficent, ever singing the undying hymns of rest by death, and yet much hope in life.

At last to the inn, where I have eaten, ere this, and not too sparingly—for the appetites of boys are mainly ambitious. I have finished a dinner, which is very sparing indeed, when I am told that Mrs. Loomey wishes to see me. I start from the reverie into which I have fallen, thinking of my first love, and pray that Mrs. Loomey may be shown in—though what Mrs. L. can want with me I am very absolutely at a loss to discover. She enters.

Hey-day! Mrs. Loomey has improved! Mrs. Loomey has a handsome cap on! it might be conjectured that she has had her hair dressed; and though she wears no bonnet, Mrs. Loomey exhibits mittens.

Will I excuse her? Yes, certainly. Am I quite sure I will? Of course. Will Mrs. Loomey take a seat? No: but Loomey had taken a bad shilling, perhaps. "Perhaps?" I naturally return. "O, the very highest gentlemen are liable to mistakes. Loomey thinks perhaps the gentleman—"

The gentleman with nervous rapidity immediately produces a second shilling, for he is without social standing in Hepn, and he would not become an object of public scrutiny.

Now Mrs. Loomey comes forward to accept the coin, for which she proffers oceans of apologies; when the gentleman, somewhat wearied therewith, wanders as to his eyes, which, having little to do, are attracted by something which glitters on Mrs. Loomey's breast.

Ma foi! 'tis a brooch two amethysts, three topazes and a turquoise.

"You'll excuse me, sir," says my visitor; "but do you feel ill?"

"No, no!" I return. "That's a pretty brooch you have there ma'am."

"Yes; I am honored by your saying so, sir."

"Bought it?"

"No, sir; I found it, sir."

"Indeed!" (Then I say to myself, "This is not Emma!")

"Yes, sir, in my dear father's mill, in the little front parlor, just below the geraniums."

"Ah, dear me!" said I to myself, "this is indeed Emma! Such is life."

I looked on my old love, and behold the face began revealing itself—here a line and there a line, such as I had loved when looking down from the gallery in the old church. It is wonderful how many thoughts will flash through the mind in a moment? Wonderment at the discovery was followed by the recognition; that by pity for the lovesick schoolboy of ten, and sorrow for the change I saw before me; and yet not a moment had passed ere I said "Indeed!"

The little brooch shone brightly. Of all Hepn which I had revisited, this little jewel only remained the same. So I said to myself, "I reverence that early passage in my life; let me buy the brooch." And I am afraid I did not for one moment think the owner would throw any obstacle in the way of the sale. I say—"A very pretty brooch! Will you sell it?"

The poor woman started.

"Sell it, sir!"

"Why, you can't care much for it—you say you only found it."

"And in my dear father's mill. Ah! I little thought then that I should marry Loomey! He used to cut our hairs at the mill; but he's a—very good fellow, and—and an old bachelor lives at the mill now."

"I wonder," said I, "now I wonder how the brooch came in the room!"

"Lor', sir, why one of the young gentlemen at the school flung it in; he broke a geranium, and mother made a fine piece of work. I never told her about it. I said I bought it, and I hid the portrait—I've got that as well as the brooch!"

"Have you really?" said I.

"Yes, sir. And oh! sir, perhaps, as you was at the school, you can tell by the face what his name was—poor little boy!"

"Poor little boy" sounded so very oddly to me, that I looked in the glass. Why—why, as it was she looked old enough to be my mother!

Thirteen years! Well, suppose she was thirty when I conferred the brooch. *Ma foi!* she is forty-three, and only a year or so back I had had my coming-of-age dinner at Anderton's. Meanwhile Mrs. Loomey had been plunging at her pocket; from it she produced a "hussif," from it a little parcel, and from this the portrait of myself, for the elaboration of which Mugley had charged sixpence.

"Do you know him?" said she, quite eagerly.

"I don't think I do," said I, scrutinizing the work of art; "but I think I recognize the neck-ribbon. If I remember his name I will let you know."

For knowledge is but bitter fruit sometimes, and as Mrs. Loomey could look in a glass as well as myself, I thought I would hold my tongue.

"So you will not sell the brooch, Mrs. Loomey?"

"No, not to save us from a jail, sir!"

"And you won't sell this handsome portrait?"

"No," said she, taking it up. "Poor little fellow! I wonder where he is. Perhaps he's grown up and married by this time—God bless him!"

"And God bless thee!" said I.

"Lor', sir," returned Mrs. Loomey, "why, how you have brightened up! I really was thinking you was the saddest young man ever I did see!"

"The weather has changed for the better," said I; "and I think you're quite right about the portrait and brooch; and, let the dead rest, Mrs. Loomey—hope is often better than reality. Take my word for it, the brooch will sparkle as long as you can see it!"

"Good-night, sir!" said Mrs. Loomey—"you'll excuse the shilling!"

"I wouldn't part with it for your brooch!" said I; indeed, I have serious thoughts of wearing it as an appendage—I shall have this idea thoroughly argued out with myself at the first opportunity.

I think Mrs. Loomsey was amazed with the warmth I threw into our parting shake of the hand.

Hepn was bright next morning when I left it. No more utter blackness spread over the old house. There was Mrs. Loomsey, ever constant to her brooch, and I knew that youthful present had not been thrown away.

I have sent Mrs. Loomsey a very handsome dress—"shally delaine," I believe the draper called it. 'Tis another mysterious present, Mrs. L., and I wish it were silk; but, nevertheless, it is handsome; and, if it does not last as long as the brooch has existed, no matter—'twill make thee quite smart on Sundays.

FLOGGING ROUND THE FLEET.

MR. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM was about sixteen years old when he volunteered on board a ship of war, where, however, he soon became disgusted with the severity of the discipline, and deserted. The scene which impelled him to take this course was the "flogging round the fleet" of a deserter. The poor fellow had been impressed and torn from his wife and children; he deserted; and when recaptured, he struck the officer who took him. The merciful sentence of the court-martial was that he should receive twelve lashes at each vessel in the fleet. A boat from each vessel attended the execution; and Mr. Buckingham was in one of these. He says:

"The prisoner was in the launch—one of the largest boats of his own ship—in the centre of which was erected a triangular framework, made of handspikes or poles. To this he was fastened, by the arms being extended upwards and outwards, and his wrists bound tightly to the framework by cords, his body being perfectly naked down to the waist. In this boat were about a dozen of his own shipmates, the officer superintending the punishment, a lieutenant of his own ship, and the surgeon of the same, whose duty it was to see that the punishment was kept short of inflicting death. On reaching the leeward ship, the launch was hauled alongside; and at least twenty boats, in one of which I was stationed at the bow, clustered round the vessel on the starboard side, a few yards only from the launch, so that we could see every lash as it fell, and hear every shriek and groan of the sufferer.

"From the ship there descended an officer, with two boat-swains' mates, and an assistant surgeon. The naked body of the victim was exposed, and we heard the order given, 'The prisoner is to receive a dozen lashes from each ship. Boat-swains' mates, do your duty!' The strokes of the lash fell heavily, and at what to me seemed long intervals (a minute between each at least); the very first brought blood; the sufferer restrained his utterance till about the fifth or sixth; but then the pent-up agony had vent in a shriek, enough to rend a heart of stone. At the end of the first instalment of a dozen lashes, the victim's back was one mass of lacerated flesh and blood; and over this was spread a blanket, which, we were assured, was steeped in vinegar and brine, as some said to augment the suffering, as others contended to prevent mortification.

"The boats now all fell into line, each towing the one next behind her at an interval of about a boat's length apart, and the last having the launch with the prisoner in tow, all pulling against a stiff head to wind, to the ship next in order to windward, occupying from fifteen to twenty minutes. Here the same horrible scene was repeated, and so onward till about ten or twelve ships had been visited, there being six or eight more to go to; when the victim having several times fainted, and his voice ceased to give forth either shrieks or groans, he was reported by the surgeon to be incapable of bearing any further infliction, and was ordered to be rowed ashore to the hospital, before reaching which he was discovered to be dead; and some declared that he had received the last heavy lashes on his body after the spirit had quitted its earthly tenement."

Before the fleet sailed Mr. Buckingham deserted, and was fortunate enough to escape recapture, and its consequent repetition of this disgusting and disgraceful scene, with himself for the principal actor.

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even for a few feet of the snow!

NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, AT POTSDAM, 1806.

THE campaign of 1806 had nearly produced the overthrow of the Prussian monarchy. Its army, formed and disciplined with so much care by the Great Frederick, had been annihilated in fourteen successive battles; its fortified places were in the hands of the French; its provinces, and amongst others Silesia, whose conquest had cost Frederick the Great so much, were invaded by the French armies; everywhere had the eagle of France overturned the two-headed eagle of Prussia, and the unhappy country presented the appearance of one vast enemy's camp. Napoleon, irritated with the hypocritical neutrality of the King of Prussia, with his intrigues with England, and more particularly with the mysterious part he had taken in the coalition of 1805, when, without ostensibly appearing in the ranks of Austria and Russia, he had secretly put an army on foot with the intention of cutting off the French divisions in case of defeat—Napoleon had resolved to efface Prussia from the map of Europe, and to reduce the descendant of the Great Frederick to the simple dignity of Elector of Brandenburg. Neither the supplications of the Prussian ministers, nor the tears of a young and lovely queen, nor the prayers of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, could change his resolution; but that which the tears of a woman, the solicitations of two emperors, the prayers of a whole people attached to its sovereign (more weak, perhaps, than guilty), could not effect, was affected by a tomb, and produced in the mind of Napoleon one of those sudden resolutions which few can either understand or explain.

Already had the emperor commanded the destruction of the column of Rosbach, raised in memory of a battle lost by the French, under Louis XV.; already had he possessed himself of the sword of Frederick the Great, exclaiming, "I esteem this sword more than all the treasures of the world!" Prussia, although sinking beneath the weight of the war tax, shook with rage and shame when it learnt that the arms of its favorite hero had passed into the hands of the emperor. From one end of the land to the other arose imprecations against the French; not for their conquests, not so much for their unwelcome presence in the land, as for the desecration of the sword of their great monarch.

Napoleon made his entry into Berlin on the 24th of October, 1806, and soon after he established himself at Potsdam, the favorite palace of Frederick; where, after having raised his country to the highest pitch of glory and splendor, the monarch took delight in cultivating literature, and in carrying on an active correspondence with all the philosophers, sages and literati most celebrated in Europe. Napoleon traversed the castle, and wished to see the apartment which had been inhabited by the Great Frederick. It had been most religiously respected; none of the furniture had been removed, or even its position changed. He examined them with curiosity, turned all the locks, opened all the cupboards, and touched everything on which he could lay his hand.

"Faith!" exclaimed he in a tone of surprise, throwing himself on an old sofa, "it certainly is not for the magnificence of its furniture that this apartment is worth notice, for there is not a shop in Paris which does not contain furniture more handsome." But what pleased him most was, to find, amongst other things in the bed-chamber in which the Prussian monarch died, the sword, the belt and the orders which he had worn. The emperor seized it with impatience.

"Ah, ah, gentlemen!" said he, with enthusiasm, addressing those who surrounded him, "I prefer these trophies to all the treasures of Prussia." Then, after a moment's reflection, he added—"I wish to see the tomb of Frederick." And immediately, followed by some of his officers, and preceded by an old servant of the defunct king, he directed his steps towards the funeral monument, and by the light of a flambeau carried by a single valet, he descended the stone steps of the royal vault, and soon found himself in the tomb of the Charlemagne of Prussia.

This tomb is even more simple than that of Charlemagne. It is of freestone, polished like marble, but without any kind of

ornament. An iron balustrade surrounds the tomb, on which are only written these words:

"FREDERICK THE SECOND, KING OF PRUSSIA."

There is no sign of royal or military pomp—not the least trophy—it is the sepulchre, not of a powerful monarch and of a hero, but rather of a philosopher and sage, who rejects, as unworthy of a great man, all those marble and brazen decorations which form the tombs of ordinary kings.

Frederick II., who, following the example of Charles XII. and Peter the Great, had introduced into his costume a degree of stiffness which excluded elegance and vanity, even in the construction of his tomb gave another example of that simplicity which sits so well on great men. In fact, there existed a great analogy between the furniture of the Castle of Potsdam and the sepulchre of him who had inhabited it for forty years.

At this sight Napoleon raised his hat and contemplated with profound emotion the tomb in which slept the captain, whom, from his earliest youth, he had taken for his model. What then passed his mind? What thoughts and feelings did this sepulchre call into existence? None can say; but certain it is, that, after having remained in contemplation for more than a quarter of an hour before the tomb, Napoleon, in returning to the palace, said, loud enough to be overheard by those who accompanied him—"The House of Brandenburg shall continue to reign!"

In fact, from this moment the whole aspect of affairs changed. Napoleon who hitherto had exhibited a steady and inflexible determination not to enter into communication with the Prussian plenipotentiaries, relaxed in his severity. He gave orders to Talleyrand to resume the negotiations, and although the conditions were hard, Prussia still remained a kingdom, and the nephew of the Great Frederick, a king.

The same evening, Napoleon having retired early to the bed-chamber which had been prepared for him, in the Castle of Potsdam, said to his aide-de-camp, Rapp, who was in attendance on him:

"Look at the clock of the Great Frederick—what is the hour?"

"Nine, sire," was the reply.

"That is just the hour he died, twenty years ago," said Napoleon, in a pensive tone.

And as Rapp, after having hung up the huge old watch over the head of the emperor's bed, where the sword of the Prussian monarch was also suspended, was gazing with curiosity at the mean handle of the weapon, Napoleon, guessing his aide-de-camp's thoughts, took the sword, and having drawn it from its sheath, examined the blade with attention, and then placed his finger on its point and said:

"It is very old, but it still pricks: I shall send it to the Governor of the Invalides; my old soldiers of the campaigns of Holland shall preserve it as a proof of the victories of the great army, and of the revenge it took for the defeat of Rosbach."

"Sire," replied Rapp, "if I were in your majesty's place, I should not give away the sword; I should keep it myself."

At these words the emperor cast on his aide-de-camp a glance of indefinite meaning, and touching the hilt of the sword he wore with the palm of his hand, exclaimed proudly, "Have I not my own, Mr. Adviser?"

RARE BENEFITS OF LAZINESS.—It has been common to sneer at the lazy man, as one destined never to prosper, and an example to be shunned by those who would avoid misfortune and ill-tides in this world's affairs. But the Cincinnati *Inquirer* tells a story of a fellow, the laziest dog for miles around in the country, who a few years ago became possessed of certain property in Chicago. Too indolent to take care of it, he gave directions to have it sold, and did actually dispose of it at various times, but was too lazy to make out the deeds. Meantime the property increased enormously in value, and the delays caused by the man's laziness placed him, at the end of a few years, in the possession of an estate worth two hundred thousand dollars, for which, at the first, he would gladly have accepted twenty thousand dollars.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—Colonel Lemanousky, an old officer under Napoleon, and now a missionary in Illinois, preached one Sunday lately at the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, to a crowded audience. His discourse was an excellent one, and characterised by unusual animation in its delivery. According to his own account, when speaking on a former occasion, his experience as a military man under Napoleon is as follows: "I am a man of seventy years of age. I have been twenty-three years a soldier in the armies of Napoleon Buonaparte. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horseflesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun on my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and thirst so tormenting that I tore open the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I could survive all these horrors? I answer that, next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to the fact that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquors in my life."

A RUSSIAN INCIDENT.—When we returned to Sebastopol, not long afterwards, we heard that the Emperor Nicholas had left the military portion of the community a reminiscence that was calculated to produce a deep impression. He had scarcely terminated his flying visit, and the smoke of the steamer by which he returned to Odessa still hung upon the horizon, when, in a smothered whisper, one soldier confided to another that their ranks had received an addition; and when we returned to Sebastopol, it was said that the late governor, in a significant white costume, was employed with the rest of the gang upon the streets he had a fortnight before rolled proudly through, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting his high position. No dilatory trial had reduced him to the condition in which he now appeared before the inhabitants of his late government. The fiat had gone forth, and the general commanding became the convict sweeping. I was very anxious to discover what crime had been deemed worthy of so severe a punishment, but upon no two occasions was the same reason assigned, so it was very clear that nobody knew; and probably no one found it more difficult than the sufferer himself to single out the particular misdemeanor for which he was disgraced. The general opinion seemed to be that the unfortunate man had been lulled into security in his remote province, and, fancying himself unnoticed in this distant corner of the empire, had neglected to practise that customary caution, in the appropriation of his bribes and other perquisites, which is the first qualification of a man in an elevated position in Russia.—*Lawrence Oliphant.*

FEELINGS IN BATTLE.—During the approach of a cannon-ball I have observed a general seriousness of countenance, with great silence; in its passing over the vessel, a smile; on its falling short, a laugh. People not employed with something to engage the mind in battle are very tryingly situated; they have time to fashion their fears in a thousand ways. Some of them keep together and talk in a low voice upon indifferent matters, and on subjects rather insipid than either serious or laughable. Others keep alone, and seem indifferent about what may happen. One is ashamed to appear frightened; at the same time he is willing to get, as it were by accident, to the leeward of a mast or capstan, if the firing be to windward. In such situations are found boys belonging to the vessel, if they can contrive anything to do there. They seem to be in a great bustle about some little business or other, but they are, in fact, proving to the sympathizing, and consequently discerning, passenger, that self-preservation is the first law of nature. Others, from sentiment or habit, seem to have this first sensation almost extinguished in them.—*Captain Brenton.*

TO YOUNG MEN.—Never marry a girl who manifests the slightest inclination to flirt. If you do, you will in after life heartily regret it. A good wife can never be made out of such a heartless creature. She would keep you in hot water continually. Girls calculated to make good wives are as numerous as blackberries in summer, and you may as well have a good one as the other kind.



THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

BY MARIAN JAMES.

It was in days long past away, on Canaan's fertile strand,
 Ere yet the race of Giants had perished from the land,
 That he arose, of whom I tell, Cristofero was he bight,
 His equal there had never been for stature and for might.
 "Now, by my troth," the Giant said, "allegiance will I pay
 To him alone, of all the earth, who wieldeth sovereign sway."
 Then forth he went unto a king, than mightier none did reign,
 The Monarch bade him welcome, of his service he was fain.
 It chanced unto the Court, one day, a wandering Minstrel came,
 And, in his lay, was often heard the Prince of Evil's name;
 And ever as that tittle dread smote on the listening ear,
 A change came o'er the Monarch's face, he crossed himself for fear.
 Cristofero marvelled greatly—"What means this sign?" he said;
 "It is to shield me from the power of Satan, whom I dread."
 "Doth Satan daunt thee, then I ween a greater prince is he,
 No more shalt thou my service claim—let him my master be."

Hark! to the tramp of horseman—a troop come up the vale,
 Their Leader terrible of mien, all dight in sable mail—
 Cristofero he accosteth—"Say! whither lies thy way?"
 "Satan I have been seeking, lo! many a weary day."
 "Rejoice! thy search is over, Satan thou dost behold!"
 And thus among his followers the Giant was enrolled.
 A lowly Cross the wayside by inviteth all to pray,
 The traveller breathes an orison, and strengthened goes his way;
 But that blest symbol of our Faith, the sinner's only stay,
 With shuddering thrills the Prince of Ill, he dare not pass that way.
 "Why dost thou quail?" Cristofero asked, "and wherefore turn
 aside?"

"I dread that weapon of my Foe, the Cross on which Christ died."
 A mightier than the Prince of Ill Cristofero finds doth reign,
 But though he seeketh far and wide, his quest is all in vain;
 At length a Hermit's cell he gained, the good man's aid implored,
 "They tell me thou art servant sworn of Jesus Christ the Lord."
 "My Son! wilt thou His liegeman be, dost thou His service ken?
 Nor wealth nor pomp it promiseth, the bait of greedy men,
 But days of toil and trials hard, and tasks to flesh severe;
 Can'st thou endure all these, my Son, then to my words give ear—
 Who serveth Christ I trow must fast." "Nay, Father, say not so,
 For soon would then my stalwart arm weak as a stripling grow."
 "Who serveth Christ I trow must pray." "Nay, Father, let prayer be,
 I am a man of deeds not words; prayer was not meant for me."
 "Then fetch a trusty staff, my son, yon river stand beside,
 And help all those who strive to cross, to stem its rushing tide."

Content Cristofero heareth, straight to the river hies,
 And with stout heart and sturdy arm, his task unceasing plies;
 His guiding hand the strong supports, the weak his shoulders bear,
 He never wearies at his post, but ever waiteth there;
 Not unregarded was his toil, the Lord well pleased did see—
 "Behold the man hath found a way (He said) to work for me."
 A long day's toil is ended, sleep wraps the Giant's frame.
 But sudden from his couch he starts—a low voice breathed his name.
 "Cristofero!" it spake, "arise, and bear me o'er to-night."
 But all is silent as before, and nothing meets his sight;
 Once more he seeks his lowly couch, again his slumbers light
 Are broken by the self same cry—"Carry me o'er to night."
 Drawn by that sweet and childlike call, Cristofero seeks the strand,
 And lo! upon the river's bank a little Child doth stand;
 He seats him on his shoulder, and boldly plunges in,
 And buffets with the swollen stream the other side to win:
 But loud the torrent rushes, the wind is howling wild,
 And heavier and heavier each moment grows the Child;
 The strong man's strength nigh falleth, but still he struggles on,
 His valliant heart and trusty staff at length the bank have won.
 "Who art thou, Child? great is thy weight, e'en as the world's
 might be."

"Thy service is accepted, thy Master smiles on thee.
 In token of the words I speak, plant thou upon the shore
 Thy staff, and it shall grow a tree, and blossom evermore,"
 He said, and vanished from his sight. Cristofero doubts no more,
 But knows it is his Lord the Christ that he has carried o'er;
 Low on his face he falleth his Master to adore,
 For he has learned to worship now, who only served before.

BUTTER FROM A TREE.—In Africa, on the banks of the Niger, is a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree resembles our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled, and the butter thus obtained is whiter, finer and of a richer flavor than that which is obtained from the cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt. The growth and preparation of this article is one of the leading objects of African industry, and constitutes the main staple of their industry and commerce.

MISAPPLICATION OF RIDICULE.—If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking everything that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

HERN CASTLE.

BY H. I. T.



I.
HERN CASTLE stands by its own broad lands,
West to the inland and east to the sea ;
The stoutest kite in his questing flight
Will flag ere he crosses the fee.

II.
And the Baroness Lascelles hath gold and vassals,
And winters and springs forty-four :
Her daughter Grace is the pride of her race,
A waxen cheek—and no more.

III.
Sir Hugh de Braye hath a palfrey
gray ;
And each morn you may see
him wait ;
To the weary page it seems an
ago,
As he yawns at the castle gate.

IV.
But which of the twain Sir Hugh
would gain,
With his equal smile and his
equal bow ;
That widow and maid, of each
other afraid,
Would give the whole world to
know !!

V.
The bower-maid Alice, who hands
the chalice
Of Gascon wine to Sir Hugh the
Knight,
I guess could tell, an she listed
well,
Which way his choice would
light.

VI.
For every day, ere he rides away,
There's a whisper'd word for
her private ear,
And a touch to her lip—lest her
memory slip—
When there's none of the vas-
sals near.

VII.
Some compliment to the mother
sent—
Some courtly praise to the
daughter borne ;
"No more, in faith!" "Save a
hint," she said,
"He may pass to-morrow
morn."

VIII.
Ne'er yet his tryst had Sir Hugh
miss'd :
Can the good gray steed have
gone false to-day.
"Ho! Alice the maid! what was
it he said
"When he last rode away?"

IX.
"Ho! Alice the maid! why where hath she stray'd?"
Not one in the house can tell:
But across the noon, with an answering tune,
Comes the clash of a marriage-bell.

X.
And below the keep doth a fair train sweep,
With a bride and a bridegroom gay ;
Hern Castle's the pride of the country-side—
But neither looks that way.

XI.
The baroness stands with clenched hands,
In a wrath that would fain burst free ;
And the pale proud face of the Lady Grace
Grows pallider yet to see.

XII.
There's a riddle read and a day-dream fled,
And a bower-maid's office undone to day,
While "To Lady Alice!" they drain the chalice
In the Hall of Sir Hugh de Braye!

CONSTANT success shows us but one side of the world, for it surrounds us with flatterers, who will tell us only our merits, and silences our enemies, from whom alone we might learn our defects.

VOL. VII., No. 2—11

BLOW HOT—BLOW COLD: A LOVE STORY.

BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

CHAPTER XI.—VERY FROSTY BEHAVIOR.

IF it amused her to stand at her bedroom window, and from behind the curtains watch down the road for his coming ; if it was any consolation to her to run to the door twenty times a day, to find, instead of her Alfred, only the butcher's boy with the chops, the baker or the postman, why, it didn't hurt me, and the exercise kept her blood in circulation. At first Alfred was ashamed of his absences, and came with long, elaborate excuses, but after a time he grew bold and brazen, and gave up the practice of accounting for his time. Perhaps he thought that Rosa must have become accustomed to his infidelity, habituated and trained to his neglect. Never was he more mistaken in his life. She was simply patient and submissive. Every moment he was away she was thinking of him and longing for his presence.

It was to win his applause that she fagged for hours at her lessons, like a school girl training to be a governess. Every day she wrote him letters, not to be sent by the post, but to be kept until he came to read them and show him how she

improved with her English and writing. I have some of these curious simple letters by me now—curious, mis-spelt, half-foreign things, all about him, worshipping him, hat, boots and all, but, despite the monotony of the subject, very affecting to me when I read them. She was a perfect mistress of the art of saying "I love you" in fifty thousand different ways. At her piano she made great progress. Music came naturally to her. She could catch a tune more easily than I can a fly; the art was in her head, and oozed out from her fingers, so that she played better from ear than her notes. It seemed so easy, that I was myself tempted to take six lessons on the accordeon; but I never got beyond Rousseau's Dream, whilst she jumped on ahead from music book to music book, until it became a treat to listen to her, as of an evening I lounged in the armchair, smoking my meerschaum and sipping her sherry.

But Alfred apparently took little interest in anything the girl did. The first time I became perfectly aware that his heart had wandered away from his affectionate wife was on one evening when—generous, knocked-up rake of a boy—he startled us by announcing that he should sleep at St. John's Wood. She was singing to him that pretty ballad by Herr Rosh—the words either by Ernest Anon or Charles Ibbid, I forget which—called "Let me sip thy Lovely Tears." I thought he was listening as intently as I was, for it is a pretty thing, and suited her voice. But in the midst of the second verse, just as she was giving out with tremendous feeling the celebrated line,

Such nectar, sweetened by a smile, is tipp'e for the gods, my love,

he jumped up, saying he had forgotten to write a letter, and forced her to quit the piano to find him pens, ink and paper.

On another occasion—I think he had been away nearly three weeks—he walked into the house in his confounded impudent manner, as if nothing had happened, and almost made a favor of submitting to the caresses my dear little Rosa, half hysterical with joy, was showering over him. He never thoroughly appreciated that peerless creature—she was thrown away on him. Ill-used, affectionate, beautiful woman, the more he wronged her the fonder she grew. I could only compare her to a poor dog chained up for weeks in a stable and unexpectedly released to be shown to master. How it twists, and whines and climbs about him to lick the hand. And I can only compare him to that same master who cries out "Down! down!" and frowns at the faithful dog. Deuce take me if I can understand how some hearts are put together! I suppose, like watches, there are small Geneva hearts, uncertain goers and almost useless, as well as honest, first-rate chronometer hearts that may always be relied upon. Well, on the occasion I refer to, she, after dinner, placed in his hand a bundle of twenty-one love-letters, written by her to him on those long evenings he had made so dull to her by his absence. Any other man would have snatched at them like a bankrupt at pile of banknotes; but he received the packet as calmly as change for sixpence. He did exert himself to open the first, said her capital B's were not improved, and scolded her for spelling generous with a j and noble with a b-e-l. I could have stamped on his toes! He to be called generous and noble! The little woman's mistake was not only in the spelling. In the course of that evening I wanted a light for my meerschaum. With the most obliging readiness he took out the letter he had grumbled over but not read, and, twisting it into a torch, handed it to me. As I held it to my pipebowl I read these words—"I know you love me!" By the powers, I thought to myself, he has a queer way of showing it!

The greatest cruelty of his conduct was the seclusion he condemned her to. She was on no account to leave the house, or even show herself at the windows. If she languished for fresh air she was to hire a fly, and, with the windows up, drive down the Finchley road. I told him he was killing her, and tried to reason with him, but he met my arguments with contemptible rudeness, and requested me to mind my own business. I confess I adored this unfortunate girl; I confess that all my affection had shifted from Alfred to his wife; that I loved her—but, mind you, only like a brother—a brother who has only one sister. I would have gone through fire or water, borrowed money, fought big men, or anything to serve her. She was so resigned and gentle, so beautiful and neglected. When, to cheer her, I praised Alfred and assured the half-doubting woman

of his love, it was positively affecting to witness her thankfulness. She would follow me about for these grateful words; or if I was sitting down hover round me like a waiter to fill up my glass with sherry, hand me the tobacco, fetch me a light, press whiskey and water upon me—anything to make me continue talking about her dear rip of a husband.

Once, and only once, did I actively take up Rosa's cause, and, at great peril of self, force him to single combat (a verbal fight) for her sake. This man had grown so heedless of her comforts that he even allowed her purse to run dry, and, indeed, put us both to great inconvenience by his selfishness; for how could the housekeeping be properly continued with any comfort unless there were a few pieces in the exchequer? (I boarded with Rosa). She had actually to borrow from me. Highly improper! I then thought it time to interfere. I found this good husband at his club, and he came to me smelling of French wine—Chablis, if I mistake not. I am afraid I lost my temper—an unpardonable stupidity in a poor man. I was incautiously trenchant and caustic. I said in my dry way, "You may run off and desert her, or anything in that innocent line, if you like, old boy; she may survive that, but I wouldn't try starving her yet, if I were you." I also told him I thought my aunt Sadgrove, if he really did mean killing her by destitution, would prefer the murder being committed at somebody else's house. In fact, I lashed into him. He laughed. That was proof positive that his love was dead. Had he resented my jokes I should have had hopes for poor Rosa. "Really, Alfred," I said, as I shook hands at parting, after pocketing a cheque, "you do not know the sterling worth of that dear lady, your wife. How you can have the strength to neglect her as you do is to me a miracle. What has she done? Isn't she the same woman you loved so desperately in Rome? By Jove! you don't deserve to own her!" You see I can be severe and bold too when I like. Matters had come to a crisis; it was time to be decided and energetic—no money in the house and borrowing from me!

After an unusually long absence, Alfred came to us in a great hurry, saying his mother had been seized with a violent illness, and was ordered by her physicians to start instantly for the south of France. He put the question to Rosa whether he should go with the madam and watch over the sick parent—whether a stranger or a son should support the mother's trembling limbs; and, in fact, rattled on at such a pace that he completely deceived. It was her duty to submit. He would promise to write to her and be faithful—very faithful, even in his thoughts. Then God bless him, and she would pray for his mother's recovery.

We had a letter from Tours saying the madam was better; we had another from Nice declaring she was worse; and from that time all correspondence ceased. Was he trying to break his wife's heart? or had he grown so indifferent to her peace of mind that the exertion of writing was greater than his affection? Weeks passed and became months, and yet no news. She fretted and I consoled; but it is the hardest work going, that of soothing and cheering, when you yourself have lost all faith; inventing excuses for a man who deserves none, and rousing a pining wife with hopes you yourself do not believe in. Yet she was very grateful to me for my grateful commiseration, and did all she could to make me some return. She sang the songs I liked, made me sit in the armchair, hemmed my pocket-handkerchiefs, worked slippers for me, and waited upon me more like a servant than anything else. So thankful for a few kind words, poor thing! I should have been happy and jolly if she could have been less fidgety about him, but every now and then, as of an evening I sat quietly reading and she sat quietly at work, I would hear a big breeze of a sigh, and the soft Italian voice would murmur, "I wonder where he is now?" I couldn't tell her, sweet child. I might guess and guess, and be no nearer the truth. My usual reply was, "In France, thinking of his wife, to be sure." It was rather far-fetched, but it refreshed her.

To add to her discomforts, my Aunt Sadgrove began to persecute her on religious motives. The stupid old woman, urged on by Bellows and the congregation of Napish Chapel, tried her hand at rescuing Rosa from the errors of the Church of Rome. As my aunt came down stairs of a morning she would thrust under the door of her tenant's bed-chamber a trac-

against Catholicism. One morning Rosa brought me a pamphlet called "Hard Nuts for Romish Teeth," and asked me if I had dropped it. On another occasion she handed to me a greasy paper entitled "Rome—a Gin;" and, again, I was taxed with being the owner of "Blessed Pap for Papists." I knew where the precious documents came from. I took them into my aunt's room, as she and my uncle were at dinner, and banged them down so hard that the potatoes rolled over the dish, saying, "You had better burn this waste-paper, or use it for curl-papers, only do not let me see any more of it. I wonder you haven't more sense than to insult the very lady who pays your rent and taxes for you. I have no patience with your 'Hard Nuts,' and 'Blessed Pap,' and 'Roman Gin.' You stick to coals, and thank heaven that quarter day is provided for—that's more in your way; and don't let that Bellows persuade you to disgrace yourself by such rude behavior." My uncle was tickled at my expression of sticking to coals, and asked if the cellar wasn't nearly empty; but my aunt shook her head solemnly, and muttered something about lost sheep and the reclaimed lamb.

I answered her, "Don't be vulgar, Aunt Ruth, and pray give over calling names. That is Bellows' professional business. He calls it kindness of heart and purity of spirit; but it isn't decent for a respectable coal-merchant's wife to be so brutal. As for telling which of us is a lost sheep, how can we decide? Bellows grumbles because all the Catholic flocks take the opposition road and pay toll at the Pope's gate, and it is pretty much the same cry on the Romish side. Do you think that a religion which has borne hard wear and tear for more than a thousand years is to be toppled over by a few of Bellows' greasy tracts? Don't you know why he writes these Nuts, and Paps and Gins? It isn't to convert the Catholics, as you think, but to convince and secure the Protestants and prevent such as you from deserting to the opposition. That's the motive, only you cannot see through it."

"Listen to the heathen!" cried Aunt Ruth, slicing at the cold beef very spitefully. But I am glad to say I effectually checked her attempts at conversion. She didn't like such fiery ordeals as losing a lodger.

Two months had passed, and yet no news of Alfred. He might be dead, for all we knew. I was puzzled what to do or think. Every day Rosa grew more and more anxious, until, at last, she gave over sleeping at night. That was a climax that thoroughly perplexed me. The girl was evidently sinking. It was, indeed, too bad. Scarcely married one year, and yet deserted. By Jove! such a pretty face was worthy of at least four years' devotion.

In my alarm, lest she should give way and be thrown upon a sick bed, I tried to devise various little amusements to cheer her up and make the time pass quickly. I taught her *écarté* and cribbage. I persuaded her to give me Italian lessons, but all to no use. I had to wake her out of her dreams, and tell her when it was her turn to play or take up a trick or move a peg. Her cheek was eternally resting on her hand, and her thoughts wandering over the Channel. A doctor was called in, and he made her take quinine until her head ached. I ran up a furious bill for flies, and wore out the road to Finchley, but fresh air had no effect on her. She seemed torpid and unconscious. As a last resource, I thought I would try what music would do, and took a box at the opera. It was a bold thing, considering the strict injunctions Alfred had left with me, but confound him, his heartlessness had so disgusted me, my only care was for Rosa, and not his grandeur. To my surprise, Rosa made no objections to the treat. She dressed herself very prettily, or, rather, my aunt did, for she was as helpless and submissive as a child. Perhaps she thought that whatever I asked her to do was according to Alfred's desires.

The hood of her opera cloak nearly concealed her face, and I so timed ourselves that we got into our box a few minutes after the doors were open. I arranged the side-curtain like a screen, placed her opera-book nicely by her side, and focussed her glasses ready for use the moment the curtain went up. Gradually the blaze of light, the novelty of the scene, and the bustle of people taking their places roused her. By the time the orchestra began to tune up she was much better; when the overture commenced she was nearly convalescent; and the moment the first chorus burst forth, she was in excellent health

and spirits, her cheeks flushed, her eyes open and bright, and her dear little mouth smiling. After all, I was the best doctor.

I don't believe she had ever been to the play before. She seemed to think it was all real. When Pollio confessed that he no longer loved Norma, but had taken a strong fancy to Adalgisa, she was greatly shocked. She nearly had a fit of madness when Grisi sang "Casta Diva;" and, altogether, she revived and was completely happy. Considering she had scarcely eaten anything for weeks past, I determined to force upon her, artfully, a little light refreshment between the acts, and—hang the expense—I ordered ices and sponge-cakes. The little woman nibbled at her cake and looked so charming, I thought. "Ah! if Alfred was to see her, wouldn't he love her again and ask pardon for his cruelty?" How I did work for that man; and disinterestedly, too; for, though the year had nearly passed, not a penny of his promised three hundred pounds had I seen.

The house was very full. I cannot say how the boxes were on our side, but on that facing us, all, with one exception, were taken. That empty box attracted our attention. We laughed about it and made little bets as to whether anybody would occupy it or not, and then whether they would be ladies or gentlemen. I was doing my utmost to amuse her and make her laugh, and was glad to turn to account any nonsense that came into my head. The second act was nearly over, Pollio had been seized and Norma was on the point of surrendering herself to punishment, when I (Rosa was too much under the influence of opera to notice anything, thank goodness), when I beheld a stately lady with a diamond brooch that shone like Jupiter in a frosty sky, and sent out colored rays like the spokes of a wheel—when I beheld an austere cold-faced matron enter the empty box, escorted by an elegant slim young man and a young lady, with a top-heavy wreath. My legs went so limp you might have plaited them. The madam, Alfred Berthold, and an unknown but elegant female were facing us. I saw Alfred smile down upon the strange maiden. She turned up her face to receive the look as on a tablet, and then tenderly half-closed her eyes and tried to be fascinating. It was an evident flirtation, dangerous, earnest, warm and much enjoyed.

My first action was to pocket the opera glasses. The pupils of Rosa's eyes were too large for her to see plainly a far-off object. My next was to fidget at the curtain until I had worked it round her like a cloak. Then I drew back into the darkness and awaited the worst.

How thankful I was that Rosa did not witness her husband's conduct. I should have had to take her home on a shutter or leave her at the nearest hospital. She would have fainted right off had she seen the unknown girl, hiding her face behind her bouquet, and glancing at him cunningly over the roses, whilst his eyes "went sly," and he flushed up from chattering to her. They were leaning back as if to conceal themselves, enjoying their stupidities in a congenial half gloom. He picked at her flowers, and she rapped his fingers with her fan. By the powers, it was a case. Now I could understand why Rosa was buried alive. I determined to spare her this grief by whisking her home.

The curtain fell, and I, anxious to be off, hurried Rosa to come away. Of course she wanted to stay. No! no! she must come directly. I pleaded her weak health and the night air, the crowd, everything and anything. The good child, seeing how earnest I was, rose wondering at my impatience. We were ready to go, my hand was on the handle of the door, when Alfred, as if he did it purposely to vex me, jumped up and left his box. There was nothing for it but to sit down again. We should have met him in the corridor. Dear Rosa stared at me and thought me mad to be so changeable; but, as usual, offered no resistance to my wishes.

It was not long before she noticed that the box opposite was occupied. Then she asked for the opera glasses "to decide our bets." It was a painful moment for me, and perhaps I did wrong; but I gave them. She had a good look at the madam, a long almost rude stare at the madam, as if the *lorgnette* had become fixed like horns to her forehead. It was an uncontrollable, pre-ordained thing I suppose, in compliance with the mysterious natural law I imagine, under some philosophical spirit world, mesmeric influence I take it. I recalled her to modest behavior by asking her what she thought of the old

lady. "She is a fine woman," she answered, dropping her hands as if tired, "but her mouth—look at her mouth, why does she clench her lips together?"

Now, it struck me that should Alfred continue his present tyranny towards his wife, she, unfortunate victim, would, perhaps, never have another chance of beholding her mother-in-law; and for fear the weak, sinking thing should depart this world without a knowledge of her relation, I thought it my duty to enlighten her about this fine woman, seated so grandly before us. "Rosa," I said, "guess who that lady is? I wanted you to come home because she was here. Do you understand me?" My voice was solemn and sad. She seized my meaning quicker than I had expected. Withdrawing to the back of the box, she, for ten minutes I should think, continued to stare at the mother of the man she adored. I left her to herself, keeping my head turned to the house until she addressed me, saying: "Now I am ready, we will go!" As we rode towards home she had a thousand questions to ask about the young lady in the wreath. To throw me off my guard, she praised this girl's pretty face and elegant figure, evidently trying to hide her jealousy. A wife, who sees her husband for a few hours in the course of months, is, I think, justified in looking with suspicion upon every woman more favored than herself with opportunities of meeting him. I knew Rosa was not strong enough to undergo a jealous fit. Instead of raving, she would have crept into a corner and pined. There was no help for it but to risk another falsehood, the ten thousandth, I should think. "She is a niece of hers, I believe," I told her. Heaven have mercy on me! do lies told in charity, to save another from misery, count like wicked, selfish, profit-seeking deceptions? If they do, I am a man deep in the angels' books.

There was one comfort to be deduced by Rosa from the madam's appearance at the opera. It was a proof, she thought, that Alfred had returned to London (I never betrayed that man; never said a word about seeing him in his mother's box). Relying upon a visit, Rosa gained heart. She almost forgot the feeling of degradation, the stinging suspicion that she was cast away as not good enough, that had oppressed her as she had stood watching the mother-in-law. She had a peculiar method of her own for overcoming such thoughts, and that was by agreeing with them, by confessing to herself that she was unworthy to be related to such exalted beings, that it was presumption in her to hope for their affection. Was it not her Alfred's wish that she should be unknown. Then why repine? Was she not his wife? Surely that was reward sufficient. In a few hours his lips would be on her cheeks, she should press his dear form to her bosom. She had done nothing that could interfere with the delight of his embrace, every wish, every command she had diligently obeyed, she had been his obedient uncomplaining little wife. The next day, long before I was up and dressed, she was bustling about her rooms arranging and tidying them, poor soul! Playing at the housewife, thinking to please him. Her great ambition was to make her home look comfortable and tempting to him. Perhaps he might stay then. The poor girl washed her little china figures, fussed about her book shelf and decorated his toilet-table. Her great fear was, lest he should arrive before she had decked herself out to receive him. I thought to myself, "Where is your hurry, my girl," for I knew him pretty well by this time. Presently down stairs she came looking, ah! there! lovely! I told her so, and made her happy. She reasoned, "If he admires me, what will dear Alfred say?" Poor infant! he was her husband, and that made all the difference between us.

The hours passed; lunch time slipped by, the sun sloped over our house and covered the front garden with shade; the first gas-lamp was lighted, but deuce a bit did we see of Master Alfred. It was a question whether dinner should be turned into supper. The servant came in to say the soup was dried up, the fish spoiled, the birds done to a cinder, but with her lovely eyes she again and again implored for a few minutes delay, "he was so certain to come." I remember I read and re-read the last page of the *Times*, not noticing the words, but mechanically following the printed lines, and saying to myself, "How mistaken I have been in this man; how brutal he has proved himself." On the sofa in the corner, behind my back, for I had sense enough to know my gaze would be painful to her, she lay, very still, so still that at times I held my breath to listen

to her respirations. That was the most mournful twilight I ever remember to have passed.

When the clock struck eight she rose, and in a hoarse voice that was fudged up to keep back her grief, she asked me to excuse her, she would retire to her room. She was sobbing internally. I followed her to the door with my arms stretched out, balancing her steps lest she should fall. If the handle had turned easily she would have escaped; but some difficulty opposing her weak hand, disturbed the strength she required to check her sorrows. She fell back exhausted and heart-broken, and up bubbled the tears, a drenching shower of grief! Lord bless me, what could I say or do! what use to bid her "be a woman." She was a woman; a good, injured, uncomplaining woman. Dear! dear! it made me weep too. If I, without her excuses from weakness, from mere compassion, could not be a man, how could she, sweet creature, so deeply injured, so wickedly ill-used, command herself. I couldn't for the life of me reply to her when she said, "I know all now," for I had known that very same "all" months ago.

Before six the next morning (how the deuce could I sleep?) I sent Aunt Ruth (who grumbled at being disturbed so early) into Mrs. Berthold's room to learn how she had passed the night. I need not publish the answer. I had hit upon a scheme, which seemed to me the only chance left. To hunt up Alfred, and appeal to him by threats, prayers or anything, so long as he could be brought to reason. Confound the fellow! I had known him a good-hearted, right-minded man, and I reckoned on some of his better nature being still left unused in his soul.

So I wrote to "My dear Mrs. Berthold," reminding her that it was wrong and unjust in her to condemn "our dear Alfred" before we were certain he actually was in London (how fortunate I had kept that secret, wasn't it?) and I offered to dash off to the madam's and make the necessary inquiries after him. Believe me or not, as you like, but this letter brought her down stairs in less than half an hour. The galvanism of hope had roused her dead heart. His love was too important to her life for her to "lay her down and die," before she was thoroughly persuaded that it was useless to live. Then, I had written so coldly and with such calm reason, that any one less mad than she was would have been deceived.

My visit was rather an early one for the fashionable Alfred. The maid was sweeping out the hall when I arrived, and, at her summons, I had the gratification of seeing one of the elegant footmen in his *deshabille*, and a dirtier, more tawdry wretch I never wish to look on. Velvet breeches and fresh powder, certainly, have their charms.

"How long had Mr. Alfred returned from the Continent?" I asked the fantastic menial. He stared, and replied that the family never left London "before August at the earliest." I stared too, but in sincere disgust at his master's meanness. The South of France trip was then a delusion and a swindle.

At first I was denied admission; it was more, the footman said, than his place was worth to disturb his master at that early hour. But my threats of forcing my way up-stairs and arousing all the house at last convinced the butler, who recognized me, that I was not to be trifled with.

"What the deuce is the matter?" inquired Alfred as I entered his room.

Great credit is due to me for my self-command. I told him all.

"You're a good fellow for not letting the cat out of the bag about seeing me at the opera," he answered. "She had no business to go there, and it serves her right for disobeying me. Tell her I am in Boulogne. I am perfectly serious, my good fellow. I shall be there before night."

"And when do you return?" I inquired.

"Directly the cold weather sets in," was the reply.

What would have been the use of rebuking such a man? I left unspoken all the smart caustic reproaches I had prepared, and returned to St. John's Wood to invent more falsehoods and deceive Rosa with calmness and peace.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

SPEAKING honestly, I have the worst temper in the world. If I were better off, more independent of my brother man, I should become a perfect brute. My wretched lot and straitened cir-

circumstances curb my vicious inclinations. The irresistible humbler, the rapid cure for a stiff neck, is the last shilling.

This is the only explanation I can offer for my behaving with such restraint during that terrible interview with Mr. Alfred Berthold. I feel I ought to have lashed him with rebukes and speared him with reproaches. To tell the truth, the fellow so staggered me by his cool heartlessness, I lost my presence of mind; or, generally speaking, I am rather clever at denouncing crime, and fond of it. No longer friend of mine! no longer "my dear Alfred!" No! henceforth, if you please, let our intercourse begin and end with business matters. Pay me my hire, and then farewell until my next quarter is due.

I fled his mother's house, glancing defiance at the butler, and sneering at the pampered menials of the plush. I cast that house from my heart. The worthless wretch! the fool! possessed of a priceless treasure, an angel, a gentle and uncommonly beautiful wife, and yet trying to kill her. By Jove! as I recalled her sweet, suffering face, her patient amiability, and his disgusting behavior, I was as nearly as possible kicking a little boy who asked me what o'clock it was. Confound this Berthold man, he didn't deserve her, and that's the truth.

In what a terrible fix was I placed! how very unpleasantly situated! I had espoused the cause of a beautiful and ill-used lady, and yet my circumstances actually forced me to become the agent for her husband's cruelty. I was his managing man in brutality, all his heartless speeches were to pass through my mouth. It was left to me to stab to the heart that incomparable woman. Or I might have mercy upon her and cheer her up with charitable deceptions, cunningly wind up the clockwork of life, and keep the heart ticking. Ha! ha! There I had him in my power! It was either a job for the nearest undertaker, or I must lie a little on Christian principles, and screen her rogue's villany.

To clear my brain, and determine upon what had better be done, I walked about St. James's Park, trying my utmost to reduce my high pulse to the moderate beating of a disinterested spectator of other people's misdeeds. I bought a penny loaf and fed the ducks, I stared at the long cannon from Egypt, and tried to count the stones the little boys had thrown into its mouth. I had a glass of new milk, and saw it drawn from a cow with highly interesting hoofs, that turned up like Turkish slippers. Presently I could whistle a little and pretty correctly. My stomach was comforted and ceased to tremble. I could take counsel of myself. From tenderest childhood new milk always did have a peculiar effect on my system.

I reached St. John's Wood a prepared and determined individual. Before I had time to knock, the door was opened by that peerless creature, the anxious angel on the look-out. Now began my acting. I forced my mouth into a cunning grin, I half closed my eyes and made them look saucy and full of fun. Poor thing! it was balm and comfort to her to see my face so merry. When she nervously ventured an inquiry, I assumed a familiar half impertinent brusque manner, and vowed I shouldn't tell her a word until I had breakfasted, "for I was finished and mad for coffee." That was only my diplomacy. Don't you understand how useful a piece of toast would be if she got the better of me with a perplexing question. There was no guarding against, or being up to her innocence. She would puzzle you with unexpected interrogatories, as a child does when it meddles with theology. If, at any time, my answer was not ready, I could take a bit of toast, and under the excuse that it is rude to talk with your mouth full, think a bit.

My object was to make her believe that Alfred was still on the Continent. As I drew my chair to the table, I pretended to be seized with a fit of laughter, which was intended to prepare her for good news. Directly I saw her eyes light up a little, I tried to look as jolly as a farmer after a good market, and said, in a merry way:

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Berthold, we are a couple of absurdly suspicious ninny-hammers, who deserve to have their ears pulled. You are a dreadful case—you are. I have a great mind to tell Alfred when he returns how foolishly a certain young lady has been behaving herself during his absence."

"Then he has not yet returned," cried the poor dear.

It was a troublesome direct question, but I warded it off by playfully mocking her voice, and imitating her question. If you can get them to laugh, half the work is over.

"He's not coming home for three weeks," I added (which was true enough). Then, to prevent her from questioning me, I began to tease her in a playful way that must have convinced her it was right. "I shall certainly tell him," I said, "about the crying and fainting, and refusing to eat good wholesome dinners. You'd better bribe me at once to hold my tongue. Come now! how many songs will you sing me?"

Bless you, in less than no time at all she was an altered woman. You see, I had this advantage over her; she was too modest to question me very roughly, besides, it was necessary to her life to believe in Alfred's constancy. Whenever she ventured a new inquiry, I could see her trembling lest my evidence should go against the culprit. She was full of doubt, but afraid of disbelieving. The comfort of my words freshened her up, her head rose, her voice crisped up and became almost joyful. The truth is, I made myself so especially pleasant, that I should have taken a bill discounter off his guard.

The house seemed like itself again, she bustling about and getting everything ready to receive him, I petted and sung to, and forced to drink sherry and be waited upon. It cut me to the heart, though, to hear her every morning count the days that had passed, and say in her hopeful voice, "He'll soon be back now;" whilst I, like a villain, had to reply, "Yes! only a few days longer to wait." If the brute had only written her one line, or even sent her a message! I posted to him three imploring letters, capitally worded, and, I think, rather touching; but plague take the man, his heart was hard and sour; I knew his tactics well enough, and could almost guess the ending.

The three weeks passed, but no husband came home! I implored her to throw in another week, working hard to make her hope and hope, and then there was nothing for it but to have her put to bed and send for the doctor—a very respectable and not expensive gentleman, who secured our affections and patronage in a few minutes by giving my uncle an order for a ton of coals. My aunt was half inclined to fall ill from gratitude.

This Doctor C— did me the honor of mistaking me for the sick lady's husband, so I thought it better to explain to him the cause of his patient's malady.

"Purely mental, I take it," was my suggestion.

"Exactly so," he replied.

Naturally, I didn't want him to be blundering in his scientific darkness, sending in draughts by the gross, which Rosa would never take, and nobody would buy, even at half price. We had no money to fool away in colored water. A little quinine wine was the extent of his prescription—that with quiet, and a generous diet. I ordered in, I remember, some very choice port of fine full-bodied quality, but I don't think she drank two glasses out of the entire dozen—poor lady. Every day the doctor called, and every day his report in the case was:

"I don't think we are any better, but I don't think we are any worse."

"Dash it!" I used to say to myself, as he left, "you earn your money easily enough."

There was just room enough in our load of miseries for another to force its way; and, tight fit as it must have been, it came upon us, placing me in a very delicate position. After one of his visits, the doctor requested to see my aunt Ruth. I had not even a suspicion of what was the matter, and actually thought the doctor either wanted more coals or was going to complain about the last. When my aunt (who, from being a civil and grateful poor relation, in less than five minutes puffed out with importance, and tried to order me about most offensively), revealed to me that there was every chance of a child being born unto the house of Berthold: on my word, if I had been a married man myself, I could not have been more vexed at the interesting event. My aunt's first command was, that I should put on my hat and run over to France, and fetch Alfred. I preferred trusting to the post. Letter after letter did I myself carry to the Berlin wool shop, and slip into the box, begging him, if he had any respect for the life of the mother of his future family, to return at once, and all should be forgiven. "The doctor says," I wrote, "that if her mind is not perfectly at rest, he will not answer for the consequences." What did he care about consequences? Beyond one line, stating that he should shortly be in London—which was a falsehood, and not worth the postage he paid on it—I never heard from him. I had

more than half a mind to visit the madam and ask her what she thought about the business, but I couldn't help having some little faith in the vagabond, and besides—where would my three hundred pounds have been?

Poor little wife! she kept her bed, and tried to die very quietly, telling everybody who asked after her health that she was "much better," though her tearful eyes were red, and her cheeks white. We were all as attentive as we could be. I always took my boots off before I went up stairs. Gallons and gallons of capital mutton broth were made for her, but my dear uncle had to eat them for his luncheon, until, positively, he grew so sick of broth, he had to entreat the doctor to change his patient's diet to beef tea. The boiled fowls she refused to touch, the sweetbreads she wouldn't even look at, made the housekeeping very heavy, and my dear aunt very fat and dainty. All the pleasures of that once happy home ceased from the moment she withdrew from us and took to her bedroom. I was forced to keep up my heart with half prices to the theatres, but alas! when late at night I returned home and gazed up at the illuminated window of that sad room, with a round dot of light from the rushlight shade centered on the blind, as if a magic lantern were exhibiting; then the supper I had paid for so recklessly turned to lead, and became expenditure without profit.

One day I was walking down Regent street, very heart broken and disturbed (even my cigar wouldn't burn properly), when a gentleman, evidently a foreigner, stopped me and claimed my acquaintance, in imperfect English, but lifting his hat with consummate grace. I was so overcome I tried to hide my cigar, for it was rather early in the day for a man to be seen puffing at his cuba. He was a very fine man, with a chest like an eighteen gallon cask, and a better beard than some horses' tails. I don't know which were the more elegant, his manners or his costume. It was an honor to be seen talking to him. "Really I think you are mistaken," I said, regretting my shirt was so dirty. "Oh, yes! we had met in Italy. And how was his friend Mr. Berthold and his Italian lady." How the dickens, I thought to myself, does he know that Alfred is married. I concluded that he must be a very intimate acquaintance to be entrusted with that great secret.

Then I told him that Alfred was in Boulogne. "Ah! how extraordinary! he, too, was going to Boulogne—perhaps I would be so obliging as to favor him with the address of his friend Mr. Berthold?" Certainly, very happy indeed. I pulled out a card and scribbled on the back of it, "*Hôtel des deux cents Ambassadeurs*." As it was a good opportunity for sending a message, I begged this magnificent swell to tell Alfred that Mrs. Berthold was in a highly dangerous state, and that his presence was urgently required. It was a treat to see the stranger bow and scrape as we parted. I, for the sake of old England, tried to do it, but failed miserably, my brim having lost its spring, and I backing against an old gentleman, who called me a monkey and hinted I was trying after his watch.

There are some men who have the lawyer's art of doing a great evil without allowing their peace and self-content to be at all disturbed. I do not think I could tell my clerk to sweep off the furniture of some unfortunate struggling debtor and then go home to dinner and enjoy my meal. Neither do I think I could live happily at Boulogne and benefit from the change of air when I knew that my wife was sinking under my neglect—starving for a few crumbs of love. But Alfred's belief was that so long as he paid the bills of his wife's housekeeping no other claim ought to be made against him. He prided himself that he had never spoken a brutal word to her, like many hundred husbands he could mention. "I have made a great mistake, and have only myself to blame," he would assure himself. "She has not made a bad speculation out of it, and has no right, that I can think of, to grumble at her good fortune. I was mad, tipsy with the sunshine of Italy, and acted like a fool. Now my senses have returned, and I repent at leisure. She may live after her own fancy, and I shall follow mine."

Yet this man had raved and groaned to me about his adored Rosa Maria, and flung himself at her feet imploring her to be his wife. He had bribed me to add my entreaties to his, and persuaded her to believe his love was earnest and enduring.

Right honestly had I earned my bribe. But how did his account stand? The truth is simply this: your sentimentalist is a humbug of the most dangerous description; for he first humbugs himself, and looks so much like truth that I defy Milor Nick himself to find him out, until the excitement has passed and his superior organization requires a fresh stimulant.

With plenty of money and nothing to do but spend it, time flies as quickly as sleeping. Alfred lived in the best rooms at the best hotel, with a balcony before the windows, over which he could loiter and watch the life of the harbor; a capital place for sipping coffee in the cool of the evening; the odor of the mignonette mixing with the aroma of the cigar. Rooms as elegantly furnished as those in the new house at home. The cook at the "*Hôtel des deux cents Ambassadeurs*" was a man of fame; he had invented a new dish of marvellous delicacy, "*Frogs sautées à la Tagioni*." The rich gentleman in No. 12 had but to think he was hungry, and this genius turned up his wristbands and worked at his compounds. Alfred had made many friends during his stay. The fashionable rips, who were waiting for the statute of limitations to welcome them back to their native land, were his companions. They liked to know a man who gave private dinners at the "*Hôtel des deux cents Ambassadeurs*." All pleasant jovial fellows, fond of good eating and drinking, and great favorites with everybody but their creditors; men rather red about the nose and subject to cutaneous eruptions—"drops of brandy," as among themselves they wittily termed their grog-blossoms; men full of anecdote—first-rate company—who could drink neat brandy like sherry, and tell you twenty different adventures either of the lovely ladies of the aristocracy who had fallen in love with them, or of the jolly time when they kept the Canterford foxhounds; or of their night larks and street fights; or of the actresses who adored them. These were the men who, when the cold November nights blow back to England the seaside visitors, stand on the quay and watch with envious eyes the steamer start for Dover, waving their hands to the pretty passengers they have flirted with, and trying to make out they remain behind of their own free will, by bawling out, "If the weather doesn't soon change, I shall leave next week." "Ware Sloman, my friends; three cheers for the Queen, my boys, but down with her Bench!"

These gay men held peculiar theories about woman and her master; Eastern Asiatic notions concerning the treatment best fitted to subdue the impertinent sex. They were outspoken gentlemen, and free of tongue and imagery, "who would stand nod—d stuff," they said. "If their wives were saucy or jealous, or grumbled for a little of the money they were squandering, they knew medicines that never failed in quieting the rebellious jades." Compared to them Alfred was a mild, tender, attentive husband. As they talked and boasted he felt disgusted with their brutality, and thought how fortunate the unfortunate Rosa was to have, as legal owner, such a humane gentleman as he was. "It is no use their trying it on with me," cried Captain Calcrafft, speaking of women as a class, and shaking his fist with considerable dignity, "I soon knock all the blessed nonsense out of them."

"Look them up for a week or two and cut off the food," shouted the witty Dolly Rush; "that'll bring 'em to their senses."

"I collar the money and bolt," said Teddy Fitzmanning, one of the pleasantest men in the world. "As for tears and that sort of thing, if they try that game on with me, why I let 'em cry till they're dry."

Alfred thought to himself what would have become of Rosa if she had fallen to the lot of either of these philosophers. He neither struck, starved nor stinted his wife. How, then, was it possible for him to be a bad husband?

It was a very gay season at Boulogne, the weather so hot that claret every half hour was a necessity, and the town so crowded that the rents were as high as the thermometer. Balls or concerts every night, and picnics every day, made it excessively jolly. Alfred was soon acquainted with the best people in the place. They said he was such a dear man, such a good creature, so very gentlemanly and so very well off. During bathing time, when he sauntered about the beach, all the pretty girls were all so glad to see him, that sometimes he had half a dozen laughing about him, with their long wet hair hanging

down their backs and their faces bright, rosy and pert from the dip in the sea. At Boulogne flirting is a favorite pastime. The pretty girls fell in love with the charms hanging to Alfred's watch-chain, and begged for this dear little steam-engine or that sweet little fryingpan. Some scolded him very encouragingly for not having called, and threatened very mildly to be out next time he called. Mammams ran up to him and asked him to luncheon. Some of the fair ones proposed walks along the shore hunting for shells, others suggested donkey rides. In fact Alfred was reaping all the advantages of being a single man, whilst, in justice to him, I must add he was doing his utmost to become one. Do you think the mammams, if they had known that Rosa's certificate was genuine, would have given such handsome orders to "open more bitter ale," or run up the housekeeping by sending out for *pâtés de veau* and pressed turkey. Jim the son and Joe the cousin were not allowed to touch these dainties; they were all for Mr. Berthold; and when he left they were locked up again, in case any other rich bachelor should come to luncheon. Neither, had the truth been known, would the darling Emma have thought Mr. Alfred witty, nor the adorable Peggy have considered him "so aristocratic," and called his whiskers "dears."

One afternoon, whilst Alfred was lazying through that part of the day when luncheon is over and the promenade not yet commenced, whilst it is too hot to do anything but do nothing, Theodore the waiter entered with a card, and stated that a gentleman was waiting below. "I do not know any Ernest de Vargoot," muttered Alfred, glancing at the name. "Say I'm out. What is he like?" The only description Theodore had time to give was that monsieur had a beautiful beard, for when next Alfred raised his eyes he beheld a nobly-built man, in a ten-guinea waistcoat, bowing and smiling at the door. It was a beard! it sprouted from close under his eyes and fell over his shirt-front a black, glossy compact mass, that he might have twisted round and fastened up, as ladies do their back hair, with a comb. The reception Alfred gave him was cold and formal; but far from being awed, the stranger—a hard lump of self-assurance—grinned and gesticulated with great affability, and presently introduced himself as my most intimate friend. The fellow spoke of me affectionately as *le cher Monsieur Eyle*, and said I was *spirituel* and *tres amiable*, and a heap of other falsehoods. He had, he said, parted from me in London only three hours since. Such, he remarked, were the miracles of steam. He suggested that Alfred would be glad to hear I was well and gay. He had the audacity to add that it was to oblige me that he came to Boulogne, or usually he preferred the Calais route. But the name of Mrs. Berthold had been mentioned, and *place aux dames*. The health of that lady was falling, alas! it was in danger. It was impossible for him to withstand my pathetic appeal to call upon the heart-broken husband and warn him of his "impending misfortune." Deuce take the man! In his heart Alfred, no doubt, cursed me heartily for betraying his secret, and swore I might whistle for my three hundred. But to Monsieur Ernest he was more guarded in his manners; and at parting they exchanged sentiments of the most sincere friendship and mutual admiration. "I trust you do not leave Boulogne for a few days?" asked Alfred, though he would have given fifty pounds to send the man off by the next train. The reply was prefaced by a shrug and a smile—perhaps too affected for so large a man; "I am a creature of impulses," said the ape; "it is as my fancy leads me. I may depart to-night, perhaps not for twenty years! It is like that."

Unfortunate young man! His secret was known. It was very awkward. If this foreigner should sprinkle about Boulogne the news that Alfred Berthold was married, what the deuce could he say or do in his defence? The mammams would murder him. The only escape he could calculate upon was that the good-natured world would certainly translate the word "wife" into such a sense that Rosa alone would suffer by the definition. This thought was not only a consolation, but it struck him as full of drollery.

The new friend became, from the unflagging way in which he persecuted Alfred with his intimacy, an overwhelming bore. Wherever he went there followed this big beard, almost as if it tracked him. At the *table-d'hôtes* Monsieur Ernest occupied the next chair; at public balls he was the *vis-à-vis*; even in the

water whilst bathing—everywhere but in his bed-room was Alfred pestered by this over-friendly individual. His inquiries after Madame Berthold's health were made so publicly, that a rumor spread among the congregated mammams that the old lady in London was dying, and in that case how wealthy her son would be! Jessica was ordered to wear her hair as on the day when Mr. Berthold praised her so much; Julia was told to take her best frock into every-day use.

Whenever the young ladies met Alfred the interest they took in his mother's health overcame their innate timidity, and they would run after him to ask very prettily if he had received any good news of her from home. It was excessively annoying to Alfred that he could not make this bearded tormentor understand that he wished to pass in Boulogne for a single man. On more than one occasion, when a dozen men were smoking and drinking at his rooms, the monsieur asked him very pointedly if he had "heard from his wife;" and from the impertinent manner in which some of the guests inquired whether the lady in question was dark or fair, thin or plump, short or tall, it was evident that they did not consider her entitled to a married woman's respect.

The nuisance became unbearable; Alfred determined to get rid of the man by quarrelling with him. An opportunity soon occurred. After a very long dinner and a very hard evening, Alfred and his friends sallied forth in the small hours of the morning to play at billiards. There are rooms at some of the hotels which never close, unless it is to oblige the white-washers or for the carpet to be swept. The wine-soaked gang were soon knocking the balls about. Presently in came Monsieur Ernest de Vargoot, and many minutes had not passed before solicitous and loud inquiries were made about Mrs. Berthold's health.

"Confound you!" cried Alfred, full of wine, and consequently plucky; "you seem to take more interest in my wife than I do myself." The fellows left off playing to laugh. The answer was, "I believe I do," said in a cold impudent manner, which caused another shout. "Then, for the future," rejoined Alfred, "attend to your own private affairs, and leave mine alone, or—" Monsieur Ernest smiled, and asked, "Or—what?" This fired my brave Londoner. "Or I'll knock your head off!" he added, looking savage and determined.

Some of Alfred's companions, seeing that the conversation had taken a tragic turn, counselled him to "chuck the fellow out of window," and to "pull his nose." But my friend, turning to the billiard-table, paid no heed to their advice, and indeed the affair would have dropped altogether had it not been for the Frenchman's obstinacy. He retired to a sidetable, and, whilst smoking his cigarette, conversed—purposely—in broken English with a friend who had accompanied him on this expedition—one Lieutenant Pewpew, an officer stationed in the town. After abusing England, its climate, and its inhabitants, Monsieur Ernest, in a bold, intentional voice, assured the lieutenant that "ce Berthold" was a rank coward, with no grandeur of soul and devoid of any elevated sense of honor. Such words, heard by all in the room, required some explanation. "What is that you said about me?" Alfred inquired, livid with rage. Pointing to the lieutenant, the Frenchman answered, "I was addressing my friend—not you, sir;" and, without taking any further notice of the interruption, resumed the conversation, by adding, "He has deserted his wife, a charming creature."

I shall not mention the dialogue which followed, because the language became coarse. Eventually, Alfred completely lost his self-command, and, on being contemptuously called a *pillule*, he struck the foreigner; and, having entrusted the affair to the delicate care of Captain Calcraft, partook of more brandy-and-water—hot—and was escorted home in triumph by his companions.

He awoke, late in the afternoon, with a confused idea that he had been guilty of some stupidity in the early morning. He laid in bed trying hard to recall the exact circumstances of his adventure, when the captain, a thorough man of business, looked in for breakfast, and most kindly revealed to him the past. Everything had been arranged very satisfactorily. Pistols at daybreak, on the heights, a capital place, with a little wine shop close at hand, in case of anything—you know.

He had no heart to stir out that day, or even show himself,

on his balcony to the beautiful eyes that constantly looked up at his window. Julia and Peggy were asking everywhere if Mr. Berthold was indisposed? If they had seen him as he sat at his table writing his long letters, they would have concluded that the pale-faced man was sick to death's door. He was in pain, too, or why every now and then, did the tears start to his eyes, and his body shake as if with the ague?

So it happened that, when I reached Boulogne by the seven o'clock boat, I found him at home. I had left London at great personal inconvenience, thinking that nobody was so fitted as a tried friend to carry the glad tidings of his son's birth and the mother's safety. It was my intention, if he seemed pleased with the tidings, to use all my influence to coax him back to England. I shall never forget the effect my news had upon him. He fell back in his chair, and drew up his limbs as if trying to escape from my words. I concluded he was pained beyond endurance to find another life had been added as a testimony to his marriage; but, to do him justice, he was suffering from the repentance that comes too late, experiencing the grief that is beyond cure. When he entreated me to leave him alone that evening, I, mistaking his conduct, was not sorry to take him at his word.

I must have been in bed at least three hours—and it struck midnight as I returned to the hotel—when a knocking came to my door. I opened it, and found Alfred. But half awake, I could still judge from his troubled face that he had not been sitting up so late from choice or pleasure.

"I have been writing to my mother," he said, "telling her all about my marriage, and begging her to forgive me and that poor woman, for the child's sake. I have enclosed a letter for dear Rosa. I think my mother had better give it to her. If you do not see me in the morning, you had better start by the eleven o'clock boat. Good night, and God bless you!"

I have many a time since rejoiced that the last words Alfred ever spoke to me had a blessing in them.

CHAPTER XIII.—ALL ACCOUNTS ARE SETTLED.



call me coward or anything they like, and post me at the Whittington Club if they choose; but I am not going to allow any man to take aim at my stomach to oblige all the codes of honor ever framed and glazed. Besides, I should appeal for support to progress men, and be the better able to talk of civilization and the nineteenth century from not having a bullet-hole in my lungs.

I hold that fight by pistol can never be a fair settlement of a dispute, for this reason.

Suppose it please General Green to consider I have very grossly insulted him, and he is satisfied that nothing will remove the stain from his honor but that highly-cleansing, capital washing mixture—blood. He generously allows me the choice of weapons. What use is that to me? I know about as much of pistols as any dear innocent sucking-pig. He could shoot a match with William Tell. "Very well," says General Green, "make it swords." That is no benefit to me, for, hang it! I cannot even carve a chicken, much less pink a man; whilst he would run me through as easily as I can a bill. No! I say it is

quite as cowardly for an experienced fencer and sure shot to insist upon a duel as it is for a harmless man of peace to refuse the challenge. Let us have fair play, and if mortal combat be a necessity, let some weapon be chosen with which both men are equally expert. Bows and arrows, for instance.

The fact of Alfred having struck his enemy has, in my judgment, nothing to do with the case, because the man had evidently tried his utmost to earn this blow, and having got it what more could he want? Of course, a blow is a nasty thing, and, indeed, according to the last quotations from the price lists of the legal market, assaults are firm at five pounds, or fourteen days at the treadmill. Do you think that pat on the head, from a drunken man's hand, too—had done him ten shillings' worth of damage? Wouldn't he have liked to take three thousand such pats at five shillings each? Was there any proof that his honor had been stained or spotted. Evidence was not even tendered that he had any honor at all. He might have been a returned convict on his travels, preserving the strictest incognito, or the proprietor of a gambling den, or a waiter at a night-house recovering from late hours with seaside air. All these men talk of honor. There was good possibility for this in such a city of refuge as Boulogne. What folly, then, for Alfred to risk decent life against such vagabond existence! Think of the bone of his bone in the house at home, who will weep over the shattered arm; think of the mother who bore that hopeful son wringing her hands over the mangled flesh of her flesh. No! my good brethren, duelling is but a fancy term for murder; it is but assassination varnished up and made fashionable; the only throat-cutting left to gentleman who object to the disgrace of a Newgate trial, but it springs from the same evil impulses and brutal desire—vengeance and fury. Settle your drunken disputes before Mr. Bingham, and let him whip you with five-pound penalties; he is judge enough for you; but beware of hurrying your enemy before that tribunal where there is no appeal against verdicts, and judgment is only deferred until that sure constable, Death, shall bring up his prisoner for sentence to be passed.

Nothing transforms an unscrupulous ruffian into a delicate-minded creature, until he becomes a fine connoisseur of gentlemanly behavior, so effectively as making him a "second" in a duel. Unworthy Captain Calcraft, from the moment he so kindly consented to act in the business for Alfred, became a chevalier without fear or reproach. He was an old hand at these heroic combats, and understood perfectly the proper deportment. There was a broken arm somewhere in the north that was a useful member before he took aim at it. He was especially anxious that Alfred should, for old England's sake, behave with pluck in this little affair with a foreigner. For fear his man should be late on the field, he, at great personal inconvenience, remained for the night at Alfred's hotel, sipping a few bottles of claret and smoking eighteen cigars. The advice he gave to his man was valuable, and the result of vast experience. He was to hold his pistol thus, so as to protect the chest with the arm; he was to stand thus, so as to present his side to the enemy; he was to take aim in such a manner, so as to knock the fellow over. His tender care for his friend was very affecting. He made his man go to bed for a few hours, and when he awoke prepared for him with his own hands the cup of drink—a mixture of coffee, eggs and brandy—which was to make his wrist steady and his heart brave.

Is it to be wondered at that, under such tender guidance, Alfred should have been the first to reach the fatal ground. "It will let the Frenchman see that we are not afraid of him," said the captain, joyfully. But they had not to wait long. Men bent on evil are great sticklers for punctuality. If you have an appointment to lend a friend ten pounds, keeping him waiting for a few hours does not much signify; but if you are due at a man shooting-match, a minute behind time is called most indelicate behavior. The pacing over the ground, the loading of pistols, took place while Alfred was wondering if he should ever kiss his child. How he re-loved Rosa during those few minutes! Should heaven be merciful to him, should he escape this danger, how he would strive to make her forget he had been cruel! The thought of dying without confessing to her his repentance, without hearing her say she forgave him, pressed all courage from his spirit, so that, but for the flush the brandy had given to his cheek, he would have seemed a palefaced coward.

gentle creature—indeed how could she help doing so. On my return, I found the stately Mrs. Berthold at St. John's Wood, superintending the management of the baby, much to my aunt's annoyance, who wanted me to tell her what a woman, who had all her life ridden in her carriage, could know about the rearing of infants.

We allowed Rosa to guess at the reason of Alfred's long absence, dribbling out our news slowly and reluctantly; in fact, dividing the strong fagot of grief into many little twigs that would not deal too severe a blow, until it was only necessary to inform her not that he was dead, but how he died. That was my secret. Even the madam never knew the name of the fellow who killed her son. As for revealing it to Rosa, I might as well have murdered the poor creature. She would have accused herself with being the cause of her dear Alfred's death, and not even her infant's love would have reconciled her to life.

And now notice how much sorrow and evil a little honest manly courage will ward off. The dead man need not have died, but might, instead, have lived to hear his child pray "God bless dear father." He might have seen the wife he thought his shame, coaxed, petted and greatly cared for by that stern majestic mother, the fear of whose anger made him forget he was a husband. That sorrowful face with the golden hair and blue eyes, when he had no ears to hear, praised sufficiently even to have quieted his timid, silly scruples. Unfortunate dead man! he had done one foolish action, and, instead of struggling brain and heart, to turn it into a wise one, he followed up his folly with follies, until it was almost better he should die.

I may as well add, that I never touched those three hundred pounds; but, I ought not to grumble, for I have a good berth in the Admiralty as under-secretary to the dry-rot department; and though I don't understand much about ships, rigging or navigation generally, yet I know to a minute when my salary is due, and never give the nation longer credit than I can help.

THOMAS EYLE,

Historical Painter.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS.

No class of plants is more interesting, perhaps, than bulbs. In regard to situation, a southern exposure, not too wet nor too dry, sheltered from the north and north-west winds, is suitable for most of them. They do best in a soil composed of one-third sand, one-third old decayed yard manure, and one-third good rich earth, well pulverized and mixed together; and if a small proportion, say about one-fourth, of decomposed vegetable mould be added, it will have a good effect, by giving additional lightness to the soil. The beds should be raised four or five inches above the level of the walks, that the superfluous moisture may run off. Some additional sand strewed in the trenches made for the roots, before and after planting, is desirable.

The proper season for transplanting most bulbous roots is in August, September and October. The only advantage to be gained by taking up bulbs, after blooming—with the exception of tulips—is either to divide the roots when too numerous, or to renew a worn-out soil—neither of which can occur oftener than once in three or four years. Tulips and hyacinths, when taken up after blooming, and after the foliage is decayed, may be kept from the ground till the middle of October. Delicate and tender bulbs, may be planted in pots, in November, or they may be kept in dry sand until April, and then planted in pots or the open ground; in either case they must be secured from frost. As to tulips and hyacinths, in order to preserve their beauty in perfection, the nicer varieties should be taken up, air dried, and replanted annually.

Large bulbs, as the hyacinth and large lilies, may be planted to the depth of four inches; tulips, narcissus, jonquils, three inches; crocus, *feraria tigris*, *gladiolus*, &c., two inches, always measuring from the top of the bulb. The polyanthus narcissus may be planted five or six inches deep. The roots

may be ten or twelve inches asunder, and the roots placed from three to eight inches apart, according to the size of the plants.

TUBEROSES.

The double and single tuberose are beautiful sweet-scented plants, and may be brought to perfection with very little trouble. They should be planted in April or May. Provide some fine, light, rich compost, and middle-sized pots, planting one root in the centre of each pot. Many people divest them of their offsets, but this tends to weaken instead of strengthen the roots. The crown of the root must be only just covered with the mould, and, if not covered at all, the plant will not be the worse for it. But this beautiful plant always thrives better, and blossoms earlier, if indulged with a hotbed. A bed made for a one-light frame will accommodate a great many plants, and two feet and a half height is sufficient. At this season, about six inches of old tan, fine mould or sawdust, must be placed on the bed, to plunge the pots in, which may be put as close together as possible, or so as to fill the bed. They will require a little water two or three days after being planted, but it should be used very sparingly till the foliage on the top has grown two inches in length, when they must be kept moderately moist. Air should be admitted every day, if the weather be at all favorable, by letting up the light at the back of the frame, or pushing it down a little. When the flower stalks appear the plants should have more air, by drawing the light half off, or it may be taken entirely off in fine weather, while the sun shines on them. When the plants are in bloom, they may be removed where wanted, either to adorn the warm and conspicuous part of the garden or the apartments of the house.

These flowers may be blown in perfection in a room or greenhouse, potted exactly the same as for hotbeds; but they will require more water, and, if planted at the same time, will succeed, and be in their beauty when the others are gone. Those grown in beds or in hot-houses may be removed to any warm sunny apartment of the house when the flower stems are about six inches in length, which will keep them back; by this method of management a succession may be obtained, which is very desirable. The windows may be opened without detriment to the plants in fine weather—indeed, it is necessary to give them air frequently, as it strengthens the bloom. The plants should not be allowed to remain in a draft of air. To propagate tuberose, offsets may be taken off after the plants have done flowering, and the green is dried. These offsets are to be buried in dry sand in winter, and planted in the natural or open ground, in a warm situation at the beginning of April.

HOUSE PLANTS AT THIS SEASON.

If room plants have been attended to in a suitable manner by admitting air at all favorable times and keeping the temperature at the right point, they will wear a healthy appearance at this season; and, as the weather is now somewhat milder, the air may be more freely admitted, especially from ten to three o'clock. They will require a more liberal supply of water, but should on no account be kept wet. All decayed leaves should be picked off, and any straggling shoots tied up; the pots also ought to have a top-dressing of fresh soil, which will greatly invigorate the plants, and will allow the fresh air to act upon the roots, which is one of the principal assistants of vegetation.

After the end of this month, where there is the accommodation, plants will do better in windows that look to the east, in which the direct rays of a hot sun are prevented from falling upon them—the morning sun being more congenial for the plants than the afternoon sun. Where there is any dust on the leaves of any of them, take a sponge and water and make the whole clean. They should also be divested of all insects. The green-fly is apt to be on the roses; if there are no conveniences for fumigating, they may be washed off. Where there are only a few plants these pests may very easily be kept off by examining the plants every day.

Hyacinths, narcissus, jonquils and crocus will now be flowering. The former require plenty of water, and the saucers under the pots should be constantly full until they are done blooming; the others need only be liberally supplied at the surface of the pot. Give them neat green painted rods to support their flower-stems, and keep them all near the light. The spring flowering oxalis will not open unless it is exposed to the full rays of the

sun; the lachenalia is also greatly improved in color with exposure to the sun, though when in flower its beauties are preserved by keeping it a little in the shade. Primulas delight in an airy exposure, but the sun destroys the beauty of their flowers by making their colors fade. Many of the camellias will now be in perfection; the sun should not be allowed to shine upon the blooms, and those plants that are done flowering will, if in small pots, require to be repotted. The hyacinth that are in glasses should be regularly supplied with water. The roots will be very much reduced by this method; therefore, when the bloom is over, plant them, if possible, in the garden or bury them in pots of earth, so as to ripen and strengthen the bulbs.

THE DAHLIA.

The soil for growing dahlias should be composed of equal parts of sand and loam, enriched with some decayed manure or leaves. Fresh stable manure is unsuitable, as it will produce strong stems and large leaves rather than fine flowers. The tubers, having been kept in a dry and moderately cool place during the winter, are generally planted in pots in February or March, and plunged into a slight hotbed to start them. They are afterwards removed to the open ground when they have begun to grow. Or the tubers may be planted at once in the open ground without starting; the tall kinds in May or June, and the dwarf early flowerers in April. The situation of the bed should be open and exposed to the sun, and if the weather prove dry the young plants should be frequently and regularly watered. In planting, care should be taken to arrange the tubers so that the colors may harmonize agreeably. Thus the purples and crimsons, and the crimsons and scarlets may be separated by yellow, white or buff, and the salmon-colored and buff may be separated by white. Dahlias will degenerate if grown more than one year in the same bed without fresh soil or manure. When those which have been started in pots are planted, all the earth in the pot should be turned into the hole made to receive it without breaking the ball, and the empty flower-pot should be turned over the young plant, to prevent too much evaporation from the leaves. As the plants grow they should be carefully trained, so as to admit the sun and air to the centre of the plant. This is done by tying the stems to stakes fixed in the ground. Sometimes only a single stake is used, to which is tied the main stem.

COLORS OF DIFFERENT FLOWERS.

It has been well said that blossoms are the joy of trees, in the bearing of which they assume a new aspect, vying with each other in the luxuriance and variety of their colors. Some of nature's richest tints and most elegant combinations of color are displayed in the petals of flowers, which are among the most transient and fragile of all objects. But, though we may be dazzled with the brilliancy of a flower-garden, the eye reposes with pleasure on the verdure of a grove or meadow. Though we can account but imperfectly for the green so universal in nature, the color is most pleasing, beside being the least fatiguing to the sight. Of all greens, the most delicate and beautiful, perhaps, is that displayed in the foliage of trees and plants. This is much more permanent than the colors of flowers; for even during the short existence of the parts they decorate, the colors themselves are often undergoing remarkable variations. Many yellow flowers, under the influence of light, become white. Numbers of red, purple or blue ones are liable, from some unknown cause in the plant to which they belong, to vary to white; and there is also a pretty little flower—the scorpion-grass, and several of its natural order, having flower-buds of a most delicate rose color that turn to a bright blue as they open.

COMMELINAS.

To succeed well with the commelina, the seed should be sown in pots in the spring, in a mixture of sandy loam and leaf-mould, and then placed in a manure frame. When the young plants are large enough to handle they should be put into larger pots and returned to the frames for a week or ten days, admitting the air. The planting out should be attended to about the end of May or beginning of June, when the danger from cold nights and late frosts is over. In planting, they must not be put in a dry or shaded situation, but in a warm and rather

damp one, and in a rich loamy soil. The plants flower freely the first season from seed, but they display their delicate azure blossoms in the greatest perfection in the second season, if the roots are taken up and preserved like those of the dahlia. The roots will survive the winter in the open border, if slightly protected and kept dry; but then they are late in starting, and never so fine as when the roots are taken up and preserved like those of the dahlia.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

When the Spaniards discovered America, they found, among other curious things, a flower which they thought was an allegorical representation of the Saviour's sufferings. In its anthers they saw his five wounds; in the three styles the nails by which he was fixed to the cross; and in a column which rises from the bottom of the flower the pillar to which he was bound; a number of little fleshy threads which spread from its cup they compared to the crown of thorns. They called it, in allusion to its mystical attributes, *flos passionis*—passion-flower. The species which compose the order are twining plants, which support themselves by tendrils, and bear a large, juicy fruit. The structure of the flower is unique. The calyx has five sepals, usually green on the outside and colored inside; the petals are of the same number, and always of the same color with the inside of the sepals. Next within the petals come several rings of beautiful fleshy threads, which spread from the cup like rays, and are splendidly mottled with azure, crimson and white. If there be one part of a plant more beautiful than all others it is this ray, or crown of thorns, as some call it, in the passion-flower. Botanists themselves are hardly agreed as to the nature of these simple rays; some consider them petals and some stamens in an imperfect state. In the centre of the flower rises a column, having at its summit five stamens, each with a two-leafed anther swinging from the point of a flat filament.

This beautiful climber flowers very abundantly. It requires a good and somewhat loamy soil; and, where the soil is light and sandy, a pit two feet deep and two feet square should be dug out and filled with a mixture of loam and peat. Though the passion-flower has a slender root and stem, it will not thrive unless plenty of room be allowed for its roots; and on this account only the dwarf species are adapted for growing in pots. There are several kinds of the passion-flower which require a greenhouse, and some very splendid ones require still greater warmth. All the different varieties are easily propagated by cuttings, which should be made from the young shoots.

DISCOVERY OF WINE.—Wine was first discovered in Persia by Jemsheed, one of the earliest monarchs, by the following accident:—He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened the grapes had fermented; their juice was so acid that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some bottles filled with it, and poison written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favorite wives was affected with nervous headaches; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a bottle with poison written on it, she took it and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the dose so often that the king's poison was all drunk. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made, and Jamsheed and all his court drank of this new beverage, which, from the manner of its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of *zeher-e-khoosh*, or the "delightful poison."—*Eastern Memorials*.

CONCERT FOR HORSES.—The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery especially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts, and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that "they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith."

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

DURING the past month, and while we write, the Japanese Embassy has been and is the excitement and whirl and talk of the time. No wonder. Apart from the mere vulgar excitement which can always be churned up to delirium by common-place agitation of any subject however trifling; apart from mere mob electricity, there is really something marvellous in this meeting of the Old and the New—the hand-shaking between representatives of a society where the perfect liberty of the individual is advocated as the true principle, and of one in which every soul among thirty millions is strongly bound, soul and body, by firmly established law. Perhaps in the world's history there was never before such a meeting of such extremes.

There are in all probability in our free America few persons who fully realize what the ordinary social condition of a Japanese is. Try to imagine what Venice must have been when Doge, people, officials and all were subordinated to a Council of Ten, which was itself held in check by stern tradition and iron laws. Remember what the iron rule of Sparta was, and the fearful power among the Jesuits of that abstraction called the Order. What was it—who was this "order," this non-existent spirit which swayed every elder and every neophyte? Just so in Japan. There the Tycoon "spys" the Mikado, the council the Tycoon; everybody is spied and reported and punished; there is treachery in the family, prying eyes ever waiting even in darkness, and it all agrees so well with routine and system and tradition, and the laws are really so good and so severe, that the whole edifice is self-sustaining—and this is Japan.

It has many good points this Japanese government and life. The nobles are so noble that idle ostentation and silly furniture and flagrant parlor gimcrackery which requires renewing every five years are not necessary to make them respectable, and to help this common-sense idea along, the laws strictly prevent them from indulging in many needless luxuries and points of display, wisely judging that respect for rank should not be based on such vulgar grounds. In this respect Japanese aristocracy rests upon a firmer and far more respectable basis than any in Europe. From Mr. Oliphant's recently published work we infer that they devote much time to the rational enjoyment of life; that their religion recognizes and encourages rational recreation; and that they are, beyond all comparison, as a nation more cleanly in houses and person than even the upper classes in Great Britain or America. Apart from the odious spy-system and its result in extinguishing the liberty of the individual, it is very evident that the introduction of the civilization of the Western World would inevitably—beyond all question—simply detract immensely from their present stock of happiness. The greatest rascal whom Mr. Oliphant saw in Japan, and who was known among his countrymen as "the scoundrel," was one who spoke excellent English with an American twang, and who had evidently passed several years among "the influences of civilization."

But there is one answer to all this, and though to the deep thinker it involve reflections which cut the heart like steel, it must be boldly given. And this is briefly, that no intellectual, educated Western World mind, suffering as it may be—nay, must be—would exchange its sufferings for the pleasant, sensuous life, and exquisite scenery, and calm law and order of Japan. We all believe, after all, with Tennyson.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Simply hoping that in the course of ages—there is no hope for it in our time—that the constant development of rights and wrongs will lead us to the long hoped for point, that true Union of the West and the East, when order and law, and a due observance of the laws of health, and a general respect for economy and recreation, will combine with the brave independence of the individual, and a perfect regard not merely for "the rights of persons and the rights of things," but for the higher rights of intellect and mind.

In every city of the United States the good housewives there resident believe the plague of servants to be "most afflictive," but so far as our observation enables us to judge, we believe New York to be the most suffering place in this particular. The reason is evident enough. Luxury and extravagance are carried to a greater extent in the metropolis than in other cities, and the servants generally ape their mistresses. A girl in a spread crinoline, with a great brass brooch under her chin, and a cheap and loud bonnet of all colors on her head, believing herself to look quite as fine as "the lady," will hardly be as docile or as sensible or as industrious as a neatly-clad girl without hoops, without high colors and without brass, miscellaneous speaking. Talking of these gems, the reader may find a laugh in the following:

A merchant was waited upon in his store by a superbly-attired emale, whom he politely addressed, and desired to know what command she wished to honor him with. The lady, after lifting the veil, which hid a not unhandsome face, intimated, in a style corresponding with her dress, that, hearing there was a vacancy in the

gentleman's service, she desired to be engaged to him as a housemaid.

The gentleman stated that his "better half" was at her residence in the suburbs. The following dialogue ensued:

Servant girl (in a querulous and disaffected tone)—"Then you reside in the country—that would be so inconvenient."

Gentleman—"But then we could remove to town."

Servant girl—"And the washing, I am given to understand, is done at home, which I don't much like."

Gentleman—"But, then, we could give it out."

Servant girl—"And are there any children?"

Gentleman—"Twelve."

Servant girl—(In great excitement and half inclined to faint:)"Twelve children?"

Gentleman—"But, then, to oblige you, we could drown a few of them."

The lady servant turned upon her heel and swept away from the premises with the air of Cleopatra.

Martin Farquhar Tupper is personally perhaps the vainest and weakest individual in existence who pretends to poetry, and it may be very seriously doubted whether any literary foreigner who has visited this country ever left behind him so many souvenirs in the form of silly speeches, devoted to self-praise or expressing mawkish affection. Like all vain and foolish men, Martin F. T. is morbidly sensitive, and deprecates criticism. Having recently published in England a volume of sonnets, he devotes the following puerile curse to those who shall presume to express an independent opinion of his "poetry":

White Devil! turn from me thy low'ring eye,
Let thy lean lip unwreath its bitter smile,
Down thine own throat I force its still-born lie,
And teach thee to digest it in thy bile—
But I will merrily mock at thee the while;
Such venom cannot harm me; for I sit
On a fair hill of name, and power, and purse,
Too high for any shaft of thine to hit,
Beyond the petty reaching of thy curse,
Strong in good purpose, praise and pregnant wit:
Husband thy hate for toads of thine own level,
I breathe an atmosphere too rare for thee:
And know thou this—I'll crush thee, sorry devil,
If ever again thou wag thy tongue at me.

Perhaps no sonnet in the English language expresses more mawkish conceit, more intense self-consciousness, more sour-milk-and-watery Peck niffishness, than this "purse," "wit," "praise!" Why, "what a fine boy am I!" But the chief point, after all, is its abject cowardice; it quivers and writhes with fear of punishment. A brave-hearted gentleman and scholar—a true man of letters, never forearms himself against criticism with such a garment of curses. He knows that if his work is worth a button it will meet with some hard raps; and if his mind is sound and healthy he will be thankful for hints by which he may profit, if they are founded in truth and not in mere malignity. But Tupper is not a chivalrous man nor a brave-hearted poet; he is a paltry tea-and-toast sniveller, a dragger after the old views of the age, and not a manly advocate of anything new—a dirty fungus on the nineteenth-century-plant.

Milwaukee must be a lively place. When a man out there wishes to express the utmost loathing for another, he tells him that he despises him as he does a glass of water. The following is said by an exchange to illustrate the manners of the aristocracy of the place; if it don't, we stand ready to make honorable correction:

Some people in Milwaukee met at a private house preparatory to starting on a picnic. Two of the gentlemen got to quarrelling about one of the ladies, and finally fought in good earnest. The ladies also pitched in, and sandwiches and doughnuts were hurled in profusion at antagonistic heads; bonnets were smashed and white dresses ruined, and there was a general wrecking of wearing habiliments. When the excitement was over, it was decided to adjourn the picnic, a fight and a pleasure party being considered rather too much for one day, and that day the Sabbath.

Plates were crashed and dishes were smashed,
Doughnuts and pies around were dashed,
Oaths were sworn and dresses were torn,
Till all around was quite forlorn;
Whackery, bangery, hokee pokee,
They go it on Sunday in Milwaukee!

The Cincinnati Commercial is responsible for the following:

Some six years ago, Billy Peale, a darkey, black as a June thunder cloud and about as handsome, captivated the heart of an Irish maiden, somewhat whiter, but fully as ugly, and in due course of law made her Mistress Peale. Since the honeymoon waned they have been as prone to fight as the sparks are to fly upward. Yesterday they appeared before the "One Hoss Court," with a sort of criminal hotch-potch; the thing was generally mixed. After hearing the case patiently, the court proceeded to give them much good advice, when both parties put in a plea for divorce. "Mishfer Squire," said the wife, "divorce mez from the nager." "O! massa," petitioned the darkey, "do, for de Lord's sake, let me off from dat Irishman." "Stand up," commands the court; "raise your right hands if you wish to be divorced; I'll give it to you as

quick as thunder." The parties were then sworn never to speak or look at each other. After which the court decreed, "Now, you Bill, and you Mrs. Peale, you are divorced for ever and for ever, Amen; and if you ever speak to each other, blame if the court don't send you on the chain gang for seven years. You are divorced for ever, a vinculo matrimonii; a mensa et thoro. Come, let us smile."

The following, from the *Boston Transcript* is decidedly hitting:

The chief of police says that though he has a house in the country for his family, he sleeps in Boston. It is a thousand pities he does not wake up here.

And the following, absurd as it is, sounds as if it might have been:

A very good lady had taken great pains to establish an infants' school upon a large scale, and had sent into the country a person who happened to be one of the Society of Friends, to collect money and apple trees for the school garden. He called upon the narrator and told him his double purpose. "Ah!" said my friend, "apple trees—a very proper thing, and the poor little children will have nice apples to eat." "No, friend," quoth Starch, "not to eat." "Oh! for pudding, then; better still—a very good plan." "No, 'tisn't for pudding neither, nor pies." "No!" said my friend; "what then?" "It is to teach them to resist temptation!"

Two of the vulgarisms of modern taste in the criticism of female beauty are, firstly, an exclusive admiration of short noses and a dread of long ones, and secondly, the idea that *embonpoint* or "plumpitude" detracts from fascination!

As for the former, the *amateur des femmes*, whose taste is correctly and cosmopolitely educated in every school of art and among all national types, rather inclines to the long nose in women than to the one which is *ow're short*. The nose of the Neapolitan Psychotorsor, thought by many to be the most exquisite face extant in marble—those of the most refined Greek art—those of the beauties of Leonardo da Vinci and of Titian's and a host of others, would all be thought "horridly long" by perhaps a majority of the people who believe themselves to be "just as good judges of pretty women as anybody."

As regards plump beauty, the world is becoming very slowly more enlightened on this point. It is now generally understood that girls who exclusively adore the "genteel and slim," and who devour chalk and drink vinegar to produce a *hant skele-ton* result generally speak ungrammatically and confound *v* with *w*. Of late years health has been more generally admitted to be an indispensable element in beauty, and the world is beginning to feel a just contempt for the sickening affectation manifested by Byron when he declared that he could not bear to see a woman eat. That there are slim, yes, serpent-like beauties cannot be denied. There is the *gracilis* type—lean and graceful, little and slender; thin, yet well rounded, with Hebe face and exquisitely fascinating manner; we often see this style among the creoles. Then there is the white complexioned type, which is slightly delicate in health yet not invalidish; for these women bear physical and mental trials better than any others. They are very quiet in manner, smile sweetly, and have intellectual hands, on which the blue veins speak as plainly and expressively as the eyes in many women. But these are the caviare and olives, the rarities of female beauty. Unless a truly refined, highly cultured and tenderly good soul animates these frames, they are seldom expressive of as much beauty as those of a fuller cast. But nature has so provided that a remarkable proportion of slender girls, and especially tall ones, are almost invariably gifted with "beautiful souls."

But the full chested, full throated, full limbed woman is decidedly the highest type of beauty, and a very lovely woman is generally rather over than under weight. Such is certainly the opinion at least of one poet, if we may judge by the following lines:

THE STOUT LADY.—BY H. P. L.

Well done, that sun should ever beam,
To show what man delights to see!
I saw a maiden down the street,
And stout was she!

I staid awhile to see how fair
Sweet Lucy had in three years grown;
At every pound I found she'd gained—
I did not groan.

I staid to watch her little hands,
Her tender eyes, her cheeks so red—
The bloom of roses blushing there,
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch a little space
Her style of figure so piquant—
Your racehorse type of beauty needs
Her air riant.

And still I staid a little more—
I hope she'll ne'er grow thin again!
I throw these verses to her praise,
But throw in vain.

I know I thinner grow each day,
I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

The Greeks had a word—we forget it just at this instant—expressive of a man who loved only plump ladies.

Martial—the disgrace to all poets and poetry—was an amateur of a different sort. *Carnifex sum, non pinguiarius*, "I am a butcher, not a fat dealer," said he; perhaps the word ought to be translated "soapfat man"—it was no credit to him as he used it, whatever he meant.

Of all humbugs the greatest held up to modern people is "the good old times." And it is very widely spread, this same humbug. It pervades most of the best modern English literature. It poisons what are believed to be very good books indeed, such as the *Tom Brown School-days* and *The Scouring of the White Horse*, and a great proportion of those novels and volumes of poetry which aim at being decent and dignified yet pleasant withal. They are directly or indirectly hammering away at the doctrine that a hundred years ago everything was so nice and moral and sound, and that now-a-days the railroads and European travel and manufactories are degrading humanity, and that, because hedgerows and copses and gipsies and good old customs are vanishing, the world is going helter-skelter, pell-mell to ruin.

It is all nonsense, dear reader; we all know it at heart. A century ago coarse debauchery and abominations of all kinds abounded in the best society. Then, gambling of the worst kind was carried on at every little party; drunkenness, dirt and disease, such as are now known only to the vilest slums of our cities, were found almost everywhere. As for the "elegant manners of the old school," of which we hear so much, those who are historically familiar with the subject admit that to be the greatest humbug of all. There was in a very small circle, on state occasions, an excess of affected, artificial courtesy, vastly overbalanced by an enormous amount of brutal boorishness in ordinary life. This is always the case with a nation passing from semi-barbarism to true natural refinement. What our glorious Anglo-Saxon race was a little earlier appears from the following extract:

"You are a race of pokers!" say the French. "You are a race of puppies!" replies the unassailable Englishman; and certainly there is nothing more sublimely ridiculous than the British lion shaking his mane and muttering a growl when the continental poodle asks him, in a friendly manner, to shake his paw. Dignity has its limits as well as ease, and dignity is extravagant in Spain, and often melodramatic in England. Charles I. never laughed, and his contemporary, Philip of Spain, never smiled. But it must not be supposed that the English have always been as dignified as the modern towers bristling with cannon, and bearing the motto, "*Non me tangere*," who are seen moving in Pall Mall in the afternoon. Stiffness perhaps came in with Brummel's starched cravat, a yard in height, which took him a quarter of an hour to crease down to that of his neck.

In the reigns of the Tudors, familiarity was the order of the day at the court. There was nothing shocking in Bluff Harry stretching his huge gouty leg upon Catharine Parr's lap; and Queen Elizabeth thought herself only witty when to Sir Roger Williams, presenting a petition which she disliked, she exclaimed, "Williams, how your boots smell!" "Put, madam," replied the Welshman, "it is my suit, not my boots, which smell." In Ben Jonson's day it was the height of gallantry to chuck a lady under the chin, and make a not very refined compliment to her rosy lips. Even the cavaliers of Charles's court had a freedom of speech and manner which disgusted the Puritans; and, if Milton's report be true, the sovereign that never laughed saw no harm in making indelicate remarks before, if not to, the queen's ladies.—*Habits of Good Society*.

Droll indeed are sometimes the results of mistakes in copy designed for printers—witness this extract:

Many years ago, at the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, we heard a couple of "astonished natives" in earnest debate, studying the bill of the play on the front seat in the pit. Says one to the other, "Look here, Jim, if this ain't a queer 'un I'm blowed."

"What's a queer 'un," says Jim.

"Why, see here what the bill says—'Leather apron and flask of brandy and water for Kibitz'—don't you wish you was Kibitz? Then here comes 'purse for Ware.'"

"I wish I was Ware," said Jim.

Next comes, "Black wand for sorcerer—end fixed to burn—pot of blue fire ready—right and left."

"What the devil are they going to do," exclaimed Jim, becoming more interested in the bill, which he now assisted his companion to examine. "Thunder and lightning, and a handsome dagger for Lord Walter—handsome dagger for Brunhilda." "Oh! Lord Walter and Brindle's going to fight with handsome daggers, I guess." "Glass globe filled with green liquor, with lighted candle behind it—ready right and left." They go it on the right and left principle, any how," said Jim.

"But my eyes, look here," exclaimed the other. "Thunder and lightning—dagger for sorcerer—trick couch on lightning—goblets, fruit-pitcher—pots of blue fire right and left, blaze away—tableau and curtain."

"Well, if that 'ere ain't Greek it's Irish," said Jim, utterly confounded with the mystification of the playbill; and for our part, we were at a loss to understand it, till on mentioning the circumstance to the manager, on meeting him a moment afterwards, he explained it. In sending the copy to the printers, the "Property Plot" of "The Vampire Bride" had been accidentally folded within,

and, according to printer's rule, to "follow copy," it had all come out in the bill for the evening, though it was supposed that the mysterious paragraph had been torn off before the bills were issued. No wonder Jim and his friend were puzzled, both right and left. We should like to have known how they enjoyed "The Vampire Bride."

WOMAN'S LAUGH.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from the heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh; now here, now there—now lost, now found?

Have you? Well, if so, you have run after sweet music, the silveriest of all silver sounds—the moltenest of all music, for surely none flows so lightly. "A woman's laugh," saith Meister Karl in his unwritten book of Tones by Mountains and Rivers, "is to her voice what honey is to a flower—the delicate beauty of beauty, the sweeter kernel of a dainty fruit."

"You can tell souls," says he, "by voices, and the key to the voice is the laugh. A flirt, a coquette may hide her heartless folly in every way, but the initiated in tones who once hears her laugh knows her well. When such belles ring there is always a flaw perceptible. Of all sounds the soulless laugh of a flirt at heart is the most intolerable."

"When a man is a fool it always rounds in his laugh. Fools are more guarded in their laughter—more afraid of letting it out than wise men. Especially the shrewd fools, the wary ones—the fools who think themselves bravely wise and who are often thought so by others, yet who are after all often the most arrant fools in existence. Oh, the cackling, sniggering laughter of these men!"

"Tis a great gift, Hubert mon amy, this of laughing honestly and cheerily—and one just as rare as a real good fellow. As for a good lady laughter, her price is above rubies and Etruscan vases, above golden dressing-cases placed on malachite slabs—yea, above all earthly gimmercrackeries. I would go far—very far to hear Malbran sing could she be raised from the dead—but further still to hear the perfection of a soprano lady laughter, a lovely soul, falling at times from trilling sweetness down to the deepest abyss of contralto chiaroscuro! Such a voice I heard once in dreams, sleeping or waking was it? I know not. Or if it were the pealing laughter of a Glycera, a Dione, a Lais or Lalage—some fair Greek shadow girl—vanished from Corinth in the olden time!"

When you go to Germany remember that a German mile is about as long as four English ones, and that the word for mile or *Stunde* also means one hour. Some few weeks ago an Englishman who could not speak good German was riding on the railroad from Dresden to Leipzig, when he asked, as well as he could, how long it took to go through the tunnel. The person he spoke to thought he asked how long before the tunnel would be reached, and so he answered, "In half an hour." When they entered the place the Englishman threw down his carpet bag and divested himself of his upper garments for the purpose of putting on a clean shirt, trusting that the darkness would conceal his toilette from the sight of the ladies present. But after a short ten minutes a streak of light appeared, and the ladies, oppressed by the heavy atmosphere, seemed impatient to be again in pure air. Soon the full light came, every one took a long breath, when suddenly the dames gave a simultaneous shriek and pulled their veils over their faces, to hide from them the disastrous condition of the Englishman. The poor man thought the passage through the tunnel would take thirty minutes, and had been surprised by returning to light in the midst of his shifting.

About half of the really vulgar and would-be fine writers of the present day have an abominable habit of saying "proven" for "proved," "reliable" for "trustworthy," and "donated" for "given." They also talk about this or that as being "in our midst," and have a peculiarly disagreeable way of saying that a man talks the French or the German, when they simply mean that he *talks French* or German. Schoolmasters, parents and guardians, please take notice.

Propos of learning a foreign language, those desirous of so doing will find it by no means so difficult a matter as is generally supposed. By particular request I give a few hints on this subject:

1. If you cannot have a teacher, get some elementary work—Monteith's French, Spanish, German, Italian and Latin without a Master, published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, at twenty-five cents each, are best for the first steps—and master the rules of pronunciation. You can hardly fail, live where you may, to meet with some foreigner willing to teach you the few sounds in either language which are difficult.

2. Having mastered your "French without a Master," or whatever it may be, go to the Bible Society and obtain, which you can do for three shillings, a New Testament in the language you are studying. Also buy a dictionary, and be sure to get the best. Abridged dictionaries are nuisances. The more copious your dictionary the better. See that it is very durably bound with *flexible back*, so that no leaves may come out. There are few dictionaries or lexicons of any real value to be had for less than five dollars. Read the New Testament, comparing it with the English version, until you have acquired a small stock of words and some familiarity with the appearance of the language.

3. If you are studying German, "Fullborn's Instructor," published by Lippincott, or "Ahn's Method" may now be taken up. For other languages the works of Ollendorff are good, though too elaborate, and requiring much application with great exercise of memory.

4. Grammars should be used simply as books of reference. But when you do refer to a rule, a declension or conjugation, in the course of your reading, *fix it in the memory*.

5. Begin with light easy reading, and when accessible use *literal translations*, particularly when studying Greek and Latin. Milton advocated their use, and during the Revival of Letters boys were always taught the classics with their aid. One of the best Latin scholars with whom we are acquainted attributes his proficiency in the language to a free use of translations while at college. They facilitate reading, supply a vocabulary in half the time needed to acquire one from the dictionary, and finally give the scholar a more accurate idea of the real meaning, or shades of meaning of different words than he can get without their aid.

6. If while studying a language you get a few poems, particularly songs, by heart, you will acquire very readily the correct measure and accent of words and syllables. Declamation aloud in a foreign language is one of the best means of preparing for conversation in it.

7. The theatre is, beyond all dispute, the best school for learning to understand a language as spoken. If you can hear a play performed which you have already carefully perused, you will learn more in one evening than you can in a week of ordinary conversation. Next to the theatre, but far inferior to it, we may rank lectures.

8. Not one scholar in twenty takes conscientious and earnest pains to acquire the pronunciation of a language. And not one in twenty of any age whatever can really devote himself one small half hour per diem for six months to any one language.

REVOLVERS.

We don't mean pistols by the above, or Tombs vagrants who are always turning into jail, turning out and returning, but those everlasting old joes of anecdotes which are always going round in newspapers. Here are a couple—right at hand:

REVOLVER NO. 1.

A Yankee from Maine, being at Buena-Vista the night before the battle, and somewhat doubtful of the result, went out of hearing, as he supposed, and made the following prayer:

"O Lord, here we are about four thousand of us, and twenty-four thousand Mexicans—enough to swallow us without greasing. Now, if you can help us, do it—if you can't, for heaven's sake don't help the Mexicans—and just hold on until to-morrow, and you will see a little the hardest fight you ever seen in your life. Yours, respectfully, amen."

Now, we don't believe that any Yankee at Buena-Vista ever said any such thing. If he did he stole it—for the story is old as the Crockett almanacs, in which a hunter prayed the Lord to help him, or at least "not to help the bear," and finally occurs in a century-old French form. This Yankeeifying and Westernizing old Joe Millers is "perfectly mix-zable." The meanest penny-a-liner should be ashamed of it.

REVOLVER NO. 2.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranging his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing awhile he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him:

"Has the stage gone?"

"Stage, sir! stage!" said the fop; "I have nothing to do with it, sir."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly; "I thought you were the driver?"

If J. R. of R. ever said this, he was emphatically no gentleman. The story sets forth the gratuitous, insolent impertinence of a vulgar mind, and the man who coined it was probably one of those who are malignantly impertinent when they dare be.

We wish that our contemporaries would set their faces against such "revolvers" as these. Don't, gentlemen—don't—for the sake of filling up, cram your columns with silly ramped-up old anecdotes, or rude and vulgar ones. Make a note on't.

MR. YELLOWGLOVE TAKES HIS COUSINS FOR A PLEASANT ROW ON THE HUDSON.



Mr. Yellowglove, on arriving at the landing place, finds that the tide had gone down, and left nearly half a mile of fine soft, black mud between the boat and terra firma.

LORD LYTTLETON AND THE GHOST.—Some years ago I met an old gentleman at Ewell, in Surrey, near which is Pitt's Place, where his lordship died. He gave me the following account, which he had from a gentleman who was in the house at the time. This person was the organist of a neighboring town, whose company was much courted, on account of his musical talent, and who was a frequent visitor to his lordship. The story ordinarily told is this:—That he dreamed the ghost of a lady whom he had seduced appeared to him, and predicted death at twelve at night on the third day following. My informant's story differs only thus far: that the supposed apparition was that of the mother of the lady in question, who had died of a broken heart in consequence of her daughter's dishonor. Lord Lyttleton was at this time in a very bad state of health, in consequence of his excesses, and was subject to what my informant called "suffocating fits;" probably nervous hysteria. Be this as it may, it appears on the day of death, the foretold third day, he had a party of friends at Pitt's Place, among whom was the organist, from whence my informant had the account. He says that Lyttleton was in a state of some agitation, and had told the story of the dream to his friends. As the night wore on and midnight approached his nervousness increased painfully; and some of his visitors said during his absence, "Lyttleton will frighten himself

into another fit with this foolish ghost story;" and they determined to put a clock which stood in the room forward; and when he returned to them they said, "Hurrah! Lyttleton, twelve o'clock is past—you've jockeyed the ghost; now the best thing is to go quietly to bed, and in the morning you will be all right." He accordingly went upstairs; and while some of his guests were putting on their coats to depart his valet came down to fetch something; it was said to get some mint-water, which he was in the habit of taking, leaving his lordship alone. At this period the clock of the parish church, which was not far off, and which of course could not have been touched, began slowly to peal forth the true midnight hour. The valet proceeded upstairs, and shortly burst forth into loud exclamations; the party ran up, and found his lordship had fallen dead. My informant's impression was that the sudden revulsion of feeling from a state of fancied security to finding himself at the moment in the very instant of the dreaded danger, had caused such a reaction as to bring on the fits which carried him off. He, no doubt, had heard the first stroke of the clock as well as others down stairs; and, as each successive blow struck slowly upon the bell, the sense of danger and the remembrance of the dream became greater and greater; and to so weakened a frame and so diseased a mind no doubt these caused the catas-



After a minute examination, he thinks it is not so very soft after all, and concludes to try a disembarkation.

trophe. It is not improbable that most ghost stories might be found to have a similar natural solution.—*Notes and Queries.*

CAIRO.—There are two head market-days a week, Monday and Friday. We passed on a market-day through a court where numbers of negro women were exposed for sale, sitting in the sun, almost naked. They were black, thick-lipped, with plaited or matted hair, and seemed quite insensible to their condition. At the entrance of the bazaar there are chains placed across the street to prevent asses from entering. The bazaar itself is a perfect Babel, insufferably crowded. The salesman holds up the articles which he wishes to sell, as swords, pistols, pipes, Cashmere shawls, jackets, trousers, &c., and pushing his way through the crowd, bawls aloud the price at which he offers them. The merchants sit in the shops (which are a kind of stalls without windows) displaying their stock. Those who wish to purchase anything take a seat beside the merchant, which is the most convenient way of observing the noisy and conflicting tide perpetually moving on. The beggars are numerous, and very annoying: they seize hold of you, pull you and stroke down your back with most abject importunity. Such revolting pictures of human misery are only met with in Egypt. Many are blind and led about by others.—*Travels in Turkey.*



Acting upon this conviction, he cheerfully takes the ladies upon his shoulders, and finds the mud very much softer than he expected, and decidedly slippery.

MR. YELLOWGLOVE TAKES HIS COUSINS FOR A PLEASANT ROW ON THE HUDSON.



Terrible effects of a false step—grand tableau—the disadvantages of a soft bed.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINES.—The character of the Tagaloc is extremely difficult to define. Lavater and Gall would have been very much embarrassed by it; for both physiognomy and craniology would be, perhaps, equally at a loss amongst the Philippines. The natural disposition of the Tagal Indian is a mixture of vices and virtues—of good and bad qualities. A worthy priest has said, when speaking of them, "They are great children, and must be treated as if they were little ones." It is really curious to trace, and still more so to read the moral portrait of a native of the Philippine Islands. The Indian keeps his word; and yet—will it be believed?—he is a liar. Anger he holds in horror—he compares it to madness; and even prefers drunkenness, which, however, he despises. He will not hesitate to use the dagger to avenge himself for injustice; but what he can least submit to is an insult, even when merited. When he has committed a fault he may be punished with a flogging; this he receives without a murmur, but he cannot brook an insult. He is brave, generous and a fatalist. The profession of a robber, which he willingly exercises, is agreeable to him on account of the life of liberty and adventure it affords, and not because it may lead to riches. Generally speaking, the Tagalocs are good fathers and good husbands, both these qualities being inherent. Horribly jealous of their wives, but not in



Mr. Yellowglove decides, during the elegant leisure of a week's rheumatism, that the consequences of obliging one's lady friends are sometimes serious drawbacks to the pleasures of life, and that rowing does not agree with his constitution.

the least of the honor of their daughters; and it matters little if the women they marry have committed errors previous to their union. They never ask for a dowry; they themselves provide it, and make presents to the parents of their brides. They dislike cowards, but willingly attach themselves to the man who is brave enough to face danger. Play is their ruling passion, and they delight in the combats of animals, especially in cock-fighting.

EFFECT OF HARD WATER UPON ANIMALS.—Horses have an instinctive love for soft water, and refuse hard water if they can possibly get the former. Hard water produces a rough and staring coat on horses and renders them liable to gripes. Pigeons also refuse hard water if they can obtain access to soft. Cleghorn states that hard water in Minorca causes diseases in the system of certain animals, especially of sheep. So much are racehorses influenced by the quality of the water, that it is not unfrequent to carry a supply of soft water to the locality in which the race is to take place, lest there being only hard water the horses should lose condition. Mr. Youatt, in his book called "The Horse," remarking on the desirableness of soft water for the horse, says: "Instinct or experience has made the horse himself conscious of this, for he will never drink har,



Having assisted his fair companions in misfortune to rise, they journey towards the beach in single file.

water if he has access to soft: he will leave the most transparent water of the well for a river, although the water may be turbid, and even for the muddiest pool." And again in another place he says, "Hard water drawn from the well will assuredly make the coat of a horse unaccustomed to it stare, and will not unfrequently gripe or further injure him."

NUMBER THIRTEEN UNLUCKY.—This superstition seems to prevail in Russia and Italy. "Mentioned that at Catalani's one day, perceiving there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess, who lived with her, upstairs to remedy the grievance; but soon after La Cainea coming in, the poor movable countess was brought down again. Lord L. said he had dined once abroad with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking from chair to chair: he found afterwards it was because the Narishken were at table, who, he knew, would rise instantly if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself."—*Moore's Diary.*

If you must find fault, do it in private if possible, and some time after the offence rather than at the time; the blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR AUGUST.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

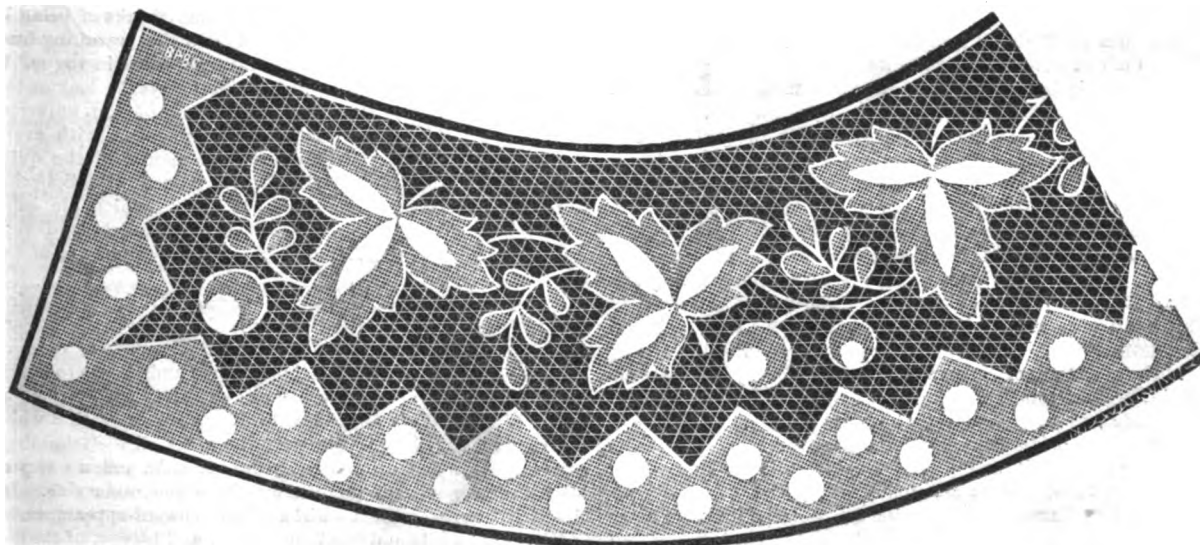
THE imagination must be brilliant indeed that could find at this, the fag end of the season, anything new to remark upon in the way of purchases; for, of course, there have been few or no importations for the last six weeks. "Reduced prices," "Below cost," and such like announcements everywhere meet our eyes; and whilst we wonder at and regret the losses on the sales of many leading goods, we cannot be surprised at the general absence of advertisements.

The only change to be recorded is the removal of the wholesale establishment of E. LAMBERT & Co. from 55 Chambers street to Broadway, corner of White. It is a very handsome building, well adapted to its purpose, and much more conveniently located for the numerous clients of the house than the old store was. Meantime the up-town establishment of this firm, 581 Broadway, under the management of Mr. Clarke, who was so many years with A. T. Stewart & Co., offers in each department great inducements to those who have spare

cash or generous husbands. The travelling-dress goods here are really charming, and the light silks, as we noticed last month, very delicate and well selected. That they are cheap is a matter of course. Everything is cheap now.

We would recommend our country friends who are visiting New York just now to see that wonder of the world, the Great Eastern, to pay particular attention also to the stock of muslins, organdies, brilliants and other summer dress goods which will be found here in such great variety. The locality is most convenient—just opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, which has added to its laurels by the management of the arrangements for the Japanese Embassy, who found here, perhaps for the first time since their arrival in this country, what the Brothers Leland always manage to afford to their guests—a home.

A. T. STEWART & Co. have recently added to their stock some charming Zouave Jackets of embroidered muslin; the prices from four to ten dollars. The grenadines and organdy robes of last season's patterns are selling off at extraordinarily low prices. It is curious to note in these goods the amazing contrast between the (loud) *voyant* styles of last year and the



HOLLY BERRY COLLAR IN SWISS LACE. PAGE 179.

quiet elegance which is now most popular. How there could be such a change in so short a time seems marvellous, and would appear more so did we not know that a vicious style of dress, like all other vices, carries in it the elements of its own destruction.

Among the embroideries at Stewart's we notice very pretty sets, trimmed with real lace, at one dollar and twenty-five cents a set.

A recent addition to the stock here is a heavy black taffetas, ranging from thirty to forty inches wide. For dresses, as well as mantles, this wide material is both nice and economical.

Those who wish to carry from New York a memorial of the Japanese in the form of a mantle will find a very pretty novelty in this article at BULPIN, GIBSON & ELLIOTT's, 361 Broadway: it is made principally in those richly-colored challies and Albanian cloths which are worn so much now, and not altogether unlike the Arab burnous, but with an alteration in the style of the hood which is certainly an improvement.

The lace mantles and shawls here are marvels of cheapness. Very handsome ample-sized shawls at eighteen dollars, with rich designs and well-covered grounds. Dusters, in *barège Anglais*, at only two dollars; and lace mantillas from three dollars and upwards.

Very pretty travelling mantles, in the softest tints of zebra cloth, with the coziest-looking of cosy hoods, will be found in almost endless variety at W. D. ELLIOTT & Co.'s, 294 and 296 Canal street. In poplin, mohair and other travelling suits this stock will be found certainly equal to any, and at very low prices. We counsel those who want to know "what to buy" to glance over the pretty Algerian mantles here.

The grenadine and *barège* shawls at CHARLES STREET's, 475 Broadway, are just the things for wrapping oneself in for a promenade at Newport or Long Branch; and the pretty riverside Thibet shawls, of soft fine wool and quaker colors, are well adapted to afford the additional warmth requisite for a stroll on the beach on a chilly evening. It is hardly needful to say that here, as everywhere else, reduced prices are the order of the day. Of course heavier and more expensive shawls (some, indeed, of the richest in the city) will be found here; and those who contemplate purchasing will have the advantage of the knowledge and skill of Mr. Street in this very important branch of the business. We understand that the new autumnal designs for camel's-hair shawls, ordered by this house from Paris, are singularly rich and chaste.

Lightest of all out-door garments are the *barège* burnous of GIBSON BROS., under the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They are in white and black, with a little of one bright color combining with the pure hue of the former. The *aqua-scutum* travelling dusters, with practicable gipsy hoods, prettily lined with colored silks, being, as they are, impervious to rain, are capital—almost essential additions to the travelling toilette of a lady.

In bonnets we have really nothing to record, except a promise, which we trust to see realised, of some veritable Parisian marvels early in the fall.

The firm of R. T. WILDE & Co., 225 Broadway, hint that from their Parisian engagements they have a prospect of eclipsing their former selves in taste and moderation of price. It is certainly no disadvantage to this firm that Mrs. McAdam, who presides at it, is so well acquainted with the style of physiognomy here, as well as with the best French milliners. There is always such a variety to choose from in their show rooms, that every style of countenance and the dimensions of every purse may be suited here.

Madame HARRIS, 571 Broadway, went to Paris in the Vanderbilt, to arrange in person, with Madame Alexandrine and others, for a suitable assortment for the fall season; and in this quarter we may look for something of the most *recherché* description.

Madame MARTELLI NOTMAN, 106 Clinton place, will, also, no doubt, produce some charming specimens of her Parisian skill and taste; meantime, those who want very stylish, elegant and moderate-priced bonnets for the summer at a fashionable watering-place will find it well worth while to step out of Broadway, to select from her stock.

At GEORGE RICHMOND's, opposite the Metropolitan, are some of those pretty wreath and demi-wreath head-dresses, of

pinked silk, of which we have spoken elsewhere. The illusion goods here are most tasteful, simple or elaborate, as may be desired; but always fresh, pure and elegant.

The babies' caps at E. WILLIAMS & Co.'s are worth notice, as are, indeed, the dolls' clothes generally. This department promises to become ultimately a very extensive one. People do not always wish for elaborate embroidery and expensive trimmings, on either their own clothes or their children's; or if they desire, they have not always the means of paying for such luxuries; hence it is an error in a majority of the ladies' outfitting-houses in New York that it is taken for granted every one has a long purse that wants expensive under linen; whereas, the most acceptable thing would be to be able to buy at a store just what, had we time or inclination, we should make for ourselves. It is just this want which is supplied at Williams's, and we think the success of the experiment proves how generally acceptable it is.

MESSRS. PHALON & SON, the great perfumers, have commemorated the Japanese visit by the production of a new and most delicious perfume, the "Paulownia." By the way, we are by no means clear as to the derivation of this word, which does not seem to us as redolent of Japan as the article to which it gives a name. It will obtain, without a doubt, a great success—perhaps a more permanent one than even that of Tommy. We should not be surprised to hear of Mr. Phalon, like that impish young Japanese, receiving a pile of letters a foot high, daily, in consequence of its popularity. The "Snow-white Oriental Cream" is also likely to be in great demand during the summer, as it so innocently removes all traces of tan and sunburn; and gives such a marble purity to the complexion.

We promised to say something, some months ago, of ARNOLD's PATENT HAIR CURLERS; and would have redeemed our word but that they have not been made, until now, in even sufficient quantity to supply the demand. It is the simplest of all possible contrivances for producing flowing ringlets, and perfectly effective also. Even when the heat or damp has made the hair perfectly straight, half an hour before dinner is sufficient to reproduce this graceful ornament. The curler is a small tin tube, with a cap at each end, one joined on and securing a bit of black elastic, the other fastening the elastic only, so that the cap slips on or off at pleasure, closing the tube. To use them, set them in very hot water, with the elastic dropping outside the glass. Damp the hair, roll it round the tube, and catch it by slipping on the cap. The elastic then keeps it in its place.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

WHAT shall we say on this subject, when, as far as fashion is concerned, there is neither past, nor present, only future? and that too dim and remote to be made available to our readers. We shall, indeed, do our best to gratify laudable curiosity; but the materials being so very scanty, but little can, this month, be expected from us.

In dresses for outdoor wear—and no one thinks of being in doors now, if it can be helped—gray is still the prevailing hue. Nothing so delicate and charming was ever before in vogue. It is really refreshing to the eyes, these hot days, to look at the soft-tinted toilettes. One great advantage of the universal color besides its delicacy, is that it harmonizes with every bright hue. We saw lately a dress and mantle of the quiet tint, the latter bound, and the dress trimmed with Solferino silk, cut cross-wise. Of course, the same fashionable color trimmed the simple rough-and-ready straw bonnet; and very becoming it was to the fair and blooming countenance of the wearer.

In bonnets, however, there is daily a more striking demonstration in favor of black, whether chip, silk, or the more fashionable lace. The trimming almost invariably tufts of roses or chrysanthemums, of several bright colors; and strings to match one of them. We have seen one or two pretty split straws, at R. T. WILDE & Co.'s, bound with black velvet, with a white silk curtain, edged also with velvet, and for all the trimming, a tuft of variously colored roses on one side, and a scrap of black tulle across from the flowers down the other side. Its simplicity carried with it a *distingué* and elegant appearance.

Mantles of white and black grenadine, and *barège*, of challie,

poil de chèvre, and *barège anglais*, are universally worn for morning toilette; and pusher and other laces take their place in fuller dress. The large half-square lace shawls seem, in general, to be more popular than the flounced points and other lace mantles; and in an economical point of view they are certainly to be preferred, as not likely to be at all out of fashion next summer.

Shawls of fllet and sewing silk, very light and graceful, are also a good deal worn; and a very large and choice assortment will be found at E. LAMBERT'S & Co's.

The black and white Japanese and other washing silks which we noticed last month, as forming such very pretty travelling dresses, are frequently made with seven and nine flounces, on the borders of which a very narrow-colored ribbon being run forms an unexceptionable edge, looking as pretty as if bound, but by no means so expensive. These silks have the advantage of being suitable also for bonnets; and the same color as trims the skirt will be used for the strings and flowers of the bonnet.

In head-dresses there is no change. Rosettes of ribbon or pinked silk, formed into a demi-wreath, are much in fashion and among the most becoming of styles. Black lace coiffures secured by fancy pins, are in great favor for married ladies; and we have seen two or three charming specimens of the Charlotte Corday cap at RICHMOND'S.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

If we were asked what would be the most comfortable style for the present month, with its broiling sun, we should certainly select that of the bathers just descending into the surf opposite the hotel at Long Branch; and for situation, surely that dripping mermaid emerging from the embraces of Neptune, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, must find salt water a pleasant one. In truth, nothing inland can possibly be pleasant in this fearfully hot weather; a stay at Long Branch, Newport or Cape May being about the only endurable existence. Very judiciously, it seems to us, it is the fashion, at the first-named place at least, to dress sensibly for the seaside; to indulge in full toilette only at the evening balls. For the day and its rambles, fishing and boating parties, calico and barege dresses are in most favor; and as the calico are always new when clean, whilst bareges are spoilt as soon as *chiffonnés*, they have deservedly the preference. Bloomer hats of all the newest styles, the prettiest head-gear ever worn by women, take the place of bonnets.

There are hosts of ladies at this hotel—the Pavilion; for Mr. Morris makes the care of unprotected females one of his *specialités*; and naturally, he is very popular among the fair part of his guests. He is ever ready to direct their steps to the most agreeable rambles, to find them the most reliable boatmen, and in short to make them forget the absence of those of whose society they are temporarily or permanently deprived. In short, taking into account Mr. Morris's attention, the comforts of the Pavilion and its easy and economical access from New York, Long Branch appears to us pre-eminently well suited for us of the tender sex.

But the "styles" of some of the thousands flocking to New York, to see the Great Eastern, are very different to the more unpretending toilette of New Yorkers. We saw a group in Broadway the other day, denizens apparently of the Far West, whose toilette presented every color and shade under the sun, amongst which bright brick red and flaring green—if green, the coolest of colors, ever can be flaring—shone conspicuously. They were wondering and gesticulating vehemently, and conjecturing whether the big ship could not cut Manhattan Island in two if she were steered with sufficient force against it. They presented about the only novelty in style that has met our distracted gaze for some time past, and the novelty, in this instance, consisted in the antiquity of the toilette, a fact which savors, perhaps, of Hibernicism, although it must be remembered in excuse, that in ladies' vocabulary an age ago means—just one week.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

We have selected for illustration, for this month of fashionable

watering-place gaities, two very pretty ball dresses; which will be found to possess the double merit of elegance and moderate price.

Fig. 1. We confess to a preference for this floating graceful toilette over the more set style. It may be of either tulle or tarlatane; but the former material is preferable. Over a slip of white silk is worn a plain skirt, with a full puffing for about the depth of fifteen inches. This is confined by delicate long sprays of foliage, set on diagonally. Over this is an upper skirt of the same, cut a good deal longer than the under one, so as, when looped up on each side of the front, to fall into large puffs. The front, by means of the flowers with which it is fastened, is formed *en tablier*, the puffs being caught straight across. The bouquets, six in number, are graduated in size, the largest at the bottom, and the smallest terminating in long vinelike-sprays, reaching to the waist. The corsage is made low and with a deep point. A full puffing of tulle is carried across the bosom, and laced with the green sprays like those on the skirt. A rich blonde lace finishes the top, adding greatly to the general softness of effect. The sleeves are single puffs, with a bouquet on each, and another on the corsage. A wreath of leaves, with two tufts of roses, is placed in the hair, pointed diadem like over the brow. The front hair slightly puffed, and over it rolled at the sides, with braids at the back.

Fig. 2. This dress is of pink and white tarlatane, flounced almost to the waist, the two colors being set, alternately, on a white skirt. The flounces are pinked. The corsage of pink silk covered with tarlatane, with a small plain sleeve. A round bertha, entirely concealing it, is covered with narrow flounces; and the wide sash ends are trimmed to match. They are not very long; and instead of bows have a single rosette on the band. The hair is in curls, à la Sevigné, with small rosebuds dropped in among the ringlets. The back in a handsome braid. Pearl ornaments.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FULL LENGTH VISITING TOILETTE. PAGE 184.

The robe seen in this elegant toilette is a rich Pompadour silk, the ground being steel-gray; stripes of a darker shade of the same, run vertically in the centre and at the edges of each breadth, so as to give two sets of them twice to every breadth. The flowers are, with their foliage, in their natural colors; and a *jardinière* wreath, also *broché* and colored like nature, runs at the bottom of each breadth, between the stripes. This style of dress is a perfect novelty.

The mantle is of rich glacé silk, and, in its way, a perfect gem. The back is set, in plaits, into a cape, fitting closely to the form, and pointed, like a pelerine, before and behind, in both parts reaching to the waist; from the edge of this cape falls another, very narrow in front, widening on the shoulders, and coming into a deep square hood-like fall down from the waist. Both parts are trimmed with deep rich guipure lace, headed by jet and drop trimming; above this, on the upper cape is a second lace, narrower and set on *crêvé*. The mantle is made to form a large square sleeve, the fronts falling scarf fashion. The mode of trimming is a very graceful novelty. The rich guipure lace is set on in long scallops, touching the edge at the point, and consequently leaving a plain piece of silk within each. This is ornamented with pendeloques and macarons of guipure, trimmed with jet. The fronts, alone, are perfectly straight.

The bonnet, of black lace over white crape, is made somewhat full, with a soft but not a baggy crown. The exterior is trimmed with one rich white plume and white ribbon; the curtain covered with black lace, and a full *ruche* and *bandeau* of small flowers. Hair, à l'*Inpératrice*.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

HOLLY BERRY COLLAR IN SWISS LACE. PAGE 177.

MATERIALS.—Brussels net and very fine Swiss muslin; with Walter Evans & Co's Embroidery Cotton, No 24.

We give a section of this pretty collar, from which the whole design may readily be prepared, the pattern being repeated as

far as the centre, and then reversed. Our readers know that Swiss lace is but another term for application of lace and muslin. The design is marked, of course, on the latter; which is tacked over the net, on the *toile cirée*. The outlines are then traced; and in this collar they are also to be worked in button-hole stitch. But the berries should be worked in Chinese eye-lets; and the veinings of the leaves in satin stitch. The spots on the border are worked in the same. You then cut away the muslin from that part where the net is seen; and if it is liked, a narrow lace may be sewed round the edge. It will be no difficult matter to draw cuffs to match this collar.

but the reader will find sufficient to enable her to do the entire piece. Of course, the outlines must first be drawn, and marked on the cloth. The leaves are then fastened on with gum in their proper places. The work, in which nothing is seen but beads or metal, is then done. There are three large flowers in the engraving. One, which is circular, is of beads only—large ones, framed as it were, or surrounded by smaller. The two other large flowers, somewhat like stars, one of which will be seen full size in the engraving, has a centre of beads, from which radiate a number of points formed alternately of bugles and bullions. For the latter each point is raised by thicknesses of



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED SOFA CUSHION.

DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED SOFA CUSHION.

We now give the necessary illustrations and directions for working the sofa cushion, the miniature representation of which will be found in *Frank Leslie's Monthly* for July (page 88).

The material is fine cloth, and beads, bugles, gold thread and bullion, with stamped velvet leaves, are required for ornamenting it. A glance at the engravings will show the forms of the various bugles and beads employed.

The design consists of a centre, almost a round, and four corners. Our space does not permit us to give the entire centre;

soft thread laid on, in the proper form, and sewed down so as to be completely covered by yellow floss silk. Then, over it, bits of bullion are laid closely side by side, a needle with a little fine yellow China silk being passed through each. At the point of each bugle is a small bead sewed down, the thread being returned to the centre through the bugle.

The bunches of grapes are formed of pearl beads. First, there is a raised bed of soft cotton, covered with floss like that we have already described, only of the form of the cluster; and then threads of pearl beads are carried over it, not regularly,

but so as to give some imitation of the actual grouping of the fruit. The floss silk underneath the pearls must be white.

Wherever bullion is employed, as in some of the small flowers, it must be raised as we have already described.

Two kinds of bugles are used for the ears of wheat and barley. The long thin bugles, slightly smaller at the ends, and those known as satin bugles.

The outlines are entirely in very small beads, which are put on in what is called bead-braiding; that is, they are threaded on one needleful of silk, and a stitch taken with a second needle, across this thread, between every two beads. They are thus kept perfectly secure in their places.

When the embroidery is finished, the cloth should be lightly brushed over the back with a thin solution of isinglass, which gives additional security both to the work and the ends, which, of course, are all secured on the wrong side.

The back of the cushion may be of the same cloth, only plain, or of tabouret or any other material selected; the pillow itself, of which all this embroidery is but the cover, should be filled as well as possible. We prefer the calico cover cut bias, as it is not so likely to get flattened. Handsome silk cord, with a rich tassel at each corner, should complete the trimming.



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED SOFA CUSHION. PAGE 180.

THE "DOUBLES" TOILETTE CUSHION IN CROCHET. PAGE 185.

MATERIALS.—Fine black crochet silk, with Magenta or cerise silk and ribbon to correspond. Or, if a white cushion be preferred, the Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 16, of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England, may be employed.

Begin in the centre, with 6 ch. Close them into a round; do one round of sc, with 2 stitches in every stitch, and a second increasing 12 more, so as to have altogether 24 in the round.

3d round. + 1 dc, 1 ch, miss none. + 24 times. This number of repetitions between the + + occurs in every round.

4th. + 1 dc on dc, 2 ch over 1. +.

5th. + 3 dc on one, 2 ch over 2. +.

6th. + 3 dc on 3, 3 ch over 2. +.

7th. + 5 dc on 3, 3 ch over 3. +.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th. In each of these increase 1 dc at every point, still working 3 ch over 3; so that at the 11th round there will be 9 dc instead of 5.

12th. + 9 dc on 9, 4 ch over 3. +.

13th. + 7 ch on centre 7 of 9. 7 ch. +.

14th. + 5 dc on centre 5 of 7. 10 ch. +.

15th. + 3 tc on centre 3 of 5, 13 ch. +, but seven times make 14 ch. This completes the top. Do one round of open square crochet. Then the band thus:

1st round. + 1 dc, 12 ch, miss 12. + all round.

2d. + 6 dc (the first of which comes over 1 dc), 7 ch, 1 dc over 1, 7 ch, 5 more dc, coming close to 6 dc, making 11 altogether.

3d. + 1 dc over centre of 11, 2 ch, miss 2, 4 dc, 6 ch, 1 dc over 1 dc, 6 ch, 4 dc, 2 ch. +. Fasten off.

4th. + 3 dc (over one dc, and one of the 2 ch on each side), 2 ch, 5 dc, 4 ch, 1 dc over single dc, 4 ch, 5 dc, 2 ch. +.

5th to correspond with 3d, 6th with 2d, 7th with 1st. Then one round of open square crochet, and one of sc. On this last is worked the lace.

1st round of lace. + 1 dc, 9 ch, miss 4. +. Repeat all round. Finish with 3 slip stitches.

2d. + 6 dc on 3 centre of 9 ch, 5 ch, 1 dc, 5 ch, 1 dc, 5 ch, +, the 6 dc will thus always come on the centre 3 of every alternate loop.

3d. Same as last. + 8 dc over 6 dc, 5 ch over 5 ch, 1 dc over 1 dc. +.

4th. 8 dc on 8, 6 ch, 1 sc on dc, 6 ch, 1 sc on dc, 6 ch. +. 5th. 6 dc on centre 6 of 8. 7 ch, dc under ch of 6, 6 ch, dc under next ch, 6 ch, dc under next; 7 ch.

6th. 4 dc on centre 4 of 6. + 6 ch. Sc under ch, + 4 times; 6 ch. Repeat throughout.

7th. 2 dc on centre of 4. + 6 ch, sc under ch. + 5 times, 6 ch.

To make up this pretty cushion, take a round piece of stout cardboard, and fasten on it a circular cushion, well stuffed, and with a band the width of that of the crochet cover. This cushion should be made of muslin. Over this put a silk cover neatly, carrying the edges to the wrong side of the cardboard, and sewing another piece of silk over it, turning in the edges. Quill some ribbon and set on as a frill. Over this put the crochet cover, with the border lying on the frill; tack it down, and put bows of ribbon at intervals.

LINEN WORK. PAGE 188.

This pretty and simple kind of work can be used for many various purposes; but is particularly suitable for toilet and bureau covers, and for the borders of doyleys. It is always done on linen, the threads of which are drawn out much more easily than muslin. A certain number are drawn out in one direction, close together—say twenty-four; then an equal number are left; and so on through the entire length. No threads are drawn in the opposite direction.

A linen or stout cotton thread (say Evans's Boar's Head, No. 12 or 16) is then used to make the twist seen in the engraving, passing the needle on which it is threaded under the six edge threads, and drawing them beyond the next six, and so on throughout. The thread ought not to have any join, in making this line; therefore it must be taken somewhat longer than the entire length or width of the material, according to the direction in which the pattern runs, and it must be secured at each end.

We may observe that this makes the prettiest and simplest hem-stitch for a cambric handkerchief.

The line where the threads are not withdrawn has then a pattern worked on it, by long diagonal stitches taken from the centre to each edge, at the same distance as each twist of the open hem. On the wrong side, the thread will also be seen along the centre of this stripe; but this, of course, is invisible on the right side. This work is neat and ornamental for many purposes.

NAMES IN EMBROIDERY, FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. P. 188.

SOPHIE.—This is done in a simple and easy style, which, however, looks very effective for handkerchiefs. The letters are old English; and every alternate one in *pois*—heavy spots, worked in satin stitch. They may, however, be pierced and sewed over, if desired; but the other letters, worked in simple satin stitch will not then harmonize so well with them. It would be very easy to alter the final *e* into an *a*, by the aid of the *o*. Evans's Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.

REGINA.—This pretty, but somewhat uncommon name is designed in a very ornamental style; and is done entirely in satin stitch with the exception of the eyelet holes, which are worked in Chinese style, considerably raised, pierced and buttonholed round. Evans's Embroidery Cotton, No. 60 or 70, according to the fineness of the cambric, should be used.

OLGA.—We can hardly fancy anything more delicate and pretty than the floral design composing this name. It will not, however, be found at all difficult to work. With the exception of the berries, which are done in Chinese eyelet holes, it is done in plain satin stitch. The petals and leaves should be carefully and delicately formed, and the stems closely but finely sewed over. No. 80 Evans's Embroidery Cotton will be suitable.

We wish our friends to observe that the embroidery cotton, which, from many years' experience, we have found to be the best, does not bear a cross on the wrapper; nor, we may add, is it a cross to the worker to use it.

EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT. PAGE 189.

MATERIALS.—Stout jaconet muslin; fancy net, and Evans's French Embroidery Cotton, No. 18.

This would make a very showy and pretty flouncing for a robe skirt, with very little work. The design being stamped on the jaconet, a strip of net is tacked underneath; and the embroidery done entirely in buttonhole stitch, except the eyelets in the scallops. The Chinese eyelets should be considerably raised, especially in the thick part. The muslin is afterwards cut away from over the net, as will be seen in the engraving.

CARD OR WORK BASKET. PAGE 192.

We gave the centre of this basket last month, and now present our readers with an engraving of the completed article, made up a little differently to that description.

It will be observed that a single row, only, of the Vandyked velvet is put on; and that is found round the upper edge of the basket, each point, as well as its base, ornamented with beads. There is also a row of beads round the edge of the basket, and a fringe of O. P. beads.

This is, undoubtedly, pretty; but not, in our opinion, either so neat or so durable as the *ruche* of ribbon which we recommended in the July number of the Magazine.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly

its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent

for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.



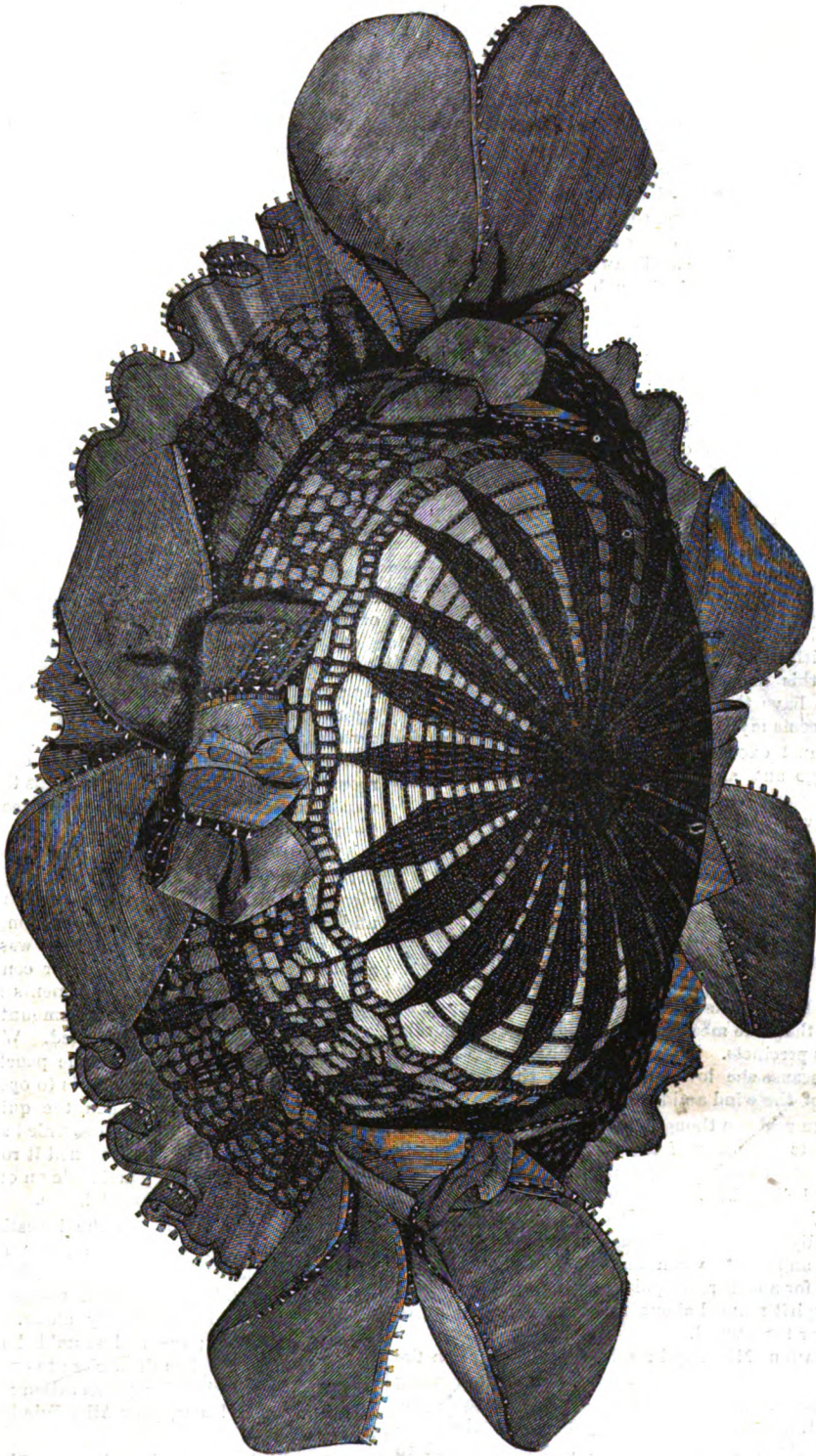
SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—It is recorded of the Marshal Luxembourg, that he took his mistress to the house of a celebrated Parisian artist, in order that she might see the likeness of the marshal and sit for her own. When, however, she saw the portrait, she declared that she had never seen any person like it. The marshal knew that this was mere prejudice, and persuaded her to go once again to the painter's house after the last sitting, assuring her that if she should not then be perfectly satisfied, he would cease his importunities. He had contrived, with the assistance of the painter, to thrust his own face through a canvas hung where the picture had before been placed; but she, on perceiving it, persisted in asserting that it was no more like than before. Upon this the marshal could not keep his countenance, but, by laughing aloud, discovered at once his stratagem and her obstinacy.—*Notes and Queries.*

fain would she have relinquished the dreaded abode had she not feared by so doing she might incur the reproach of nourishing a superstition she was far from entertaining.

Mr. Russell was a constant guest at the Hall, but his mother excused herself, alleging ill health as a plea for declining the repeated invitations given her by their new neighbors. Everard

transfer of companions, for Everard was decidedly a noble looking man, and one as well skilled in the art of turning a delicate compliment as any courtier. Still, greatly as she esteemed him, and gratified as she felt by his attentions, Eugenie never contemplated the probability of his becoming other than a friend, and she experienced a painful surprise when her aunt

"DUCHESS" TOILETTE CUSHION IN CROCHET. PAGE 181.



Russell was a gentleman of great refinement, and this coupled with a profound knowledge of men and manners, served to render his presence almost essential to Mrs. Irving; so that by degrees he assumed a complete influence over her, and when disinclined to walk with Eugenie, she always resigned her to his care. Nor did the young lady object to this occasional

communicated the intelligence that Everard had made proposals for her hand. The heart of Miss Boyd prompted her to put a negative on his suit, but Mrs. Irving insisted on her accepting it, and as Eugenie could really offer no serious objection, she consented to receive him as her lover, yet still the remembrance of Harold haunted each wakening hour.

While tossing one night to and fro upon her restless couch, and thinking of the sudden and unwished-for change in her position, Eugenie fancied she heard a rustling sound as if caused by the flutter of a silken garment, and looking up she saw, by the faint gleam of her expiring taper, standing between the bed and window, the figure of a beautiful and stately woman, attired in the dress of a bygone period. Miss Boyd rubbed her eyes and looked again; the figure still remained, and now she could clearly define the fashioning of her apparel, even to the identical *sauque* described by the peasant. At this moment the light went out, there was a noise like to a door being softly closed, then all was still.

To say that Eugenie remained perfectly unawed would be altogether incorrect. Strong-minded as she was, she felt appalled by that countenance of immobility, so lovely, yet in expression so despairing. It was long ere slumber sealed the troubled eyelids of Miss Boyd, and when she again awoke the bright beams of the noon-tide sun streamed through her partially open shutters.

Making a hurried toilet, Eugenie descended to the breakfast parlor, when Mrs. Irving, putting on her spectacles, exclaimed, "Gracious, child, how pale you are! let me send for medical advice; you are surely ill."

"Not so, dear aunt," replied Eugenie. "I am sufficiently well not to disappoint Everard of his ride. He is to be here at one o'clock."

"It wants only a quarter of an hour to that time," observed the old lady; "so you must use despatch, for Mr. Russell likes punctuality."

Scarcely had she spoken when the gentleman was announced. "Am I too early?" he asked, tenderly taking Eugenie's hand, and gazing fondly in her face.

She knew not why, but a shudder passed through her frame, and she shrank with ill-concealed aversion from his touch.

"What does this mean?" asked Everard, angrily. "I thought I was to have the honor of being your escort this morning; but it seems my presence is distasteful."

"You really must excuse me," replied Eugenie. "I feel quite unable to go out, and wish at once to return to my chamber."

"Your lightest wish, Miss Boyd, to me is law," he returned; "nor will I press the present fulfilment of your promise; still, on a future occasion, I trust I may not be treated with such mortifying coldness."

"Believe me," said Eugenie, "I am truly indisposed; but some other day I will strive to make amends for my present conduct." And bowing to him with a forced smile, she retired.

The apartment occupied by Miss Boyd was situated at the back of the hall; beneath its window was a gloomy copse, so wild and tangled that the meanest peasant boy would hardly venture within its precincts. Eugenie had chosen the old oak-pannelled room because she loved the song of the forest bird and the murmur of the wind amid the trees.

Mrs. Irving often said she thought Eugenie must be lonely at night, so far remote from any of the household, but Eugenie remained quite content until the appearance of that phantom of which so many had spoken. In thought she often lingered over the legend of Foresters' Hall. It was said an ancestress of the Russell family had cherished a secret love for a gay and gallant knight; and that, when an infuriate rival became aware of her love for another, he poisoned her, and that ever after her restless spirit roamed about the hall, visible alone to those whom danger threatened.

On calm deliberation, Miss Boyd resolved not to mention the fright she had sustained, but wait and watch the future coming of her unbidden guest. She argued thus—it was probable one of the menials had, in rummaging amongst some ancient forgotten rubbish, lighted upon the dress, and so thought to practise on her credulity; and she felt ashamed of her rudeness to Everard, to whom she decided sending an apologetic note, and was about to reach forth her hand to take the pen, when behold, reflected within a large mirror, the form of the spectre appeared, standing close behind her chair. Quick as lightning Eugenie turned her head; no one was there—the shadow had vanished.

More than ever convinced the intruder must be some individual bent upon a frolic, Miss Boyd felt no terror; a sense of

insulted dignity upheld her; and she commenced a searching investigation to try whether there was not some private outlet. She shook every panel, but all were alike immovable; she next examined a huge wardrobe, near which the figure had disappeared; it was evidently a fixture, being fastened to the flooring by iron clasps. Perplexed and indignant she rang for her maid, who stood high in her confidence, for she had in various ways tested her incorruptible fidelity. After detailing every particular of this inexplicable affair, Eugenie desired her attendant would for the future share the same room as herself.

"Lawk, miss," faltered out the damsel, and at the same time growing pale with fright, "I could not sleep here for the world! Why this is the room where the poor lady was murdered so many years ago. Yonder, too, just by that window, is the stain of her blood—it will never come out; I took care to cover it that it might not make you nervous, although I never supposed that it would trouble one so good."

"Ghost, Martha?" said Eugenie. "I request you to repress such silly ideas; that there is trickery at work I am convinced, therefore I wish a companion; as I do not choose to make a stranger a confidante, I ask you to oblige me—say whether you will or no."

"If you are not afraid," said Martha, "surely, miss, I ought not to hold back; command my services as you list, for I would go through fire and water in your cause."

During several months the faithful girl shared the couch of her young mistress, without either being disturbed by the mysterious apparition. Eugenie had long learned to consider the shade a mere chimera of an over-excited imagination, and when by her aunt's persuasions, she had delighted Everard Russell by naming their bridal day. Time flew rapidly and the eve of the wedding came.

The clock had tolled forth the hour of midnight, and all beneath the roof of Foresters' Hall were fast locked in balmy slumber except Eugenie, who lay watching the fantastical figures cast by the flickering fire upon the ceiling. A deep sigh arrested her attention; by her side stood the ghostly phantom, beckoning with its thin white hand; slowly then it crossed the room, pointing with its finger towards the antique, worm-eaten wardrobe, which sign it repeated three times, and then faded from her sight.

At daybreak the trembling Miss Boyd aroused Martha, but their united efforts proved insufficient to remove the heavy piece of furniture; panting and weary they relinquished their undertaking, and after mature reflection, Eugenie decided upon calling the groom, Stephen, who was her maid's avowed admirer, and taking him into their confidence. He soon appeared with the requisite implements for removing the iron fastenings, but it required a vast amount of labor and perseverance ere his task was accomplished. When the wardrobe was displaced, Stephen discovered one panel of the wainscot to be hollow; he essayed various efforts to open it, and was about to suggest breaking it down, when the quick eye of Eugenie detected a small knob carefully concealed amid the carved foliage adorning her chamber. She turned it round, and had the satisfaction of beholding the panel slide on one side, while disclosed to view was a dark winding staircase.

Determined to follow up the investigation, Miss Boyd despatched Stephen for a lantern, and on his return she led the way down this unknown passage. On gaining the bottom of the creaking stairs they found themselves in a damp stone vault; they moved cautiously along, and presently Martha uttered a loud cry; she had stumbled over the remains of a human form. Stephen drew close to examine the body, which was in a state of singular preservation; he then suddenly exclaimed, "Alas! alas, poor Alice Brindsley! and was this thy end?"

"Do you then recognise this corpse?" questioned the agitated Eugenie.

"It is a long tale, miss," answered the groom, "a tale of sin and sorrow, which I will relate anon. Let us search this place still more narrowly."

They did so, but discovered nothing further, beyond a low door opening upon the copse.

"This entrance," said Stephen, "was all I needed to complete my suspicions that Everard Russell is a murderer."

"Gracious Providence!" cried Eugenie, clasping her hands, "what is this you tell me?"

"Miss Boyd," replied the man, "it ill becomes a poor fellow like me to speak against those whom fortune has placed far above him. It is now three years since Miss Alice Brindsley disappeared, and although rumor pointed at Everard Russell, as being in some manner connected with her loss, there was no proof that he did in reality possess the slightest clue to her fate. I told how I had seen him and Miss Alice meet many and many an afternoon within the copse; nay, the very night she quitted home for the last time I saw her join him there. The magistrates, however, overruled what I had to say. Mr. Russell swore my statements were false, that I had mistaken another man for him; then a friend of the squire's stepped forward, who deposed to meeting Miss Brindsley with a tall foreigner, suggesting the idea of her having eloped and gone with her lover to another land. So the justices, finding themselves unable to arrive at any decision, acquitted Mr. Everard, and there was an end of the affair."

"Are there any relatives of this unfortunate young lady living in the neighborhood?" inquired Eugenie.

"Only her father, who resides at Boldre," answered Stephen, "but poor old gentleman, he is quite an imbecile, and would not be able to identify his child."

"Will you remain with Martha in the antechamber, while I consult my aunt on the most proper steps to be taken?" said Miss Boyd, as she flew to Mrs. Irving's room.

The old lady was aghast with consternation, but she quickly forwarded a summons to the officers of justice, who had no scruples about apprehending Everard Russell.

On the person of Alice was found a note written by Everard, appointing an interview for the evening which witnessed her melancholy end, nor could he dispute one tittle of the evidence, but delivered himself to the authorities without a word. His miserable mother, who it was afterwards shown had goaded him to commit the fearful act, finding her son taken, fled the country; while Everard, not possessing sufficient courage to await the ordeal of a trial, strangled himself in prison, previous to which he penned a full account of his guilt, detailing his seeing Alice to the Hall, and when in the midst of friendly chat infusing a deadly poison in her wine. With his mother's aid he conveyed her corpse to the secret vault where they left it to moulder, little supposing it would be discovered. After this foul and wicked deed they were unable to endure the Hall; so giving out that they had sustained a sudden reverse of fortune, they retired to the seclusion of Ashdown Farm.

On the confession and death of Everard Russell, no person would enter Foresters' Hall, even at mid-day; all the domestics left, and Mrs. Irving found she could no longer continue in such an abode. To sell it was an impossibility; she therefore had it pulled down, nor is there now one stone of Foresters' Hall remaining.

Mrs. Irving with Miss Boyd returned to London, when almost the first acquaintance they encountered was Harold Harding, no longer the poor artist, but owner of a vast estate bequeathed him by a distant relative. Once more was his addresses renewed to the bright star of his soul, Eugenie, nor was he again pained by a repulse, and very soon the lovely Miss Boyd became the bride of him she had long fondly regarded.

"But the lady in the sacque!" exclaimed Lillas, with a most provokingly quizzical air, as Mr. Montague concluded; "was she never more seen?"

"Not that I ever heard," replied Mr. Montague gravely, "yet although no ghost-seer myself, I allow others to enjoy their own delusions. With Mrs. Harding I am well acquainted; she is a woman very far from being superstitious, but when questioned on the subject, constantly asserts that she actually beheld the shadow, that she was wide awake, and consequently not dreaming."

"This would make a pretty little subject for a novelist," said Lillas, laughing merrily; "major, I am afraid you cannot relate a tale half so interesting; I should like to see it in print."

"Well," replied I, "with Mr. Montague's sanction I shall be happy to present this story to the public. Perhaps some one may be found who can throw a light on the subject of apparitions."

THE LOVE SECRET.

"Edward is to be in London next week," said Mrs. Ravensworth; "and I trust, Ellen, that you will meet him with the frankness he is entitled to receive."

Ellen Hamilton, who stood behind the chair of her aunt, did not make any answer.

"Edward's father," continued Mrs. Ravensworth, "was your father's own brother. A man of nobler spirit never moved on English soil; and I hear that Edward is the worthy son of a worthy sire."

"If he were as pure and perfect as an angel, aunt," replied Ellen, "it would be all the same to me. I have never seen him, and cannot, therefore, meet him as one who has a right to claim my hand."

"Your father gave you away when you were a child, Ellen; and Edward comes now to claim you by virtue of this betrothal."

"While I love the memory of my father, and honor him as a child should honor a parent," said Ellen, with much seriousness, "I do not admit his right to give me away in marriage while I was yet a child. And, moreover, I do not think the man who would seek to consummate such a marriage contract worthy of any maiden's love. Only the heart that yields a free consent is worth having, and the man who would take any other is utterly unworthy of any woman's regard. By this rule I judge Edward to be unworthy, no matter what his father may have been."

"Then you mean," said Mrs. Ravensworth, "deliberately to violate the solemn contract made by your father with the father of Edward?"

"I cannot receive Edward as anything but a stranger," replied Ellen. "It will not mend the error of my father for me to commit a still greater one."

"How commit a still greater one?" inquired Mrs. Ravensworth.

"Destroy the very foundation of a true marriage—freedom of choice and consent. There would be no freedom of choice on his part, and no privilege of consent on mine. Happiness could not follow such a union, and to enter into it would be doing a great wrong. No, aunt, I cannot receive Edward in any other way than as a stranger—for such he is."

"There is a clause in your father's will that you may have forgotten, Ellen," said her aunt.

"That which makes me penniless if I do not marry Edward Hamden? I have not forgotten it, aunt."

"And you mean to brave that consequence?"

"In a choice of evils we always take the least." Ellen's voice trembled.

Mrs. Ravensworth did not reply for some moments. While she sat silent, the half-closed door near which Ellen stood, and towards which her aunt's back was turned, softly opened, and a handsome youth, between whom and Ellen glances of intelligence instantly passed, presented the startled maiden with a beautiful white rose, and then noiselessly retired.

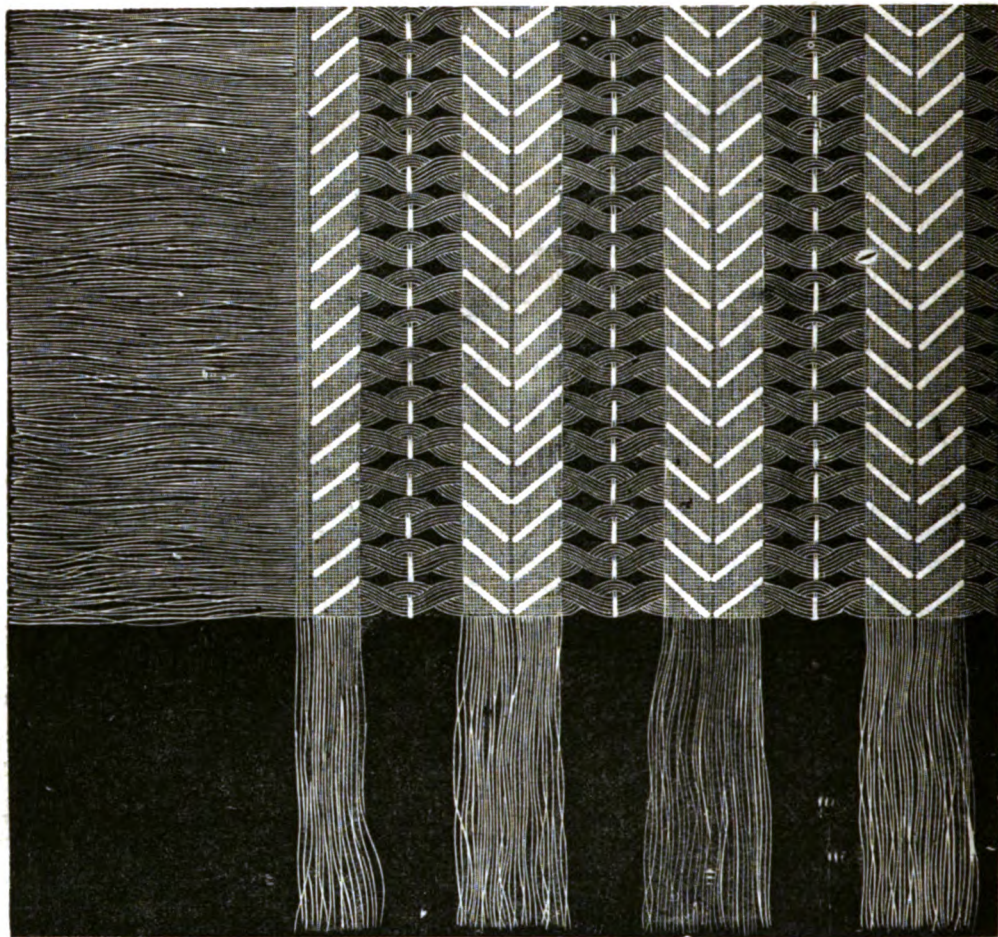
It was nearly a minute before Mrs. Ravensworth resumed the light employment in which she was engaged, and as she did so she said—"Many a foolish young girl gets her head turned with those gay gallants at our fashionable watering-places, and imagines that she has won a heart, when the object of her vain regard never felt the throb of a truly unselfish and noble impulse."

The crimson deepened on Ellen's cheek and brow, and as she lifted her eyes, she saw herself in a large mirror opposite, with her aunt's calm eyes steadily fixed upon her. To turn her face partly away, so that it could no longer be reflected from the mirror, was the work of an instant. In a few moments she said—"Let young and foolish girls get their heads turned if they will; but I trust I am in no danger."

"I am not so sure of that! Those who think themselves most secure are generally in the greatest danger. Who is the youth with whom you danced last evening? I don't remember to have seen him here before."

"His name is Evelyn." There was a slight tremor in Ellen's voice.

"How came you to know him?"



LINEN WORK. PAGE 182.

"I met him here last season, and I danced with him last night. Was there any harm in that?" The maiden's voice had regained its firmness.

"I didn't say there was!" returned Mrs. Ravensworth, who again relapsed into silence. Not long after, she said—"I think we shall return to London on Thursday."

"So soon!" Ellen spoke in a disappointed voice.

"Do you find it so very pleasant here?" said the aunt, a little ironically.

"I have not complained of its being dull, aunt," replied Ellen; "but if you wish to return on Thursday, I will be ready to accompany you."

Soon after this, Ellen Hamilton left her aunt's room and went to one of the drawing-rooms of the hotel at which they were staying, where she sat near the bow-window that overlooked a beautiful promenade. She had been here only a few minutes when she was joined by a handsome youth, to whom Ellen said—"How could you venture to the door of my aunt's

parlor? I'm half afraid she detected your presence; for she said, immediately afterwards, that we should return to London on the day after to-morrow."

"So soon? Well, I'll be there next week, and it will be strange if, with your consent, we don't meet often."

"Edward Hamden is expected in a few days," replied Ellen, her voice slightly faltering.

Her companion looked at her searchingly for a few moments, and then said, "You have never met him?"—"Never!"

"But when you do meet him, the repugnance you now feel may instantly vanish."

A shadow passed over Ellen's face, and she answered in a voice that showed the remark—the tone of which conveyed more than the words themselves—to have been felt as a question of her constancy.

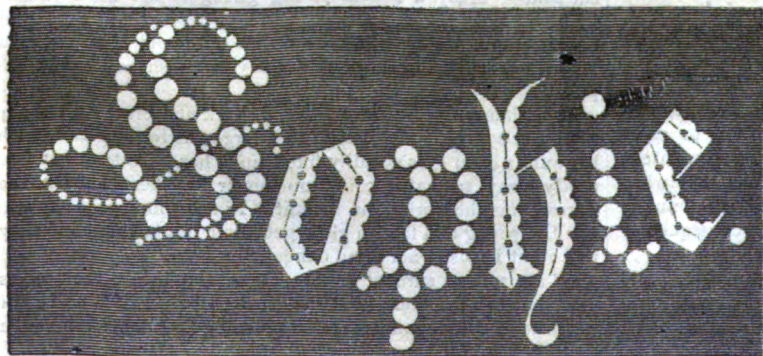
"Can one whose heart is all unknown to me, one who must think of me with a feeling of dislike because of bonds and pledges, prove a nearer or a dearer friend than—?"

Ellen did not finish the sentence. But that was not needed. The glance of rebuking tenderness cast upon her companion expressed all that her lips had failed to utter.

"But you do not know me, Ellen," said the young man.

"My heart says differently," was Ellen's lowly-spoken reply. Evelyn pressed the maiden's hand, and looked into her face with an earnest loving expression.

Mrs. Ravensworth, to whose care Ellen had been consigned on the death of her father, had never been pleased with the unwise contract made by the parents of her niece and Edward Hamden. The latter had been for ten years in Paris and Italy, travelling and pursuing his studies. These being completed,



NAME IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 182.

in obedience to the will of a deceased parent, he was about returning to London to meet his future wife. No correspondence had taken place between the parties to this unnatural contract; and from the time of Edward's letter, when he announced to Mrs. Ravensworth his proposed visit, it was plain that his feelings were as little interested in his future partner as were hers in him.

During the two or three days that Mrs. Ravensworth and her niece remained at the watering-place, Ellen and young Evelyn met frequently; but, as far as possible, at times when they supposed the particular attention of the aunt would not be drawn towards them in such a manner as to penetrate their love-secret. When, at length, they parted, it was with an understanding that they were to meet in London.

On arriving there the thoughts of Ellen reverted more directly to the fact of Edward Hamden's approaching visit, and, in spite of all her efforts to remain undisturbed in her feelings, the near approach of this event agitated her. Mrs. Ravensworth frequently alluded to the subject, and earnestly pressed upon Ellen the consideration of her duty to her parent, as well as the consequences that must follow her disregard of the contract which had been made. But the more she talked on this subject, the more firm was Ellen in expressing her determination not to do violence to her feelings in a matter so vital to her happiness.

The day at length came upon which Edward Hamden was to arrive. Ellen appeared, in the morning with a disturbed air. It was plain to the closely observing eyes of her aunt, that she had not passed a night of refreshing sleep.

"I trust, my dear niece," she said, after they had retired from the breakfast-table, where but little food had been taken, "that you will not exhibit towards Edward, on meeting him,



EMBROIDERY FOR A SKIRT. PAGE 182.



NAME IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 182.

any of the pre-conceived and unjust antipathy you entertain. Let your feelings, at least, remain uncommitted for or against him."

"Aunt Hannah, it is useless to talk to me in this way," Ellen replied, with more than her usual warmth. "The simple fact of an obligation to love puts a gulf between us. My heart turns from him as from an enemy. I will meet him with politeness; but it must be cold and formal. To ask of me more, is to ask what I cannot give. I only wish that he pos-

sessed the manliness I should have had if similarly situated. Were this so I should now be free by his act, not my own."

Seeing that all she urged but made the feelings of Ellen oppose themselves more strongly to the young man, Mrs. Ravensworth ceased to speak upon the subject, and the former was left to brood with a deeply disturbed heart over the approaching interview with one who had come to claim a hand that she resolutely determined not to yield.

About twelve o'clock Mrs. Ravensworth came into Ellen's room and announced the arrival of Edward Hamden. The maiden's face became pale and her lips quivered.

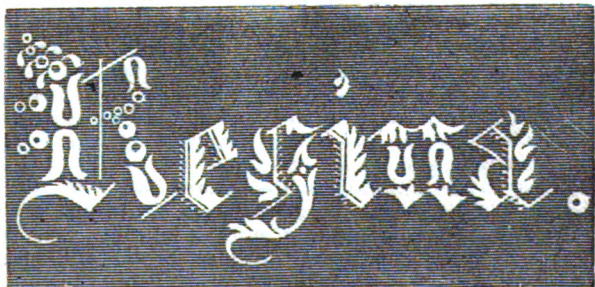
"If I could but be spared an interview!" she murmured; "but that is more than I can ask."

"How weak you are, Ellen," replied her aunt, in a tone of reproof.

"I will join you in the drawing-room in half an hour," said Ellen, speaking more calmly.

Mrs. Ravensworth retired and left Ellen again to her own thoughts. She sat for nearly the whole of the time she had mentioned. Then rising hurriedly, she made a few changes in her attire; after which she descended to the drawing-room with a step that was far from being firm.

So noiselessly did she enter the apartment where Hamden awaited her, that neither her aunt nor the young man per-



NAME IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 182.

ceived her presence for some moments; and she had time to examine his appearance and read the lineaments of his half-averted face. While she stood thus observing him her countenance suddenly flushed, and she bent forward with a look of surprise and eagerness. At this moment the young man became aware that she had entered, and rising up quickly, advanced to meet her.

"Evelyn!" exclaimed Ellen, striking her hands together, the moment he turned towards her.

"Ellen! my own Ellen!" returned the young man, as he grasped her hand and ventured a warm kiss on her beautiful lips. "Not Evelyn, but Hamden. Our parents betrothed us while we were yet too young to give or withhold consent. Both, as we grew older, felt this pledge as a heart-sickening constraint. But we met as strangers, and I saw that you were all my soul could desire. I sought your affection, and won it. No obligation but love now binds us."

The young man then turned to Mrs. Ravensworth and said, "You see, madam, that we are not strangers."

Instead of looking surprised, Mrs. Ravensworth smiled calmly and answered, "No; it would be singular if you were. Love-tokens don't generally pass, nor familiar meetings take place, between strangers."

"Love-tokens, Aunt Hannah?" fell from the lips of Ellen, as she turned partly away from Hamden and looked inquiringly at her relative.

"Yes, dear," returned Mrs. Ravensworth. "White roses, for instance! You saw your own blushing face in the mirror, did you not?"

"The mirror! Then you saw Edward present the rose?"

"And did you know me?" inquired the young man.

"One who knew your father as well as I did could not fail to know the son. I penetrated your love-secret as soon as it was known to yourselves."

"Aunt Hannah!" exclaimed Ellen, hiding her face on the neck of her kind relative, "how have I been deceived!"

"Happily, I trust, love!" returned Mrs. Ravensworth, tenderly.

"Most happily! My heart swells with gladness almost to bursting," came from the lips of the joyful maiden.

A CURIOUS CASTLE.

THIS castle or chasteau d'Heslin, near Bruges, was a favorite resort of Philip of Burgundy, and a place of rest to which he retired to amuse himself at his leisure. It contrasted strangely with the pleasure palace of Louis XI., near Tours, where the grounds were known to bristle with various deadly instruments intended to main trespasers. Hesden was as full of pitfalls and trap-doors as a modern theatre; but they only served to perpetrate the coarse though harmless jokes in which the fun of the middle ages consisted. They seem, indeed, to have only suited the robust and healthy constitutions of the people of those days.

A few examples, taken from the records of the castle, may not be uninteresting. A stranger issuing, for instance, from a gallery into a neighboring passage, was startled by the sudden apparition of a wooden figure spouting water. A wetting and a fright were the necessary consequences. But when the joke was carried further, a set of brushes were put in motion, and the patient emerged with a white or a black face as the case might be. Another still more powerful engine was one which seized a man and thrashed him soundly. In the centre of the great gallery was a trap, and near it the figure of a hermit who prophesied. Ladies were his most frequent victims. They no sooner felt an interest in the telling of their fortunes, than the ceiling opened and poured forth ruin; thunder-claps followed in quick succession, preceded by appropriate lightning; and, as the air grew colder, snow fell. Taking refuge from the storm, the patient entered a dangerous shelter above a pitfall leading into a sack of feathers, from which escape at last was permitted.

The castle of Hesden was full of tricks of this description. Besides the pitfalls just described, there was in the great gallery a bridge which dropped saunterers into the water. In various places there were engines which spouted water when

they were touched. Six figures stood in the hall spouting water and wetting people in various ways. At the entrance of a gallery were eight water-jets rushing upwards, which wetted people passing, and three small pipes were so fixed close by as to cover them with flour. If the panic-stricken victims rushed up to a window and opened it, up came a figure wetting them and closing the frame. If a splendid missal on a desk caught a curious eye, the person who went to it was either covered with soot or dirt. A mirror close at hand betrayed the trick; but whilst the victim wondered at the blackness of his face, out rushed a flour-dredger that made him white. The most elaborate of all these tricks was one combining almost every species of deception. A figure of a man was made to start in the great gallery, frightening people by talking or crying. At the noise, the loungers in other rooms rushed in, upon which a number of figures, armed with sticks came forth, driving every one pell-mell to the bridge, where they fell, of course, into the water.

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.—One fine moonlight night, when snugly ensconced in my "skarm," and contemplating the strange but picturesque scene before me, my reverie was interrupted by the inharmonious grunting of a black rhinoceros. He was evidently in bad humor, for, as he emerged from amongst the trees into more open ground, I observed him madly charging anything and everything that he encountered, such as bushes, stones, &c. Even the whitened skulls and skeletons of his own species, lying scattered about on the ground, were attacked with inconceivable fury. I was much amused at his eccentric pastime; but, owing to the openness of the ground, and the quantity of the limestone thereabouts, which made objects more distinct, he was not easy of approach. However, after divesting myself of my shoes and all the more conspicuous parts of my dress, I managed to crawl—pushing my gun before me—to within a short distance of the snorting beast. As he was advancing in a direct line towards me, I did not like to fire, because one has little chance of killing the rhinoceros when in that position. Having approached to within a few feet of me, his attention was attracted, and suddenly uttering one of those strange "blowing" noises, so peculiar to the beast when alarmed or enraged, he prepared to treat me in a similar manner to the stones and skulls he had just so unceremoniously tossed about. Not a moment was to be lost; and, in self-defence, I fired at his head. I shall never forget the confusion of the animal on receiving the contents of my gun. Springing nearly perpendicularly into the air, and to the height of many feet, he came down again with a thump that seemed to make the earth tremble—then plunging violently forward (in doing which he all but trampled on me), he ran round and round the spot for fully five minutes, enveloping every object in a cloud of dust. At last he dashed into the wood and was hidden from view. Not finding blood on his tracks, I had no reason to suppose he was much hurt. My notion is, the bullet struck his horn, partially stunning him with its jarring violence. Had my gun missed fire when he charged, it is more than probable I should have been impaled.—Anderson's "South Western Africa."

ANCIENT PYRAMID IN CALIFORNIA.—Another of those numerous evidences of a civilised antiquity in the New World has just turned up, it seems, in shape of a great stone pyramid, composed of courses from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness and five to eight feet in length. It has a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it is said to be evident from the remains that it was once completed. This pyramid differs in some respects from the Egyptian pyramids, being more slender or pointed, and the outer surface of the blocks cut to an angle, that gave to the structure, when new and complete, a smooth or regular surface from top to bottom. From the present level of the sands there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone that will average at least two feet; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before the top was displaced it must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the surface of the sands it is impossible to determine without great labor.—*Lithary Gazette*.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

He had no faith in his cause nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer but not a much happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but, as it was, he had enough for enjoyment—such enjoyment as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for—those of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits, however, were not always practicable.

From May, 1659, to the middle of 1660, he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some doubt as to what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled; he then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity and under the fictitious name of Wallis. Twice he visited Geneva; and on one of these occasions he was spoken of to his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as "coxcomb," "rascal," "coward," "base fellow," "fool," and so on.

About twenty years after "Mr. Wallis" first buried himself in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr. Richard Clarke settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty church and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman; loving good wine a little and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed Protector, laid their lives and fortune at his feet. There was a touch of King Lear in the old man's destiny, after all. His daughters opposed his having life possession of an estate left him by his son, on account of mental debility. Queen Anne was then reigning, and old Mr. Clarke came up to town, appeared personally in court, where his suit was carried on, and was not only courteously treated by the judge, but was requested by him to remain covered during the proceedings. It was at this period that he strolled into the House of Lords. A stranger present asked the country gentleman if he had ever been in the place before; a small remnant of venial pride prompted the answer, as he pointed to the throne, "Never since I sat in that chair." He won his suit, was reconciled to his daughters, and in 1712, being then in his eighty-sixth year, he died in Cheshunt, in the house of Sergeant Pengelly, who was said to be his son, and who became a chief baron of the Exchequer. His enemies ridiculed him under the names of "Tumble-down Dick" and "Queen Richard;" but even they could not deny that he was an honest man than he for whom Richard was compelled to make room.

GLASS-CUTTING—The art of cutting glass is a much more modern invention than that of painting and staining it. It is generally believed that Caspar Lehmann, originally a cutter of iron and steel in the service of the Emperor Rudolphus II., was the first person who attempted this mode of embellishing the material. It was about the year 1609, when, having procured from the emperor an exclusive patent for using the art, together with the appointment of lapidary and glass-cutter to the court, Lehmann prosecuted his invention with much success in the city of Prague. Before that time many artists had engraved figures upon glass by means of the diamond, and their labors were greatly admired. Some glaziers had also discovered a mode of cutting glass by the employment of emery powder and sharp-pointed instruments of hardened steel, as well as with heated irons; but these methods were greatly different in the manner of their performance as well as inferior in their effect to Lehmann's process, by which they were, consequently, for the most part superseded. It was, however, very long after the period already mentioned that the art attained to anything like a degree of perfection which it now exhibits. At the end of the seventeenth century glass-cutting was prosecuted to a great extent and a very improved style at Nuremberg, the artists of that place having much simplified the tools employed as well as the methods used for their employment.

NEAPOLITAN SERVANTS.—The greatest familiarity prevails between masters and servants. The former often joke and laugh with the latter, and talk confidentially of their affairs and intrigues before them; some even play at cards with them; it is natural, therefore, to expect no reverence from domestics who are the confidants of all their master's foibles or vices. This renders Neapolitan servants perhaps the very worst in the world. They are dirty, lazy and careless; insolent and unfaithful. They are in general notoriously dishonest, so as to steal the paltriest things that fall in their way. Most of them, especially when out of livery, would think it beneath them to carry a bundle, or anything in their hands through the streets, and will actually refuse to do so, and employ a porter for the purpose. Gambling, sleeping and defaming their masters are the pastimes in which they spend the greater part of the day, while loitering in idleness in the anterooms. By their means, all the secrets of their masters and mistresses are made known to the world. Still the difficulty of finding better servants, and the danger of changing for the worse, make their employers put up with them. If threatened to be turned out, they answer with the greatest impudence that their masters will not be the better by the change; it is a general saying amongst them, that they can give the law to their masters. Foreigners generally provide themselves with servants from the north of Italy, who have a better reputation for honesty; most of the custom-house porters are also from that part of the country.

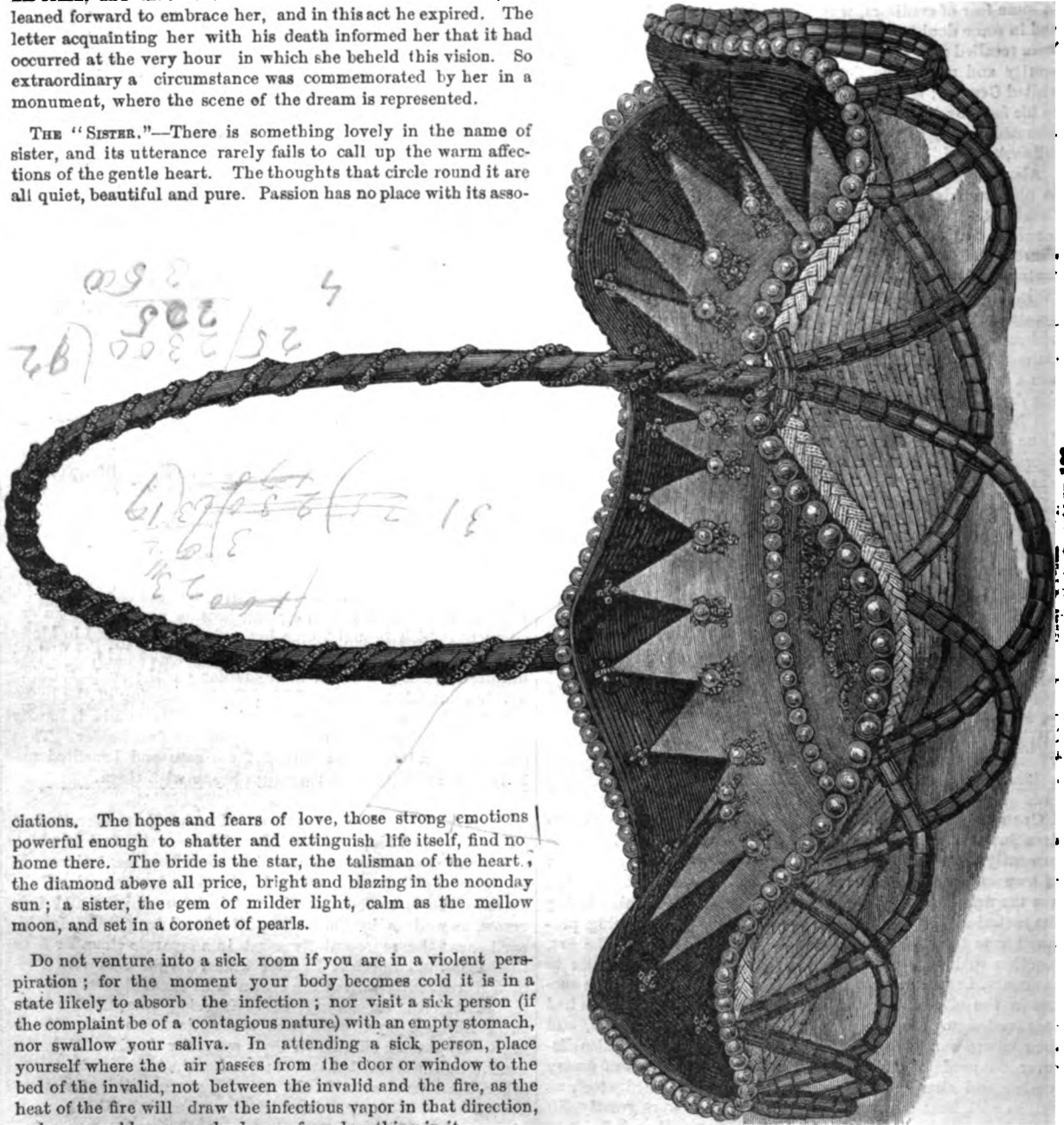
LOTTERY PRIZE.—A man has ten chances of being struck by lightning to one of drawing a prize in a lottery, and all experience shows that the drawing of a prize, when such a rare event does occur, is the worst event that can befall a man. A striking illustration of this fact has just occurred in New Orleans. A young man who had lost all his money at a gaming table, staked a lottery ticket at his last throw, and lost it. The winner of the ticket, having no confidence in lotteries, proposed to throw dice for it at twenty-five cents a chance. A bystander, who never had a hundred dollars in his life, won the ticket, and in a few days found himself the lucky possessor of 25,000 dollars. He at once invested a round sum in jewellery and flashy garments, and is leading a life of incessant revelry, which will soon dispose of his accidental fortune, and leave him poorer than he was before, by the possession of perverted tastes and destructive habits. The man who first held the ticket, on hearing that it had drawn a prize, became possessed of an excitement which brought on a brain fever, and ended in idiotic madness. The second holder of the ticket, who did not believe in lotteries, has become a monomaniac on the subject, doing nothing but tell the story of his folly in disposing of the lucky ticket, and is unfitted for all business. His mania is hardly less hopeless than the fixed insanity of the first holder. Thus one prize in a lottery has ruined three men and benefited nobody. These facts carry their own lesson with them.

PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION.—The parliament called at Shrewsbury in 1283, by King Edward I., was the first to which cities and towns were summoned to send representatives. It was also the first that granted aids towards the national defence by the three denominations of knights, citizens and burghesses, as well as by the lords spiritual and temporal. In this parliament the representatives sat in a separate chamber from the barons and knights. In after times, burghs that were summoned frequently prayed the crown to be excused from sending representatives, on account of their being compelled to pay two shillings a day to such member for his wages while attending to his place. Sheriffs in their writs for elections to parliament sometimes omitted one or more burghs in a county, and at other times sent writs to the same burghs, and this, for aught known to the contrary, without instructions from the king or his council. Where burghs were poor there were many such omissions, by favor of the sheriffs, for a space of nearly three hundred years. Upon petition of the town of Torrington to King Edward III., in 1366, he directed a bailiff and good men of the town, excusing them "from the burden of sending two representatives to parliament, as they had never been obliged so to do till the twenty-fourth year of his reign, when," says the king, "the sheriff of Devonshire maliciously summoned them to send two members to parliament."

REMARKABLE DREAM.—A late traveller in France says that there is an antiquated air about the celebrated cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, that is very pleasing, and that very simplicity, amounting to a fault, has something touching in its quaintness. Many of the monuments behind the grand altar are of interest, and some of considerable beauty. There is one in the sacristy of particular interest; it was erected by the Duchesse d'Harcourt, to commemorate the death of her husband, and a remarkable dream that predicted the event. He was ambassador at the court of Vienna, while she remained in Paris. She dreamed that she saw him lying sick and dying in his coffin, and that as she rushed forward to rescue him, he leaned forward to embrace her, and in this act he expired. The letter acquainting her with his death informed her that it had occurred at the very hour in which she beheld this vision. So extraordinary a circumstance was commemorated by her in a monument, where the scene of the dream is represented.

THE "SISTER."—There is something lovely in the name of sister, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its asso-

CURIOUS FRAUD OF GENIUS.—It is recorded of an ancient king of Egypt—one of the Ptolemies—that he employed a celebrated architect to build a magnificent light-house, for the benefit of shipping, and ordered an inscription in honor of himself to be engraved on it. The architect, it is said, though inwardly coveting the honor of such a record for himself, was obliged to comply, but made the inscription on a plaster resembling stone, but of perishable substance; in the course of years this crumbled away, and the next generation saw another inscription, recording the name, not of the king, but of the architect, which had been secretly engraved on the durable stone below.



ciations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noonday sun; a sister, the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

Do not venture into a sick room if you are in a violent perspiration; for the moment your body becomes cold it is in a state likely to absorb the infection; nor visit a sick person (if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach, nor swallow your saliva. In attending a sick person, place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the invalid, not between the invalid and the fire, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing it.

FELTON.—When Felton, upon his examination at the Council Board, declared, as he had always done, that no man living had instigated him to the murder of the Duke of Buckingham, the Bishop of London said to him, "If you will not confess, you must go to the rack." The man replied, "If it must be so, I know not whom I may accuse in the extremity of the torture; Bishop Laud, perhaps, or any lord at this board." "Sound sense," observed the excellent Sir Michael Forester, "in the mouth of an enthusiast and a ruffian."

THE FIRST USE OF PERFUMES.—The use of perfumes was common among the Hebrews and the Orientals in general, before it was known to the Greeks and Romans, and seems to have been at first entirely devoted to sacred offices, as an incense to the gods, the anointing of the priests, or the embalming of the dead. Afterwards perfumes, such as musk, myrrh and saffron, were carried in small boxes suspended from the neck; perfumed or scented boxes, called pounce boxes, are noticed by Shakespeare as being used by the fops in the time of Henry IV.



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AN ARTIST'S STORY.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is the voluptuous hour of early Italian twilight. I sit dreamily by my window, indulging in day-dreams and a cigar. Far away on the gray Campagna lie the golden flakes of departing sunlight, but the remaining landscape is shadowed by a dark purple sky; and the road that I have so often taken to the Castiglione Palace, the marbles and groves and terraces that I have so often gazed on with her are lost in the deepening gloom.

In two hours more I must be off to greet Boyno at the prison doors. Well, the man is lucky to be set free on such a glorious evening. I should think the pleasure must in some degree compensate for the incarceration. Yet, no—what do I say? Is not freedom as dear as the blessed air of heaven? Is it not an Englishman's vitality itself? I think it is. Nevertheless, we are all slaves somehow.

"Arthur—Mr. Brocklebanke."

Am I dreaming or waking? Do I really hear myself called by that voice—that tender, low, impassioned voice, I should know amongst a thousand? I start up like one awakened from a sudden sleep and dazed by the light. A female figure stands on the threshold of my room—Lady Milroy.

I stammered forth some words of greeting, but before they had all passed my lips she stepped up towards me, and, touching my arm, said, in hurried tones:

"There is no time for words; I come to you as I should wish you to come to me, if the need arises—for help. You can render me a great, a very great service; will you do it?"

"With my utmost diligence, I promise."

"Good; I know we can trust your cold English words. Well, listen to me; you know something of these two men, these Chojnackis—one, he you call Boyno, is in prison, will be released to-night; but the other has found him out, and will wait for him at the prison doors. He will compel the other to fight, unless——"

She grasped my arm and looked up into my face with wild, gleaming eyes

"Arthur, if either of these unhappy men should fall by each other's hand I shall be the murderer, do you hear this?—and you can save me. You do not love me, but you would not like me to be a murderer, would you? You have that sealed paper that was sent to you in England; in it is a secret that can save a human life and God knows how much sin besides. You must watch out for Boyno, and you must not leave him till the paper is in his hands. Start at once, for Chojnacki will be waiting like a hungry tiger, and perhaps you will have difficulty in finding them if they once escape you. Say farewell—take my hand."



THE LAST EMBRACE.

once in yours as friends part—look at me once more, and then, we shall never meet again."

Throwing back her veil, she advanced and held out her hand. Her face was very pale, her dark eyes burned with unnatural brightness, her lips were compressed and rigid.

"Heaven bless you, dear friend," I murmured; "heaven bless you now and for evermore. All that is in my heart I cannot say, but your goodness and generosity no words of mine could ever express. Forgive me—I have suffered much—farewell."

I pressed her cold thin hand to my lips; then I felt a light kiss upon my brow; a tear fell on my cheek, a voice whispered—"Arthur, never hate me, never despise me—be happy." A shadow darkened the doorway, a carriage rolled away from beneath the terrace—she was gone.

Ten minutes afterwards I was wending my way towards the lonely quarter of the prison; it was getting gradually darker, and as I walked on I eyed sharply every passer-by, but no figure could I see in the least degree resembling Chojnacki. When I reached the entrance, through which released prisoners must pass, I halted, and, concealing myself behind a jutting stone wall, looked around me narrowly. A little lamp hung over the gateway, and two or three men were lounging round it—swarthy, ragged idlers, who were gabbling and gesticulating to the utmost of their power; they were evidently waiting for some comrade, and opined loudly on the cunning and merits of his crime, hoping that next time he would be more cunning still. By-and-bye a shabby-looking man walked up to the place, glanced at his watch and walked away. It was plain I had still some time to wait. I emerged from my retreat and walked backwards and forwards, my attention partly divided between the coming interview and the one I had just had with Lady Milroy. Her words rang in my ears. "If either of those unhappy men should fall by each other's hand, I shall be the murderer." What link connected one so good, so gifted and so beautiful with these men? What new mysteries were before me?

Some time passed, and no Chojnacki appeared; Lady Milroy must have been deceived, and so must I, for the clock is now about to strike, and at striking the doors will open. I moved hastily forward and placed myself close to the lamp, in order to be recognised by Boyno on the instant. Immediately after the striking of the clock a couple of dirty-looking officials then opened the door, and two men, squalid and in rags, passed out, who, seeing their companions, set up a frightful laugh of good-fellowship, and joined them. Then the heavy door flew back, and the two officials prepared to withdraw.

"I beg pardon," I said, "is there not another individual who was to have been released to night, Boyno by name?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said one, kicking away a stone that I had bowled towards the door. "We've let out two, and that's all I can inform you."

"Thank you for the information," I replied, coolly; "but for that, as I had eyes, I was not necessitated to ask."

He turned away somewhat surly; but his companion, a brisk little fellow, with twinkling, greedy black eyes, came up to me, and putting his hands in his pockets, said speculatively:

"Does the signor desire any private information?"

I took the hint and passed something into his hands, which seemed to diffuse a great warmth to his manner and vivacity to his eyes.

"All I want to know is this—is M. Boyno gone, and if so, where?"

"The fact is, M. Boyno was taken ill this morning, and we were glad to get rid of him."

"When did he go?"

"Two hours since."

"And where?"

"He left a note to be given to a gentleman who should inquire for him, but for that you must inquire at the governor's. I daresay it contains his address."

"Was he very ill?"

"Bah! bilious and out of temper. Half people's ailments are nothing but that. He was sick of four walls, and found a very good excuse to get out; besides, he had never very good reason to be in."

I lost no time in going round to the governor's, my lively little friend acting as guide; but here there was a second delay of some minutes, and I chafed angrily at the delay. At length the housekeeper brought me the somewhat ungracious reply, that the person had come to inquire for M. Boyno half an hour since, to whom the letter was given, and no further questions could be answered or taken notice of.

"Outdone by that fellow, Chojnacki, at last!" I muttered angrily; "and now heaven alone can prevent the meeting and the sin. Well, I have done my best."

This reasoning, however, was not very satisfactory, and after my momentary mortification was spent I racked my brains to discover a single clue to M. Boyno's movements. It seemed almost hopeless, still I was determined to fulfil my promise to the utmost; and thinking of Picini, as the only one likely to be of use, I hastened to the haunt where I thought I had the best chance of finding him. I was not deceived, and that worthy individual received me with great cordiality.

"Now, M. Luigi, if you please, just have your wits about you: if you can help me, I'll make it a pretty job for you; and if you can't, why there's an end to the matter. Do you or do you not know anything of a gentleman who sent you with a letter to me?"

He couldn't say he knew nothing, he couldn't say he knew much; then he scratched his head and looked wise.

"Oh! if you are going to beat about the bush in that way, there's an end of the matter. Come, fellow, speak the truth! Do you know where M. Boyno is now lodging?"

"M. Boyno doesn't like his lodgings to be known."

"Confound you! did I come here to ask M. Boyno's likes and dislikes? You know well enough he does not care to conceal his movements from me. I wish to know where he is, and what's more I'm determined to know—there's the long and the short of it; so here's the money you shall have, and you had better be quick."

At this Luigi looked wiser still, grinned diabolically in my face, thrust his hands in his pockets, and set off at a leisurely pace towards a low quarter of the city, to which I was almost a stranger.

We walked in silence for about half an hour, when he stopped significantly at a yellow doorway, around which hung the undressed carcasses and the horrid odor so unmistakably proclaiming a butcher's shop; he pointed with his right hand to the second story, held his left towards me for the money, and remarked laconically something equivalent to,

"All serene!"

Then he chuckled out his thanks, and I found my way up the dark staircase alone.

CHAPTER XIV.

N old woman sat on the landing-place skinning a lean fowl, and to her I forthwith addressed myself:

"Will you have the goodness to indicate M. Boyno's room to me?" I asked, suavely; "I am a particular friend of his and want to see him immediately."

"That's impossible," she said, without looking up; "for the doctor is just gone to him, and told me to be sure to let no one in; he's a nice gentleman, and I can't disoblige him."

"Which is his room?" I reiterated, without appearing to heed her words.

"Holy Virgin! how impatient the signor is. It is that one opposite, then; only if M. Boyno is angry, don't say I told you, for he is a civil lodger, and we don't want to offend him."

I walked to the door without a word and listened a moment. It was as I expected, Chojnacki was the feigned doctor—the two men had met at last; I do not think a word had yet passed between them; for, after a short silence, I heard a heavy step move across the room and Chojnacki say, in a low, horrible, ironical voice:

"I thought we should meet once more before we got to hell."



Come, let us do our business quickly. If you've got prayers or curses to say, say them now, and *then*—"

I heard something heavy laid upon the table which sounded like pistols, and there was a meaning in his *then* that made my blood run cold.

"I've done with curses and I've not yet begun with prayers," answered Boyno's voice, feeble and labored as that of a dying man; "but it's too late to begin them now. You talk of fighting—man! it would be murder; don't you see I'm half dead already. I can't stand—I can't see you—"

"Now, I tell you," cried Chojackni, with a fearful oath; "ten years of hatred, of curses, of seeking and never finding, have at last ended, and I have got my reward. Do you think I am going to let the opportunity slip from me? Do you think I am to be gulled by a few cowardly lies?"

Then I heard Boyno mutter deadly words and make a movement as if he strove to rise. Not waiting to hear more, for I knew what that meant, I shook the door violently, but it was barred and bolted, and my repeated efforts were utterly unavailing.

Merciful heaven! should I be too late?

I looked around in desperation, but could see nothing which could be of use to me, for the landing place was bare of furniture, saving a cracked chair or two. I dare say I was not more than a minute in my search, yet in that minute I thought of a thousand things; the last thought, and the brightest that occurred to me, was the having seen a heavy wooden mallet in the interior of the shop below. To rush down stairs, half over-turning the old woman as I did so, to possess myself of this mallet, took me less time than to write it does now, and, throwing all my energies and strength into one mad blow, I rived open the door. A few seconds later, I might have been too late. On one side of the table, but half-dressed and looking like a ghost, stood Boyno with pistol in hand; whilst opposite to him was Chojackni, ready also, pale, defiant and exulting.

As I entered, he turned to me with the face of a baffled demon.

"What business have you here?" he asked, with a withering smile; "well, stay if you like; do you think your presence can do any harm or good?"

"Silence!" I shouted, bringing my hand upon the table with a tremendous force. "Silence! M. Chojackni—I will be heard."

"By-and-bye, then," he replied with a stinging tone of bitterness. "Damnation! what right have you to be here? But we can't heed you now—wait a bit."

I placed myself between them, pushing away the table as I did so; deprived of that support, Boyno fell entirely exhausted and apathetic, and Chojackni, startled, drew back a pace or two.

"In God's name, M. Boyno, M. Chojackni, listen to me for one minute! then I am willing to leave this room as one who never entered it. No prying curiosity has led me here, but a sacred trust has been imposed upon me by another person, and, to fulfil it, I am now before you."

I then took out the sealed paper and handed it to Boyno, whose hand shook like that of a palsied man as he reached to take it.

"On my word of honor as an English gentleman, this, and no other reason, has led me here to-night. Enough—I have done my duty, and when that letter is read, M. Boyno, M. Chojackni, I will have the honor to wish you a very good evening."

Boyno held out his thin hand.

"Brocklebanke," he said, in a pitiful, weary voice, "you have showed me kindness and you are a good fellow; you will not miss me, yet I have no other friend. Adieu."

I wrung his hand, and, taking the lamp off the bracket, held it before him.

"Now, if you please, M. Boyno, read this letter."

He took it up with a ghastly smile, and, without looking at the writing outside, broke the seal. There was a deep silence in the room. At one end stood Chojackni with folded arms and knitted brows, under which his dark eyes glared fiercely at Boyno's sallow face, which worked convulsively as he read, whilst large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead. I

was outwardly most calm, but inwardly burning with impatience to see the end of this strange scene.

Then came a wild gasping cry; such a cry of passion, surprise, remorse, supplication, as I shall never forget to my dying day; and Boyno started to his feet and threw out his arms, saying:

"Merciful Christ, forgive us both! Brother, we have sinned in the sight of heaven and against each other for ten long years; but it is ended now. You have done me no wrong, and I have been cursed without a cause. We have both hated, hated—how well we have hated! and all for nothing."

The paper dropped from his hand, and he fell on the floor with a weird, unearthly laugh, for the fever had touched his brain.

CHAPTER XV.



THE subject matter of this last chapter is gathered entirely from Boyno's own words; after his recovery from brain fever, I was for some time constantly with him, and at various opportunities he imparted to me by short and broken episodes the story of his former life. As his information was given in so fragmentary and abrupt a manner, I have thrown it into the form of a narrative, hoping, by that means, to give the reader a shorter and clearer account than they could have gleaned from his *verbatim* revelations.

In the spring of 1832 two Polish gentlemen, young, well-born and brave, came to Rome; they were brothers, and, with many points of resemblance both in mind and person, were yet essentially dissimilar. Leon Chojackni, the elder of the two, was dark and handsome, with a tall supple figure, and had the cunning of a tiger and the courage of a lion; his chief pleasures consisted in wild exciting sports and in fighting (for both were soldiers); yet, he had some good qualities, and, with a certain sort of chivalric sense of honor and generosity, possessed also a bold, democratic spirit, that would easily dazzle, if it could not command, a people in revolt. Adam, the younger brother, was slighter in person, though tall and finely-formed, and had a face of more refined expression and lighter complexion than Leon; his character differed no less; equally brave, he was less of a dare-devil and more of a civilian; his tastes were more peaceful and sedentary, his habits less irregular and reckless. No wonder the two brothers never agreed, except in one thing—this was a bitter hatred of despotism and a wild desire to shake it off and be free. Both had taken part in the revolution, and both, after many hardships and difficulties, arrived at Rome as I have before said, in the spring of 1832. They were poor, but Leon gained great sums of money by gambling, and Adam, whose habits were simple and penurious, spent his time in painting, music, &c., for which he had some taste.

It happened, that after the course of some months Adam became aware of a great change having taken place in the conduct and manners of his brother Leon. He gambled no less, but he gave up in great part his loose companions, or at least appeared to do so; his dress became more *soigné*, he affected greater polish and gentleness of manner. He was in love.

There was at that time in Rome an Italian nobleman of the old family of Castallo, who, ruined in fortune and character, frequented the gambling table which had so increased the funds of Leon Chojackni; and the two men became great friends. Castallo was about fifty, of luxurious habits and no morals to speak of; the sole aim and religion of his life was money and pleasure. He could not do without his wine; he could not turn his hand to an honest trade. No wonder that he and the elder Chojackni soon got leagued together in a system of under-hand machinations, in which false play and every species of gambling manoeuvre were the moving springs. For some time both were very successful; Chojackni, however, won the most at all times; and, though a certain part of the spoils were equally divided, his purse was always full to overflowing, which awakened the envy of his colleague. He soon, however,

found means to obtain complete power over him. One day as Leon accompanied the intoxicated count home late at night, a young girl, with dark sorrowful eyes, and pale, passionate, beautiful face, stood on the balustrade. At the sight of her father she rushed up to Chojnacki, and exclaimed, with clasped hands and streaming eyes :

"How kind, how good of you, to have brought him from that place—may all the saints bless you and reward you."

Her words went like an arrow to his heart ; and, after that day, the image of the young Italian was ever with him. For the first time he felt a secret horror at his degraded life, and, for the first time, something like repentance. A burning desire possessed him to go again to the palazzo, and, after some days of surly persistence in the old routine, he could bear it no longer. He went several succeeding days, and each time saw the enthusiastic and grateful Olympia ; who, far from always being the pale, sorrowful girl that he had first seen, developed, on further acquaintance, into an arch, coquettish little beauty—one moment bewildering him with a smile of fair promise, at another flying sprite-like at his approach.

This sort of courtship, though it entangled Chojnacki more and more, yet did not satisfy him, for he was a restless, impatient lover ; and one morning when the count grumbled at his partner's superior luck, he threw the bag of money to him, saying—

"All this you shall have, and as much more as you like, if you will give me your daughter in marriage."

Chojnacki had outwitted himself in his impatience, for the old count, seeing that he was really in earnest, seized the opportunity of getting him into his power. He, therefore, bent about the bush, affected an extreme of parental fondness, urged his daughter's youth, &c., but finished by half promising him her hand ultimately. It may be supposed that Chojnacki's fiery nature chafed at the delay, but being equally cunning in turn, he pretended to be quite satisfied with this arrangement, merely asking to be allowed to continue his visits at the palazzo. The other consented ; and now Chojnacki, whilst endeavoring by every means in his power to fascinate the young Olympia, pursued at the same time his deep-laid policy of entrapping her father. Meantime another obstacle had arisen which he little guessed of. He little guessed that the same fair face for which he was hazarding and striving so much, had become the star and idolatry of his brother Adam's quiet life. It has been seen that he spent his time in dreamy art-studies and *bagatelles* ; and whilst sketching a column of the church of St. Agnes, his eyes had been first attracted by Olympia as she passed in to pay her devotions. It was easy for him to find out her name and residence, and a very few evenings afterwards—when Leon would be busily engaged at play—when the lake by the old palace was still and dark in the twilight, he swam across, and, concealing himself amongst the shrubberies, waited till the light appeared in her window, and then chanted a plaintive and passionate love-song to the accompaniment of his guitar. He sang well, for his taste was exquisite and his voice full and rich. Olympia idolized music, and it was natural that she should be flattered by so chivalric and ardent a lover. Consequently, one evening as he played, the window was thrown up and a flower fell at his feet. He pressed it to his lips, and, placing it in his bosom, treasured the wildest hopes that his love might be returned. Some days passed, and one evening Olympia found a letter on her bedroom floor, which had been tied to a pebble and thrown in. On opening it she discovered her withered flower and the following words :

"By this token, and by the depth and passionateness of my love, I take courage to address you. May I speak to you—may I see you, if only for one minute ? I am near—within hearing."

It must be remembered that Olympia was motherless—an orphan I might almost say—and but seventeen. What wonder that a joyful, triumphant sensation thrilled her frame, and that she stood breathless, glowing, irresolute, with the love-letter in her hand ? What wonder that she drew her scarf around her shoulders and descended into the garden ?

And she was not disappointed in her lover. She found him courtly, handsome, winning ; she found him to be refined in mind and polished in manner ; therefore she consented to his

entreaties that he might come again, and they had many meetings.

Did she love him ? It would be hard to say ; but she was so young, so lovely, and so inexperienced, that we can pardon her if she deceived herself and him also.

One evening, when Adam returned from the palace garden—his face radiant with happiness, his heart beating high with hopefulness and love—he found his brother Leon home before him. He was counting a heap of gold at the table, and, looking up, said with a kind of wild, triumphant laugh :

"See here, my brother, how lucky I am ! This buys for me the brightest pair of eyes in all Rome. To-morrow, if you like, I will introduce you to my bride."

"And pray who may she be ?" asked Adam, carelessly, for, as I have before said, there was little intercourse of ideas and little sympathetic feeling between the two.

"As high-born and lovely a lady as a prince might be proud to woo ; well, your curiosity shall be gratified. I am going to marry Olympia di Castallo, the grand-daughter of a ducal prince, and the most beautiful girl in Rome."

Adam made no reply, but he turned sick and faint from intense mental agony, and with difficulty prevented himself from fainting. Too absorbed in his own thoughts and occupation to notice his brother's sudden agitation, Leon continued counting out the gold pieces in little heaps, and, after a few moments, added in a whisper :

"Hist, brother Adam, come and sit down whilst I tell you a secret. If you go with me to see my lady-love, you must play my cards—do you understand. Know, then, that the count, her father, though poor as a saint is proud as the devil, and I have exerted no common cleverness to get round him. For this purpose I have dropped my name of Chojnacki, and am instead Count Leon Kalinski, with large estates in Galicia, which I shall get back when—the devil knows. But what matters a harmless lie of that sort ? Besides, it is only half a lie, after all, for if it is proved that our cousin Max is dead I shall be Count Kalinski at once ; and if we have luck, and——"

Here he stepped up to his brother and whispered hoarsely—

"If we have luck and can hunt out the damnable despots from our country, why we shall all have estates in plenty. But you have not heard all my story yet. The count is involved in terrific difficulties of debt ; if somebody doesn't help him, or something fall down from heaven in the shape of money, he must either shoot himself or go to prison. I want his daughter and I show him this money ; the bargain is done at once."

Adam could endure no more. Muttering some incoherent words in reply, he rushed down-stairs, and, bareheaded as one gone mad from fright, he set off at his swiftest pace to the Palazzo di Castallo. Swimming across the lake, in less than a quarter of an hour from the time he had started he stood beneath Olympia's window, pale, dripping from head to foot, and shivering from utter exhaustion and suspense. All was silence and darkness at the palace, and not till he had several times thrown up his handkerchief against the window-panes, called her name and sang falteringly a verse of her most favorite song, did he succeed in making his presence known. At length the casement was partly opened, and the well-known gentle voice whispered his name.

The sound of that voice called up all the passion and recklessness of the Chojnacki blood. Springing lightly on the basement of the jutting oriel below, he succeeded in planting one foot in the irregular brickwork that ran above it, and at the imminent risk of breaking his neck vaulted over into the balcony of his mistress's room. The memory of that interview will remain with Adam Chojnacki to his dying day. Kneeling at Olympia's feet, her glorious hair falling around his neck, her little hands clasped within his own, he poured out all his tale of passion and despair. The revelation of her father's design came like a sudden blow to the unsuspecting girl, but she did not despair.

"I do not love your brother," she said, resolutely, "and I will not be induced to marry him. My father has not sufficient affection for me to consult my happiness, what right has he to expect my obedience ?"

He pressed her to give him a word of promise for the future, or a pledge that she returned his love ; but this she refused to do.

"You are a kind, a dear and valued friend to me, Adam," she replied, "and your friendship is dearer to me than anything else in the world. I cannot think of marriage yet; but we have youth and Italy, and love and music—is not that enough?"

She wound her white hands around his neck, she pressed a kiss upon his burning brow, she called him her dear friend and protector, she promised to do nothing without his counsel; and so they parted—never, never to meet again.

The next morning, when the count announced to Olympia that she must prepare to receive Count Leon Kalinski as her lover, she openly declared her refusal to comply with his wishes. "The day is gone," she said, "when a father's will is law; and rather than be compelled to marry a man I do not love, I would die by my own hand or enter a convent. How can you expect me to love or honor you—you, who would basely sell me to a gambler for gold? I will work for you, I will live on bread and water, I will sell my mother's jewels and my wardrobe even, to help to liquidate your debts; but marry this Kalinski, who is almost a stranger to me, and whom I feel that I cannot love—I cannot, and, moreover, I will not do."

Some show of reluctance on his daughter's part the count had expected, but this determined and spirited defiance dumbfounded him; for, like most bad men, he was a great coward, and he went from her presence crest-fallen and perplexed. One thing he was utterly at a loss to comprehend—how had Olympia obtained a knowledge of his money dealings with Chojnacki? He spent some hours pacing backwards and forwards in his room, chafing with rage and at intervals muttering angry threats against Olympia and the unknown friend who had let her into his secret. Night, as usual, found him on his way to his old haunts; but he had hardly set foot outside the palace gates when a note from Chojnacki was put into his hand, to the following effect:

"If you value your neck, don't show yourself in the streets to-night, and make the best of your way out of Rome at the break of day. Our devillies have got wind, and if we are caught 'twill be stiff work. Your safety is as necessary as my own, and mine is as necessary to yourself; so be careful. Shut your mouth, put away your money (if you have any), and go north. Let your daughter follow; and when the affair is blown over we can return to Rome, and she shall live like a princess. Meet me at Ivrea, or thereabouts."

I must hasten to the conclusion of this narrative. That same night Castallo and Chojnacki left Rome by different routes, and Olympia was left under the charge of an old servant; but dimly comprehending the cause of her father's sudden departure, she was too glad at being freed from his threats and importunities to be unhappy in his absence. She should see her generous, accomplished lover; they would have happy, happy hours over books, and music and drawing; he would teach her to sing and to paint. Ah! what a blessed interval of peace and pleasantness was in perspective before her.

But that interval never came. Night passed away, and she watched in vain for that form that was wont to cross the lake and hasten over the turf towards her window. Day broke and no low-toned passionate songs were poured out beneath the oriel; no handkerchief was thrown against the glass-pane; no voice murmured "*Angiola mia!*" and, though she waited and watched for days, and weeks and months, with loosened hair at the casement, pale, trembling and tearful—Adam never came again.

It is difficult to discover the first suspector and the first breather of a suspicion where a crime affects great numbers, and is one in which many who have been the losers have also been the participators. One thing, however, is certain, that Adam Chojnacki was entirely innocent alike of his brother's underhand dealings and of his sudden downfall—for it was a downfall at once from power and wealth and conspicuous superiority of cunning, to hatred and beggary and mortification. All who had hitherto feared him at the first stone thrown were ready also, and revelations were made that startled even the most suspicious, for none knew with what skill he had played.

Adam had been no less duped, and it was with no small degree of horror and amazement that, towards evening, as he prepared to set forth to the palace, he saw armed men enter the apartment and heard the crimes of which his brother was ac-

cused. Passionate and hot-blooded always, he flatly denied the charge. He was answered only by smiles of sinister meaning and by one of the officers locking the door, quietly pocketing the key, whilst two others proceeded to search the room. Heaps of silver money were found, with banknotes, letters of credit and betting-books stowed away in different places; for, in the hurry of flight, Chojnacki had only thought of his own safety and the available gold he had about him. One old escritoire, marked with Adam's name, was found under the bed, and in it were some foreign notes and Napoleons. From that moment Adam's fate was sealed. Why had he openly denied his brother's crime? How could he be ignorant of proceedings which brought money and papers so suspiciously under his very nose? How could he help knowing the whole secret, and did not the money in his escritoire clearly tell his participation in it?

Had Adam taken the matter quietly, there is little doubt that his innocence would have been very soon established; but it was not in his nature tamely to submit to so great an injustice, and he resisted the officers so fiercely, that he received a severe wound in the arm, and was carried to prison faint, bleeding and raging inwardly like a baffled lion.

Left to solitude, one thought alone took possession of his mind, and seethed and burned with such a demoniac conviction that it well nigh drove him mad. His passion for Olympia had been discovered; she was the victim of a foul plot concerted by Leon. Some base story concerning him would be fabricated to her, and by force of threats and persuasion, she would be induced to marry him—his brother—his enemy.

No tale of human suffering has ever equalled this episode of his life as repeated to me by Adam Chojnacki. Barred out from light and air and all communication with the outer world, sick and despairing at heart, tortured and fevered in body, confined for the crime of resisting a false charge, or (for he hardly knew which) the sin of another; separated by so deep a gulf from the woman he wildly idolized, and feeling that the one for whom he suffered unjustly was enjoying that same air and light and liberty beside her—her by whom he believed himself beloved—what wonder that he grew mad?

He told me that, all through his temporary insanity, he imagined himself to be in hell, and saw ever and ever before him a black lake, beyond which rose a fair shore, and there walked Olympia, white-robed, beautiful and spiritualized, beckoning to him day and night, but in vain. Sometimes demons held him back; sometimes he was bound by heavy chains, which clanked and clanked till all hell echoed back the noise; sometimes he felt that he was dead. When he recovered—for his madness lasted some months after his liberation—he found himself in a fisherman's hut on the southern coast of France, where he had been carefully tended for several weeks. The simple, religious lives of the poor people touched him; the first devotional feeling of many years arose to his heart, and out of a rocky stone that overlooks the sea he carved a cross, and inscribed on it—"Out of gratitude to God for recovery from madness, Adam Chojnacki vows eternal peace to his enemies."

He returned, however, to Rome under a disguised name, but to find the Palazzo di Castallo sold to unknown owners, and Olympia, Leon, the old count gone no one knew whither. Then followed the life that I have described in my former pages—a life of constant change and constant unhappiness. I must now give, in a very few words, the subsequent history of other actors in this story. Olympia—oh, generous, beautiful friend! with what emotions I write your name! young, friendless and enthusiastic—she could not long brook her dreary solitude. Unhappy at her lover's strange disappearance, filled with fears for the future, and burning for a life of action and independence, under the protection of a faithful servant she made her way to England. Passionately attached to music, and gifted in no ordinary degree, it is not surprising that she soon obtained reputation and wealth. Her after career has been already laid before the reader.

When Leon Chojnacki and Count Castallo met, it is easy to imagine that Chojnacki's first suspicions as to Olympia's informer should be his brother. Who else knew of their mutual bargain? or who else that knew could tell her? A hundred trifles helped to confirm this thought. He now remembered Adam's strange silence at the news of his projected marriage—

his strange pallor, and his sudden absence. He also remembered that Adam had been in the habit of absenting himself every night, and that sometimes his outer coat had been dripping wet on his return. He had swum the lake to avoid detection by going round the public entrance. Black apprehensions filled Leon's mind—who else should be the informer as to his secret dealings?—who else should have set afloat the stories which had well nigh brought him to infamy and imprisonment? Who else but Adam? and for his own peculiar purposes. A deep hatred filled the brother's heart, and the more so, because he dared not go to Rome to claim his bride and win his game yet. Then Castalio received news of his daughter's flight and at the same time he was informed of Adam's seizure and release. His release was merely officially announced; for at the time, Adam, though not suffering the penalty of the law, was too violent to be set free, and he was removed from the prison to an adjoining building designed for the use of sick and insane criminals.

Chojnacki immediately set out for England on his search, and, as we have seen, neither his search nor his hatred abated through ten long years. Once or twice he found trace, or fancied he found trace of Adam; but of her, never.

After three years, more celebrated and rich, Olympia came to Florence; and, having discovered that her father was in great want and misery at Genoa, lost no time in sending him money sufficient for all his wants. Once she saw him, but the interview left so terrible an impression on her mind, that she never brought herself to resolve upon seeing him again. Nor did he wish it. Degraded by every kind of dissipation and vice, there was no room in his nature for a pure and holy affection; and, though he received her money greedily, he gave no show of love in return. It was in that one interview that she learned of the hatred of the two brothers Chojnacki, of which she was the innocent cause; and this knowledge led her, several years afterwards, to confide to me the sealed paper containing the secret of her flight and of their error. The count died at Genoa a few months after his last interview with Olympia; and a plain marble in St. Peter's church records his name, with these words—

PRAY FOR ME.

Reader, if an artist has stepped somewhat out of his place by using his pen and not his pencil to bring himself before the public, or if his pen pleases you less than his pencil may sometimes have done, forgive me, and come to my studio, where I have yet some pictured chronicles of this story of my life. Alice will give you kindly welcome. Till then, adieu.

THE THREE KINGS: A MONKISH LEGEND.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

I.

THERE lived in Syria once, long ages past,
A man of wondrous strength and giant frame;
His voice was like the roaring of the blast,
And many from the distant nations came,
To see the prowess which had gained such fame.
This homage swelled his vanity and pride,
Until at length, Jerome—such was his name—
Scorned longer in his native land to bide,
And therefore went to roam o'er countries far and wide.

II.

"Lo! I will serve," said he, "no other lord
Save him who shall be deemed the greatest king—
One worthy to be honored and adored!
To such will I with reverent spirit bring
My loyalty, my valor, and my sword!
For surely such a king, and he alone,
Is worthy my obedience and accord!
But where is such a glorious monarch known,
Tho' I should ransack earth—yea, even zone from zone!"

III.

Then forth he travelled till he reached a land
O'er which he heard the mightiest king of earth
Held undisturbed imperial command;

He looked the loftiest of regal birth,
And tempered dignity with generous mirth;
Straightway the wanderer went to him, and said—
"Great king, I know your glory and your worth,
I come to serve you with arm, heart and head,
And fight for you, O king, till all your foes are dead!"

IV.

The king, who saw his wondrous strength and height,
Received the giant with a gracious look,
And entertained him with unfeigned delight:
Next day Jerome the oath of fealty took,
And wrote his name down in the palace book—
Which all men signed who owned the sovereign power
Of this great king, who could no equal brook.
Jerome here sojourned many a pleasant hour,
Now in the tented field, now in the royal bower.

V.

One summer's eve, as he with others stood
Around the throne, a wandering minstrel came
To while away the monarch's listless mood;
Oft in his song occurred the Devil's name,
Whereat the sovereign bowed his haughty frame
And crossed himself. The giant stood in doubt,
And then inquired the reason of the same;
"Satan I fear," he said, "that sign devout
Preserves me from his power and all his hellish rout!"

VI.

Jerome replied: "Nay, if thou fearest him
Thou canst not be the powerful king I sought;
And I have served one with my life and limb
Who has deceived me and a falsehood wrought;
So fare thee well, I count thy might as nought.
I will away and this great Satan find,
Whose very name has made thee half distraught!
To him will I devote my strength and mind,
Since e'en by you confessed he's lord of humankind."

VII.

In scorn he left, and wandered far and wide,
Till as one day he crossed a desert plain,
A mighty host of warriors he espied;
While at the head of this barbaric train
Strode a majestic tyrant, fierce and vain;
Who spread a terror as he marched along
To cymbal, drum and trumpet's martial strain.
He of a sudden stopt the countless throng,
And thus to Jerome spoke in tones both dread and strong;

VIII.

"Man, stop and answer! whither goest thou?"
The giant, fearing somewhat, said, "I go
In search of Satan! I am bound by vow
To serve the greatest king who reigns below."
The tyrant cried, "Your search is ended; lo!
I am the mighty Satan! I am he,
The great Archangel, God's unvanquished foe!
The lord of earth, and hell's dread majesty,
Who battled once in Heaven against the Eternal Three.

IX.

Then Jerome bowed before him low in fear,
And travelled awestruck in great Satan's throng
From noon till sunset's crimson close was near!
When on their ears arose a solemn song,
Which grew the louder as they marched along,
Until they saw a cross which reared on high
Its sacred form. Wild horror spread among
The myriad host; proud Satan drooped his eye,
Shaking in every limb, afraid to stay or fly!

X.

Rapt in astonishment brave Jerome cried,
"Why dost thou tremble at that senseless wood?"
Upon that cross died Jesus Christ;" replied
The guilty fiend—"That is the Holy Rood!
Whene'er I see it I endure this mood,
E'en as thou see'st, mortal—for I dread
The name of Jesus." Saying this he stood
As the fell murderer when he sees the dead,
Whose righteous blood has been by his vile dagger shed.

XI.

"Then Jesus is a greater king than thou,
O prince of liars!" Jerome said; "I'll roam
And flout this conqueror and transfer my vow
Of service to him, making there my home."
At this, dark Satan's mouth began to foam;
He gnashed his tee'h, and writhing on the ground
Dared not look up to Heaven; that glorious dome,
Where joys more numerous than the stars are found,
And where the slave and king alike are loved and crowned.

XII.

Unmoved the giant left, and went his way
Until a mighty forest he drew nigh.
No food has passed his lips since break of day,
And now the evening star was in the sky;
With joyful heart he saw a hermit nigh.
Stretched 'neath the shelter of a spreading tree,
Telling his beads, and praying fervently.
The hermit rose to meet him—"Son," quoth he,
"You seem o'erspent with toil, and hungry you must be!"

XIII.

"Except my cell, there is no shelter near;
But you are welcome there to take your rest,
And you can share with me my frugal cheer,
To which your appetite will lead a zest;
I will at once conduct you to my nest,
While you can tell me why you're wandering
In these secluded wilds." Jerome confessed
He sought the powerful Jesus, the Great King,
And prayed the hermit would to him his footsteps bring.

XIV.

The hermit said, "I can your footsteps guide
Where you will find him after patient stay;
A few miles yonder is a roaring tide
Which you must find, and wait there night and day
From golden sunrise to the evening gray;
More I will tell you in my quiet cell,
So follow me, my son." He led the way
Until they reached a grotto in a dell;
The hermit stopping, said, "Behold—'tis here I dwell."

XV.

A little hermitage it was—hid far
In leafy glen beside a murmuring stream—
A nest of peace in this great world of war,
Made for the Christian's prayer or poet's dream;
For e'en amid the noonday's brightest beam
The overarching foliage made the daylight dim,
And holy rest was peerless and supreme.
Oh! blest retreat for wearied brain and limb,
Where jaded souls might taste great Quiet's silent hymn.

XVI.

At break of day the giant rose and went
As he was told, until he gazed at last
Upon the foaming torrent, which aye sent
A roaring from its waters like a blast
Of loudest thunder; here and there were cast
Poor drowning wretches, struggling with the waves;
Their dying shrieks made Jerome stand aghast;
So, scorning death, the torrent's rage he braves,
And plunging to their aid saved many from their graves!

XVII.

Thus day by day he waited by the stream,
Helping the drowning passengers ashore,
From dawn's first birth blush to day's dying gleam.
One night, amid the torrent's ceaseless roar,
He thought he heard a child's sweet voice implore
Assistance 'mid the waters: straight he rose
From his rude couch of leaves, close covered o'er
With verdant boughs, and to the river goes—
The giant nothing saw—the fierce tide onward flows.

XVIII.

Returning to his rest, he heard again
The child's low voice come o'er the rushing tide,
And moaning as tho' suffering grief and pain;
Once more he went, but nothing he espied.
To sleep once more the weary giant tried—
Still in his ear the mournful echo rung:
For the third time he sought the river's side;
But seeing naught, he paused awhile, then flung
His cloak upon the bank and 'mid the torrent sprang;

XIX.

And when he reached the other side, behold,
There sat upon the bank a little child,
Half dead and shivering with the bitter cold.
When Jerome reached the child, he faintly smiled
And begged for shelter in a spot so wild:
"Oh! take me to your dwelling, or I die,"
Said the poor outcast in his accents mild.
The giant placed him on his shoulders high,
Then leapt into the waves, which rolled tempestuously.

XX.

Higher and wilder rolled the billows now—
Fierce on his face fast beat the blinding blast;
Cold drops of anguish clustered on his brow,
While the child's weight began to grow so fast,
That Jerome scarce could raise his arms to cast
The waves aside which rose on every side;
And now his sinking heart became aghast,
For he could scarcely keep above the tide,
And he not half across—the river was so wide;

XXI.

For now the infant's form so heavy grew,
The swimmer staggered 'neath the weight, when lo,
Upon the bank grim Satan stood in view,
And called aloud, "Friend, let the infant go!
Dost thou not notice how his weight doth grow?
It is a fiend, and you will perish there
Amid the waters, as I plainly show,
If you the child another instant bear.
You see your former lord still holds you in his care."

XXII.

The sinking giant rallying his might,
Cried out aloud, "Satan, avaunt! you stand
A fiend confessed, and blacker than the night:
Know, I will die or take this child to land;
If I must perish ere I reach the strand
I am content. I never feared the grave
When a mere soldier in thy warlike band:
I am content to die if I can save
This poor weak child from the destroying wave."

XXIII.

He scarce had said, when calmer grew the storm,
The billows fell, and new-born vigor came,
Like a fresh rush of life, through Jerome's form;
And lo! the child grew lighter in his frame—
So light he scarce could deem it was the same.
They reached the bank—the devil yelling fled,
And vanished in a towering spire of flame,
While a bright hale crowned the infant's head,
As to the awe-struck giant thus it sweetly said:

XXIV.

"Well done, thou faithful servant! I am He,
Jesus, the King you seek. Jerome, behold
The hands and feet they nailed upon the tree!
Here was the crown of thorns instead of gold.
You thought I was a poor child, wet and cold,
And risked your life to save me: you are free
From sin for ever, by that deed enrolled
My faithful servant."

On his bended knee
Saint Jerome straightway fell and worshipped Deity.

A CONJECTURE.—Is it not probable that Shakespeare borrowed the incident of the handkerchief in "Othello" from the following circumstance which occurred at Greenwich in the reign of the tyrant Henry VIII.? "Nothing, however, materially transpired till the 1st of May, when a tilting match was held at Greenwich, in which the Lord Rochfort was chief challenger, and Henry Norris the principal antagonist. During the diversions the king observed her majesty (Anne Boleyn) drop her handkerchief, which one of the suspected persons took up and used to wipe his face. To a mind prepared like Henry's, this accident which, though in all probability entirely casual, was a demonstration of his wife's infidelity. Accordingly, all on a sudden, the diversions were broke up, and Henry, without taking notice of the queen or her court, with no more than six persons in his retinue, abruptly quitted the place, and retired to his palace at Westminster."



SOHETALA, THE GODDESS OF THE NEWLY-BORN, ANNOUNCING TO CHITRA GOUPTA THE DECREE OF BRAHMA.

THE VALLEY OF SOULS.

WEARY of the misery songs of the Western World, weary of its ar and steam and pain, weary of polemics and wire-drawn romance and faded sentiment! Art thou weary of all this? When that hour comes take refuge in India of the olden time—in the India of Kalidasa where the King Dushmanta woos Saccuntala under palms; where the gazelle starts in the quiet noontide at the footstep of the solemn-eyed Brahmin. In the infinitely deep, solemnly joyful India, where man for the first and last time declared and determined to himself what was eternal truth, and in that faith lived and died. In that glorious India which gave to the world a glorious drama, like that of Shakespeare, and the most perfect sublime poem ever written in the Maha Bahrata—a poem before which the highest flight of Milton is trifling and the genius of the whole West feeble. Believest thou not. Read—and find in it the grand primeval epic of which the Iliad and Song of the Nibelung and all Norse and Finnish Saga Cycles and Slavonian Rukopis Kralodvorsky's are reflections, echoes, aftersongs.

I might speak much longer of the sentiment of the East; but what I now have in hand is one of its legends which lies before me in French, and which I translate, trusting that it may prove as pleasing to the reader as it has been to me:

According to an Indian tradition, below the earth, in the

second sphere of inferior heavens, whither sunrays never pierce, there lies a vast valley, half-lighted or ever in strange twilight. There an unearthly bluish foliage gleams in phosphorescent light on the trees; the plants, strangely formed, are only crystallizations of different colors, their flowers are wildly expanding gems, leaves of emerald and topaz, calyxes of amethysts, chrysopras and garnet, daisies of diamond, lotuses of all marvels, all gleam and wildfire and mystery and change!

In the midst of this strange twilight all is silence. There is heard neither the song of a bird or the murmur of a bee. Any earthly being would die there. Even the wind is never heard to murmur among those motionless trees.

A great lake, fed by no source, fills the lower portion of the valley, not with bounding, sounding water, but with a solemn bed of white vapor, which bathes without wetting the feet of mountains, the base of promontories, or winds like a gleaming scarf around shining islands.

But there is movement in this silent world. Across the vapory sea flit forms, not of flesh and blood, but almost of the same substance as the lake in which they continually sink and rise. At times they leave it and wander or flit along the silent shore. Dreaming, dreaming ever, lost amid a real unreal, not life, not death, what are they?

They live between their past life and a new life—for they are the souls which await a new existence on earth.

After having been judged by the terrible and incorruptible

Yama, at once the Pluto and Minos of the Hindoo hell; after having been duly punished for their sins or rewarded for their good lives; after having been reconciled to Brahma the Preserver and Shiva the Destroyer, they await births on earth and new lives.

One day Chitra Gupta, the angel of green hue and six winged, came as first minister of Yama, to obtain his souls for the earth, and met before the gate Scheetala, the protectress of children born or about to be born.

The green angel lowered upon her, for he saw in her a rival.

"Comest thou again to importune us with griefs, and to demand for thy nurslings gifts which only the superior gods can accord?"

"I demand nothing more," said Scheetala; "for I have obtained of Brahma what I desire for the benefit of all humanity, and I come to declare his order."

"And that?"

"Listen, Chitra Gupta, and be proud to aid me in so great and holy a work. Often man is born to occupy a body not to his liking. From this time he will be made aware of his future destiny, and may accept or refuse it. Such was the prayer I addressed to Brahma, and he has granted it."

The minister of Yama, the lord of hell, burst into godlike laughter. His six wings spread wide. Then again silent, he said:

"Dreamest thou, mother! Did Brahma himself, intoxicated by the soft perfumes of Camalata, or the sweet liquor of the Amreeta cup, did he dream when making this promise? By the rivers of hell, I believe he jested with thee when he made this promise!"

For answer Scheetala drew from her scarlet robe the decree from Brahma, carefully wrapped in the sacred leaves of lotus and of cusha, and gave it to him, while the diamond gate opened of itself before him.

"The world is coming to its end!" murmured Chitra Gupta, sending out such a sigh that all the airlight souls were blown before it over the lakelike foam before the wind. "What! make man the master of accepting or refusing his destiny! The excess of kindness, oh ancient mother, has made thee weak; in future there will be no souls to furnish, save to the rich and powerful. Before half a century kings will be born without subjects, and Brahmins will preach to the deserts."

"Let us try!" said the goddess.

They swept together toward the shore through that silent land

Where the cock never crew,
Where the sun never shone and the wind never blew.

As he approached the lake the Summoning Angel read aloud from the register of fate the last names on earth of six souls.

As each name was pronounced the lake quivered, a light ebullition appeared at one point of its misty silver surface, then a shadow shot upward and slowly passed to the shore.

Then Chitra Gupta made known to them the decision of Brahma, reading to them also the final clause:

"The soul refusing to occupy the body predestined for it must remain here in the Silent Land among the shadows, so many years as it would have passed in that body."

Then he summoned the first soul; that of an old Yoghi or saint, who had left behind in Mysore the tradition of a life passed in holy austerities and the most cruel self-torments.

"Thou," said the angel, "wilt be born again in an honest family of merchants, removed equally from the honors which disturb reason and the misery which depraves it. Rejoice!"

"Rejoice doubly," added Scheetala, "for I have been allowed to watch thee even unto the end. After having just reached the sweet consciousness of the light of the sun and the kisses of thy mother thou wilt—still wrapped in the robe of



THE GIRL OF PATNA ACCEPTING HER DESTINY.

innocence—die an infant. This time thou wilt obtain the triumphant prize without having striven, without having suffered."

"Die a child!" exclaimed the old saint; "what! put my lips to the edge of the cup without half draining it; see the gates of life again open on me and pause at the threshold! Better not to be born. I have tasted the joys of heaven, I wish to taste those of earth. I will wait."

And with a gesture indicating refusal he plunged again into the lake.

"Folly is found even in seeking heaven," said Chitra Gupta.

"Excessive virtue is subject to remorse as well as vice," said Scheetala.

The next was a beautiful Bayadere, whose voluptuous dances and grace had been admired by all Benares. Her loveliness had made her one of the chosen ones of the temple, a favorite of the Brahmins while on earth and of the gods after death.

The beautiful shadow advanced, bounding as in a dance, to the feet of the divine pair, who were seated on a rock of malachite deeply veined with gold.

"Thou wilt be beautiful," said the messenger of Yama, "and thy beauty will make thee the wife of a wealthy lord. He will lavish on thee every treasure. Rejoice!"

The soul of the Bayadere thrilled as with rapture she glanced, like a fawn, around on the endless millions of gems, on the strange wealth which adorned the Land of Shadows, as if anticipating that these in another life would be regarded far differently than here. But before assenting she asked, "Will the Nabaub be young?"

"He will be thrice thy age, but will soon die leaving thee his wealth, and then thou wilt marry again, one who will be young and beautiful."

"And I, shall I be a mother?"

"Thou wilt not."

The Bayadere was at once in deep misery.

"Without children! Disgraced again! No children!"

And turning away she sank deep in the lake, murmuring as she vanished in its shades:

"To live without children is to be ever dying."

The messenger of Yama smiled grimly.

"Didst thou expect all this, oh! Mother of the Newly-born. All refuse what all on earth covet. Thy sex, gentle goddess, is capricious as ever, even in the Realm of Shadows."

"If the tree condemned never to bear fruit could speak, oh Chitra Gupta, it would reply, 'Sterility is a disgrace.' For woman it is worse still. Brahma, the divine, has deigned since the first day of creation to share with her the creative power; almost from infancy she thrills with the aspirations of maternity; a woman herself young anticipates giving birth. Man, a god, thou knowest not the mystery of maternal feeling. Poor Bayadere—I well understand her refusal!"

"Tis well, Scheetala; but we are in danger of not finding a soul willing to quit this valley. Well, the next is a *man*—and ambition—the great thirst for honor, moves all his kind. This time I shall not fail."

And, with a gesture, he called the next soul.

"Rejoice!" said Chitra Gupta, as he came upwards, "rejoice and thank the gods. Thou wilt be born a king!"

"King!" cried the soul. "A sad and cruel trade is that in these days. To be the executioner of one's own family in order to maintain a firm hold of the people, and then, when one has merited the wrath of heaven and the scorn of man, to become the pensioner or prisoner of the iron armies of the Western world! Never. My uncle was the powerful ruler of the Dekan; he put out my eyes with fire, fearing that I might supplant him—and he died a wretched servant of the English. King! I had rather be born in the humblest hut of a Pariah than in the golden halls of the monarch of Delhi."

"The danger is greater even than I feared," said the minister of Yama, "since even wealth and kingdoms are refused. But we are only half advanced. Onwards!"

Of two other souls summoned, one was to occupy the body of a banker who would be most unscrupulous in acquiring wealth, but who would be enormously rich, while suffering much at the same time from bad health. The other was destined to be a poor working man, but gifted with strength and health.

"To be miserable and healthy," said the latter, "will be to have a good stomach with the devil of hunger lodged in it."

"Riches in company with suffering," said the other, "is a garment of gold over a corpse."

And so both refused!

"Well, Scheetala," said the Angel of the Green Wings, smiling proudly, "dost thou still believe it to be right to show man his future life, and leave it to his choice to live or not to live? On this condition, as I say, the world would soon be depopulated. Thanks to the prayer addressed by thee to Brahma, there are now five poor mothers who are weeping for their children born dead!"

And the good goddess bowed her head low in shame, making no reply.

"Believe me," he added, "go no further, for no soul will again venture on the road of human life."

Unfolding the register, he was about to erase the six names inscribed, but the last soul still lingered near.

It was the shadow of a poor girl of Patna, whose only lot on earth had been that of suffering. A stranger to pleasure, power or fortune, she had lived for years only for her aged mother, and when, at last, she was about to be married to one who loved her well, she had perished the day before her nuptials, stung in the foot by a serpent.

"Feeble child of a fatal destiny," said the angel, "I will not say to thee as to others, rejoice, for I have only to offer thee a new existence of pain and suffering. Two souls have just refused wealth and health. Thou art to be poor and in suffering. Wilt thou accept?"

Without retiring, the shadow rested silent, as if a gleam of future happiness was at last gleaming on her dimly.

"Poor daughter of suffering," exclaimed the kind goddess, "accept the privilege accorded by Brahma and decline. Not only will poverty pursue thee and weakness and pain overtake thee, but finally, after a life of harsh field-labor, thou wilt be burned with thy dead husband."

But the girl's soul asked hopefully and almost with joy,

"But will he be my beloved; will he love me then as he once loved—he for whom I am to suffer so much?"

"For a time—yes."

"Blessed be the holy name of Brahma—I accept!"

A throb, as of rapture, thrilled through all the silent land, the shadowy lives to be threw their pale forms upward to the twilight, and the pale soul, led by the goddess, floated away over the portals of eternity towards the world, while Chitra Gupta rose to the seventh sphere, where the decree of Brahma was registered by Indra.

In his golden book of the chosen names of those who were in future lives to reach the highest bliss, Indra wrote the name of the peasant girl of Patna—and, next to it, that of the Bayadere.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

In the little town of Colberg, a small seaport of Prussia, situated on the shores of the Baltic Sea, there resides an ancient and wealthy family, bearing the surname of Zieterm. The family name figures largely in the records of the town, and the province in which it is situated. These records show that the Zieterms held important offices in the magistracy and judiciary, as long ago as the middle of the seventeenth century, and the present head of the family held the honorable post of burgo-master, or chief magistrate of Colberg, in the year 1850.

That, however, which renders the name familiar to every traveller who chances to visit this rather out-of-the-way post of the Prussian monarchy, is the Zieterm Hospital and Lunatic Asylum, one of the largest and best endowed institutions of the kind in Prussia—a country remarkable in continental Europe for the number and the excellent management of its public institutions; and what renders the Zieterm Hospital unusually interesting to strangers, is the fact that it was founded and liberally endowed by Madame Cornelia Richter—née Zieterm—a daughter of the family, who was herself for several years a

lunatic, and who only recovered her reason a few years before her death.

In the great hall of the institution there are two portraits of the foundress and benefactress, one representing her as Mademoiselle Zietern, in the eighteenth year of her age, the other as Madame Richter, a middle-aged lady of matronly and benign countenance, the expression of whose features, however, betoken one who has passed through much suffering, mentally and bodily, and who has only acquired the calmness and resignation which characterizes the portrait, by having learnt to trust firmly in the beneficence of Providence, and to look forward to that rest and happiness hereafter, which shall recompense her for all the trouble she has suffered in this mortal stage of existence.

The exceeding loveliness of form and feature which are remarkable in the youthful portrait, attracts the attention of the beholder, and serves to give double interest to her melancholy story. She is represented as a fair, blue-eyed maiden, with a full and exquisitely rounded form, and an abundance of golden hair, which, according to the fashion of the day among the maidens of northern Germany, floats free and unconfined over the white dimpled shoulders. The features are regular and intellectual, and at the same time expressive of vivacity and tenderness. The portrait is one that fixes itself on the memory—one that men are wont to dream of, after having once beheld it.

In the year 1753, Mademoiselle Zietern, who until then had resided with her parents in Colberg, the town wherein she was born, visited Berlin, the Prussian capital, to remain during the winter months with a maiden aunt, a sister of her father's. Madame Zietern was a lady of great wealth, whose mansion was the resort of the military, the literary, and the most fashionable and distinguished personages in the city.

It was only natural that a young lady possessing the beauty and accomplishments of Mademoiselle Zietern, known to belong to an old and honorable family, and generally believed to be the heiress of her aunt's large fortune, should draw many admirers. Men of all ranks and conditions, from the youthful aspirant to fame and fortune, to the broken-down rone, who, after having run his career of coxcombry, pleasure and debauchery, until his shattered constitution warned him that he could no longer pursue his vicious course of life with impunity, was anxious to settle down and become a sober Benedict for the rest of his days, if he could secure so splendid a prize in the matrimonial lottery, were earnest suitors for the young lady's heart and hand, and fortune.

Cornelia, however, was in no hurry to change her maiden condition, "fancy free;" but her heart at length surrendered to one Paul Richter, an officer of the king's guards—young, handsome and accomplished, who had every prospect of rising in his profession.

Notwithstanding the envy created amongst the host of rejected suitors, in consequence of the choice of the youthful and lovely heiress, no one could deny that the young man was in every respect worthy of her. There was but one drawback—he was poor! This, however, did not in the least trouble Mademoiselle Cornelia. Her father was wealthy, and she was an only child, and, as we have already observed, she had great expectations from her aunt. She would, under any circumstances, possess sufficient wealth for both. Neither did her relatives, as is too often the case in the like circumstances, oppose the proposed union. The family of the young ensign was, in point of fact, more ancient and of higher rank than the family of the Zieterns, and ancient genealogy and noble birth carry great influence in all parts of Germany.

One stipulation only was made by Herr Zietern, when, at the expiration of a short and happy courtship, ensign Richter visited Colberg, candidly told his circumstances, and expressed his determination to attain rank and distinction in his profession, if strict attention to his duties could secure these honors, referred to several distinguished and respected individuals in relation to his family and his own personal character, and finally stated that, having gained the maiden's consent, he had come expressly to ask her hand of her father.

The condition was that the young couple should wait until Paul Richter should become a captain, so that, in case of any great reverse of fortune on the part of his bride, however im-

probable it might be, he should be able to support her at least in moderate competence.

The gallant and youthful lover, notwithstanding his desire to hasten the consummation of his happiness, was well content that no other obstacle stood in the way of his union with the fair object of his love.

Frederick II.—the Great—the most ambitious monarch in Europe at that period, sat on the Prussian throne. Every schoolboy is familiar with his rare military abilities, his incessant activity, his love of war, his strange eccentricities, and his infatuation for tall soldiers, to procure whom he would send to any distance and incur any expense, though in all other respects his economy bordered on meanness.

Speedy promotion in the army, under such a monarch, was a matter of certainty to a young man of good character, good family, and courage and intelligence, all of which qualifications Paul Richter possessed. He bade adieu to his young mistress, when he went to join his regiment, which was to take part in a campaign against France, in full hope and expectation that the close of the campaign would witness his promotion to the command of a company, and enable him to claim her hand, according to her father's promise.

Cornelia, shortly after her lover quitted Berlin, returned home to Colberg, and there remained until the termination of the campaign, which was successful on the part of Frederick, and which did make Paul a captain, as he had anticipated. He was, however, severely, though not dangerously wounded, and when he wrote to Colberg by the hand of his comrade, speaking lightly of his wound, but regretting it, because for a time it would incapacitate him from claiming his bride, at the same time playfully observing that he hoped his fair mistress would not reject her wounded knight, who had received his wound in consequence of his resolve to bear himself in the battle in a manner that should show that he was worthy of her love—the young lady was so much affected that she insisted upon setting out by post to Berlin, to nurse the wounded soldier herself, saying that he had already the right to claim the service as well as the love of a wife from her, since they had long been wedded in heart if not in hand, and that the only obstacle that had stood in the way was now removed.

Herr Zietern, however, like a wise and prudent father, said if Cornelia must nurse her wounded knight, it were more advisable that she did so in her father's house than in a distant city. The old gentleman, therefore, posted himself to Berlin, and had Captain Richter carefully removed by slow stages, under his own guidance, from the capital to Colberg.

Six months elapsed before Paul Richter was completely recovered. They had been to him six of the happiest months he had ever spent, notwithstanding the pain and fever attending his wound, which was long in healing; for Cornelia was ever near him, ready to anticipate his slightest wishes, to read to him, to sing, to play, to do everything she could think of to afford him solace and to cause the weary hours in the sick chamber to pass lightly away. And, as he grew better and was able to take short walks abroad, she was his constant companion. They wandered in her father's garden or sat in the summer-house, while she read aloud, and, by-and-bye, their walks extended into the fields and woods or to the seashore, where they would sit for hours listening to the musical murmur of the waves as they broke on the beach, and talking of the happy future which both believed to be in store for them.

At length the day arrived when the wedding was to take place. Great preparations were made. No expense was spared by the parents of Cornelia, who by this time had learnt to look upon the handsome young officer as if he were their own son.

It came off, and was the talk of the small town for weeks. Never had been seen such magnificence before. Never had the clergyman of the parish united such a handsome couple. Never was such munificence, such generosity, as Herr Zietern displayed. Not a poor person in Colberg or its vicinity had gone that day without an abundant meal and a small present in money besides. A thousand cheerful, grateful voices prayed that happiness might attend the wedded pair through life, and after death to eternity.

In Paul Richter's case the Shakspearean adage, "the course of true love never does run smooth," was, as we believe it has often been before and since, completely falsified. Paul remained

at home with his bride at a house in the outskirts of the town, which his father-in-law had purchased and presented to him, for six months after his marriage, in the enjoyment of every happiness it is in the power of mortal to possess. At the expiration of this brief period of wedded bliss he received orders from his general again to make his appearance at Berlin and rejoin his regiment.

Frederick the Great had been at peace with his brother monarchs long enough, and he was thinking of another campaign against Bavaria, Saxony, Italy or France; he did not much care which, so that he found employment for his tall grenadiers.

"Dear Paul," said Cornelia, when she heard the news, "I wish you would leave the army. I shall be so miserable, so anxious while you are away, dreading lest every mail that arrives at Colberg should bring intelligence of some dreadful battle, and that you have been wounded or perhaps killed. I would not care to live afterward. Surely there is no need for you to obey the mandate of the general. We are rich enough."

"You are rich enough, dear Cornelia," replied Paul, "and I love you enough to be willing to share with you whatever is yours; but it is not that, my love. It shall never be said that Paul Richter refused his services when his country called for them, because he had wedded a young and pretty and wealthy bride. I must go, dear Cornelia, but let us hope the campaign will not be a long one, and one thing I will promise you—as soon as I am promoted to colonelcy I will quit the army as soon as peace is declared. But on no account will I do so on the eve of a war. Think, Cornelia, you yourself would despise me if I were to act in such a cowardly manner. But be not afraid, darling, you are my guardian angel. Your prayers shall turn the bullets aside and blunt the enemy's steel. Very soon you will welcome me safe home again."

Thus, half-jestingly, half-soothingly, the young officer endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of his young wife, and at length partially succeeded in subduing her anxiety. They promised to exchange letters by every possible opportunity, and in the course of a few days Captain Richter set out for Berlin.

The campaign turned out to be the commencement of what is known in European continental history as the Seven Years' war, when Frederick found arrayed against him, incited by his insatiable ambition, all the other great powers of Europe. He met the shock manfully, for the Prussian army of Frederick the Second's day was much the most numerous and the best drilled on the whole continent; but severe battles were fought, and the campaign which Paul had endeavored to persuade his wife

would soon be ended, threatened to be prolonged till the combatants were exhausted.

Still Paul wrote cheerful letters to Cornelia and bade her keep up her courage, and she replied in as cheerful a tone as she could, endeavoring to conceal from him the fears and anxieties she could not help experiencing.

At length, about six months after Paul had left Colberg, there came a letter which afforded him the most extatic delight, while, at the same time, it increased his anxiety to see his wife again. This letter announced the birth of a son and the happy convalescence of the mother, who, proud of the new pleasures of maternity, wrote respecting the beauty of her infant as only a mother can write, and expressed an earnest wish that her husband could see his child, if only for one moment.

Paul replied to this letter immediately. The letter was brief, for the army was on the eve of an engagement, and his every movement was greatly occupied. He knew not but the next minute he might hear the trumpet sound, calling upon all to fall into battle array.

The letter, written on a drum-head in a tent has been preserved, and its contents are engraved upon the pedestal of a monument erected to his memory in the enclosure on which the hospital stands. It runs as follows:

"THE CAMP BEFORE PARMA, Aug. 10, 1758.

"MY OWN DEAREST CORNELIA—I received your letter this morning, and have carried it in my bosom all day, taking every opportunity to peruse it over and over again. We are expecting every moment to be summoned into action, and I have been so completely occupied in my military duties that I could not, until this moment, find time to write a line in reply.

"You must excuse the brevity of the letter I am now writing, for I am infringing a military order just issued by the king even in so doing, and you well know that the slightest disobedience of orders is visited by Frederick with the utmost severity, even if the offender be his principal general. He is no respecter of persons, and when resolved to punish, nothing can incline him to mercy.

"I cannot express the pleasure your letter afforded me. It is too much happiness. My infant boy and his mother both well! How I wish I could see you for one little moment, even if I had to leave you again immediately. I think it would endow me with greater spirit and courage in the forthcoming battle.

"Think of me, dear wife, and believe that you are never out of my mind for one moment. Have no fears for me. I feel assured that I shall not fall in battle, and I hope this engagement will be so far decisive that I can honorably ask for leave of absence, so that I may fly to Colberg and embrace you and the child.

"Take the greatest care of your health for my, as well as for your own and our boy's sake.

"You will be glad to hear that I have been promoted, on the field, to the rank of major. There remains now but one step more—promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy—and then, peace once restored, I quit the army, and spend the rest of my days in the society of my beloved wife.

"I must close, for I dare not keep my lamp alight any longer.

Believe me, my darling,

"Your most loving husband,

"PAUL RICHTER."

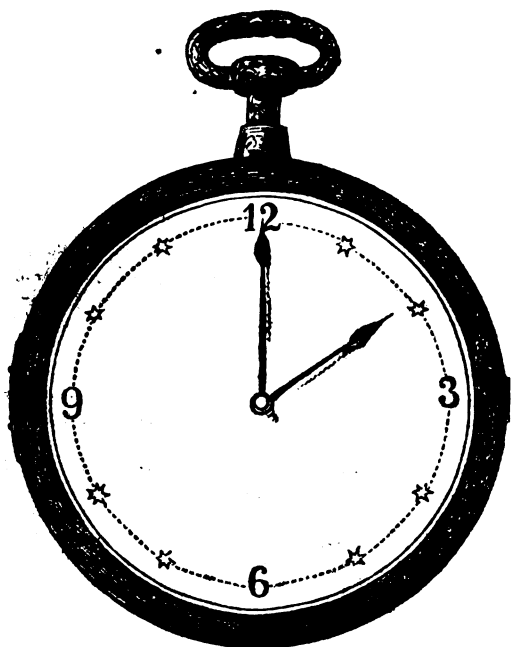
"P.S.—Kiss our boy for me.

"P.P.S.—It is now a quarter past eight o'clock, P.M. Tomorrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!

"P.R."

The letter was dispatched and duly received by Cornelia, who read it through eagerly until she reached the end. When she read the last line she uttered a piercing shriek and fell senseless to the floor.

Fortunately her mother and the nurse were in the room. They raised her from the floor and carried her to a sofa, and then applied restoratives, until the unhappy wife was awakened to consciousness. She looked wildly around her. "Am I asleep?" she cried. "Have I been dreaming? O, what a horrid dream! I thought—no, no; it is true! The letter—the letter!" Shrieking forth the latter words, she again fainted. A physician was sent for, and again the mother and



WATCH OF MAJOR ANDER, OF REVOLUTIONARY MEMORY. P. 207.



ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—GOLDSMITH AND HIS PEACH-BLOSSOM COAT. PAGE 206.

nurse applied restoratives, and after much effort succeeded again in restoring her to consciousness.

Meanwhile the letter had been picked up from the floor by Madame Zietern and read. She could not understand it. She showed it to her husband—to the medical man; none of them could make anything of it. Paul had written in the body of the letter that he had a presentiment that he should not fall on the field of battle, and had evidently written under the influence of hope and cheerfulness, and yet, at the close, in a second postscript, without giving any explanation, he had written, "To-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!"

"Had he suddenly lost his senses? Had the tension of his faculties, caused by anxiety, hard duty and want of sleep, with the shock of pleasure he had felt when he received the intelligence of the birth of his child, been too much for his brain? What could be the meaning of that strange and dreadful line?"

These, and such as these, were the questions asked of each other by the shocked and puzzled family, but no one could give any satisfactory answer. In vain they endeavored to soothe and console the unhappy wife. Alas! they knew not what words to employ in order to relieve her mind. Their own feelings were sufficiently harrowed by the terrible line. Still they resolved to try to believe that it meant nothing, until they heard from the camp.

A letter was immediately written and despatched to Paul, and another to the colonel of the regiment in which he served, informing both of the fright which the inexplicable postscript had caused, and of the ill effect it must have upon Cornelia if the mystery were not immediately and satisfactorily explained.

They had not to wait for a reply to the letters to learn that Paul had written the truth, though still they were at a loss to understand what had caused the shocking catastrophe. The next gazette from Berlin contained this simple but terrible paragraph, under the column of "intelligence from the army before Parma"—

"We regret to learn that, at four o'clock A.M., on the 11th

inst., Major Paul Richter, of the 7th Dragoon Guard, was shot dead, in pursuance of a special sentence from the commander-in-chief."

Then followed a few lines eulogistic of the character and courage of the deceased officer, and a few remarks expressing wonder as to the nature of the special dereliction of duty which had led to such a shocking result. Nearly a month of terrible overwhelming misery elapsed before the full particulars were known. At length all was explained.

Frederick II. of Prussia carried eccentricity to the verge of madness. His people were taxed terribly to maintain his army, both in money and in person. The entire population of Prussia during his reign amounted to only five millions all counted, men, women and children, and yet the soldiers exceeded in number those of France and Spain united. It is computed that out of the able-bodied men of the kingdom, one in every seven was drafted into the military service. His rule over the civilians of the kingdom who held no office under the government was mild and paternal, but his behavior to his wife and children was brutal in the extreme. They were flogged with his cane, half-starved and miserably clad. His eldest son, while still a mere youth, was immured for some venial offence in a filthy and unhealthy dungeon, and it was with difficulty he was persuaded not to issue a warrant for the lad's execution.

He was in the habit of striking his officers and kicking his judges out of court if they decided points of law against his wishes. His officers and soldiers were drilled like automatons, and the slightest offence was visited with the most prompt and frightful severity of punishment. His present position, at war with nearly all combined Europe, had exasperated his irascible temper almost, if not quite, to madness.

During the afternoon of the 10th of August, 1756, intending during the night to make an important movement in the camp, which was in sight of the enemy, he had issued an order that, by eight o'clock, all the lamps in the camp should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the hour was past he

walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a lamp burning in the tent of Major Richter. He entered the tent just as the officer was folding up a letter; the major knew him, and, instantly falling upon his knees, entreated his mercy.

"To whom have you been writing?" asked the king.

"To my wife," replied the young officer. "I received a letter from her to-day. I had not time all day to reply to it—scarcely to read it, without neglecting my duties. The courier leaves the camp for Berlin at ten o'clock. I commenced this reply at my first moment of leisure, but not having quite completed it when the clock struck, I kept the lamp burning a few moments later. We go into action to-night or to-morrow. I may never have the opportunity again."

"Let me see the letter," said Frederick, sternly.

The officer handed it to him, and he read it to the end.

"Tis well," he said, handing it back. "Now write one more line which I shall dictate. Write, 'to-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I shall be a dead man!'"

The sentence was written with a trembling hand, for well the officer knew that the king showed no mercy, listened to no excuses!

"Have you written the line?" asked the king.

"I have, your majesty!"

"Then seal the letter, and go to sleep, if you choose. I will deliver it to the carrier."

"Will not your majesty permit me to explain?"

"Not a word, sir!" thundered the king. You have disobeyed my order. You, an officer, who ought to have set an example. You must die."

Placing the letter in his pocket, he walked out of the tent. At four o'clock on the following morning the sharp rattle of a volley of musketry awakened many of the officers and soldiers, who were still sleeping soundly, in ignorance of the tragedy that was enacting in their midst, for the anticipated nocturnal announcement had not been made, and the camp was not disturbed from slumber.

They started to their feet and rushed out into the fresh morning air to ascertain the cause of the sudden report of fire-arms, some of them believing that the enemy had recently stolen a march against them. Alas! They were transfixed with astonishment and dismay when they were informed that a military execution had taken place, and that Major Richter, one of the bravest, the most respected and the most beloved officers in the army, was a dead man.

When Madame Richter heard the full particulars of the savage murder which had been committed by the orders of the king, the victim of his monstrous brutality, one of the most gallant and devoted of his officers, she shed no tears, but pressing her hands upon her bosom, as if she feared her heart would break, she sat silent, not opening her lips for weeks, caring nothing for her infant, who, until now, had been almost an object of idolatry, and refused all nourishment until her attendants were obliged to force food upon her.

When again she spoke her wits had flown. She was insane—the physicians feared hopelessly insane. Happily for the poor infant, deprived of the nourishment it had subsisted upon—for the fond mother had insisted upon nursing it herself—it died.

The widowed mother made no inquiry after the babe nor her husband. She seemed to have forgotten that either had existed. Hers was a harmless, gentle, melancholy madness. Like Ophelia, she wandered about singing wild ditties which had no sense or meaning, yet which were sometimes suggestive of the dreadful loss she had sustained.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true love show'ers.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come back again.

In this sad condition she remained for several years. Her father and mother, as well as her aunt Zietern, had died during the dismal period, and all their large united wealth had been

left to her—in trust of a guardian—if she recovered her senses; if not, it was to be expended in founding an hospital and lunatic asylum.

She did awaken to her senses, and to the recollection of her woes, and she herself employed a large portion of her wealth of erecting an hospital and an asylum for lunatics, which she liberally endowed and named the Zietern Hospital, in memory of her parents and her aunt.

She sat for her portrait after her recovery, and ordered it, together with a portrait painted shortly before her marriage, to be hung in the large hall of the building, and caused a splendid monument to be erected in the hospital yard to the memory of her much-loved, murdered husband. On the pedestal of this monument was inscribed:

IN MEMORIAM.

PAUL RICHTER, major in the guards of King Frederick the Second of Prussia, was cruelly shot by order of his sovereign, August 11, 1758.

Beneath the above inscription was inscribed the fatal letter, the whole supported by the arms of the joint families of Richter and Zietern and by a scroll.

This is the history of the Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Colberg, in Prussia.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN—GOLDSMITH AND HIS PEACH-BLOSSOM COAT.

Poor Oliver was the vainest of men as he was the most inconsequential and the kindest hearted. Boswell—who detested him because Dr. Johnson praised him, and allowed no one else to abuse him but himself—relates that once upon a time Nolly, having obtained a few guineas from Griffith or some other of his tyrant masters, launched out into extreme splendor, and appeared soon after at the club in a peach-blossom coat.

"Sir," said he to Dr. Johnson who was eyeing him as a philosopher would do a dancing dog, "my tailor thought so much of this coat, that when he brought it home he requested me to tell everybody who praised it, that it was from Mr. Filby, of the Harrow, in Water-lane."

"Sir," said the crushing doctor, lifting slightly his eyebrows and twitching worse than ever, "that was because he knew the coat was so ridiculous that people would stop and stare at it, and ask you who made it; by which he would get known."

I have imagined the vain poet, on a pleasant breezy spring morning, looking out of the window of his chambers in the Temple, hearing the rooks noisy up in the budding trees, and feeling a sense of spring in the kindling air. Cheering voices of young Templars, smoking at other open windows, rise around him. Pleasant recollections of Irish Pallas float about his brain as motes do in the sunshine. A half-chilled bee is cringing round some violets he has in the window-sill. Suddenly a knock comes at the door; it is Filby's apprentice, he brings a parcel. Rapture! it is the peach-blossom coat! an "excellent good concealed thing—a choice garment—a most rare tunic for poetical humanity;" is it a wonder that in sudden rapture—lo! he dances and he sings:

Prentice boy up Temple stairs,
Mounts with pert apprentice airs;
Not a thought to vex his brain.
He leaves a parcel at the door
Of Mr. Goldsmith, second floor,
"From Mr. Filby, Water-lane."

Oliver, with eager eyes,
Tugging at the string, unties
Parcel fastened with such pain;
Sees the vest of azure blue,
Breeches of canary hue,
From Filby's shop in Water-lane.

Coat peach-blossom, silver-laced,
Fit for squire, all scarlet faced,
With gilt coach and mounted train;
Never meant for needy soul
Dreading dun and harsh catchpoll;
Oh Noll! avoid that Water-lane.

Off comes ragged dressing-gown,
Old and ragged, stained and brown,
Dearly bought with sweat of brain.
Transformation scene! he springs
Fairy, but for lack of wings;
"Wondrous man of Water-lane!"

As when painted clown rolls in,
Such the gambols and the jin
Of this great but giddy brain;
Opposite the glass he dances,
Bowing, in fantastic prances,
To Mr. Filby, Water-lane.

Kicks his old coat down the stairs,
Puts on strange fantastic airs,
What good new- has turned his brain?
In his coat of peachy bloom
He parades the dingy room,
Crying, "Luck to Water-lane."

Then rings peals upon the bell
For the laundress, bent to tell
To that beldam, old and plain,
All the wonders of that dress,
In its bloom of loveliness,
From Mr. Filby, Water-lane.

He will launch into the Strand,
Bowing gay on either hand;
Friends behind him quite a train.
The peach-blossom will be seen
With its costly gloss and sheen,
Recommending Water-lane.

Suddenly, thro' opening door
Of that humble second floor,
Looks a wise face, racked with pain;
The Doctor, with his peering eyes,
Stares, with kind but keen surprise,
At Filby's work of Water-lane.

"Sir, this conduct is absurd,
No stage-clown—upon my word—
It is fit you were not seen.
Vanity we all have, truly,
Yet not show it so unduly—
Nonsense about Water-lane!"

WALTER THORNBURY.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ'S WATCH.

THE circumstances of the arrest of Major André, the British spy, within the American lines are familiar with every intelligent reader. A little before sunset on the evening of the 22d of September, 1780, accompanied by a negro servant, he crossed the Hudson River at King's Ferry. He passed the night with a farmer living about eight miles from Verplank's Point. The next day, while a band of volunteers were out near Tarrytown to intercept any cattle that might be driven toward New York, three men of the party, Paulding, Van Wart and Williams, were lying on the side of the road a half mile above Tarrytown. Several persons whom they knew were allowed to pass, when one of the party said, "There comes a gentleman-like looking man who appears to be well dressed and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him." Whereupon Paulding presented his firelock to the person, told him to stand, and asked him which way he was going. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hope you belong to our party." Paulding asked him "what party?" He replied, "the lower party." Paulding, who had but three days before escaped from the prison in the old Sugar House, New York, replied that he belonged to the lower party too. Then said the gentleman, "I am a British officer out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute." And to show that he was a British officer he pulled out his watch. [Extracts from the minutes of the Judge Advocate taken on the trial of Major André.]

It seems that the possession of a watch was an absolute indication of an officer, and pulling it out and displaying was a sign of rank.

The picture of the watch we give is represented, on what seems good authority, to be the one that belonged to André. It is in the possession of a gentleman named Chase, living in Horicon, Wisconsin, who claims to have received it direct through persons from Van Wart, one of André's captors, and there were men, it is said, quite recently living who saw it in Van Wart's possession. How true this may be needs confirmation, but the watch itself bears unmistakable evidence of what appears to be genuineness.

Our engraving, which is of the exact size of the watch, shows its style better than any letter-press description could. It is a duplex movement; the cases are of the best gold. The face of the watch is white enamel, with a belt of gold around it, figured, as will be perceived, thus: 12 o o 8 o o 6 o o 9 o o; the stars are of fine gold. The hands are of steel. On opening the watch you discover on the inside case, or shield to the works, the following: "Winds to the right." "From the hands." "JOHN ANDRÉ, 1774." The watch is yet an excellent timekeeper, and is highly appreciated, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but also from the fact that it is so intimately connected with the most stirring scenes of the Revolution. This watch, if genuine, should be in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

BULL'S BLOOD AS POISON.

THE question, as to whether bull's blood possesses such qualities as, taken under certain conditions and in sufficient quantities, would produce death, arises from the assertion that certain individuals have died from its imbibition; if, therefore, it can be shown that the alleged cases rest upon very slender authority, while modern experience shows that such a draught is harmless, little will remain but to account in a plausible manner—as by the too literal interpretation of a figurative expression—for the existence of a popular belief.

Experience has proved that the blood of bulls does not contain any deleterious property. But in the East and some of the Grecian temples, they possessed the secret of composing a beverage which could procure a speedy and an easy death; and which, from its dark red color, had received the name of "bull's blood," a name unfortunately expressed in the literal sense by the Greek historians. Such is my conjecture, and I trust a plausible one.

We shall also, by and by, see how the same blood of Nessus, which was given to a pretended love-philter, was taken in a literal sense by some mythologist who might have been set right by the very accounts of it which they copied. The blood of the Hydra of Lerna, in which Hercules's arrows being dipped rendered the wounds they inflicted mortal, seems to me to signify nothing more than that it was one of those poisons which archers in every age have been accustomed to make use of, in order to render the wounds of their arrows more deadly.

And again, we have a modern instance of the same equivocation. Near Basle is cultivated a wine which has received the name of "Blood of the Swiss;" not only from its deep color, but from the circumstance of its being grown on a field of battle, the scene of Helvetian valor. Who knows but, in a future day, some literal translator may convert those patriots, who every year indulge in ample libations of the "Blood of the Swiss" at their civic feasts, into anthropophagi?

HABIT.—One of Napoleon's generals, I forget which, had an inveterate habit of smoking. He smoked day and night, night and day, in bed and out of bed; eating, drinking, sitting, standing, walking, riding, thinking, sometimes even sleeping, the everlasting pipe was in his mouth. He was reputed a clever man, and so remarkably well informed of the state of the troops under his command, even down to the minutest details, that Napoleon sent for him on some occasion of peculiar emergency, and asked his advice. The great respect which the emperor exacted, however, from all who came near him, of course brought the general into his presence without a pipe, and not a question could he answer. Napoleon grew angry, when somebody suggested the real cause of the general's being at fault, and when he was allowed to smoke his ideas came fast enough.



THE CORONATION OF HUGH CAPEL.—SEE PAGE 210.

THE CORONATION OF HUGH CAPET.

THE engraving which we place before our readers was executed by one of the first artists in France, after a celebrated picture representing one of the most important episodes in European history. We refer to the coronation of Hugh Capet—an event which exactly determines the end of the Roman Empire in France and the beginning of the feudal era, or the Middle Age.

From the history of the Monk Richer, of the Abbey of St. Remi de Reims, we learn that it was claimed for Hugh by his friend the Archbishop Aldabéron, that his right to rule was founded on "perfection of body and wisdom of mind, truth to his word and the generosity of a great soul." This was the great argument in favor of the coming man of the then new era, as opposed to the mere legitimacy of Charles de Lorraine, unsupported by personal ability. It prevailed, and the duke was elected king by unanimous consent. A few days after, the 1st June, 987, he was crowned at Noyon by Adalbéron and his episcopal colleagues, and recognized by the Gauls, the Bretons, the Normans, the Aquitaines, the Goths, the Spanish, the Gascons. "In consequence of this, having the chiefs of different countries about him, he entered on the exercise of royalty, issuing decrees, making laws, regulating all things and distributing appointments with an order of happy omen. Then, to render himself deserving his happiness, when hardly free from this long train of useful cares, he gave himself up to acts of spirited piety."

TOM LANGLEY'S VISITORS.

BY E. P. ROWSELL.

ALTHOUGH the story I have to tell about my old friend Tom Langley contains no surprising incidents, I tell it because I think it may serve as a lesson, or, at all events, enforce the maxim of "Never despair."

Tom's early life was full of blunders, but the most serious one (and I'm afraid, good reader, his was not an uncommon case) was his marriage. Tom, having lost both parents during his infancy, was brought up by an uncle, a very rich old gentleman, but very crotchety, irritable and self-willed, as most old gentlemen who can reckon their means by tens of thousands are generally found to be. Before Tom was five-and-twenty, the old gentleman was perfectly tormented with the notion that Tom would want to marry. When Tom's five-and-twentieth birthday had passed and Tom had not exhibited the slightest interest in the other sex, his venerable guardian became fretful in the last degree on an opposite score, which was lest Tom should refrain from marrying until after his protector's death, and should then unite himself with some one whom that protector would have totally disapproved.

"There are plenty of girls in the villages about" (Mr. Langley was a country solicitor), Tom's uncle peevishly urged, "surely there must be one you could select."

"Well, I'll have a special look at them all," replied Tom, cheerfully, "and select the best, if I can."

"I don't know that's there's one within our acquaintance," said his uncle, musingly, "to whom I should object. Ah! yes, there is one, though—Ellen Caveley wouldn't do for you at all. Certainly not!"

"Why not, uncle?" inquired Tom, with some curiosity.

"Why not!" exclaimed the old gentleman, irascibly, "Why not, sir? Because I say she would not. Bless my soul, sir, do you want any better reason? Do you think, Mr. Thomas, that because I have never been married I know nothing about women? I know a great deal about women, sir. And I say that Ellen Caveley would not make you a good wife. And you shall not have her, sir; there now!"

As Tom did not care a straw about Ellen Caveley he was not disposed to contest his uncle's opinion regarding her. But, alas for human nature! Tom could not forget the strangeness of his relative's uncalled-for ebullition of dislike to the young lady. What circumstance could have given rise to such strong feeling? It was very odd; and Tom, the next time he saw Miss Caveley, could not help regarding her with considerable curiosity. She was a pleasant-looking, good-natured girl; just the girl, in fact, he might have fancied, if he had had the smallest disposition to fancy any one. And, as he gazed at her, Tom conceived a suspicion that she was conscious of his movement, and—was not dissatisfied. Perhaps she was rude in her manners, or was very imperfectly educated perchance. He knew Miss Caveley sufficiently to speak to her, so he addressed her, and by degrees they fell into conversation; and a very long conversation, too; and when they parted there was a tacit understanding where they would meet again; and they did meet again, quickly, and—but why all this tedious detail? They loved, they married; the old uncle stormed, the old uncle died, the County Infirmary took half his money, his undertaker (actually his undertaker, whom he only knew by name), took the other half, and Tom took nothing save his pious wishes—(duly conveyed to Tom after his decease)—that his disobedient nephew might come to the parish—and that the parish might send him away again.

Shortly after the marriage I left England for several years. Tom and his wife had removed from the village where they had at first resided, and had settled in a wild part of the country some distance off. There Tom had commenced farming, and seemed likely to do well.

The letters which reached me from Tom while I was away were but few, and did not contain any marked intelligence, save that he had a terribly increasing family, and that, somehow, the profits of farming did not keep pace with the additional number of small mouths requiring to be filled. The last letter or so which I received before I returned to England seemed to me especially to dwell on this most vexing variance



UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

between want and supply. No sooner, therefore, had I been restored to the old land, than I determined immediately, though at some inconvenience, to run down by the railway and ascertain for myself how matters really stood with my boyhood's companion and trusty friend.

"Run down by railway!"—to use the conventional phrase. The railway train took me, fast enough, to the station nearest to Tom's dwelling; but that was twelve miles away. Twelve miles on horseback (there was no other mode of travelling), and such a horse's back—bone for two and flesh for one!—on a pitch-dark night, the rain pouring in torrents, through by-lanes full of pits in the middle and with ditches on both sides! I, once or twice, thought that I had only escaped the perils of India to perish ingloriously in an English pond. However, I at length entered a village, where I learned at a miserable inn that "Muster Langley's was na but a bit beyond," and that by taking the road to the left of Squire Squabley's, and going on till I came to the old beech tree (I have said, reader, that it was quite dark—in fact, I could not see my hand before me), and then turning down till I came to Molly Brangway's, I could not miss finding the house.

As I moved away, after receiving this lucid direction, my ear caught the name of Langley, repeated by a shabby-genteel personage, who had been talking to the landlord at the moment of my appearance. I half turned back, and the rather equivocal-looking individual alluded to, addressing me very civilly, said:

"If you would pardon a liberty, sir—might I ask you—as you are going to Mr. Langley's—to say to him that a—ahem—a gentleman—will call upon him in the course of the evening, who wishes to place in his hands a very valuable paper—a paper of much consequence to him—and which can only be delivered to Mr. Langley himself. He is an invalid, I'm told, and might not like to see me as a stranger, and if you will kindly give him the message, it will be better than sending it through an inquisitive servant."

I acquiesced immediately, of course; and, while expressing my regret at hearing of my friend's indisposition, undertook to convey the shabby-genteel "gentleman's" message in such terms as should secure him an interview on his arrival.

After innumerable blunders—after having been so far successful as to reach "Molly Brangway's"—after having been unfortunate enough to disturb that venerable lady from an early nap, and, as a consequence, to receive, in the lieu of further directions for my journey, a shower of curses, which for strength and comprehensiveness surpassed all that I had heard in my life before—I spied a light in the distance, which seemed to issue from the upper window of rather a large house. My dead-beat animal made an expiring effort and contrived to get within a few yards of the gate. I had just power enough to alight, and he subsequently managed to crawl into a stable. I verily believe that another yard or two, and both rider and horse would have succumbed through sheer fatigue.

I fancied I saw some one leaving the gate, as, after having dismounted, I advanced and rang the bell. With a feeling of earnest thankfulness for having at length arrived, I gave a lusty pull. I waited for some minutes patiently, and then, receiving no answer, I repeated the summons. After a short further delay, the door opened, and a figure came slowly down the steps; but whether it was that of man or woman I could not discern. All that I could observe was the tardiness of its movements, which, cold, wet and exhausted as I was, irritated me not a little.

"Pray, make haste," I cried.

"I'm coming as quickly as I can," was the gruff reply.

"Confound you!" I exclaimed, losing all patience, as the figure coolly halted a yard or two the other side of the gate.

"Be quick, will you?"

"Are ye in such a hurry?" was the interrogation in response.

"Well, then, there ye have it." And, mercy on me, reader, if there did not come against me, and over me—blinding, stunning and prostrating me—a mass of water such as would have filled a common-sized water-butt.

"Now I hopes ye's satisfied," said the voice, with a strong dash of exultation in it. "When ye wants some more just ye be good enough to give another pull at the bell as like that last as ye can manage it, and I'll be with ye in a twinkling."

As I lay on the ground, I declare I thought my last moment was come. It was some time before I could rise; and when I had struggled on to my legs, I hardly knew what to do. That Tom's servant was mad or drunk I had no doubt; but another pull at the bell would only, in all probability, bring upon me a second hydropathic infliction, my survival of which would be very questionable. However, there was no other course; so again I rang with all my remaining strength, and again the door slowly opened. Blinded as I was, I nevertheless immediately detected the awful water bucket as it again came gliding down the steps.

"You precious idiot!" I yelled, "who do you take me for? I'm Mr. Manley—Mr. Edward Manley. Your master expects me. Undo the gate, you ruffian."

Down went the bucket. "Mercy on me! Oh, my stars! mercy on me!" exclaimed my former assailant. "I beg your honor's pardon. I thought ye was Joe Spriggs, who had come bothering with his little bill, and had been ringing for the last half hour. I humbly beg pardon. Why did ye not say ye was not Joe Spriggs with his little bill?"

"And is that the customary way of treating people who come with little bills in these parts?" I could not refrain from asking.

"That is the way," replied the man, who was evidently a character, with the utmost calmness; "we varies it sometimes with Richard III. and Dick Turpin."

"Eh!" I cried, in amazement.

"With the bull-dogs," explained my companion. "Ah! ye may be thankful I did not set 'em on to ye to-night—taking ye for Joe Spriggs. If I had, not two bones of ye would have been sticking together by this time."

With my teeth chattering a trifle more than before (if, indeed, that were possible), I was assisted into the house by this terribly faithful servant, and in another minute my old friend was before me.

"Good gracious me! What, Ned—my dear friend," exclaimed Tom, in a tone of the deepest commiseration. "How in the world have you got into this plight? But, however, it is stupid asking questions now. The first thing is to put you in better trim. Come along—come along." And, without another word, Tom half led, half carried me into a comfortable bed-room, where a large fire met my delighted gaze.

"I'll be back in one minute," cried Tom, disappearing; and in very little more than that brief period he returned, bearing a huge goblet filled with something, the very look of which brought my blood again into circulation and made me once more conscious of having such a thing as a heart within me.

"Drink it to the very bottom," cried Tom, peremptorily.

And I did drink it. I did not leave a drop. Tom looked at me earnestly, and said quietly—

"Do you remember it? Made it in the old style, eh?"

"I shall never forget it," I replied, recognising some punch of a particular brew, for which Tom had been famous in days of yore. "In my present condition it's like drinking so much life. I'll be with you at dinner in a few minutes."

In the shortest possible time I changed my attire, and was ready to descend to the drawing-room. I had proceeded a few steps towards the stairs, when, to my surprise, there suddenly stood before me a little flaxen-haired girl about four years old, who, with a look of the deepest mystery, and with her tiny forefinger pressed strongly against her lips, fairly withstood me, and prevented my further progress.

"Why, little lady," I said, in wonder, "what is it?"

"Go very softly," she whispered, still holding me. "Go like a mouse."

"Why—what for?" I inquired, sinking my voice.

With a shudder, the little creature pointed to the door of a bedroom close by. "He's in there," she said, in a fainter whisper than before. "Papa's locked him in. O! don't make a noise—pray don't—or he'll be trying to come out."

"Is it a wild beast?" I asked, not without some alarm.

"No, no; it's worse; it's the man," replied the little maiden, trembling.

"It's worse?—it's the man?" I repeated, in bewilderment, thinking that the little fairy must be crazed.

"Herbert says he'll kill him," she resumed; "and John

says so, too; and I'll help," she added, twisting her doll-like features into an expression of ferocity, irresistibly comic.

"How did he come there?" Who put him there?" I asked.

"Naughty Mr. Baggs, the butcher," she answered. "Now you can go; but oh! don't make a noise! Oh, if he should try to come out!"

I could not be deaf to the appeal, nor could I stay for any longer conversation; so, creeping down stairs in fashion as though I were within earshot of that terrible potentate of yore unto whose nostrils the smell of an Englishman's blood was peculiarly grateful, I arrived close upon a room, evidently the drawing-room, from which Tom issued hastily.

"I've just heard about the most unfortunate occurrence at the gate," he said, in a low tone. "Oblige me by not saying anything about it in the presence of Ellen."

I pressed his hand in reply, and we entered the room. There we found Mrs. Langley, and quite a heap of children, some younger, some older than my mysterious little friend from whom I had just parted.

Whatever reason Tom's uncle might have had for objecting to Ellen Caveley as a wife for Tom, certain it is that a better wife in every respect, as I subsequently discovered, Tom could not have had. I was most warmly greeted; the troubles of my journey kindly deplored; and in a few minutes I was placed in a beautifully easy-chair at a dinner table supplied to my most complete satisfaction. I should have been happier than I had been for years; I had all the disposition to be thoroughly buoyant; but I now began to observe that Tom looked very pale and worn; that Mrs. Langley had much the same appearance; and that neither of them seemed by any means calm and comfortable. Then Tom was so thoughtful and moody, making all sorts of blunders, passing me the vinegar cruet instead of the wine decanter; putting mustard into the oyster sauce; deluging the tart with pepper, and such like monstrosities. I was glad when the dinner was over, and the children were admitted. In they came—eight in number—and took their seats, the little flaxen-haired lady perching herself beside me. The spirits of my entertainers revived. The wine circulated, the children chattered, we were quite merry. I thought this would be a good time to get an explanation of the tiny lady's mystery.

"Well, Alice," I said, "he hasn't come out yet, has he?"

The child did not answer.

"Alice and I have got a secret," said I, looking smilingly at Tom and his wife.

"You little sly thing, to try and frighten me in that way," I resumed. "You were laughing at me. You know there was no one."

"There was some one—and there is some one," exclaimed the child petulantly. "And he's put in there by naughty Mr. Baggs, the butcher; and John and Herbert are going to kill him, and I'm going to help," she cried, bursting into a passion of tears.

Alas! idiot that I was that the grim possibility had not before struck me. The child was not the only one who gave vent to grief. To my horror, Mrs. Langley went into hysterics; Tom rose from his chair, looking as though his senses were leaving him; and the eight children joined in a howling chorus perfectly terrific. Tom took my arm, and, noticing my intensely distressed look, said hurriedly:

"Never mind, never mind—better so—better have it all out; we shall be to rights again presently; keep your seat, there's a dear friend, and take no notice."

Rather a difficult request to comply with. Nevertheless, I did remain quiet, and Mrs. Langley and the children were removed, and Tom had returned and re-seated himself within a few minutes.

"The fact is," said Tom, taking my hand, "your visit, welcome, truly welcome as it is, is to a dull house. I am a ruined man, and the person the child alluded to is in possession of my furniture."

I was greatly shocked at the communication. "Why, you never gave me a hint of this in your letters," I said.

"It would have been selfish to worry you with the full extent of my troubles. And then, too, I have been always hoping to get out of them. But the fact is, Ned, that a wife and eight children are—what shall I say?—things which can't be overlooked."

I admitted the truth of this.

"Ellen, you know, had some money," resumed Tom, "and I consider we laid it out well in the farm; and I must do myself the justice to say, I've been a very slave, and so has Ellen. We've struggled, and screwed and contrived, and hoped, and expected and believed, and I think that after awhile we should have got on and been prosperous; but, ah! while we have been fighting our way upwards, we have been regularly knocked down by—our eight children."

"Not that I'd get rid of one, if I could," continued Tom, in a half remorseful tone, as though he had been speaking unkindly of his progeny. "Ellen and I should both break our hearts at the loss even of little Joe, and he can eat half a pound of steak and half a quarter loaf a day, and is quite a monomaniac in his fondness for tearing his clothes."

I inquired of Tom whether he had sought any assistance at the hands of his friends.

"Well," he replied, "as regards relatives, you know I have none. As regards friends, the only one with any means is old Tightley, who still lives where we came from. Now it so happens, that only the day before yesterday old Tightley, of whom I had neither heard nor seen anything for a long time, wrote me a letter, which I'll read to you, because it just forms the one little bit of sunshine in my position. Without the hope which it has excited, I should be very doleful, indeed:

DEAR TOM LANGLEY—Hope you're well, and the good lady, and the little ones, all of them. So delighted to hear you are prospering. ("I don't know who can have told him that," remarked Tom). Wish you well, most sincerely. If you want anything, you know, at any time, why, if old Tightley has it, it is yours. So no more at present from yours sincerely,

MARK TIGHTLEY.

"The rough old farmer, as ever," continued Tom, "but a real good fellow. So, on receipt of this, I wrote and told him how I was situated—how he had been misinformed—and frankly asked him to make me an immediate loan. If he's decided to do it, I shouldn't wonder if it's on its way here now, in bank notes, by hand. It would be just like him—quick in thought—speedy and safe in execution—that's Mark Tightley all over."

I seized Tom's hand, with delight. "Then I think I can give you some good tidings," I exclaimed. "It's all right, and the messenger's on the way. I've seen him, and he's got a valuable parcel which he'll deliver into no hands save your own. Bravo! That's capital!" And I narrated my conversation with the person at the inn.

"No doubt, no doubt!" cried Tom. "He's Tightley's servant, depend upon it. He's brought the money. Fine old fellow! We'll soon be to rights again. Ellen will be so happy—and that miserable being up-stairs—Holloa!—there's the bell—that's the man, I daresay—Listen!"

We remained quiet. The room door was slightly open, and as I sat I could see the servant pass to open the street-door. Presently he came. I sprang up.

"Mercy on us, Tom!" I cried, "that fellow of yours is going to souse Tightley's messenger just as he did me. He's gone along with that terrible bucket, as I'm alive!"

Out rushed Tom, and a furious altercation ensued, in which the words—"old fool—auction for assault—Joe Spriggs—merely a trick"—were alone distinguishable, but which ended in the bucket being left in the hall.

Presently, in compliance with the instructions which Tom had given, the visitor was admitted, and proved to be the individual I had seen. He came in with a low bow.

"You wish to see me, Mr. —, I did not catch the name," said Tom.

"Scraggs."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Scraggs."

"I have the honor, I think," said Mr. Scraggs, again bowing profoundly, "of addressing Mr. Thomas Langley?"

"Such honor as it is," replied Tom jocularly, and beaming with good humor.

"Perhaps—excuse me—I might speak to you in private for a minute?"

"Oh dear! not the slightest occasion," answered Tom; "you've something good to give me, we know. My friend has

told me you were coming to do me a kindness, so no need of secrecy. If there is any way in which I can serve you I shall be glad," said Tom, in the fulness of his recovered spirits.

"No, I am extremely obliged, most sincerely thankful," replied Mr. Scraggs, smiling; "it is so gratifying to be received in such a manner—so different to what I am accustomed to."

"Eh! Why should you be treated differently?" asked Tom, in some surprise.

"Well, you see, sir, they don't all like being served as you do," answered Mr. Scraggs, with deep humility.

"Not like being served?" exclaimed Tom indignantly.

"No, sir; not with—a copy of a writ," said the cunning rascal, thrusting that formidable document into Tom's hand, and immediately making off.

Poor Tom fell back as though stunned. I rushed after the vagabond with the poker, but vengeance had already overtaken him. Tom's trusty servant, who knew the straits his master was in, and that he had not been out of doors for days, for fear of consequences, had been quite unconvinced as to the wisdom of admitting the stranger, and had consequently listened outside the parlor-door to the conversation just recorded. Of the result, I need merely mention that nearly the whole of both the outer and under garments of Mr. Scraggs were exhibited in long strips, in the course of the evening, to Tom's admiring servants—the only clue to the painfully-suggestive show being furnished by a most fearful howling of Richard III. and Dick Turpin for at least half an hour after Mr. Scraggs's departure.

It was a terrible disappointment, and I, through my wrong impression, having precipitated the actual mischief, felt keenly chagrined. I believe my annoyance caused Tom to put a better face on the affair than he otherwise would have been enabled to do.

"Never mind, Ned, don't worry yourself. You know old Tightley may still send, and—I declare there's another ring at the bell."

This time no stranger required admittance. The servant brought in a letter, which, he stated, a neighbor had seen lying at the village post-office for Tom and had conveyed it to him.

"It's his handwriting," said Tom, breaking the seal. "Now to learn the last chance."

He read the letter, and then quietly handed it to me without saying a word. It was as follows:

"DEAR SIR—Very much surprised at the contents of yours to hand. Understood you were doing well. Certainly don't know why you should ask me for assistance. Don't approve of people getting into trouble. Don't like to hear about it. Don't want to be worried. With best wishes, yours truly,

"MARK TIGHTLEY."

"Then, there's an end of matters," said Tom, with the composure of despair. "It's the last night of the year and the last night of my peace of mind."

"My dear fellow," I said, "whatever you do, don't fall into despondency. Now, it seems to me, as it's getting quite late, the best thing to do, will be for us all to go to bed; and in the morning—the first day of, let us hope, a happy New Year!—you and I will sit down and have a quiet chat over matters, and see what can be done."

Tom acquiesced. We shook hands in very woful fashion and parted for the night. I am afraid our rest was not very sound. For myself, I know that I was glad when it was daylight. I wanted to clearly ascertain my old friend's real position, and learn whether it lay at all within my limited power to help him.

As I was descending to breakfast, I heard Tom's voice, saying to the servant, "Not another soul will I see. Don't admit him, on any account;" and, on looking out, I saw, outside the gate, apparently clamoring for admittance, a little old man with a blue bag.

"What do you want?" shouted Tom's man from the top of the steps, not offering to go down, though the visitor had been dragging at the bell with all his might.

"Are you all deaf?" screamed the visitor, "I want Mr. Thomas Langley."

"Master's most pertickerlery engaged the whole day with business of most hawful importance," was the reply.

"It isn't true," cried the visitor. "I saw his head above the window-blind just now. He's doing nothing; and, let it be as it may, he must and shall see me, at any rate."

"That's yer opinion, is it?" inquired Tom's servant. "Maybe, then, ye'll break open the gate, for I'm not going to unlock it."

"Break it open? Certainly; of course I will, you scoundrel." And the angry gentleman pulled and tugged with all his might.

"The intolerable villain!" cried Tom, who, with the whole party, was now listening to the noise. "Break open the gate, indeed! I'll soon show him." And, amidst the screams of his wife and eight children, he fetched from a secret nook a tremendous blunderbuss, and, opening the window, presented it full at the intruder. My entreaties to be calm were quite disregarded. Poor Tom was growing reckless.

"What are you going at?" roared the diminutive visitor, dodging about in mortal terror.

"I'm going to shoot you in half a minute," cried Tom, "unless you take yourself off."

"Why, what a fool you are!" said the little man, furiously. "Do you know who I am? My name is Braggs; I'm a lawyer."

"Just so," replied Tom, taking aim; "and all lawyers trespassing on these premises are immediately shot."

"Why, you blockhead!" exclaimed Mr. Braggs, "I've come ever so far expressly to serve you."

"No doubt," replied Tom; "and you may now expressly go back again."

"It's something greatly to your advantage," shouted Mr. Braggs, still performing a kind of circular dance, to prevent Tom taking aim.

"Is it?" said Tom. "Well, new, I'll be liberal. You may keep it yourself."

"The man's certainly lost his senses," cried Mr. Braggs.

"If you don't go directly you'll lose your head," shouted Tom, deliberately preparing to fire.

"Mercy on him!—hold him back!" yelled the little man to us, whom he saw standing near to Tom. "Now, just listen for a moment, you lunatic."

Off went the blunderbuss. A cry of real horror arose from all of us. Mrs. Langley fainted; the children screamed; the servants rushed into the room; and Richard III. and Dick Turpin joined the party, howling their utmost. In Tom's state of mind, I thought he might actually have aimed at his unfortunate visitor, and not simply "made believe," and I sprang out into the road to learn the truth. My fears were soon ended. As I opened the gate, the undaunted little man ran past me; and before I could get back into the house he was in the parlor.

Yes, he was in the parlor; but he was lying, in great discomfort, on the ground, Tom's knee on his chest and Tom's hands at his throat.

"I'll be hanged if I don't throttle you," said Tom, doing his best to accomplish the object.

"You'll be hanged if you do," gasped the little man.

"What business have you here?" cried Tom. "I've a good mind to pitch you out of window."

"Business!" replied Mr. Braggs, in a hoarse whisper, for he was getting faint through the pressure. "I've come here to do your business of course, you madman."

"I dare say you have," said Tom; "but you won't do it. I've had two of them; I won't have a third come what may."

"A third what, you crazy creature!" said Mr. Braggs, almost at the last gasp.

"A third beastly writ," answered Tom.

"Bless the fellow's heart! I've no writ, I swear. Do let me get up, now—just for a minute."

Tom complied.

"It's to do you good, not to injure you, that I have come here, and put myself in the way of being half-murdered," faintly croaked Mr. Braggs. "I've no writ, bless your soul. You remember Jim Cowles, the undertaker, to whom an uncle of yours left a lot of money."

"Of course I do," replied Tom, beginning to wonder what was coming.

We all listened attentively.

"Well—he's dead—and—what do you think he's done?"

We could not surmise, of course.

"Why, he's left, not only all the money your uncle left him, but a lot which he has made besides, to—who do you think? It is so odd! A regular lunatic." And the little lawyer looked sily at Mrs. Langley.

"What on earth do you mean," cried Tom, the blood mounting to his temples.

"Why, I mean," said the small lawyer, taking Tom's hand (the hand which had just now been turned against him in such startling fashion) so kindly—I quite loved Mr. Braggs from that moment—"that though Jim Cowles could not refrain from taking the money at the time, yet he always felt as though he had no right to it, and therefore he saved and increased it, and now, by his will, he has left it to you, with the addition of one third more—in all, twenty-two thousand pounds!"

And this was the information which Mr. Braggs had himself brought, that he might have the pleasure of communicating it in person. And we had nearly murdered him.

We crowded round him; we begged his pardon; I think we should have gone on our knees to him, if he had permitted it. My impression is, that, utterly carried away for the moment, Ellen Langley kissed him, and Tom has a recollection of something of the sort, too. But the fact is, all our eyes were so dim for a little while, that we may have fancied sights and sounds which never occurred, and, as Mrs. Langley will not own to the above, why—best say no more about it. But this I know—and this is certain—that there was soon within the walls of that old house such an uproar of joy, that the sound might have been heard at a long, long distance, and that Richard III. and Dick Turpin howled in sympathy, to that extent that the villagers near, coupling the din with the firing of the blunderbuss, set the story afloat that "Muster Langley had gone mad, and was a-shootin' everybody he could come a-nigh." No matter, however, what the villagers thought or said, we, who knew the truth, were vastly happy and merry. The new year had, indeed, changed the face of things to all that family; the cloud had passed away with the 31st December; with the 1st January had come sunshine and delight!

THE CASTLE OF LOWENTHAL.

BY LOUIS LORIO.

THE manor-house of the former Count of Lowenthal, between the ancient cities of Ghent and Mechlin, is now become a soap manufactory; and few of those who walk through its once splendid rooms, which the modern spirit of industry has robbed of their legendary halo, would dream they had been the scene of a sad and mysterious drama in real life—towards the close of the seventeenth century.

At that period, the young couple who inhabited this magnificent chateau had converted it into a sort of family prison, where they concealed their domestic griefs from the prying eyes of curiosity. It is true that many neighbors and would-be friends daily endeavored to gain admittance beyond the precincts of the outer gates; but it was in vain they knocked at the door of the inhospitable mansion—no one was ever suffered to set their foot in the count's study nor to intrude upon the countess's sitting-room.

The only retainers belonging to the chateau, and who performed the household service without any foreign aid, were an old servant named Philip, his master's factotum, and the incorruptible warder of the mansion, and a young woman called Nanette, the equally faithful housemaid and confidante of her mistress.

Occasionally, when the trusty old servant went to Mechlin, the gossips of the place would say to him, "Prithee, Master Philip, is your noble master quite lost to the world? Is he buried alive?"

"Thank God! he is not buried at all," replied Philip, "but he is always rather ailing."

"And pray what is his ailment, Master Philip?" would another say—"is it the gout or is it pride?"

"Oh! it's no regular illness," replied the faithful adherent;

"but, you see, the count was always fond of study, and formerly he spent whole days poring over books treating of heraldry and of alchemy—his favorite sciences. So he is grown gloomy from wanting to become so very learned—and he is now ill from being too clever."

"How strange, Master Philip!" would some wit amongst the gossips then retort. "Why, before his marriage, the count was none so clever; he could hardly spell through the prayer-book, let alone that, if anybody bowed to him on meeting him in the country, his lordship would start off like a frightened hare; or if a friend accosted him in the streets he would gesticulate like the sails of a windmill, till all the passers-by would laugh in his face."

"No wonder," rejoined Philip; "the count was busy thinking of heraldry and chemistry, and didn't attend to anything else."

Nanette was assailed with questions in like manner whenever she took a walk in the neighborhood.

"Why is your mistress so dull?" said the gossips.

"Because she has frequented so many dull people, I suppose," replied Nanette.

"Why does she live alone in the country?"

"Because she can't endure the town."

"But why does not she visit with the quality, like other ladies of title?"

"Because she won't be reproached with not being herself of gentle blood," was the spirited reply.

Then again they would ask how it was that one so young, and so fair, was always dressed in black?

"My lady chooses to wear mourning, as long as may be, for the Dowager Countess of Lowenthal, her former patroness," replied Nanette.

"And does old Master Blondel frequent the manor-house?" inquired the more curious still.

"Yes, he is the only one of all our neighbors who has the privilege of entering the chateau at all hours—of eating and drinking under our roof, and leaving it when he pleases."

The old man thus alluded to was a former scrivener of Mechlin. He was sixty years of age, and was universally known as an upright man, who possessed a small competency. There was only one person and one thing left in the wide world that the honest scrivener cared about—viz., the Countess of Lowenthal and the book of common law of Flanders.

Yet Master Blondel had to complain, or at least thought he had to complain, of his dear Teresa, the pretty countess, whose friend and guardian and godfather he once had been. Not but what as often as Blondel knocked at the castle door, it flew open to admit him; nay, he might walk all over the grounds, or through the rooms of the manor-house; but that which he longed for, as the greatest happiness in the world, and which he daily prayed to heaven to grant him before he died—namely, a single look and a kind word from the countess—was constantly withheld from him. The countess remained as invisible to Blondel as she was to importunate visitors of her neighborhood.

The poor scrivener endeavored to solace himself for the unaccountable absence of his ward, by holding converse with her picture. He would stealthily carry the bottle of choice wine, and the silver goblet, that were always offered him, into a little ante-room, where the countess's picture was painted on a panel—and then he would soliloquize as he sipped his wine:

"Yes; the wine is excellent in the chateau of Lowenthal! But why does the generous hand that offers it remain concealed from my sight? Why is she invisible to me as she is to indifferent persons? If the count chooses to shut himself up in his study from morning to night, and to disdain my poor company—so let him! He is high-born, and I am humbly born, and I'd gladly leave him to his pride; but you, countess!—I am really hurt by your coldness and your ingratitude!"

And Master Blondel sighed as he slowly drained the goblet.

And then, as he again fixed his eyes on the countess's picture, his mental vision reviewed the past, and he went on with his monologue thus: "Your father, Johan Quimper, an honest scrivener like myself, left behind him nothing but law papers and debts; I was his pretty daughter's godfather, and I took her home and kept her in my house—which was all the profit I ever reaped from poor Johan's inheritance."

Then, as Blondel went on drinking, his eyes would overflow at all the recollections he had evoked while addressing a dumb picture. "Do you remember, Teresa," would he say, "how, some years later, my client, the old Countess of Lowenthal, did me the honor to take an interest in the fate of my adopted child and god-daughter, and took you into her house and made a companion of you? And then, one day, to my great surprise and to the scandal of all Mechlin, she consented to a marriage between Teresa Quimper and her only son, the young Count of Lowenthal! And now, one would think she was ready to reproach me with her good luck and the high honors she has attained to! She runs away from me, she refuses to see me; and she, who was once all simplicity and goodness, has now become proud and haughty. Yet I love you still, Teresa—and I drink to your pride, noble countess."

Blondel would then wipe away his tears, while he added: "How sad it is to think that of all those whom I loved there is no one left to care for me. Some are dead, like my poor wife and children, and others have forgotten me, like you, Teresa, and that ungrateful young scapegrace, the Chevalier Van Guelder. But perhaps he'll return some day from foreign parts, and then I may forgive him. But who knows whether he will forgive you for marrying—for I often thought he loved you. Well, well, I often resolve never to set foot in the chateau again; yet, somehow, my old legs will carry me back to this confounded place. Ah! you pretty, smiling image of Teresa, mind you don't go and tell her ladyship how I have been telling you my troubles!"

And many a time did old Blondel place his volume of common law on a chair, and stand upon it to reach the panel, and kiss his ungrateful god-daughter.

One evening Master Blondel was sauntering through the park of Lowenthal—but he was no longer alone, and by his side walked a handsome young man, who had just returned from the East, and, on reaching Mechlin, had hastened to see those two best things in the world—an old friend and a young sweetheart. The old friend was Blondel, and as to the sweetheart, you do not yet know her, gentle reader.

"Yes, here I am at last in dear old Flanders," said Frederick Van Guelder, "and, please God, I shall not leave it again in a hurry. And, this very evening, I wish to pay my respects to the Countess of Lowenthal."

"Which one?" asked Blondel.

"Why the Dowager Countess of Lowenthal, to be sure," answered his companion.

"She is dead," replied the ancient scrivener.

"Indeed? And does Teresa Quimper still inhabit the chateau, or is she in Mechlin? Tell me, oh, tell me, dear Master Blondel! You cannot imagine what were my feelings just now on beholding this old place, where Teresa and I have so often wandered lovingly together."

"Did you love one another as lovers?" asked Master Blondel.

"Yes, madly," answered Van Guelder.

"Aye, like two children, I daresay," said the scrivener; "but time cures people of these juvenile fancies—reason steps in, and then farewell to all such childish dreams."

"Not so, Master Blondel," replied the young man; "we exchanged vows before we parted, and Teresa gave me a carrier pigeon, which I was to despatch to her from the seaport whence I sailed for the East, bearing a letter to inform her I had reached thus far in safety, and to bid her once more adieu before I left Europe. Did the bird never return?"

"It may have been killed on the way, chevalier," observed the scrivener.

"And in that letter," resumed the lover, "I told her how I had met with a friend and patron at Marseilles; and how all my bright hopes of making a fortune in the East seemed likely to become realized; and that, in a few years, I should lay treasures at her feet and claim her as my bride. And, behold! here I am; having achieved a fortune beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"Alas! my good Frederick, you were most a dreamer when you expected that a youthful friend was never to change her mind," said Blondel, mournfully. "The best thing for you, now, would be to return to the East."

"What do you mean?" cried Van Guelder, turning pale. "Where is Teresa? Is she no longer at the chateau?"

"No, Teresa is no longer at Lowenthal," said the scrivener. "There are none but strangers and ungrateful hearts within its walls!"

"Teresa is dead!" cried the chevalier, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

"Well, yes, as good as dead to you. She is married!"

"Married!" echoed the chevalier.

"With the young Count of Lowenthal," continued Blondel. "But come, be a man, Frederick. I, too, loved Teresa; but she slights my friendship as she betrayed your love. I delighted in calling her my daughter, and she is ashamed to own me for a father. She has sacrificed us both to pride and ambition. So let us try to hate her, Frederick, and to despise her, too—for contempt cures the most violent of all passions."

"No, no, Blondel, I must see Teresa."

"You will not see her, chevalier, for the countess does not choose to see those whose hearts are most grieved by her coldness. You may knock at the castle door, and the door will, perhaps, be opened to you; and the old man-servant and the young maid-servant will be very civil to you; and you will be allowed to sit down and eat and drink as much as you please; but expect nothing further, Frederick! The countess will neither see you nor hear you; for even I, the devoted friend of poor Johan Quimper—her guardian and godfather—"

A slight rustling among the leaves interrupted Master Blondel. There was a moment's silence, and then, by the light of the stars, the two friends could perceive beneath the natural arch formed by a thicket a female form, resembling the statue of a Madonna in a verdant niche.

"'Tis Teresa!" cried the old scrivener, in a trembling voice. "Kneel down before her, Frederick!"

It was, indeed, Teresa, whom the darkness had hitherto concealed from the two friends; but so weak and overcome was she, that she half fell upon the mossy bank as she said to her former kind protector, "So you recognised me, my dear godfather, though the Countess of Lowenthal so little resembles your rosy-cheeked ward? Alas! she was young, and I am old before my time. She was fresh and blooming, and I am pale and withered. She was always laughing, while I am always weeping. She was happy, and I am miserable. Oh! Blondel, you are kinder than any Venetian glass—you do not let me perceive how much I am altered!"

Poor Blondel wept like a true friend, while the chevalier reproached her like a true lover.

The countess now raised her head proudly, and, folding her arms over her breast and looking like a saint calumniated by love, merely murmured, "Master Blondel, and you, chevalier, if you still love me, follow me."

The scrivener and the chevalier followed the countess into the chateau and entered a large, dismal-looking room, lighted up by a single lamp, that seemed to impart a sepulchral solemnity to the scene. Teresa closed the door and listened for a moment to a distant noise she fancied she heard, and then said to Blondel, pointing to a small door half-concealed by a flap of tapestry, "He is there."

"Who, madam?"

"My husband."

They then sat down before the vast fireplace, when Frederick began to stir the fire in order to avoid looking at his faithless mistress, while Blondel was absorbed in the contemplation of Teresa, as if intent on making up for being so long deprived of seeing her.

"This is a dreadful day for me!" said Teresa. "I might have the strength and fortitude to suffer in silence, but they fail me when I have to speak and to look back on the past. Now listen to me, Frederick. You know whom yon picture represents?"

"Yes—the Dowager Countess of Lowenthal."

"My former benefactress," added Teresa, "who not only made a friend of me, but showed me all the affection of a mother. She, so proud with even her equals, was all kindness and endearing familiarity with me, until I almost really fancied I was her own beloved daughter!"

"The Countess of Lowenthal was not happy, in spite of her immense wealth and noble name, for her unbending character had alienated the affection of her family; while her son, whom she doted on, and who was her only hope and joy in this world,

was destined by Providence to humble her pride, by punishing her in the person of her child. Weak in body, and weaker still in mind, the young Count was a prey to the deepest melancholy; and on consulting the most celebrated physicians of the land, the poor mother learned, to her horror, that in less than six months the young Count of Lowenthal would be a maniac.

"It was an awful dispensation and a dreadful fate for a young man of twenty. His fortune, and the custody of the lunatic, would fall into the hands of the greedy collateral relations who had always hated the old countess; and the poor lady shuddered when she gazed into the future and thought that after her death her idolized son would be ill-treated, ill-fed and buried alive in a maniac's cell in some hospital. There was only one means of rescuing him from this horrible fate. As yet, no one knew of the malady that afflicted him, and if it were possible to find a woman who would dare to go through the mockery of pledging her vows to him at the altar and devoted enough to marry a maniac for the sake of protecting him, she might shield him as a guardian angel from the rapacious cruelty of his legal heirs.

"The Countess of Lowenthal knelt to me, Frederick—her looks implored my pity, and I wept and flung myself into her arms, stifling the still small voice that whispered your name. I raised her, saying, 'I will be your daughter!' On the morrow a priest attended us at midnight in the chapel of the chateau, and the count repeated mechanically the words his mother whispered in his ear, and I became the Countess of Lowenthal.

"What I have suffered during the last three years, God alone knows! The fright, the anguish—daily—hourly—is unspeakable. Often in the long winter evenings, when poor old Philip drops asleep, the count rises stealthily from his chair and points with a vacant smile to his sleeping keeper, and then takes hold of my hand and looks at me with a strange wild glare that freezes up my blood. Oh! how often have I longed to die! Yet a feeling of duty kept up my sinking courage—and now, Frederick, I may bear anything! For this last trial—that of seeing you—is worse than all the rest."

"Daughter, I wronged you!" cried Blondel, kneeling down before the countess. "I dared to calumniate you! Forgive me!"

"Teresa," cried in turn the Chevalier Van Guelder, "though my life's happiness is blighted, yet I forgive you for making this sublime sacrifice to duty even at my cost—yea, I admire you and love you still."

"Hush," cried Teresa. "Did you not hear footsteps, and talking, in that room? It is he!"

"No, it is Philip's voice," replied Blondel.

Then Teresa caught the words of the old dependant, who was saying to his master, "It is I, sir, your faithful servant—don't hurt me, count—don't hurt me."

And immediately after, Philip opened and then violently closed the little secret door leading to the Count of Lowenthal's chamber. The frightened keeper rushed into the sitting-room, crying out to the countess, in a voice of anguish, "Don't go in, madam; he would kill you. While I was asleep, he got hold of a large hunting-knife, and he rushed upon me and wounded me."

And poor Philip showed the countess his hands, all covered with blood.

"Let no one follow me," cried Teresa; "I will go in alone, and I trust he will recognise me."

"Don't, my lady," said Philip; "he is in a fit of frenzy."

"Be easy, Philip, I shall be sure to soothe him."

And pushing back the spring of the secret door, Teresa had disappeared from their sight before any one could restrain her. Philip fell on his knees to pray for her safety, and Nanette, who had joined him on hearing the scuffle, likewise knelt down in an agony of terror. Blondel wept helplessly, while the chevalier bent his ear to the panel, ready to burst it open, if he heard the least cry of alarm from Teresa.

As if to add to the horror of the scene, the rain had begun to fall in torrents, and was lashing the window panes; the wind was howling wildly, and the dogs were barking as if in anticipation of some awful catastrophe.

After an interval that seemed an age, the panel once more flew open, and Teresa slowly advanced into the middle of the

room, and, looking at her friends and attendants said to them each in turn:

"Philip, go and fetch the village doctor. Nanette, bring me my prayer-book. Blondel, your daughter requires your good offices. Chevalier, your old friend Teresa Quimper will return the visit you paid to the Countess of Lowenthal.

Then, addressing the dowager's portrait, "Mother," added Teresa, "have I kept my holy and most difficult promise to the best of my endeavors? May I now hope for peace of mind? Your son no longer wants me—your son is dead!"

A few days after this trying scene, the count's remains were laid beside his mother's grave, and Teresa had left the chateau, and returned to her old quarters in the worthy scrivener's house. At the year's end, the Countess of Lowenthal married the Chevalier Van Guelder; but they never returned to the dismal chateau—the scene of Teresa's prolonged martyrdom.

This is why the castle, being abandoned, and subsequently almost falling to ruin, had been sold, and was afterwards repaired, and converted, as before said, into a manufactory.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE BUTTONMAKER.—In the middle of the battle of Waterloo the duke saw a man in plain clothes riding about on a cob-horse in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull the duke beckoned to him and he rode over. He asked him who he was—what business he had there? He replied he was an Englishman, accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight and wanted to see one. The duke told him he was in instant danger of his life; he said, "Not more than your grace," and they parted. But every now and then he saw the cobman riding about in the smoke, and at last having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow, and told him to go up to that regiment and order them to charge, giving him some mark of authority that the colonel would recognise. Away he galloped and in a few minutes the duke saw his order obeyed. The duke asked him for his card, and found in the evening when the card fell out of his sash, that he lived at Birmingham, and was a button manufacturer. When at Birmingham the duke inquired of the firm, and found he was their traveller, and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the duke's request, he called on him in London. The duke was happy to see him, and said he had a vacancy in the Mint of eight hundred pounds a year, where accounts were wanted. The little cobman said it would be exactly the thing, and the duke installed him.—*Life of Haydon.*

AIR AND LIGHT.—Air is essential to human life, and as respiration destroys its vital qualities, the ventilation of rooms which are intended for habitation should be a primary object in all architectural plans. Architects, however, seldom provide for the ventilation of rooms otherwise than as they provide for the admission of light. Now, the properties of light and air, with reference to our domestic requirements, differ in some important particulars—of which it may not be amiss to give a brief enumeration. Light moves with uniform velocity; air is sometimes quiescent, and sometimes moves at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Light diffuses itself with much uniformity; air passes in a current from the point of its entrance to that of its exit. Light, whatever be its velocity, has no sensible effect on the human frame; air, in the shape of a partial current, is both offensive to the feelings and productive of serious diseases. Light, once admitted, supplies our wants till nightfall; air requires to be replaced at very short intervals. Light may be conveniently admitted from above; air requires to be admitted on the level of the sitter. Light, by the aid of ground glass may be modified permanently; air requires to be variously adjusted according to its directions, its velocity, the seasons, the time of day, the number of persons assembled, &c.

POISONOUS FLOWERS.—Many persons who cultivate flowers are not aware that they often get into their collection some plants that are very poisonous. Among the showy flowering plants found in many gardens is the monkshood (aconite). We have heard of children who have been poisoned by chewing the leaves of this plant, while at play in the garden, and it should prove a caution to florists not to have such deleterious plants in the way. The larkspur and the foxglove are among the poisonous plants often cultivated for their beauty.



"A SEARCH
FOR THE FIRE-ARMS CONCEAL'D, TORE UP MANY A PERCH
OF THE POOR BLACKSMITH'S GARDEN."

THE BLACKSMITH.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

[During the period of "Whiteboy" disturbances in Ireland, special enactments were passed, by which opportunities were but too temptingly afforded to the vicious to implicate the innocent. Along with this extra legal severity, the ordinary course of justice was set aside; the law did not wait for its accustomed assizes, but Special Commissions were held, dispensing judgments so fast that the accused had in many cases no time to collect evidence to rebut a charge, and the rapidity with which execution followed judgment utterly paralysed the wholesome agency of respite of sentence. There can be little doubt that the "form and pressure of the time" gave opportunities to scoundrels to make the oppressive laws of those days subservient to many a base purpose; and that hundreds of innocent people were transported.]

FAINTLY glitters the last red ray,
Tinting the flickering leaves that play
On the swaying boughs of the old gray trees,
That groan as they rock in the fitful breeze.
Deep in their shadow a watcher lies,
The beam of the lynx in his eager eyes;
But twilight darkens—the eye can't mark—
And the ear grows keen to the mental "hark,"
And the rustling leaf is unwelcome o'erhead,
Lest it baffle the sound of the coming tread.
There's a stir in the thicket—a footstep outside,
And the coming one stops in his rapid stride,
As, rising before him, like spectre from tomb,
'Tis a man—not a woman—appears through the gloom.
And he holds hard his breath, and he clinches his hand,
As he halts to the low-muttered summons of "Stand!"
"Who dares to impede me?"

"Who dares to invade
With guilty purpose the quiet glade?
'Tis the brother you meet of the girl you pursue:
Now give over that chase, or the deed you shall rue!"
"Back, ruffian? nor venture on me a command!"
And a horsewhip was raised—but the vigorous hand
Of young Phaidrig the blacksmith a blow struck so sure
That it fell'd to the earth the Squireen of Knocklure.

Remember, I pray you, the difference that lies
Between Squire and Squireen. To the former applies
High birth and high feeling; the latter would ape,
Like the frog in the fable, a loftier shape,
But as little succeeds—thus are lords aped by flunkeys,
And lions by jackals and mankind by monkeys.
Our Squireen was that thing as a "middleman" known,
An agent—the tyrant of lands not his own.

The unscrupulous servant of all who could
serve him,
The means of advancement could never
unnerve him,
To get up in the world, nothing balked his
temerity,
No matter how he might go down to pos-
terity;
High pay and low pleasures he loved—
nothing pure
But pure whiskey could please the Squireen
of Knocklure.
The blacksmith's fair sister had caught his
foul eye;
The watchful young brother did quickly
descrie
The sly-bated lures that were laid to en-
snare
Her heart in a hope that might end in
despair—
Such hope as too often the maiden en-
thralls,
Through a villain's false vows, till she
trusts and she falls—
So to save from pollution the simple and
pure,
Stern warning was giv'n to the knave of
Knocklure,
Till Phaidrig, at last, in his passion's fierce
glow,
The threat of his horsewhip chastised with
a blow.
A vengeance demoniac the Squireen now
planned,

In fetters to palsy the brave brother's hand;
In the dead of the night loaded arms he conceal'd
In the ridge of potatoes in Phaidrig's own field;
Then the smith he denounced as a Whiteboy. A search
For the fire-arms conceal'd, tore up many a perch
Of the poor blacksmith's garden. What he had intended
Life's prop, was not only uprooted, but blended
With seed of destruction! The proof-seeking spade
Found the engines of death with the staff of life laid
'T was enough. Undeniable proof 't was declared
That Phaidrig in Whiteboy conspiracy shared,
The blacksmith was seized, fetter'd, sworn 'gainst and thrown
In a dungeon that echoed his innocent groan.

These were days when the name of a Whiteboy brought fear
To the passion or judgment—the heart or the ear
Of the bravest or calmest—when mercy aloof
Stood silent, and babbling suspicion seemed proof.
Then justice looked more to her sword than her scale,
Then ready unfurled was the transport-ship's sail
To hurry the doom'd beyond respite or hope:
If their destiny's thread did not end in a rope!
Phaidrig soon was on trial. When called on to plead
In defence to this charge of a dark lawless deed,
This hiding of arms—he replied, "The Squireen
Showed the place of concealment; no witness has been
To prove he was told of the arms being there;
Now how did he know it? That question is fair—
But unanswer'd. The old proverb says—'They who hide
Can find.'—'T was the villain himself who has lied
On the Gospels he kiss'd that conceal'd the arms there;
My name thro' the country is blameless and fair;
My character's spotless;—Can any one say
I was found among Whiteboys by night or by day?
'T was the Squireen himself who contrived it; my curse
Be upon him this day—for I know there is worse
In his heart yet to do. There's an innocent girl
He's hunting to ruin—my heart's dearest pearl
Is that same—and he seeks for my banishment now,
To brand with a darker disgrace her young brow;
If I'm sent o'er the sea, she'll be thrown on the world,
Lone, helpless and starving; the sail once unfurl'd
That bears me from her and from home far away,
Will leave that poor girl to the villain a prey!
That's the truth, my lord judge—before heaven and men
I am innocent!" Lowly the murmurs ran then
Round the court; indignation and pity, perchance,
Glowed deep in some bosoms or gleamed in some glance,
But the arms left the timorous jury no choice;
They found "Guilty"—and then rose the judge's mild voice,
"Transportation" the sentence—but softly 'twas said—
(Like summer wind waving the grass o'er the dead)

And Phaidrig, though stout, felt his heart's current freeze
When he heard himself banished beyond "the far seas."
"Oh, hang me at once," he exclaimed; "I don't care
For life, now that life leaves me only despair;
In felon chains, far from the land of my birth,
I will envy the dead that sleep cold in the hearth!"
He was hurried away, while on many a pale lip
Hung prophecies dark of "that unlucky ship"
That should carry him. "Didn't he ask for his death?
And sure heav'n hears the pray'r of the innocent breath.
Since the poor boy's not plazed with the sentence they found,
Maybe God will be good to him—and he'll be dhrown'd!"

Now the villain Squireen had it "all his own way,
Like the bull in the china-shop." Every day
Saw him richer and richer, and prouder and prouder;
He began to dress finer, began to talk louder;
Got places of profit and places of trust;
And went it so fast, that the proverb, "needs must,"
Was whisper'd; but he, proverbs wise proudly spurning,
Thought his was the road that should ne'er have a turning.
But, "Pride has its fall," is another old saying;
Retribution will come, though her visit delaying;
Though various the ways of her devious approach,
She'll come—though her visit be paid in a coach;
And however disguised be the domino rare,
The mask falls at last—retribution is there!

The Squireen lived high, drank champagne ev'ry day,
"Tally ho!" in the morning; at night, "hip, hurrah!"
In reckless profusion the low rascal revell'd;
The true "beggars on horseback"—you know where he travell'd.
But riot is costly—with gold it is fed,
And the Squireen's affairs got involved it is said;
And time made things worse. Then, in wild speculation
He plunged, and got deeper. Next came speculation—
There is but one letter in difference—what then?
If one letter's no matter, what matter for ten?
One letter's as good as another—one man
Can write the same name that another man can;
And the Squireen, forgetting his own name, one day
Wrote another man's name, with a "promise to pay."
All was up with the Squireen—the "Hue and Cry" spread,
With "Five Hundred Reward" on the miscreant's head;
His last desp'rate chance was a precipitate flight,
In the darkness—his own kindred darkness—of night.

But what of the blacksmith—The exile'd one—cast
From the peace of his home to the wild ocean blast?
Was he drown'd?—as the pitying prophecy ran;
Did he die?—as was wished by the heart broken man.
No! Heaven bade him live, and to witness a sign
Of that warning so terrible—"Vengeance is mine!"
He return'd to his home—to that well-beloved spot
Where first he drew breath—his own wild mountain cot.
To that spot had his spirit oft flown o'er the deep
When the soul of the captive found freedom
in sleep;
Oh! pleasure too bitterly purchased with
pain,
When from fancy-wrought freedom he woke
in his chain
To labor in penal restraint all the day,
And pine for his sea-girdled home far away!
But now 'tis no dream—the last hill is
o'erpast,
He sees the thatch'd roof of his cottage at
last,
And the smoke from the old wattled chimney
declares
The hearth is unquenched that had burned
bright for years.
With varied emotions his bosom is swayed,
As his faltering step o'er the threshold's de-
layed:—
Shall the face of a stranger now meet him,
where once
His presence was hail'd with a mother's fond
glance,
With the welcoming kiss of a sister ador'd?—
A sister!—ah! misery's linked with that
word,
For that sister he found—but fast dying. A
boy
Was beside her. A tremulous flicker of joy
In the deep-sunken eye of the dying one
burn'd;

Recognition it flash'd on the exile return'd,
But with mingled expression was struggling the flame—
'Twas partly affection and partly 'twas shame,
As she falter'd, "Thank God, that I see you once more,
Though there's more than my death you arrive to deplore:
Yet kiss me, my brother!—Oh, kiss and forgive—
Then welcome be death!—I'd rather not live
Now you have return'd; for 'tis better to die
Than linger a living reproach in your eye;
And you'll guard the poor orphan—yes, Phaidrig, *ma chree*,
Save from ruin my child, though you could not save me.
Don't think hard of my mem'ry—forgive me the shame
I brought—through a villain's deceit—on our name:
When the flow'rs o'er my grave the soft summer shall bring,
Then in your heart the pale flow'r of pity may spring."
No word she spoke more—and no words utter'd he—
They were chok'd by his grief; but he sank on his knee,
And down his pale face the big silent tears roll—
That tribute which misery wrings from the soul—
And he press'd her cold hand, and the last look she gave
Was the sunset of love o'er the gloom of the grave.

The old forge still existed, where, days long ago,
The anvil rang loud to the smith's lusty blow;
But the blows are less rapid, less vigorous now,
And a gray-haired man wipes labor's damp from his brow.
But he cares for the boy, who, with love, gives him aid
With his young 'prentice hand in the smithy's small trade,
Whose stock was but scanty; and iron, one day,
Being lack'd by the blacksmith—the boy went his way,
Saying, "Wait for a minute, there's something I found
Th' other day, that will do for the work, I'll be bound;"
And he brought back a gun-barrel. Dark was the look
Of the blacksmith, as slowly the weapon he took:
"Where got you this, boy?" "Just behind the house here;
It must have been buried for many a year,
For the stock was all rotten, the barrel was rusty——"
"Say no more," said the smith. Bitter Memory, trusty
As watchdog that barks at the sight of a foe,
Sprung up at this cursed memento of woe,
And the hard sinewed smith drew his hand o'er his eyes,
And the boy asks him why—but he never replies.

Hark! hark!—take heed!
What rapidly rings down the road?
'Tis the clattering hoof of a foaming steed,
And the rider pale is sore in need,
As he 'lights at the smith's abode;
For the horse has cast a shoe,
And the rider has far to go—
From the gallows he flies
If o'ertaken he dies,
And hard behind is the foe,
Tracking him fast and tracking him sure!
'Tis the forger—the scoundrel Squireen of Knocklure!



"OH, JUDGMENT DREAD!
HIS OWN TRAITOR WEAPON THE DEATH-SHOT SPED."

Flying from justice, he flies to the spot
 Where, did justice not strike him, then justice were not :—
 As the straw to the whirlpool, the moth to the flame—
 Fate beckons her victim to death and to shame !
 Wild was the look which the blacksmith cast,
 As his deadliest foe o'er his threshold past
 And hastily ordered a shoe for his horse ;
 But Phaidrig stood motionless—pale as a corpse,
 While the boy, unconscious of cause to hate,
 (The chosen minister called by Fate),
 Placed the gun in the fire, and the flame he blew
 From the rusty barrel to make a shoe.
 Fierce as the glow of the forge's fire
 Flashed Phaidrig's glances of speechless ire,
 As the squireen, who counted the moments that flew,
 "Cried, "Quick, fellow, quick, for my horse a shoe !"
 But Phaidrig's glances the fiercer grew,
 While the fugitive knew not the wreck of that frame,
 So handsome once in its youthful fame,
 That frame he had crush'd with a convict's chain,
 That fame he had furni: h'd with felon stain.
 "And so you forget me?" the blacksmith cried.
 The voice rolled backward the chilling tide
 Of the curdling blood on the villain's heart,
 And he heard the sound with a fearful start ;
 But, with the strong nerve of the bad and the bold,
 He rallied—and pull'd out a purse of gold,
 And said, "Of the past it is vain to tell ;
 Shoe me my horse, and I'll pay you well."
 "Work for you?—no, never! unless belike
 To rivet your fetters this hand might strike,
 Or to drive a nail in your gallows-tree—
 That's the only work you shall have from me—
 When you swing, I'll be loud in the crowd shall hoot you."
 "Silence, you dog, or, by heaven, I'll shoot you !"
 And a pistol he drew—but the startled child
 Rushed in between, with an outcry wild,
 "Don't shoot—don't shoot!—oh, master sweet!
 The iron is now in the fire to heat,
 'Twill soon be ready—the horse shall be shod."
 The Squireen returned but a curse and a nod,
 Nor knew that the base-born child before him
 Was his own that a ruined woman bore him ;
 And the gun, too, in that glowing fire,
 Was his own—one of those he had hid to conspire
 'Gainst the blacksmith's life ; but heaven decreed
 His own should result from the darksome deed,
 For the barrel grows red, the charge ignites—
 Explodes!—and the guilty Squireen bites
 The dust where he falls. Oh, judgment dread !
 His own traitor weapon the death-shot sped—
 By his own child it was found, and laid
 In the wronged one's fire :—Fate's shadows had spread
 Like a thunder-cloud o'er his guilty head,
 And the thunder burst and the lightning fell,
 Where his dark deeds were done, in the mountain dell.
 The pursuit was fast on the hunted Squireen ;
 The reeking horse at the forge is seen—
 There's a shout on the hill, there's a rush down the glen,
 And the forge is crowded with armed men.
 With dying breath the victim allowed
 The truth of the startling tale
 The blacksmith told to the greedy crowd,
 Who for gold had track'd the trail.
 Vain golden hope—vain speed was there ;
 The game lay low in his crimson lair!
 To the vengeance of earth no victim was giv'n,
 'Twas claimed by the higher tribunal of heaven!

"INFORTUNATE" AND "UNFORTUNATE."—Two men have been going through the city of Boston taking in persons in the following manner : They go into a store and inquire for shirt buttons, handkerchiefs, or other articles, and one says to the other, "I was unfortunate enough to lose my handkerchief," or other article called for. The other says there is no such word as unfortunate, it is unfortunate ; and thereupon they get up a bet with the storekeeper. The dictionary is looked up, and the bet decided always in favor of the sharper, as the word may be found there, though now in disuse.

A: important reason for benevolence is, that though you may forget your own joy from being so accustomed to it, the joy of others seems ever something new.

THE BEE IN THE BONNET.

Or course when I received a letter from little Ned Ward, announcing that at last he was going to be happy, I ought to have felt sympathetically joyful. When the letter went on to state that I must, under extraordinary penalties, present myself that evening at his chambers in Crown Office Row, to partake of a gorgeous banquet in honor of the occasion, and to drink *her* health in a great number of bumpers, I ought to have accepted the invitation with a rapt alacrity, and have conducted myself generally in a light-hearted and genial manner. No doubt that would have been the right sort of tone to have taken. I accepted the invitation, certainly. I wrote a short letter of congratulation even. I hoped he might be happy—no end of happy—with *her*, whoever she might be ; and yet I did not feel very warmly or very cheerfully in the business. It seemed to me as though I were coming in second in a race.

He had always been little Ned Ward to me. He was my junior ; he had been my fag at school. He had been a little pale-faced boy, very thin and weakly, with dry, fair hair, and a blue jacket and bright buttons, when I had been an ultra-grown youth suffering acutely in stick-ups, and perplexedly grand in a tail-coat. But now things were changed. Professionally he was a barrister in the Temple. I was simply an attorney in Essex street. He had been decidedly successful. I had been decidedly less fortunate. Socially, I think I may be permitted to say, that he was a swell. He was the neatest hand at tying a white neckcloth I ever saw : he wore exquisite gloves, and boots of exceeding varnish ; he could sing light tenor songs (his F was a comfortable and melodious note, his G certainly more hazardous and less harmonic) ; he could play a little on the flageolet ; his hair curled naturally, and his amber whiskers were so luxuriously pendent, that I sometimes wondered he was not rebuked by the Bench for excess of hirsuteness on their account. Of myself it behoves me to speak with reserve ; but I will admit that I don't count myself a great drawing-room triumph. I never could tie a white neckerchief. I am uneasy in lacquered boots. I have no ear for music ; my hair does not curl, and my whiskers are of rather a commonplace pattern. Of old, I used to patronize him, and considered I had done rather a generous thing when I admitted a junior boy to terms of equal friendship. Now, however, I had begun to fancy that he had lately been rather patting me on the head. He had gone past me in a number of ways ; and now he was going to be married before me. Ned Ward had beaten me, in fact. I did not like owning it ; yet I felt it to be true, and, somehow, the feeling grated a little on my self-conceit.

It was a dull November afternoon, and though the clock of St. Clement Danes had only just struck three, it was so dark and foggy that the office candles—massive dips, with a tendency to gutter, and otherwise conduct themselves disagreeably—were already lighted. I had as yet no staff of clerks, to be partitioned out into Chancery, Conveyancing and Common Law sections. The office boy, Mason, who bore the courtesy title of "Mr." Mason—and whose supposed occupation it was to be "generally useful," a mission which he construed into getting into complicated dilemmas with the ink-bottles, and being a perpetual obstruction in all business matters with which he was entrusted—had been sent round to Crown Office Row with my letter to little Ned Ward. I was just considering whether there was really any more work to be done that required me to adhere to routine office hours, or whether I might not just as well walk down the Strand to St. James's Park and back, by way of getting myself into a better humor and improving my appetite for my friend's dinner, when entered my room my other clerk, Mr. Beale, and presented me with a card, informing me that the gentleman whose name it bore desired very much to see me. "Captain Brigham, R. N." Could he be a new client ! But I had no time for reflection. I raised the shades of my candlesticks, to distribute the light more generally about the room, and became conscious of the presence of a tall, stout, elderly gentleman, with a flaxen wig and gold spectacles. I begged him to be seated. He bowed politely, placed an ebony walking-stick heavily mounted with silver and decked with copious black silk tassels on the table beside him, and a very shiny hat with a vivid white lining on the floor, and

then calmly seated himself facing me at my desk. Without speaking, he drew off his black kid gloves and dropped each into his hat. He produced a heavy gold snuff-box, and solaced himself with no stinted pinch. He waved away all stray grains of snuff with a large red and green silk handkerchief, and then addressed me.

"My name is Brigham, as you see by my card; Captain Brigham, Royal Navy. I have come to you on a matter of business. Do you take snuff? No? Quite right—bad habit—wish I could leave it off. I have been recommended to you, and place myself entirely in your hands. No matter who gave me that advice; I intend to follow it. You will give me your assistance?"

I assured him that I should be happy to aid him, as far as lay in my power.

"You're very kind. Quite the answer I expected; I may say quite. Are you alone here? May I speak to you in confidence—in perfect confidence?"

For his satisfaction I rose to see that the door leading into the clerk's office was securely closed.

He resumed:

"I am placed, sir, at this present moment, in a position of extreme pain."

He drew himself nearer to the fire.

"Few men, sir, can venture to say that they are suffering as I am."

He put his feet on the fender and rubbed his plump white hands blandly together.

"I can assure you, sir, I have not brought myself to open this business to you without the most intense deliberation."

He arranged his flaxen wig in a calm, careful way, pulling it down tightly over his ears.

He made five distinct Gothic arches by joining his hands, very careful that the crowns of the arches, represented by the tops of his fingers, should meet and fit in a thoroughly workmanlike manner; and through the vista thus established contemplated steadfastly his feet on the fender. He appeared to me quite an ideal old gentleman, dined, and at peace with all the world. He resumed:

"It is a very common saying, sir, that there is a skeleton in every house. The saying may be utterly false in regard to many houses; it is enough to say that I feel it to be true in regard to mine. I have a skeleton in my house."

I could only look attentive and curious; I could only bow acquiescently and motion him to proceed.

"My daughter, sir, is my skeleton."

He said it abruptly, with a snap of his snuff-box lid by way of an effective accompaniment.

"Indeed!"

"True, sir, true, painfully true. Here it is, sir, here"—and he touched his forehead two or three times with a fat forefinger, still holding his gold snuff-box in his hand. "I believe a 'loose slate' is the vulgar title of the malady she suffers under. Her mother was a poor creature, very weak and frail. Dead, sir, dead, many years. Still I could hardly assert that the 'loose slate' was fully developed in her case. But the state of my poor child admits of no doubt. Others may be duped; the cunning of lunacy may impose upon many; but a parent's eye, sir, a parent's eye! Do you think, sir, that you can take in a parent's eye?"

He removed his spectacles and rubbed his eyes violently with his red and green silk handkerchief, as though he were polishing them up for exhibition.

"And is her present state such as to require control?"

"Upon some such points as these, and generally as to the measures that may legally be taken respecting her, I desire to ask your opinion. Is she dangerous? you would say. Well, perhaps I should be disinclined to apply so painful a term. Lunacy, as I have before hinted, is gifted with great cunning. Upon many points, those in the habit of seeing her constantly and intimately would very probably pronounce her sane."

"She suffers, then, I conclude, from some kind of monomania."

"Precisely. It is a dreadful thing to say, sir, but I am positively persecuted by my own child."

He warmed his hands and rubbed them comfortably together.

"I am her victim, sir. The vials of her lunacy, if I may be

allowed to say so, are turned upon me—her father, sir, her poor old father! She is a dear good girl, sir, a good dear girl, though I say it, but she renders my life completely unendurable. I am subject, sir, to a persecution that is killing me."

To see that smooth, bland, rotund old gentleman calmly warming his silk handkerchief by the fire one would have thought that his dying of persecution was quite the last fate he was undergoing or likely to undergo. He was one of those old gentlemen who have a sort of picturesque daintiness about them. His linen was perfectly got up—his frill seemed to have been plaited by machinery, it was so even; his black satin waistcoat was singularly glossy; and his tight gray trousers were strapped over the most resplendently polished Wellingtons I ever saw.

"What particular form does this persecution assume?"

He paused for a minute, as though reflecting, turning about the while massive seals which, suspended from a thick curb chain, acted as buoys and demonstrated where his watch was sunk.

"It is one of the well-known characteristics of lunacy, and thoroughly understood by those who have studied its economy, when the sufferer is thoroughly convinced of his sanity, and strenuous in accusing those around him—even those who should be dearest to him—of his own malady. Thus my poor child, in the most alarming paroxysms of her attacks, does not hesitate to charge even me with lightheadedness! This is not much, you will say. But then, with the subtlety of her complaint, she proceeds to induce others to believe her accusation; when I find there is a deep-laid plan to pursue me everywhere with this strange idea, and to surround me with a system of surveillance that is positively terrible in its perfectness—then, sir, I begin to take alarm, and I complain of persecution—not unnaturally, I think."

"A very singular case."

"I believe entirely without precedent."

"Are you prepared with any medical evidence?"

"Not at present. But—I see—it is necessary. I will at once proceed with this, and then see you again. Will not that be the better course?"

"Certainly. I would only suggest great caution and secrecy in all that you do, and your at once seeing your medical man with a view to some examination of the sufferer."

"Sir, I cannot thank you too much for your admirable counsel. Just what I could have expected of you. I will be prepared to lay before you certain ascertained facts touching the case, and then see you again. When? Will Monday suit? Let us say, then, Monday, at three o'clock. Again let me thank you. Oh, this is the way out, is it? Thank you. Good day—Good day."

I sat for some time considering the matter over. I took down from the book-shelves certain of the authorities on lunacy. I began to study the practice in regard to lunatics, and especially as to what it was necessary to do in the office of the Masters in Lunacy in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Then it occurred to me, what little information I was possessed of after all, and how foolishly I had abstained from making inquiries. How old was Miss Brigham? Was she a minor? Was she an heiress? Would it be necessary to place her under the benign protection of the Court of Chancery? To appoint a committee, and take the accounts of her estate in the usual manner? He was a gentlemanly old man; was he rich? would he pay my bill? He was very courteous and polite; but little affected, though, at his daughter's sad state. He had nothing of the naval officer about him—nothing whatever; in fact, he looked much more like a wholesale wine merchant, with a villa residence at Tooting or Muswell Hill.

Mr. Mason entered precipitately; very inky as to his fingers, and with a piece of red tape tied round his head to prevent his hair falling over his eyes, which imparted to him an acrobatic rather than a legal aspect.

"I have no more letters, Mr. Mason."

A grin broke up the fallow monotony of his face.

"Please, sir, here's a lady wants to see you; don't give her name."

"Show her in, sir, directly."

And a little lady presently entered. I had only just time to notice that she was dressed in black silk, with puce velvet trim-

gings, and an ample black velvet cloak. Her bonnet and gloves were also puce color, and she wore her black veil half down, which, being sprinkled with embroidery, gave a pleasant variegation to the upper part of her face; while the pretty little red-lipped mouth and daintily pointed chin, nibbed, as it were, by a dimple, made the lower half look very winning indeed. She carried a handsome mother-of-pearl cardcase, but had evidently forgotten to make use of her cards. At any rate, she made no attempt in the first instance to put me in possession of her name.

"Oh, pray excuse me"—such a light, soft, silvery voice. "I am sure I owe you a hundred apologies for intruding upon you in this way. So unceremoniously too, and your time, of course, so valuable; but really I— You—"

But the poor little bird became so fluttered that she could not continue. I hastened to assure her that my time was all hers; that I was quite at her service; that I should be only too happy to assist her in any way. I begged her to be seated—to compose herself—and not to trouble herself with any conversation until she felt quite equal to it. I fidgeted about with my papers; I opened and shut my table drawers; I wrote my name on my blotting-paper—all so many devices to give the little lady time to overcome her embarrassment.

"What disagreeable weather," I observed.

"Very, indeed, especially for walking."

"Especially. Have you been walking?"

And so on. We threw out skirmishing remarks, under cover of which she might bring up the heavy division of her discourse. She was gradually improving, and in a minute raised her half veil and permitted me to see a very pretty, small-featured, delicately-fair face, with smoothly-braided light-brown hair, brightly twinkling blue eyes, and, oh! such long lashes, that seemed always on the quiver, and gave a wonderfully witching vividness to her glances.

"I am afraid you will really think me very tiresome—very troublesome. I am sure you will say so when I'm gone. You're very kind; but really I am quite ashamed of my intrusion. Only I have been so anxious—so very anxious. I had better, perhaps, proceed to ask you at once directly what I want to know. Pray tell me. Has papa been here?"

"Papa?"

"Yes; papa. Oh, perhaps—oh dear me, how very thoughtless of me. You don't know. No, of course not. What could I have been thinking about? My name is Brigham—Miss Brigham. I am the daughter of—"

"Captain Brigham, Royal Navy?"

"Oh, then he has been here? Oh, I see he has. Oh, I was afraid he had."

"And you are his daughter—his *only* daughter?"

"Yes. I am his only child indeed."

Poor girl! She was, then, the unhappy sufferer—the melancholy subject of our late conversation. Was it possible? Was there a loose slate under those charming light-brown braids? Was she the persecutor of that poor benign old gentleman? And the delicious sparkle of those blue eyes, was it not then wholly attributable to the light of reason?

"Please excuse him, sir," she went on; "he really should not; but he can't help it. The fact is, he is not quite himself. Poor thing; the ruling idea was firmly fixed in her mind."

"I do all I can to stop him. I never, if I can help it, trust him out of my sight. He is sure to get into mischief if I do."

What could I say? The fit was evidently very strongly upon her.

"I assure you I do all I can to watch him, and have others expressly engaged to keep him always in view."

Just so, I thought. This is the persecution!

"But I see there has been great remissness. I must have more precautions taken. He must be more rigidly watched; he must never be left alone."

Poor old victim! But the masters in lunacy will give you relief. Yes, I could see it now. There was a hectic brilliancy about those glances; there was a restlessness about that manner; there was even now and then a hurry and want of harmony about that silver-toned voice, which betrayed the terrible calamity under which the little lady unconsciously suffered. Yes, there was an undoubted bee in that puce bonnet. It seemed to me that I was falling deeply in love with her never-

theless. I was even loving her more on account of her misfortune. It was love, strengthened by the addition of pity.

"It is, perhaps, the best way to adopt the course you have no doubt followed. To hear all he has to say. He mentioned me, perhaps? He is always talking curiously about me. It is one of the strange fancies that have possessed him."

Such a sharp, inquiring bird's glance out of the corner of the blue eyes.

"He did refer to his daughter," I confessed.

"Poor dear! he is always doing that," she said, with a small, soft sigh. "I traced him to this neighborhood, and, unseen, I saw him come out of this house. From my inquiries, I soon ascertained that he had been to see you, and I guessed his mission. Pray forgive him, sir. Forgive me too, for troubling you; and forget all that he has told you."

Forget all my client's instructions! How cunning these lightheaded folks are, I thought.

She thanked me over and over again for my attention to her. She lowered the half veil with its freckle of embroidery, leaving still one red lip and the pointed little chin uncovered. She curtsied very politely as she drew towards the door, and then, as though thinking better of it, with a very winning smile gave me a small, puce-kidded hand to shake. It was so small, it was more like the toy hand fixed on to an ornamental pen-wiper, than an ordinary human hand. I conducted her through the office and showed her the way down the stairs.

Mr. Mason chose to see some profound cause for mirth in all this, becoming at length so violently convulsed with suppressed laughter, that it became necessary for him to conceal his head in his desk.

With a feeling of bereavement, yet of deep interest, I went to my lonely room. Without that puce bonnet it seemed especially lonely. I looked at my watch; it was half-past six o'clock. And how about Ned Ward's banquet at half-past five?

CHAPTER II.

"HULLO! here you are at last. Why, I'd quite given you up. Gilkes and Jeffries, both of whom you know. Mrs. Brisket, bring back some of those things; this gentleman has not dined. My dear boy, what have you been doing with yourself? How could you make any mistake about the time? I wrote half-past five, as plainly as any man could. Have a glass of sherry; you look quite pale."

Little Ned was busy pressing kind hospitalities upon me, in his old, bright, chirping way.

"Make a good dinner, old fellow. Don't hurry yourself; there's loads of time. We'd given you up. I thought something had occurred to prevent your coming altogether, or else we would have waited for you. I'm so sorry the things should be half cold, as I'm afraid they are. Now let's have a glass of wine all round."

"And the disclosure," said Jeffries.

"No, no. That's to come afterwards."

I had finished dinner, and the cloth had been removed. Mrs. Brisket bore an expression of intense thanksgiving that hitherto the banquet—the responsibilities of which evidently weighed heavily upon her—had passed off with a success that amounted almost to *éclat*. I found, however, that she looked grimly at me, as one who had threatened to become a sort of incarnate hitch in the business.

"Now then, gentlemen, try the port—the peculiar, old, crusted, many years in bottle; the port of extraordinary vintage, of the light green seal."

"Are we to come now to the event of the evening?" asked Gilkes.

"Are you going to make a speech?" inquired Jeffries.

"No; this is a private meeting; speeches are for the public; besides, I don't think I can conscientiously make one without a fee; and I know that none of you fellows have got any money. I'll simply give you her health. I'm going to be married. I give you her health!"

"Her health!" we all echoed, solemnly, draining glasses of 'the peculiar.'

"Are we to know no more?"

"Name! name?"

"Hear! hear!"

Little Ned rose. He was as near blushing as could be expected of a barrister—certainly he stammered a little.

"The lady's name is Brigham."

"What!" I cried.

"Brigham—Fanny Brigham."

"The daughter of—"

"Captain Brigham—Royal Navy."

I sank back in my chair.

"You're ill I think, old man, ain't you. Have some brandy—have some soda-water—have a cigar."

"No, thank you. All right, pass the bottle."

"Gilkes, the wine's with you."

It was evident I could say nothing in the presence of those two men, Gilkes and Jeffries. I must refrain from alluding further to the subject until they had taken their departure. They seemed to divine that I had some such object; and "the peculiar" that Gilkes got through! the cigars that Jeffries smoked! They moved at last, certainly with difficulty.

"Goo'-night! Goo'-night, old feller!"

And I was alone with Ned Ward. He doubled himself upon the sofa. Something seemed to have affected him to tears. It must have been the excitement of the occasion, or could it have been the "peculiar?"

"My dear Ned!"

"All right! Fire away—help yourself."

"You must not marry Fanny Brigham!"

"Not marry Fanny Brigham? Who says I mustn't marry Fanny Brigham? Who wants his head punched?"

"Now do be calm! Certain circumstances have come to my knowledge—"

"Oh, certain circumstances have come to your knowledge (very incoherently spoken); have they indeed?"

"Now, pray listen!"

"All right, old fellow!"

"She has a bee in her bonnet!"

I spoke as distinctly as possible. He opened his eyes as wide as he could, and seemed to be trying to stare through the wall, in a strange, vague, senseless way.

"Bee in her bonnet!" he staggeringly repeated; "bee in her bonnet! Go along—get out. She wears lilies of the valley and puce velvet ribbons. Soon, sir, the orange blossom, the orange blossom! Hip—hip! Charge your glasses! I give you Fanny Brigham—Fanny Brigham! Hurrah! For she's a jolly good——"

He collapsed altogether on to the hearthrug. It was useless to attempt to discuss the matter further. I lifted him on to his bed and went out into the dismal early morning November air.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT noon the next day I received a visit from Ward. He looked rather pale and fatigued; but, in answer to inquiries, said that he had never felt better in his life. He called, as he stated, to inquire after my health, as he was persuaded, from my sudden departure on the previous evening, that I had been exceedingly unwell.

"And about this Brigham business?" I said.

"Ah—yes. Was there not some discussion about it last night? Was it not Gilkes who said that the marriage should not take place?"

"No; I said so."

"You! What extraordinary port wine that must have been! Why, my dear fellow, I was coming to you to ask you to act as my solicitor in the matter—to peruse the settlements, you know, and that sort of thing; it's more delicate than doing it myself. More than that, I was going to ask you to be best man at the wedding."

"But, my dear Ward, you don't know all. Captain Brigham——"

"Ah, poor old fellow! Yes—I know. It's sad, but it can't be helped."

"What do you mean? I've seen him!"

"What! poor old Brigham!"

"He came down here to consult me."

"About the settlement?"

"No; his unhappy daughter's state of mind."

"Oh! he's imposed upon you, has he? Went over all that old story."

"And I've seen his daughter."

"You have?"

"She also came here."

"Well?"

"And I regret to say that her manner confirmed her father's statement. She's light-headed, my dear Ward! I know she's an angel—a darling! But, my dear Ward, a wife with a loose slate! a mother, perhaps, with a bee in her bonnet! and the infant family taking after her!"

Ward was moved—but only to laughter. He would not listen to my advice. We parted. It was arranged that I was to act as his solicitor in the marriage settlement, but my assisting at the wedding was to remain an open question.

I had an appointment in the city at three, and hurried away to keep it. Cheapside was more than normally crowded. Near Bow Church there was great obstruction; a throng of persons nearly blocked up the footway altogether. An elderly gentleman was quarrelling with a cabman. I thought I recognised a shiny hat and a flaxen wig. I forced my way through the crowd, and found Captain Brigham, bright and glossy as usual in apparel, but palpably excited in manner.

"Where's the use?" cried the cabman. "Don't talk of pulling a fellow up; you know that ain't the question at all. Tell me where to go, and I'll drive you fast enough—fast as you like."

"No. I object to be driven by you—I object to be driven by a man not in his right mind!"

"O, gammon!" said the cabman; "jump in."

"No, cabman, you're mad!" replied Captain Brigham. "I pity you; you ought not to be trusted out with a cab."

"Why, I've druv a cab for fourteen year—leastwise an omnibus."

"I'll not be driven by you. Legally, I'm not bound to pay you; but I'll give you sixpence. Mind, it's not your right, but I give it you."

"Bravo, old 'un!" from the crowd.

"Here, my man, take your sixpence."

"Shan't! why the fare's eighteenpence."

City Policeman, No 128, cut his way through.

"What's this here about? Cabby, why don't you take what the gent offers?"

"Oh! ah! Here I've druv the old beggar all the way from the Burlington Arcade; and he shoving me in the back till I'm sore with his walking-stick, and crying out that I'm mad; ain't it enough to aggravate a feller! and then he offers sixpence! He oughtn't to ride in cabs—he oughtn't."

"The fare's eighteenpence, sir," said No. 128.

"Policeman, I won't be driven by a cabman who is a raging maniac. I tell you I will not. What! Now I look again, policeman, you'd better go home; you're mad, sir, quite mad. I can see it in your eyes, sir; aye, and in your whiskers."

"Three cheers for the old 'un!" proposed by an electric telegraph boy, seconded by a blacking brigade ditto, carried unanimously and given by the crowd.

I paid the cabman his fare; and, aided by the policeman, carried off Captain Brigham. A crowd followed us for a short distance, but gradually fell away.

"You're not in your right mind," said Captain Brigham to me, when I had brought him as far as St. Paul's Churchyard, "but your interference was kindly meant, and for a confirmed lunatic, as of course you are, was really a sensible thing. I thank you for it. Don't you find your insanity interfere rather with your professional pursuits?"

I began to think I had been mistaken about Fanny Brigham's malady.

At my office I found a letter:

BETHLEHEM HOUSE, ISLEWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR—I have sent you a client. He is one of my most difficult customers—a rational lunatic—too lunatic to be at large, too rational to be confined. What can we do? He wants to take law proceedings to lock up his daughter; I believe, to indict me for conspiracy; all sorts of things. Listen to him—talk to him—humor him—and do just nothing. His name is Brigham. He has been in the navy. He was wounded on the head in some slave squadron fight off the coast of Guinea,

and has never been quite right since. He is not at all dangerous, only a little difficult to manage. When are you coming to see me? I dine every day at six, &c., &c.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE JOHNSTON, M.D.

On a subsequent day Captain Brigham called on me.

"I find," he said, "that I shall be relieved from all difficulty in my daughter's case. I am pleased that it is so. A man of the name of Ward has proposed to marry her. Of course I could not contemplate such a thing for one moment without his being fully apprised of her melancholy state. I laid bare to him the whole matter. But he is mad, sir—stark mad; he would go on in spite of me. He takes her with all her imperfections on her head, and she him. It is hard to say which has the worst of it."

In due time little Ned Ward was made happy, I should say supremely happy. I owned that he had beaten me utterly. Fanny Brigham looked almost as exquisite in her veil and orange blossoms as in her puce bonnet on the occasion of her one visit to my office in Essex-street. Ned Ward was very great in his superfine, double extra, blue Saxony frock coat. He looked so kindly and so lovingly on his dear little bride, that I almost fancied at last that he deserved his good fortune, though a moment before I thought I should have fainted when I heard that deliciously touching answer, "I will," steal from those rosy lips. People said that they formed a charming couple. They seemed to me a sort of statuette group of a happy pair. For myself, I signed the church books; I proposed healths; I made speeches; I drank champagne at unwholesome hours; I threw the old shoe. I made myself hopelessly and conspicuously ridiculous; went through a wonderfully exhilarating course of events and then home, utterly wretched and desponding. The delighted couple repaired to Baden. I secluded myself for a fortnight in Essex-street, and was seen by no mortal eye.

Some time afterwards I paid a visit to my old friend Dr. Johnston, at Isleworth.

"Here's a gentleman I think you know," he said. It was Captain Brigham. He recognised me at once.

"Ah! my dear friend, my mad lawyer!" he cried out, shaking me cordially by the hand. "I'm delighted to see you. Yes, thank you, I am extremely comfortable here. A number of gentlemen, who, like myself, are of opinion that the world is mad, sir, quite mad, have established this snug retreat. We felt that such a poor handful of sane men as we composed could not individually combat fairly with the insane multitude outside these walls, so we clubbed and collected together for mutual support and protection. With all your confirmed lunacy, you have occasionally very decided bursts of what I may almost call reason or lucidity; and I'm very proud to see you here. Not but what," and he sank his voice to a low whisper, "I cannot refrain from mentioning to you, that there are some who have got into this institution who have clearly very little title to be in it. Look here, now," and he pointed through an open doorway to a little wizen old man in a velvet cap, busily occupied in writing letters; "he's not altogether sound; he's not free, entirely, from the 'bee in the bonnet.' This is one of his bad days. Quite forgotten himself—quite oblivious of everything. He is the rightful heir to the throne of Siam, and is unjustly deprived of his inheritance by the Hudson's Bay Company. His usual uniform consists of three peacock's feathers in his cap, worn very much in the style of our Prince of Wales, you know. Curious similarity, is it not? He's a wonderful hand at cribbage. But to-day, you see, he's quite quiet, and has forgotten all about his lawful claims. He's writing home to his grandson, who manages his affairs for him. He's clearly not sound. I am indeed glad to have seen you. Many, many thanks for this visit, my dear friend. I only wish you were properly qualified, and I could propose you as a member of this delightful institution. But, alas! alas! you know that cannot be. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Curious case, isn't it?" said Dr. Johnston, as we moved away. "He'll probably get quite round again in time, though he may be liable to a return of the attack. He's intensely

happy. I'm not sure that he wants our pity much. I think the diuner must be ready—come along."

I went home with rather entangled views about the sanity question. As to who had, and who hadn't, "a bee in his bonnet?" I wondered whether I had. Really I thought I must consider before I answer; and I went to sleep without giving one.

DUTTON COOK.

HOW FALSE HAIR IS OBTAINED IN LONDON.—The female peasants of Brittany turn their hair to account in other markets than that of love, and make a good profit out of it. Shocking as it may appear, many London and Paris ladies are indebted for the magnificent hair which adorns their heads to the wilds of Brittany. I detected one of the travelling hair merchants in the very act of spoliation at the gay fair of St. Kerdevot. Strolling through the scene, my attention was attracted by a crowd round a half-ruined house. Wedging my way to the entrance, I saw a man standing in the middle of the room armed with a formidable pair of scissors, with which he was clipping the hair from a girl's head with a rapidity and dexterity bespeaking long practice. For not only was the operation performed with almost bewildering quickness, but when the girl was liberated her head assumed the appearance of having been shaved. There was great laughing among the peasants as she emerged from the house, leaving the long tresses in the hands of the hair merchant, who, after combing them carefully, wound them up in a wreath and placed them in a basket already nearly half full of hair. For, as I heard, he had been driving a highly profitable trade all the day; and girls were still coming in willing, and in some cases apparently eager, to exchange their fine *chevelures*—which would have been the glory of girls anywhere but in Brittany—for three poor little handkerchiefs of gaudy hues, scarcely worth a dozen sous! This terrible mutilation of one of woman's most beautiful gifts distressed me considerably at first; but when I beheld the perfect indifference of the girls to the loss of their hair, and remembered how studiously they conceal their tresses, my feelings underwent a change, and I looked at length upon the wholesale cropping as rather amusing than otherwise. Great was the apparent disappointment of girls whose tresses, although seemingly abundant and fine, did not come up to the hair-merchant's standard; but the fellow had so abundant a market that he was only disposed to buy when the goods were particularly choice. His profits must have been great, as the average price of a good head of hair, when cleaned, is eleven shillings.—*Weld*.

ADDISON ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—When I consider how the professions of law, medicine and divinity are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, who may be rather said to be of the science than of the profession, I very much wonder at the humor of parents, who will not rather place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning and good sense may miscarry. How many men are country curates that might have made themselves aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober, frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his pulse or protect his legal rights. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it; whereas, in so great an affair of life they should consider the genius and abilities of their children more than their own inclinations. It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, it flourishes by multitudes and gives employment to all its professors.

THE greatest part of what we know is the least of what we do not; that is to say, even what we think we know is but a piece, and a very little one, of our ignorance.

BOA-CONSTRUCTOR SHOOTING.

DURING my American rambles, I once met with an adventure not easily forgotten. It occurred while proceeding with some travelling companions in a boat up a large river. In passing along the eye rested with pleasure on the fine forms of the trees in the adjacent forest, or followed the flight of the numberless water-birds—many of them new to us—especially the large white gulls called "garce," or the white egrettes and divers, with flesh-colored heads, with which the air and water seemed alive. Count Bismark shot a "mergullo" (a bird between a goose and a duck), and Count Oriolla a large white bird of prey. I was just loading my fowling-piece, when I observed an object on the white mud of the river, which gleamed in the sun's rays like a coil of silver; it was a serpent basking in the sun. We rowed toward the spot, and Count Oriolla fired at it from a distance of thirty to forty paces; he missed it with the first barrel, but wounded it in the tail with the second, which was charged with large shot. This seemed to rouse the creature; our boat grounded almost at the same moment a little higher up than where the serpent lay, but some intervening bushes prevented our keeping it in sight. We all eagerly jumped into the river, followed by most of the crew; Counts Oriolla and Bismark were overboard in a minute, but as the real depth of the water seemed to me very problematical, I leaped quickly on to a withered branch of an enormous prostrate tree, which served as a bridge to the shore. Though I had little hope of coming up with the serpent, I advanced as far as I could along the slippery trunk, a thing by no means easy, on account of my large India-rubber shoes, which the swollen state of my feet had obliged me to wear for some weeks past. Just then I heard the report of a gun on my left, and instantly jumping into the morass, warm from the sun's heat, sinking into it up to my knee at every step and leaving one of my shoes in the mud, I hastened in the direction of the sound. Count Oriolla, who was the first to leap out of the boat, ran to the spot where he had wounded the serpent, and caught a sight of the reptile as it was trying to escape into the forest. Suddenly it glided into the mud under the trunk of a prostrate tree, and at that instant the count struck it with a cutlass, which, however, merely raised the skin; he then threw himself at full length upon the creature as it was sliding away, and thrust the steel into its back, a few feet from the tail. The count vainly tried to stop the monstrous reptile, which dragged him along, though the cutlass had pierced the body and entered the ground beneath. It was fortunate that the serpent did not bend backwards and entwine its bold pursuer in its folds, nor less so that Count Bismark, the only one who was armed with a gun, came up at this critical moment; climbing over the trunk of a tree, he faced the enemy, which hissing, lifted its head erect in the air, and with great coolness gave it a shot through the head, which laid it apparently lifeless on the ground.

My travelling companions described the creature's strength as wonderful, writhing in immense folds and flinging its head from one side to another in its efforts to escape the well-aimed stroke of Count Oriolla; but a few moments after the shot, which carried away its lower jaw and part of the head, the serpent seemed to arouse from its stupefaction, and Count Bismark hastened back to the boat to fetch Mr. Theremin's gun. All this was the work of a few moments, I had hardly left the boat more than two or three minutes when I stood beside Count Oriolla, on the trunk of the tree, with the serpent coiled up in an unshapen mass at its roots. I could scarcely wait to hear what had passed, but seized a heavy pole from one of the men who gathered round to have a thrust at the creature's head. Raising itself up it now seemed to summon its last strength, but it vainly strove to reach us on the tree. I stood ready, armed with a cutlass, to thrust into its jaws, while the count stirred up the serpent, provoking it to the fight; the creature's strength was, however, exhausted. Count Bismark now returned, and shattered its skull with another shot, and it died in strong convulsions. Though I could not share with my valiant companions the honor of the day, I was fortunate enough to arrive in time for the "hallali." Our prey proved to be a large boa-constructor, measuring sixteen feet two inches in length, and one foot nine inches in circumference. In skinning and dissecting it a

dozen membraneous bags or eggs were found in its body, containing young serpents, some still alive, and from one to two feet long. The counts kindly presented me with the beautiful skin, which was spotted white, yellow and black, and covered with small scales. This trophy of their valor now forms the chief ornament of my residence at Monbijou. As soon as the task of skinning was accomplished, which the thickness of the animal's scaly covering rendered very difficult, we again set sail, soon after twelve o'clock, and continued the ascent of the Amazon, carrying off the skin of the boa in triumph, spread out to dry on the roof of our boat.—*Prince Waldemar's Travels in America.*

TUNNY FISHING AT CADIZ.—The tunny is a powerful fish, being nearly the size and shape of a porpoise; and when drawn into the shallow water, it makes the most furious struggles to escape from the net. The scene now becomes very animated. When the draught is heavy—as it was in this instance—and there is a possibility of the net being injured and of the fish escaping if it be drawn at once to land, the fishermen arm themselves with harpoons or stakes, having iron hooks at the end, and rush into the sea whilst the net is yet a considerable distance from the shore, surrounding it and shouting with all their might to frighten the fish into shallow water, when they become comparatively powerless. In completing the investment of their prey, some of the fishermen are obliged even to swim to the outer extremity of the net, where, holding on by the floats with one hand, they strike, with singular dexterity, such fish as approach the edge in the hope of effecting their escape, with a short harpoon held in the other. The men in the boats, at the same time keep up a continual splashing with their oars, to deter the tunny from attempting to leap over the hempen enclosure; which, nevertheless many succeed in doing amidst volleys of "*Carajos!*" The fish are thus killed in the water and then drawn in triumph on shore. They are allowed to bleed freely; and the entrails, roes, livers and eyes are immediately cut out, being perquisites of different authorities.—*Ellis.*

CROCODILES IN CEYLON.—Few reptiles are more disgusting in appearance than these brutes; but nevertheless, their utility counterbalances their bad qualities, as they cleanse the water from all impurities. So numerous are they that their heads may be seen in fives and tens together, floating at the top of the water like rough corks; and at about five p.m. they bask on the shore, close to the margin of the water, ready to scuttle in on the shortest notice. They are then particularly on the alert, and it is a most difficult thing to stalk them, so as to get near enough to make a certain shot. This is not bad amusement when no other sport can be had. Around the margin of a lake, in a large plain far in the distance, may be seen a distinct line upon the short grass like the fallen trunk of a tree. As there are no trees at hand, this must necessarily be a crocodile. Seldom can the best hand at stalking get within eighty yards of him, before he lifts his scaly head, and, listening for a second, plunges off the bank.

BEAUTY AND THE KNOT.—The Princess Lapuchin, one of the most beautiful women at the court of the Empress Elizabeth, was condemned to the knout, as participator in a conspiracy. Without knowing anything of this sentence, she was led to the place of punishment, when terror at the preparations made for her torture almost deprived her of her senses. A hangman tore her little cape from her bosom. In a second she stood naked to the waist, exposed to the sight of a gaping mob, which thronged to the scene of blood. A second hangman seized her, and raising her on the back of his comrade, placed her in the position most suitable for the punishment. He then seized the long knout, stepped back a few paces, measured the requisite space for the blow, and the knout, whizzing through the air, tore away a narrow strip of skin from the neck along the back. These blows he repeated, until the centre skin of the back hung down in rags. Immediately after her tongue was plucked out, and she was sent to Siberia.

Beware of the "False!"—A beautiful face and a false heart in woman are sure to bring the direst sorrow man is heir to.



ASSES IN THE EAST.

ASSES IN THE EAST.

THE ass, despised and maltreated in Europe, enjoys higher consideration in the East. There he is at home, and there he no longer slinks along like an overgrown, decrepid rat, but marches along, shining and sleek, spirited—almost proud. In Arabia, Persia, Egypt or Numidia, he lives to some twenty or thirty years old, while in Europe he seldom passes his twelfth or fifteenth. Travellers tell of African and Asian asses running so rapidly that only blood horses could keep up with them. The Arabian are the finest and swiftest. In Persia they are used only as beasts of carriage, and not of burden. They are quite expensive, are curried as carefully as horses, and only used at the slow amble befitting the dignity of a stately Oriental. Grooms ride them carefully evening and morning to accustom them to this gait. Even military men only ride their horses in battle or on parade, and may be seen philosophically pacing about smoking on donkeys.

In Egypt every peasant who can afford it owns an ass and uses him continually. It is well known how gingerly the ass turns aside from every puddle and avoids wetting his feet. In our engraving we have the copy of a picture by Kretschmer, exhibited at Berlin in 1855, and representing a common scene in the East. The ass not only dreads water, but distrusts the solidity of a boat, and, consequently, goes only as a prisoner on voyages.

The Jews were anciently believed by other races to worship an ass. The general extent of this opinion, and the obstinacy with which it was adhered to, indicates a period when some large portion of the Hebrews adopted, partially, the animal, or nature worship, of their neighbors. The ass is a decided Oriental, and diminishes in value and size as he approaches the North. In Cairo few persons walk—for more than a thousand years in that city the donkey and donkey-boy have held the place occupied by the hackney-coach and driver.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

How she strives her grief to smother!
Tears fall on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes the mother,
Calls her home to cheer her age.
Weary then with looking—longing,
Weeks and weeks pass sadly by;
All the past to mem'ry thronging—
Hoping on, but—no reply.
Till at last there comes a letter:
'Tis her own, she traces there—
Better had she died—far better—
“Gone away, and not known where.”

II.

From her home across the ocean,
Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion—
How she turns to earlier years;
Prays that Heav'n may bless her mother,
Tells her of her wedded joy,
How she left her for another—
Sends the picture of her boy.
Then she waits to be forgiven,
Till another year has fled;
Back her letter, torn and riven,
Comes—and on it written—“Dead.”

THE MASKED BALL.

BY LIEUT.-COL. H. R. ADDISON.

I was at that age when pleasure is the illustration of existence. Not that I mean to say my taste for it has even yet disappeared. Alas! like the love of woman, it lingers long after the essential powers of enjoying it are past, and often betrays the gray head, blanched by three score years, into the follies of a boy. I really do wish I could read the lesson which my looking-glass daily inculcates properly. But, no; I am still young, despite the strong lines in my face, and the weak eyesight, which fain would avoid seeing them. But all this has nothing to do with my reminiscence.

In a word, I was young. I was resident in Rome, and dressed in the attire of his Satanic Majesty, and I now awaited the arrival of a friend to accompany me to the masked ball in the *Via Babuina*, one of the gayest *fêtes* given during the Carnival, and that Carnival, remember, dear reader, splendid as it used to be before foreign soldiers disfigured the streets and checked the pleasures of the Eternal City. So it will scarcely appear strange that I anxiously chide the lagging hours, impatient to set out.

Impatiently, I wag my tail; I play with my pitchfork; I sharpen my pointed nails, and strut before my cheval-glass in all the pride of a juvenile masquerader.

The bell at length sounds. I enter the carriage with an angel and a Dominican friar, and away we drive to the masked ball.

We enter. Oh! how different from the degrading effects of

an English *bal masqué*! Lovely women, of rank, fashion and talent, charming by their wit and winning the eye by their graceful movements; noblemen of acknowledged talent striving to render themselves agreeable; brilliant lights; good music; fun and frolic in its normal state, divested of all indelicacy and indecorum. Here pleasure seemed to have erected her throne, and here her votaries not only (dressed to represent every character and fashion known in the world) had assembled to do her homage, but, by their good-humor and happy talent, kept up and sustained the characters they assumed. A carnival masquerade, some twenty or thirty years ago, was a festival worthy of the gods; and I could readily fancy Jupiter peeping with envy from his temple in the Forum, and Mercury sulking in the Pantheon, annoyed at not being invited. I pitied the Pope, shut up in the Quirinal; but I verily believed (and I don't believe I was wrong) that more than one cardinal was present.

My pleasure was, however, somewhat marred by the constant interruptions to my gambols, caused by two figures (a red domino and an arlechino) who pursued me wherever I went. They even annoyed me by hustling me, and at last became so troublesome, that I pointed them out to Sir Frederick H—, who instantly joined me, and my tormentors ceased to persecute me. I could, however, occasionally catch glimpses of them; and, I confess, I did not feel comfortable.

“Come home, my lad, and sup with us at the Albergo di Londra; we have ordered supper there. F— and my brother will accompany us—nay, don't refuse! The Piazza di Spagna is only at the end of the street; we will walk there together, and when we break up my valet shall see you home.”

After a faint attempt at resistance, I consented, and we all quitted the ball-room together. The two masks followed us to the door; but seeing the strength of our party, returned to the saloon.

We certainly had a delightful supper; and, after our exertion, we enjoyed Cérney's cool champagne, and every one had some good anecdote to tell. At length came the hour of breaking up; and so happy had I been that I had forgotten all about my late fears, when I was reminded of them by Sir Frederick's offer to send his servant with me; but, as it was now daylight, and I had only a short distance to traverse to arrive at my lodgings in the Corso, I declined the escort and started alone.

It was a brilliant winter's morning, and I felt quite reinvigorated, and “whistled as I went for want of thought.” But scarcely had I arrived half-way down the *Via Cordotti* when I



THE ASSASSINATION.

saw a crowd, amongst whom several gendarmes now seemed very busy. They were evidently congregated round some object lying on the ground, and I hurried over to see what it was. As I did so, the people turned round and uttered a loud cry of surprise at my appearance, immediately opening out a passage for me. How far greater, however, was my astonishment and terror when I saw my "second self" lying dead upon the ground. Stretched at my feet, with a broken glass stiletto still rankling in the wound, I beheld a figure dressed precisely as I was weltering in his blood; I beheld a corpse in the disguise of the devil—a counterpart of myself so exact, that I could readily account for the terror of the crowd when they beheld me approach. A doctor arrived, too late, of course. A superior police officer took down the depositions and authorised the removal of the dagger. The corpse was then raised, and carried off, to await, within the walls of the nearest church, the recognition of friends or relatives.

I confess my pleasures were spoilt for the remainder of the Carnival; for though I truly felt grateful for my escape, I could not help deploring the fate of my unfortunate double.

A few days after cleared up the mystery. A young Tuscan had rendered himself agreeable to a Roman lady, possessing not only great beauty, but a jealous *cavaliere*. It was known that the youth was to attend the *Via Babuina*, disguised as Beelzebub. The husband and lover (not an uncommon occurrence)—fired with indignation—made common cause, and went to the masquerade, determined on immolating the daring interloper. They had mistaken me for the gallant young gentleman, and I nearly paid for his peccadilloes with my life. Saved by a miracle, I escaped. Not so the youth, who, coming in later, was recognised, dodged on his way home, and struck in his breast by a glass stiletto, over his shoulder, and the handle being instantly broken off, no power could save him. Alas! poor boy, I think I see him as I write; I certainly never felt so horror-stricken in my life.

The perpetrators of the deed were shortly after taken up; but one being a man of rank, and the other consenting to become a Capuchin monk, no punishment beyond a few days' imprisonment was inflicted on them.

THE DONKEYSHIRE MILITIA.

BY OUIDA.

CHAPTER I.—LENNOX DUNBAR.



ERY glorious we were to sight in our scarlet coats and our yellow facings, our pipe-clayed belts and our struggling moustaches, our bran-new swords and our beautiful Albert hats, with the delightful little peak behind to conduct the rain into our necks, and the funny little white knob a-top, like a floured tennisball or a guelder rose.

Very glorious we were, the East Donkeyshire Militia (Light Infantry);

and when we came down the street in full marching order, with our band in front of us clad picturesquely in white, as if they'd come out *en chemise* by mistake, and our bugleman playing one tune, and our fogleman another, and our drum performing a chorus peculiar to itself, I assure you we didn't think the Blues, or the Coldstreams, or Cardigan's Eleventh would have been half so swell.

The East Donkeyshire was embodied in '54, when Britannia took all her hounds to draw the Crimean cover, and left the old dogs and pups at home to guard the kennel, and bark at poachers if they couldn't bite them. And, in the town of Snobleton, the embodiment of the East Donkeyshire was held by ladies as a decided blessing, and by their spiritual pastors and masters as an especial curse. For, in Snobleton, males between twenty and fifty were a rarity, and some eighteen eligible scarlet coats (even though those coats were militia), fit to be hunted down and married out of hand, were, as ladies are constituted, a great boon to the young Venuses of East Donkey-

shire. I assure you it was the most flattering thing in the world, the first day we were billeted there, to see the lots of pretty little faces that came to the windows, and the pretty little figures that clad themselves in their most voluminous crinolines, and put on their best fitting gloves, and their daintiest boots, and patrolled with an innocent, unconscious air before the Marquis's Arms, where our mess was established.

I can't tell you, I'm sure, how I came to join the Donkeyshire; for though, to the best of my belief, I shall never see a brief in my life, I belong to Middle Temple, and had about as much business in the militia as a sailor has at a meet. But I had nothing to do just then; my old chum, Dunbar, was a captain in it, for a lark, as he said; and so I, for a lark too, bought a beautiful Albert hat, and thought, as I surveyed myself in it, that if the Trojan helmet anyway resembled it, Hector's small boy showed good taste in being afraid of it.

The Donkeyshire was a sort of zoological gardens, so varied were the specimens of the *genus homo* it offered for exhibition. First, of course, was the colonel, Sir Cadwallader de Vaux, who knew as much about manœuvring a battalion as I do about crochet or cooking. Then there was the lieutenant-colonel, Mounteagle ("Mount Etna" we called him, he was so deucedly peppery), a short, stout, choleric little fellow, but nevertheless a very fair soldier. Spicer, the major, who, having been an officer of Sepoy cavalry, was of course eminently fitted to drill militia infantry. Popleton, romantic, musical and spoony, son of the Donkeyshire banker. Stickleback, who squinted, and was lamentably ugly, yet tried hard to be a fast man, but couldn't. Muskett, our adjutant, who limped, we said from sciatica, he from a ball at Jellalabad. Eagle, whose governor we suspected of trade, and who, like a snob as he was, dressed loud, and was great in studs, watchchains and rings. And then last, but not least in the Donkeyshire, since we were the sole haven of gentlemanism, your humble servant, Vansittart; Carlton de Vaux, whom everybody called Charlie, who had joined "only," Sir Cadwallader impressed on us, "for example;" and my old chum, Lennox Dunbar, who had first been a middy, then spent a term or two at college, then went on the stage half a year, then into the Hussars till he fought a duel and got a gentle hint to sell out, then led a Bohemian's life on the Continent, and lastly turned *littérateur*, and wrote slashing articles in the periodicals. Now, having eight hundred a year left him by an old aunt, he was a captain in the Donkeyshire, and the finest fellow that ever stood six feet in his stockings. 'Pon my word it was the best fun in life to see how all the girls looked at Dunbar when he swung with his cavalry step through the streets. Why, even the *vieilles filles*, going district visiting with strong copies of "The Pulpit," Mr. Ryle's tracts, or Mr. Molyneux's sermons, neatly bound in brown paper, were obliged to give furtive glances at his soldierly figure, handsome face, and silky whiskers and moustaches—ay, and sighed, too, as they gazed, though they wouldn't have confessed it; no, not if put to the rack.

"Deuce take it, this place seems as dull as a graveyard," said he, the first night at mess. "My ten talents of attraction are buried in a napkin. Why did you ask me to join, colonel? Van here will hang himself if he hasn't twenty pretty women to make love to."

"That's one word for me and two for yourself, Dunbar," said I: "I bet you a pony before a month's out you'll be buried in a shower of pretty pink notes."

"Some of the girls here ain't bad-looking," yawned Stickleback; "but the place is certainly awfully slow."

By Jove! there's your sister, Pop; you must introduce us all. I danced with her a month ago at the Charity Ball, and I noticed she'd a very pretty foot," cried Charlie de Vaux; "and then there are those three women—what the deuce is their name?—who dress alike, and walk up and down High street twenty times in a morning."

"The Breloques, you mean? Oh, they're nobodies!" drawled Eagle. "They're dangerous. They try and hook every man they meet. Adela has been engaged six times to my knowledge; and I've a great idea their braids are false."

"Like your figure," murmured Dunbar. "Are there no widows? I like widows. They're easy game, and don't compromise one."

"All's easy game in Donkeyshire," answered De Vaux.

"By George! we're so rare, that some ladies thought of putting me under a glass case as the only good-looking man."

"And label you, 'Visitors are requested to look, but not to fall in love, as the specimen can't stand it'—eh?" laughed Dunbar. "Well, you and I have got a nice little covey of partridges where we hang out, Van."

"Yes. Confound you. You took care of that, Dunbar," said old Mount Etna, bursting with laughter and pale ale. "You got the best billet there was, as far as the *beux yeux* went."

"Well, colonel," said Dunbar, "all wise men have their weaknesses. Richelieu's was cats, Byron's swimming, Peter the Great's was drawing teeth, and mine is—women. Let's toast them!"

"I wish my sister heard you classing women among weaknesses. What fun it would be to hear her fire up. What beastly sherry this is!" said De Vaux.

"And the claret's a swindle. I'll speak about it if the adjutant won't. Have you a sister? What's she like?"

"How should I know. Come and see," responded Charlie. "She pulled me up in a line from Horace the other day, little puss! which I wanted to impose on the governor."

Dunbar looked disgusted. "Oh! Blue?"

"Lor! bless you, no, not a bit of it. She sings all day and waltzes all night, but she knows no end for all that."

"Knows Latin! I shall hate her," thought Dunbar. "I say, colonel, which is it to be—loo, whist or *vingt et un*?"

It was a pouring night. Luckless Popleton (nicknamed Ginger-pop, from the hue of his numerous curls) was on guard, and went shivering round under a dainty umbrella to the different billets and down to the guard-house, and we telling him to put his feet into hot water, and be sure and have some gruel when he came back, sat down to the loo table.

Dunbar and I lodged over a pastrycook's, the Ude of Donkeyshire, and the "Covey" alluded to were the pastrycook's two daughters, Fanny and Sophy. Very handsome girls they were, and they knew it too. They were fine, dashing, well-dressed brunettes, and from the grammar boys, who came to sigh their souls out over "tuck," to old Spicer, who, stoic though he was, liked to come and have his mulligatawny there, the two Miss Toffys were the admiration of Snobleton. *Notre magasin*, as Dunbar called it, was a general attraction, and the amount of ices, cherry brandy and mock-turtle old Toffy sold, thanks to his daughters' black eyes, must have swelled his receipts enormously.

The militia were godsend to the Covey, and they smiled impartially on us all, for they were prudent young ladies, and fished at the same time with minnows and gudgeons, worms and flies, dead and live bait; so that if the big fish wouldn't nibble, the little ones might. Dunbar was soon in favor with both. In fact, I don't think the woman ever lived with whom, if he chose, Dunbar wasn't in favor. "My dear fellow," he used to say, "I'm a modern Pygmalion; the very statues would fall in love with me if I asked 'em. It's only a little knack that's wanted with women." The "little knack" he possessed, that was very certain, and a greater flirt never whispered pretty things in a *deux-temps*. But though he dressed as well as D'Orsay, was as handsome as the Apollo—shot, swam, rode, and played billiards better than any man I know—sang and drew caricatures like Garcia and Cruikshank—and, withal, wrote the most pungent brochures and sparkling tales under the *nom de plume* of "Latakia"—yet I give you my word he hadn't a spark of vanity in his composition. Indeed, he was fond of calling himself the black sheep of his family, and saying his terrier had done as much good in its generation as he had during the thirty-two years he had walked to and fro upon the earth.

He and De Vaux were the "belles" of the Donkeyshire. Charlie was a pretty boy of nineteen or so, with golden curls, and black eyes as soft as a girl's, and when we marched to the cricket field, and the Snobleton *gamins* shrieked forth, "The melishee's a comin'!" many were the faces that came to the window (to talk to the canary, of course), and many the round hats we encountered (by accident, on purpose), for the sake of the handsome captain and ensign, whom even the Albert hat couldn't wholly disfigure. The cricket field was our parade-ground. There did the Awkward Squad suffer its pain and

torture—there did old Mount Etna roar fruitlessly, "To the right face!" the Donkeyshire invariably turning thereupon to the left face—there did we, if ordered to form into section, form into line as sure as a gun, and when Muskett screamed, "Halt!" did we set off double-quick—there did Hodges stamp on Bill Stubbs's toe, and Jack fire his ramrod into Brother Ambrose's eye, and Private A. make ready while Private B. was firing, and Sergeant C. call out, "Left, right!" while Sergeant D. marched right, left, and my company halted stock-still, while Dunbar's marched double-quick, and Eagle's formed into line, and Popleton's into square, and we finally got all muddled together in inextricable confusion, and finished the day's manoeuvres with a grand scene of the gallant Donkeyshire entirely routed and demoralised by itself.

But the Snobletonians thought us very grand, so it didn't matter, and when we went full figg to church, with our band performing the three different tunes at once, and we sat in the mayor's pew, with our men in front of us, and old Mount Etna dozed and woke himself with a jerk in the wrong places, and Spicer sat bolt upright, eyeing the lectern eagle fiercely, and Ginger-pop looked shyly into the Breloques's pew, and Stickleback stuck his glass in the eye that squinted, and Dunbar caricatured the curate on the fly-leaf of his Church Service, the young ladies glanced up at us when they appeared to be reading the lessons, and thought the Donkeyshire Militia was the finest corps ever embodied.

CHAPTER II.—BEATRICE DE VAUX.



OR the next month we set Snobleton going as that prudish proud and poverty-stricken borough had never gone before. Ginger-pop's governor's house was always free to us, and as Georgie Popleton was a good-looking girl, though confoundedly affected, we accepted the banker's *carte blanche*, and the Breloques's too. Adela, Augusta and Lavinia, three fine women, with, somebody said, ten thousand pounds each—desperate flirts and very good waltzers—made their

mother's house very agreeable, especially to the young birds who didn't doubt the complexions, quiz the style and know that the smiles had been given to twenty others before 'em. Dunbar woke up the governors of the subscription-rooms, had oyster suppers and whist established there, and introduced pool. He made a row about the mess wines, too, and forced the Marquis's Arms to give us really good dinners. He satirised the Donkeyshire, lampooned Stickleback's sporting efforts, Eagle's airs and Pop's weaknesses, and drew caricatures of

M'Dougall, our surgeon, who went clanking about in his sword at all hours, he was so proud of it; Ginger-pop warbling "Will you love me then as now?" under Adela's window in the dead of night; of Pop, again, as he appeared the 1st of September, when, being unused to powder, his gun kicked, and he fell flat on his back, to the admiration of all beholders; of Spicer eating ragoûts, and Charlie ices in "*notre magasin*," with the Covey smiling generously on both; in short, of all the scenes and ways—and they were not rare—in which the Donkeyshire made fools of themselves.

"Where's Charlie? Does anybody know?" said Dunbar, one Monday evening, when we were playing loo in his rooms.

"I do," answered Stickleback. "He's down below, making love to Miss Fanny. He came in with us, but the young lady waylaid him."

"Master Charlie's good taste. I thought all the tin he laid out on cherry-tipple, vermicelli and soda-water wasn't for nothing," said Dunbar, who'd taken a liking to the young fellow, as the boy had equally to him. "I say, I saw his twin-sister to-day. Do any of you happen to know her?"

"What! Beatrice? No; she's only just home from Paris," said Eagle, whom Sir Cadwallader would no more have introduced to his daughter than he'd have introduced a costermonger. "What's she like? Come, tell us, Dunbar."

"She's very pretty," said Lennox, critically, "that I'll admit; chesnut hair, long dark eyes to match, soft skin, nice figure, and a very little hand and pretty foot, and stands up clean. She looks clever, decidedly so, and—it's a pity she knows Latin! What are trumps? Thank you. I say, Pop, how far is it gone? Has she named the day? We'll come in full figg, band and all."

Popleton blushed, and lost half a guinea in his confusion.

"What an ungrateful fellow you are not to tell your bosom friends," cried Dunbar. "Well, you won't deny, Pop, I hope, that you were singing 'She sleeps, my lady sleeps!' at two o'clock last night, and that Adela opened her window like an angel as she is, and dropped a three-cornered note at your feet—will you, eh?"

"I—I—really, I never knew that you saw me," murmured Ginger-pop.

Dunbar shouted with laughter at his random shot having hit home. "Of course you didn't. I defy any man to stare devoutly at a third-story window and look up the street at the same time. I'll take 'Miss' Van. Hallo, Charlie! here you are at last. Wasn't Fanny kind to-night?"

The boy laughed. "What are you playing for, Dunbar?"

"As usual—maximum, ten. Don't make yourself ill with ices, Charlie; you had a dozen to-day, I think? The Covey are all very well, but they're not worth a bilious fever; besides, they like old Spicer's yellow-boys better than your yellow curls, *mon garçon*. I say, I saw your sister to-day, with the governor."

"Pussy! did you? Well, what do you think of her?"

"That she might be charming if she didn't know Latin. Her eyes are like Capéfigue's description of Du Barry's."

"What, the Revalenta Arabica man?" asked Popleton, staring.

"Not exactly, most innocent Ginger," laughed Dunbar. "Take another weed, Van, they're real Manillas; my brother Jack brought 'em over. By Jove! I wonder if he's spending to-night in the trenches."

"I say, Dunbar," said Charlie—

"What, am I loosed? By George!"

"I say, c'n't you write 'Charlie Cheroots; or the Fusiliers,' that's coming out in the *Pot-Pourri*?"

Dunbar nodded.

"And that thing, too, on 'Popular Preachers?'"

"Yes. Didn't you see 'em signed 'Latakia?'"

"Well, Beatrice said the other day, after reading 'em, that they were the best things she'd ever seen, and if she were to know the author she was quite certain she should fall in love with him."

"She's quite welcome; I don't mind," said Dunbar, with an amiably submissive air. "I'll have 'Miss' again, it's the only fun there is in loo. Don't tell her I wrote 'em, Charlie. Let her find it out."

"But if she don't love you?"

"*Ca m'est bien égal*," said Dunbar, caressing his moustaches. "It's rather a bore to be loved, you know; for, if you don't love in return, it's no fun; and if you do, you're in an everlasting fever and work. I've been in love ever since I can remember. My first attachment was a little girl with blue eyes and peony cheeks; not an exalted object, for she was our lodge-keeper's daughter, but I know I took her hardbake devoutly, and adored her, until my cousin Valencia came. But she was twenty, and I worshipped her at a distance—I was eleven, I believe; but I know, when Jack Montresor married her, I could have slain him without shrive. *Nous avons changé tout cela*: now I neither slay myself nor my rivals—even your sister, Charlie, wouldn't be worth the exertion."

"I'll tell her what you say. By Jove, won't she cut up rough? Pussy's great ideas of what's due to her sex?"

"Do; it will keep her from falling in love with the author of 'Charlie Cheroots,' who, you may add, would see himself hanged before he married a girl who knew Latin."

"Or before he married at all, eh?"

"I don't know," said Dunbar, meditatively. "Perhaps I

may, some fine day, as a *dernier ressort*. I've used up everything else. I may, before I go to glory, try matrimony as a change; not that I think it would agree with me, but just as they give boys sulphur and treacle, as a wholesome disagreeable."

We played till it struck three, and then refreshed ourselves with "natives," lobster-salad, maccaroni, gelatine de dindon, and all the provocations to gourmandise the Toffy talent could offer us. And over the Burton ale and cognac and hollands, the fun grew fast, and Charlie's laughter uproarious. Dunbar told us *bal d'Opera* and *Chaumiere* stories and jests of the Rag and the coulisses. Stickleback, under the gentle influences of whiskey, told long tales of steeple-chases and the Ring and the Yard, to which nobody listened. Eagle waxed confidential and related an undying passion for a fair countess he had met at a race-ball, which was very amusing to me, as I knew the lady in question, and knew, too, that she'd as soon accepted attentions from a groom as from the son of a gin-merchant. And Popleton—poor Popleton!—with tears in his eyes, spoke pathetically of his devotion to Adela Breloques; showed us a note of hers beginning "Beloved Augustus," and signed "Ever thine;" and finally commenced singing "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," till Dunbar stopped him at the outset by telling him it was shockingly stupid of him if he didn't; tears were made of water, albumen and salts, and always meant, with women, that they'd come to their last round of ammunition, and that you'd better kiss 'em away as fast as possible.

Then we went home to our different billets as the milk-carts began to go about the streets and the servant-girls to clean their steps; and I thought, as Master Charlie left the door of *notre magasin* chanting "He's a jolly good fellow," that though Sir Cadwallader, in his innocence, wish'd him to join "for example," the "example" was a dubious benefit to the Donkeyshire.

"But I like that young fellow," said Dunbar that night, or rather morning. "He's good-hearted and plucky, and never forgets he's a gentleman. He's getting very soft about Miss Fanny; I'll take care he don't do what a pretty milliner of Petty Cury once trapped me into when I was at Trinity—that greatest of *bêtises*, a promise of marriage. Fanny's wide awake, and very handsome."

The next day we went over to Springley, Sir Cadwallader's place. We all belonged to the Donkeyshire Archery Club, and as the last meeting was held at Springley, we received an invitation from the colonel to stay and dine there. Dunbar and I had been there several times, but MM. Eagle, Stickleback, Pop and Co., had not attained to the great dignity. Looking across between an English belle and a Spanish huntress, I saw Beatrice De Vaux for the first time in my life. She was, I may as well say is, exquisitely pretty; and her long eyes, soft and dark like Charlie's, shot destruction into the Donkeyshire that day from under the coquettish gray hat of the archery dress.

She has a good dash of her old governor's pride, but mixed with so much grace, softness and girlish vivacity, that it's very bewitching. She bowed a little carelessly to the rest of the gallant Donkeyshire, who were not, certainly, attractive in appearance to a young lady fresh from her first season, but smiled as she recognised Dunbar, who looked, it is true, among the males of Donkeyshire, something as Apollo might look among the Yahoos. He won the claret-jug, she the *negligé*, the two first prizes, and that threw them together the rest of the day. Dunbar seemed to relish his fate extremely, and never to remember Beatrice de Vaux knew—Latin!

Brilliant and witty as he was, he had to put out all his paces with her; she was so clever that it roused him into exerting his intellectual strength, and making her feel that there was still more in him than he allowed to appear. He did not take her in to dinner, but he sat on her left hand, and the ringing fire of their *repartees* made even Sir Cadwallader relax into a laugh.

"By Jove!" whispered Charlie to me, "Dunbar and Pussy seem to get on, don't they? If she knew how he talked about her last night, wouldn't she give him a licking!"

When we went into the drawing-room she was sitting in a low chair near the piano, looking divine, as Pop would have phrased it, her dress for all the world like a pile of white cloud

Hunt and Roskell's newest bracelets on her white arms, Paris flowers in her wavy chestnut hair, and her whole style and toilette unmistakably thorough-bred. Dunbar lounged up to her, leant his arm on the piano, and resumed their dinner conversation. She had in her hand the *Pot-Pourri*, the monthly in which "Charlie Cheroots" was coming out, with sundry other slashing articles by Latakia, political or satirical.

"Isn't he clever, this Latakia, Captain Dunbar?" began Beatrice. "I think all he writes is delightful. I wish I knew his real name. Can't you tell me?"

"I grieve to refuse you, but I mustn't, indeed, for he wishes to keep his incognito," answered the hypocritical Latakia.

"Do you know him, then?"

"Yes. I know as much of him as most people do."

"Oh! how tiresome you are. Can't you tell me his name?" cried the young lady. "I should so love to know him; he is so amusing. Isn't he very nice?"

Dunbar stroked his moustaches and looked dissent. "N—no. I don't think so. He has a great many faults, and has done many naughty things in his life. He is very fond of satirising other people, and might look at home with advantage. Like Pendennis, he's his own greatest enemy and best friend. He has talents, perhaps; but he fritters them away."

"Fritters them away, when he writes such things as the May article on the Crimean question!" cried Beatrice, looking charmingly indignant. "Well! you are not very complimentary to your friend; one would think you were jealous of him. Poor Latakia! it is well he cannot hear you."

"You are severe, Miss De Vaux," said Dunbar, with an injured expression. "I was only saying the truth. I like Latakia; nobody better. But he has a good many faults, and I can't be blind to them."

"Well! I am sorry," said Beatrice, arching her pretty pencilled eyebrows. "I like his writing; he is witty, without straining at wit; racy, without ever being coarse; he draws society like a man of the world, and depicts character as only one can who has a deep insight into human nature; and bitterly as he lashes social follies or frands, you can see under all his satire a true warm sympathy with what is noble in life, and an under vein of sadness which tells you that though he laughs, scoffs and jests, he has not lived without tasting sorrow."

I don't doubt it was very pleasant to Dunbar to hear himself so energetically defended by such a champion as Beatrice, with her dark eyes beaming, her haughty little head raised, and her delicate cheeks flushed; but he didn't let himself seem so. He merely bowed his head.

"Latakia will be very flattered when I tell him how happy he is in your good opinion."

Beatrice looked a little annoyed at his quizzical smile. "Oh!" she said, carelessly, "I admire talent wherever I meet with it. I like to see any man boldly stemming the current of public opinion, and stating frankly his own thoughts even when they are most at issue with the renewed prejudices of society; and you, even, must admit that your friend does this."

"Yes, certainly," said Dunbar. "I only don't fancy him as clever as he'd make himself out. But are you not terribly anxious, Miss De Vaux, to know whether Charlie Cheroots marries Lucille or Lady Adeline? Shall I write and ask Latakia?"

Beatrice gave him a pretty half-annoyed, half-amused glance, put her head up and looked disdainful, and, turning to the piano, sang the "*Fleur de l'Âme*" with a thrilling, *passionnée*, pathetic voice, that went near to making poor Popleton weep. Dunbar asked her to play "*Amour et Fanatisme*" for him, and addressed the "*Chrétienne aux longs yeux bleus*" with such artistic style, that Beatrice began to forgive him, and they sang Italian bravuras till the rest of Donkeyshire grew mad with envy.

When he and I, with Eagle and Popleton, drove back to Snobleton in the dog-cart, Dunbar refreshed himself with a good laugh.

"By Jove, Van, that critique was beautiful! I shouldn't be half so flattered if the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster* or the *Times* were to tell me I beat every romancist hollow, from Le Sage to Bulwer. Didn't Beatrice come out. I give you my word, when she asked me so seriously if I didn't think myself clever, I could have burst with laughter."

"You'll be more likely to get puffed up with vanity," murmured Pop, who was rather cross, for the Breloques had not been at the meeting, as we know it would kill "the county" to mix for a second with "the town."

"No, most wise Ginger," answered Dunbar, seriously, whipping up the mare, "I shall never be fat, thank heaven; I'm too muscular; and if I ever require my waistcoats extended one-tenth of an inch, I shall turn vegetarian and drink vinegar, as Adela Breloques has done for the last ten years (if one may judge from the sharpness of her nose), with many other stout quasi juveniles."

Poor Pop shrank into himself. He learnt what it was to try satire with the author of Charlie Cheroots.

"Pon my life, it's odd how well Beatrice read my character in describing Latakia's," said Dunbar, as we sat smoking that night. "I don't mean in the flattery about my talents, &c., but in the 'underlying sadness,' as the young lady styled it, and in the enjoyment I take in pitching into that double-distilled donkey, Society. She's right enough, Van, that I've had my share of sorrow, though nobody would think it; and she has read my nature truer in my writings than anybody ever did yet."

I smiled. "You've forgiven her the Latin, then?"

"Latin? Oh, yes; she's nothing of the *bas bleu* about her, so it don't matter. I suppose she picked up a smattering of Horace from Charlie's tutor; she's a clever little thing—very intelligent, and has something to say for herself. What a treat that is now-a-days, when the girls one meets are well-dressed puppets—nothing better, and can only lip their inane nonsense about Lady A.'s last ball or Lady B.'s new bonnet, or how pleasant a *valseur* young D. is, or what a lovely pug Captain E. has given 'em. There are plenty of pretty heads on pretty shoulders, but precious few with anything inside them. They have unexceptionable coiffeurs and hair 'done' to a nicety; but they're like whipped cream, all outside show, and in the little geese's heads you look in vain for stuffing."

"How eloquent we are! Put that down for Part XII. of Charlie Cheroots, and add that it was inspired by Dunbar's Beatrice, second only to Dante's."

"Who is a charming exception to the general run of young ladies, for which Latakia will amuse himself with her company as often as possible. By George! that reminds me I've got to finish all my October things for the *Pot-Pourri*, the *Liberalist* and the *Equality Review*. I'll sit up and write to-night. You're off to bed, Van. Push me those Cubas before you go: thank you. Pleasant dreams, old fellow."

CHAPTER III. — THE REVIEW AND THE PRESENTATION OF THE COLORES BY BEATRICE.



IME slipped away, and the Donkeyshire's best-drilled company seemed to me only an awkward squad. We seemed to try with all our might to realise *Punch's* '48 Militia Pictures, and if we didn't parade when it was wet with our umbrellas up, it was merely because half Donkeyshire didn't possess such articles. The most martial man among us was our Podillirious M'Dougall; who had grown the fiercest moustache in the regiment, and, as I have said, never parted with his sword, but went clanking about with it at all hours of the day up the High street and down the market-place, the ting-ting it played upon the *pavé* making, I suppose, sweet music to his medical ears.

The most notable event that occurred was the arrest of Spoon, an ensign, son of a Snobleton brewer. When stealing at dusk into the garden of Miss Backboard's Academy, to visit the lovely object of his passion, he was ignominiously taken up by a policeman for trespassing, and had to pay the cost of the virtuous Backboard's prosecution. The Covey continued very great guns, Fanny making desperate love to Charlie and Sophy to Dunbar, old Toffy shutting both eyes tight, like a sensible parent as he was.

The Breloques gave carpet-dances twice a week, and waltzed the ensigns into rapturous adoration and poor Pop nearly into

a proposal. Pop would have compromised himself entirely if a Snobleton solicitor hadn't shown him some notes (facsimile of the dainty *billets-doux* the ensign daily received) which Adela had written him only six months before, which unlucky discovery a little damped the militiaman's ardor, and made him sing, "Hopeless, I've watched thee," and "I know a maiden fair to see," so drearily and dreadfully, that Eagle, who lived next him, was driven to change his lodgings. Dunbar, meanwhile, was constantly riding over to Springley, taking books, flax-silk, beads, potichomanie and diapahanie, new crayons, gold for illuminating, or any other little commissions Beatrice chose to give him. There was no duenna at Springley. Lady de Vaux was dead, and Sir Cadwallader's sister, a mild old lady, devoted to lapdogs and knitting, was as good as nobody. There were plenty of guests, to be sure, but none of them thought it their business to spy on their young hostess. Sir Cadwallader was shut up in his library, or out at his sessions, or attending some other magisterial duties; so Dunbar sang and read and chatted with Beatrice as much as he liked, which was whenever he wasn't drilling or shooting over the Springley preserves. And they had at once so much that was akin and so much that was different (*l'harmonie dans les sentimens et l'opposition caractères* as Dunbar quoted), that Latakia fell in love for the two hundred and sixtieth, and Beatrice for the first, time in their lives.

All the two months through we'd been fancying the Duke of Cambridge, or the illustrious field-marshal author of our hat, would come down to review us, but as they didn't, we thought we'd review ourselves, and I don't doubt we pleased ourselves a great deal better than we should have done them. At this review Sir Cadwallader thought he'd bestow a pair of colors on the Donkeyshire, and the little white hands of his daughter were to give them away.

"*Il promet plus de beurre que de pain*," whispered Beatrice, pointing to our redoubtable motto, "*Noli me tangere*."

"No, it doesn't," said Dunbar, laughing. "It's quite true the gallant corps never will be touched—by powder. A donkey's ears, with the motto 'Awkward Squad,' would be more appropriate than that rising sun and royal arms."

"Why do you waste your time then, and lower yourself by belonging to them?" asked Beatrice. "I should have thought both your spirit and inclination would have led you long ago before Sebastopol."

"They would, but for an affair with Trelawney, which shut the service upon me. Else I should have been at Alma and Balaklava with poor Jack. But, however, plenty of better fellows than I have been shot down in that thankless cause, and I hope you don't wish I were among the number." And Dunbar made his handsome eyes very sorrowful and touching. The upward look he got answered him fully.

All Snobleton came to see us reviewed. There were three carriages from Springley, and Beatrice in her own little trap, with four black Shetlands that put me in mind of Cinderella's mice; the Popleton vehicle, with a gorgeous hammercloth and coat-of-arms as big as life (the banker's grandfather had kept the Marquis's Arms, but they dropped that reminiscence, you see), and George Pop inside it, cosmetiqued, fixatriced and got up to a T; the Breloques, in a hired clarence, with entire conservatories emptied out on their bonnets, and a thousand prepared *minauderies* and ready-made smiles to trap the unwary. The Covey, too, came with their bosom friend Miss Boddington, a job-master's daughter, in a landau from the paternal Boddington's stables, and boldly took their stand in the inner circle, to the immeasurable disgust of the Snobleton "aristocracy."

Then there were a great many on foot who couldn't see themselves and wouldn't let anybody else, who were constantly breaking the line and getting mixed up among the bayonets; and there was Sir Cadwallader riding about very grand and stern on a kicking black horse, and Mount Etna swearing till he was black in the face, and the rest of the gallant Donkeyshire doing all that they ought not to do, and leaving undone all that they ought to do. Our bugler burst forth in the "British Grenadiers," the fife in "The girls we leave behind us," the clarionet in "Cheer, boys, cheer," and the drum in an incessant tattoo in harmony with nothing; and amidst this fanfaronade the manoeuvres commenced. I cannot describe them, they were far too beautifully complex; Williams of Kars

himself would have been bewildered by those intricate and marvellous evolutions. It was specially grand when we got mixed up with the crowd, and Stokes, a private in my company, impaled a small boy on his bayonet to the destruction of a pinafore and a leather belt; and when we formed into square, and my servant, firing with his eyes shut, as was his custom, *à la Winkle*, discharged his blank cartridge straight into Sir Cadwallader's face, thereby ruffling the baronet's aristocratic equanimity to a very unaristocratic extent. The evolutions over, two drums were set in the middle of the cricket-field with the colors laid upon them; The Donkeyshire formed round, and Beatrice, with her pretty mixture of girl's gaiety and woman's self-possession, descended from her pony-carriage. She gave Dunbar, who was looking at her with admiring approval, a side glance and a smile as she walked to the drums with that thorough air of "lady" that the Georgie Pops and Adela Breloques never can carry, let 'em dress as well as they will. She made the regiment a pretty speech in her soft, clear voice, as she gave the colors to the two youngest ensigns. There was, of course, an immense deal of huzzing, old Mount made a flowery oration to Beatrice, and we marched round the field, Charlie carrying the Queen's and Spoon the regimental colors, and the band playing "God save the Queen," the bugle at a gallop, the fife at a slow trot, the clarionet at the pace of the Dead March, and the drum performing the variations peculiar to itself. We gave them a luncheon afterwards in a tent used for the Snobleton flower-shows; and Dunbar sat himself next Beatrice, his handsome eyes discoursing most eloquently.

"Who are those two persons Charley is so *dévoué* to?" asked Beatrice, when the luncheon was nearly over, glancing at the bottom of the tent, where her brother, in reckless forgetfulness of Sir Cadwallader, had outraged every virtuous feeling of the Snobleton *élite* by placing the Covey.

"Their name is Toffy. Will you take some *dindon désossé*?"

"Thank you. Do they live in Snobleton? Who are they?"

"Two handsome women," laughed Dunbar, not willing, for Charlie's sake, to enlighten her concerning the belles of *notre magasin*.

"But not ladies," said Beatrice, looking at them with a little disgust, and thinking Dunbar's silence rather odd. "A laugh will tell a lady, you know, as Latakia says." And her own laugh rang clear and musical.

"You flatter Latakia very much by remembering his idle words."

"Idle words! There you are depreciating your unhappy friend again. I am afraid you are of a very envious disposition, monsieur. By the way, I am angry with dear Latakia for his September number. He speaks so naughtily about women, as if we were only fit to be his lordship's toys, and it were supreme condescension to elevate us even so high. He seems to conceive that if we are pretty we must of necessity be silly, and that our highest office in this world must be to warm his highness's slippers and fill his mightiness's meerschau!"

Dunbar liked nothing better than to set Beatrice off on her sex's rights. She looked so pretty in her animated tilting, when she put her red lance in rest and charged him full gallop.

"Well, those are duties any amiable wife would perform, are they not?" he said, with what Beatrice called his provoking smile.

"Duties? Odious word! If those are Latakia's ideas, he had better marry his housemaid, she'll be more used to waiting on him, and do it better. It is a pity gentlemen with such notions of wives' duties don't turn Mahometans, and keep a thousand slaves."

"It would be pleasant, but I'm afraid it might be expensive," answered Dunbar, thoughtfully. "One would want such a large house, that's the worst of it."

Beatrice pulled her gloves on impatiently, and arched her pretty eyebrows contemptuously.

"And as I say, after all," continued her tormentor, "if one marries a good, sensible girl, not too accomplished, and not pretty enough to be vain, who feels her inferiority to us, and doesn't seek for admiration, but has a needle at hand if a button comes off, and can keep a check on the cook's expenses, and knows when a dinner is well served, why, that is all one wants in a wife."

"And I hope that is all you will ever get!" cried pretty, accomplished, brilliant Beatrice, as innocent of needlework and housewifery as Dunbar himself. "Marry my maid, she will suit you exactly. She has all the serviceable qualities you require, and you will not be troubled with too much wit, beauty or intellect. If I were you, I would advertise in the *Times*—'A wife wanted, neither head nor heart desirable, but a strong pair of hands indispensable. N. B. Housemaids and pastry-cooks are particularly eligible for the situation.'"

And Miss Beatrice spoke very angrily and disdainfully, with her soft eyes flashing, but her cheeks were pale, and tears glistened on her lashes. Dunbar laughed heartily, he was so happy. He thought to himself, "Unless she cared for me, what I say wouldn't trouble her quite so much."

"Hallo, Pussy, quarrelling with Dunbar," said Charlie, leaning over her, having summarily deserted the Covey on catching his governor's eye fixed inquiringly on Fanny and Sophy.

"Quarrelling? Dear me, no, Charlie. What could make you think so? Captain Dunbar and I were only comparing notes, to see how utterly different all our opinions are," answered Beatrice, carelessly buttoning her right-hand glove.

"That's quarrelling, Pussy. Fie! it's very naughty to be cross to Dunbar, when only such a little time ago you told me you loved him," whispered Charlie.

Beatrice stared at him, turned scarlet, then white, caught Dunbar's eyes and dropped her own, in the most miserable fix a young lady ever was placed in. Then her self-possession came to her aid, and she tried to look haughty with all her might, though her hand shook, and she breathed quickly.

"Carlton! what an absurd jest. I should think you scarcely know what you are saying."

"Oh yes, I do, Pussy," answered Charlie, coolly. "I assure you, 'pon my honor, though you may pretend to deny it before him, that you did really and truly say you loved my friend Lennox Dunbar."

Beatrice tried hard to conceal her agitation, and succeeded.

"You disgrace yourself, Carlton, not me. Captain Dunbar, have the goodness to take me to papa."

"Wait a bit, Pussy; just let a fellow speak," said Charlie, in a low tone. "Don't get so deucedly stilted. I repeat that, whether you unsay it just because Dunbar's here or not, that you distinctly told me, after reading the July number of the *Pot Pourri*, and some things in the *Equality Review*, that you loved—yes, loved—Latakia!"

"Latakia!" repeated Beatrice, the light dawning on her.

"Are you Latakia?" she cried, turning to Dunbar, the color mounting in her cheeks.

"Yes: and happy indeed am I to be Latakia, if anything I ever had the good fortune to write has amused one hour of yours, or won me one word of your approval," whispered Dunbar, bending down to her.

Beatrice put her hand into his offered arm, and looked up with naive joy in his face, quite forgiving him his heathenish matrimonial doctrines.

"To think that you should be Latakia! How glad I am! If I hadn't been so stupid I should have guessed it long ago. Oh, now you will promise me, won't you, to make Charlie Cheroots marry dear little Lucille?"

"That I will, to please you, though I've some idea of killing her, to punish Cheroots for his naughtiness; and, Beatrice, will you promise me not to deny to Lennox Dunbar the love you in jest gave to Latakia?"

He spoke in a whisper as he leant over the pony-carriage, for her old aunt, plague take her! sat on the other side. He felt a tiny pressure of his hand as she dropped the reins and stooped to pick them up; and then the four mice bowled away his fairy queen, and he was obliged to content himself as best he might.

"Clever fellow Dunbar is," said Connyngname of the Tenth, that evening, in the Springley drawing-room. "It's a crying shame to bury himself with such a set of asses. That famous duel of his lost the service a splendid soldier."

"Yes, he is clever, and very agreeable," answered sententious Sir Cadwallader. "I was sorry to hear such reports of him as Mr. Altarcloth told me to-day."

Altarcloth was the perpetual curate of St. Purification's, whom Dunbar caricatured in his church service.

"What about?" asked Connyngname, listlessly.

"About him and the daughters of Toffy, the confectioner, with whom he lodges," answered the baronet, lowering his tone, lest his daughter should be contaminated. "They are fine women—very fine women, certainly—but Altarcloth tells me Dunbar's conduct with them is—anything but what it should be." And Sir Cadwallader, who being a county member, thought it expedient to be very puritanic, rigid and oblivious of his own youth, lifted his eyebrows and shook his head.

Connyngname laughed. "The Covey! Oh, I dare say; crinoline was always his favorite game."

Beatrice turned round, her dark eyes flashing and her cheek flushed. "Dear papa, do you listen to what Mr. Altarcloth tells you? There is not a greater scandal-monger in all Donkeyshire. Surely you do not allow that hypocritical pet preacher to influence you against an intimate friend?"

Sir Cadwallader stared aghast. He had seen very little of Beatrice; if other people had spoilt her, he had never yielded to such weakness. "My dear Beatrice, when I desire your opinion, I can request it. The subject of our conversation was one it would have been more becoming in you not to have listened to or entered upon."

"You are quite right, papa; scandal is never improving," answered his child, with mischievous humility; though, as she remembered Dunbar's queer manner about the Miss Toffys, Pussy's heart sank twenty degrees, and beat fast as Connyngname said to her father:

"Sophy Toffy's a very fine woman; I assure you her figure's almost as good as the empress's. She was talking to Dunbar in his room the other day when I called on him, and I'd a—ha! ha!—very good chaff at him, I can tell you, when she left; but, somehow, Dunbar isn't an easy fellow to chaff; you always get a sharper cut than you give."

"I heard he was deucedly smitten; so seriously that he thought of marrying the girl," said another man; "but I wouldn't believe that, you know. Dunbar's too old a hand for anything so verdant."

Sir Cadwallader frowned, and changed the subject.

Scorning herself for being jealous of the Covey, but hating them with all the hot, reasonless, fiery hate with which a girl in love hates any woman to whom her *alter idem* only says "Good morning!" Beatrice listened to this gossip, to which, in the earlier stage of his residence at *notre magasin* my friend, to say the truth, had given a corner-stone, which is always enough to build a large temple for gossip in a country town.

Beatrice recalled his unwillingness to speak of the Covey, the haste with which he dismissed the subject, but thought, "Yet, if he likes me, he can't care for such girls as those *now*, whatever he may have done before." With which womanlike reasoning Beatrice went to the carriage to drive to the Snobleton Theatre, her heart as unquiet and fearful as partridges in October, wondering when Dunbar would repeat the question he put to her that morning.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW DUNBAR WENT TO THE MISS TOFFY'S BOX AT THE SNOBLETON THEATRE, AND THEREBY PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.

"HALLO, Charlie!" said I, at mess, that night, "it's lucky your governor can't see without his glass, or you'd have had a pretty row to-day. Why ain't you wide awake, my boy, and make love—if you will make it—more under the rose?"

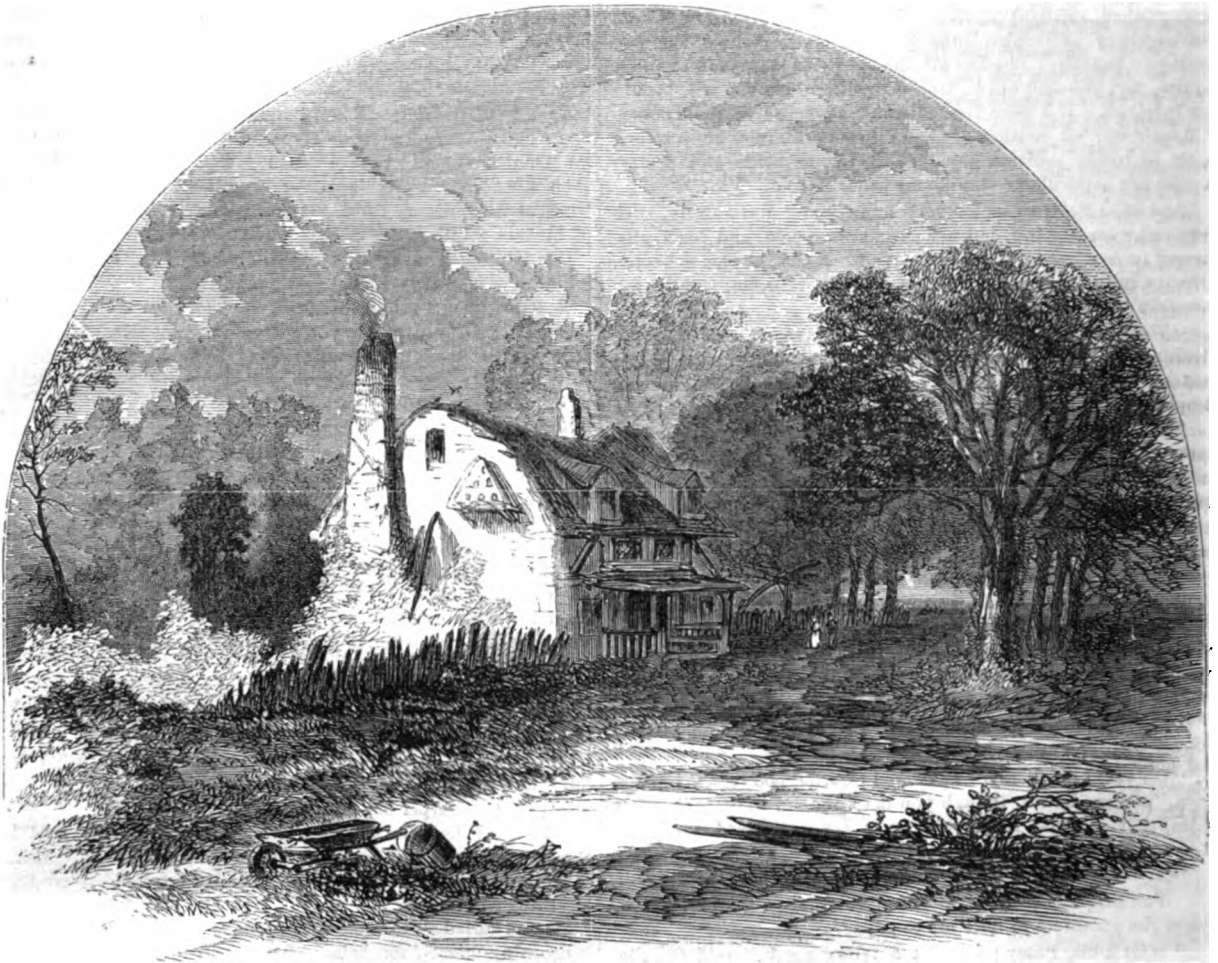
"A luncheon's not precisely the place for spoonysm," lisped Eagle. "But perhaps he's serious, and took the opportunity to introduce Sir Cadwallader to his daughter-in-law."

"The devil!—no, Eagle," said Dunbar, "Charlie wouldn't stoop to the Covey any more than your love, Lady L—, would stoop to you."

The gin-merchant's offspring winced. Charlie colored, and talked fast to Spoon about some pointers.

"Does Fanny tell you, De Vaux," asked Ginger-pop, "how many fellows she's sworn fidelity to over cherry-tipple and mock-turtle?"

"You might know, Pop, without asking," interposed the champion of Beatrice's brother. "Does Adela confide to you the rings she exchanged with Dr. Montrose and Granby of the



THE MARQUIS'S ARMS—THE OFFICER'S QUARTERS AT SNOBLETON.

Twenty-first, or the notes she bothered Stoggins and Rawlinson and Spencer with, or the moonlight walks she took young Battson and that good-looking cashier at the bank? You can tell by Miss Breloques whether ladies are given to favoring one with accounts of previous love affairs that were no go, and baits that wouldn't take."

How pleasant it was to Popleton! Caesar's (future) wife was not above suspicion.

"Denced sharp that fellow is—sharp as a needle—love to hear him pitch into 'em," muttered Mount Etna, approvingly.

We got up to go to the theatre, which was opened that night for the first time by a manager whose spirit of enterprise beat Columbus's hollow, since Snobleton set its face, on principle, dead against anything amusing, and was parson-bestriden till it had no tin for anything but parochial testimonials and red handkerchiefs for heathens. Dunbar slipped his arm into Charlie's as we went down the inn steps. "So you've actually been green enough to give Miss Fan a promise of marriage?"

"A written one," murmured poor Charlie.

"Oh, of course. Never knew a young one to do a thing by halves. So, do you actually mean us to see in the *Times* the nuptials of 'Carlton de Vaux, only son of Sir Cadwallader de Vaux, of Springley, Donkeyshire, to Fanny, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Toffy, confectioner, Snobleton?' You'll get the wedding-cake for nothing, that's a consideration, certainly. I suppose you'll ask your sister to be bridesmaid?"

"Confound you, Dunbar! you know I never meant anything of that sort," burst in the unlucky ensign. "I gave it one evening when, I believe, I'd taken more of old Toffy's rum-and-water than was good for me; and—and—you know a fellow's driven into such things sometimes."

"I believe you, my innocent; and Fanny's a first-rate whip. I'd something of the same kind myself when I was a boy at trinity. She was the arrantest flirt that ever fixatriced her

bandeaux—a wicked little Melusine!—but the rascally jury gave her damages for three hundred, like donkeys as they were," said Dunbar, pausing to relight his cigar. "So you wish, now, that luckless promise had never been given?"

"Yes, by George I do!" swore poor Charlie. "You see, I thought I was very much in love with Fanny—so I was a month ago—but those things don't last, you know; and she's as nasty a temper as my bay mare."

Dunbar laughed for a good five minutes. "Oh! the stuff the boys call love. I declare it's as bad as giving cabbage-leaf for regalia, or gooseberry for chablis! However, I've passed plenty of the counterfeit myself in my time, so I mustn't talk. You goose—you very goose! I didn't think you'd have been trapped so easily, Charlie."

"Well, she's very handsome," began the ensign, apologetically; "and she said, if I didn't promise to marry her, she'd turn me over for that little wretch, young Boddington—at the livery stables, you know."

"Faugh! Charlie, a De Vaux rivalling a Boddington! The devil! Sir Cadwallader would have apoplexy if he knew it. Why didn't you turn her over to the job-master? It would have been the best thing for all parties."

"Well! but what could a fellow do?"

"Do? Balk his fancy of half a hundred Fanny Toffys rather than entangle himself with such a set of sharps. I dare say old Toffy keeps you well up to hand, doesn't he? Talks no end of nonsense about blighted reputations, withered affections, and all the rest of it, eh?"

"I believe you," groaned miserable Charlie.

"Thought as much. Well, I shall have to help you, I suppose. See if I can't talk the confectioner into reason, and persuade the Covey that they'll never get Springley and the title, and that they may as well take a quiet *douceur* at once,

like sensible women. You've taken them tickets to-night I suppose? Which box?"

"No. 4," answered the Covey's victim. "'Pon my soul, Dunbar, if you can get that unlucky bit of paper out of old Toffy's clutches, I shall never know how to thank you—upon my word I shan't."

"Wait till I've done it, my dear boy; and as for thanks, they only bore me. If I serve any man I like, I serve myself. Here's the lobby. You go to some other box, keep close to Van or the colonel, and show the Covey the rebellion's begun." With which advice Dunbar threw down his four shillings, took off his undress-cap, and proceeded to the Covey's box.

There were the Miss Toffys unchaperoned, shining in great brilliance, in scarlet opera-cloaks and paste jewels. They received the handsome captain with great cordiality. Sophy was always very sentimental with him, sighed as she spoke to him, and put flowers and such-like delicate attentions in his rooms—things which Dunbar, whose head was just then full of higher game, was scarcely so touched by as Sophy anticipated. Dunbar's object being conciliation, he made himself very agreeable to the Covey during the first act of "The Stranger," which lively and inspiring play the manager had selected for his first representation. Regardless of the averted eyes and shocked feelings of the few Snobletonians of the dress circle, Dunbar, intent on Charlie's business, was talking and laughing, leaning against the side of the box, his sash touching Sophy's black ringlets, when, putting his glass to his eye to look round the house, he saw Beatrice de Vaux sitting in the centre box, her soft, long eyes, now haughty and flashing, fixed upon him.

"If that isn't the very devil!" thought Dunbar. "The deuce! she may have been here these twenty minutes, and if she thinks herself neglected for the Covey, I shall have been and gone and done it with a vengeance!" With which consolatory reflection he summarily left the Toffys and went into the De Vaux's box. With the remembrance of his parting words

to her, and her answer (by eyes), anything but repulsive, Dunbar naturally bent down towards Beatrice with still more *empressment* than ever, and looked a continuation of his valedictory address. But Beatrice sat pale and reserved, with her eyes fixed unswervingly on the stage, replied to his questions with cool monosyllables and behaved so wholly unlike her usual soft, winning, lively self, that Dunbar's pride, quite as unmanageable and hard-mouthed an animal as hers, began to take fright and kick at its traces. Perhaps his love was unwelcome; besides, possibly her silence had meant dissent in the morning, and at the idea my lord rose in his stirrups and turned restive. Proud, high-mettled Dunbar would have shot himself rather than urge an unacceptable suit. The memory, too, of a thousand encouragements she had given him spurred him up to hiding from this little coquette ail she cost him; so he crushed down all he suffered, and, turning away from Beatrice, began talking and laughing with Connyngname. And the two who had talked love in the morning, parted with a chill "Good-evening!" that night.

CHAPTER V.—A BALL—AN ACCIDENT—AND A WEDDING.

THE next night we all gave a ball in junction with the yeomanry—noble creatures who squeezed themselves into tight green jackets and mounted fat cart-horses one week annually, when their manœuvres were a sight second in grandeur only to our own.

The yeomen, being volunteers, weren't excluded from their officers' ball. Dunbar tried hard to keep 'em out, but it wouldn't do. It was the custom for Strap the leatherseller's and Last the bootmaker's wives to dance in the same room with the De Vaux, the Fitzcockywhoops and the Pursangs of Donkeyshire; and dance they would, for all Dunbar or anybody else.

Everybody in Snobleton, I believe, was at that ball. Georgie Pop was there, and waltzed little Spoon so energetically, that



GOING TO THE DONKEYSHIRE ARCHERY MEETING AT SPRINGLEY.

he fell to the ground at last with a great clatter. Adela Breloques was there also, leaning on Popleton's arm; he was solemnly engaged to her, and was very much terrified at his own rashness and his new responsibilities. The Covey were there in rose tarlatan, by invitation of young Boddington, who was a yeoman, and much too fat for his green jacket. Sir Cadwallader was there in his capacity of colonel, but very much injured by contact with Strap and Last. And his daughter was there, high bred, haughty, fascinating, but as pale as her own ghost, looking against the Snobletonians like a Stephanotis among field poppies. Dunbar and she were as distant as the two poles. Lennox wasn't made of the stuff to stoop to a flirt who had rejected him. He chanced to be talking to that unlucky Covey as Beatrice entered. She was close to me, and I thought I saw tears in her eyes, but I wasn't sure; at any rate, she turned her head, so that Dunbar couldn't see her, and went up the room as dignified as Sir Cadwallader himself, though she flushed scarlet when Dunbar, after waltzing with Adeliza Fitzcockywhoop, whirled round one of the rose tarlatans in a gallop.

"The devil, Dunbar," said I that night, when we got home to *notre magasin*, "the other day you and Beatrice were playing at Strephon and Chloris; now you won't speak to each other. What does it all mean?"

"It means that I've been a fool," said he, his teeth clenched hard on his pipe as sat looking steadily into the fire. "I've let a woman get a hold on me, so that she can make me happy or miserable like a raw boy of sixteen. I'm not given to heroics, Van, but I swear I would have shot myself like a dog to spare that girl a minute's pain, and yet she treats me as she might her fancy work or her lapdog—takes me up and throws me aside at her pleasure. My God; how mad I have been to care so much for her!"

His face turned as white as death, and the veins on his hand swelled like cords as he grasped the arm of the chair. I stared at him.

"By Jove, Dunbar, I'd no idea it was anything so serious!"

He laughed—very dreary mirth it was—as he rose, saying:

"A man always makes a fool of himself some time in his life, you know, Van. My turn's come at last. I've made playthings of women all these years; it's poetical justice that one of 'em should give me a turn at last. But o o o God help me! I never thought any one would have power to torture me as she does!"

With which Dunbar, who was rarely communicative about his private feelings, bade me an abrupt "Good night," and shut his bedroom door with a clang. The next morning, when we came off parade, Dunbar found Sophy Toffy putting some china-asters in a vase on his mantelpiece. She could see him perfectly come in by the mirror; but she let him get up to her before she gave a start and a little scream, and began to apologise for being there. Dunbar, feeling tired, grave and miserable, consigned her mentally to his Satanic Majesty; but, having Charlie's cause in view, made her pretty speeches and drew her into talking over the luckless ensign's promise of marriage. Sophy cried and sentimentalised over her sister's deceived affections, which pathos Dunbar pooh-poohed very soon, and induced her to look at the subject from a business point of view, proving the utter hopelessness of Charlie's ever fulfilling the contract, and offering them more in his own name to keep the affair quiet than they would ever get from an action. Sophy was at last gained over to treating the matter, as she sold *méringues* and muffins, by £. s. d.; and Dunbar, knowing the eloquence most clear to the Covey's intellect, rewarded his new ally with flowery compliments and a touch of his moustache on her brunette cheek. At that moment he heard a horse's trot beneath his window, in which they were standing. He looked down; Beatrice's eyes were lifted to the window; as she caught his, she turned her head hastily away, struck her horse sharply, and cantered down the street with Connynghame. "Does she love me, and is she annoyed about the Covey?" thought Dunbar, hope flashing in on him, while he swore roundly at himself for being such an idiot as to take up Charlie's cause, and, above all, to hold his congress on it in a window opening on to the street.

That afternoon he galloped over to Springley; Sir Cadwallader received him rather stiffly, told him he had sent Beatrice

for a month to Hastings with her aunt, and Dunbar, repressing, out of regard for Charlie, a strong desire to tell the priggish old baronet that but for him he'd have had a confectioner's daughter for his *belle-fille*, trotted back to mess more down in the mouth than he, gay, brilliant Latakia, would have been supposed capable of being under the gloomiest circumstances. But the truth was, Dunbar was mad about the girl (it was his last love, as he said, and strong in proportion), and when men are at that, you know, my good sir, we are none of us quite accountable.

Charlie was sitting in his lodgings buried in an armchair, his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking, and reading a French novel. Down on the fiftieth page of "*Amaranthe, ou les Mystères de Versailles*," fell a sheet of note-paper; Charlie caught it up with a shout as he saw his unhappy promise to make the charming Fanny Mrs. De Vaux, and felt Dunbar's hand laid on his shoulder.

"No thanks, young fellow! Let the warning keep you out of similar scrapes, that's all, when I mayn't be by to act guardian angel; and take my word for it, Charlie, there's no worse clog to a man entering life than the sort of entanglement you'd got into for the sake of a woman who began by taking advantage of you, and who'd have ended by lowering and dragging you down to her own level had she retained that hold upon you. Remember that, *mon garçon*, when next you're near being entrapped into an engagement in your green youth."

"On my word, Dunbar, I don't know how to thank you enough," cried Charlie. "You're a deuced good fellow—on my honor, you are! But the Covey didn't let you have this for nothing, or if they did, old Toffy wouldn't."

Of course not, my juvenile. But never mind that; you couldn't pay the damage without recourse to the governor or the Jews; it will be time enough to settle with me when you come into the title."

Dunbar wouldn't add that a thousand pounds of his own was lying in Toffy's till, who wouldn't yield for a farthing less, and chuckled much over the good thing he had made out of his daughter's blighted affections, &c. Beatrice didn't guess what a champion love for her had gained Charlie.

She was away a month, which month Dunbar spent in going out with the Donkeyshire hunt, trying hard to gallop down, over five-bar gates and staken-bound fences, a passion that had grown a good deal too strong for him, and flamed away in her absence like a carcase-rocket.

"Dunbar looks as seedy as if he'd been cleaned out at the Goodwood or lodged in the Queen's Bench," said Mount Etna to me. "What the deuce is come to him, Van; not in love, I should hope?"

"Dunbar's too old a hand for such bosh as that."

Beatrice came home one Tuesday morning in December, and that same morning, quite by chance, Dunbar and Charlie drove over to Springley for some pheasant shooting. The keepers and beaters were waiting for them at the lodge, so that they hadn't to waste time by going up to the house, but went at once to the covers.

"By-the-by, Dunbar, Pussy's coming home to-day," said Charlie, as they walked on. "We'll go and pay our respects to her at dinner-time. She's a good little girl, after all, Dunbar. Do you know, I used to think she was fond of you, and you of her, but I suppose I was on the wrong hook, as nothing came of it."

"Ware!" cried Dunbar, by way of answer. A beautiful cock-bird rose from the cover, and then fell dead as he fired. The sport was very good. Dunbar was a splendid shot, and when they threw themselves down under a hedge to refresh themselves with cold capon and Guinners's, both were tolerably satisfied with their morning's work.

"Why, look there, that's Pussy strolling along by herself," cried Charlie, as they finished their luncheon. And he looked over the hedge. "She didn't use to be so partial to solitary promenades in the park."

Dunbar's heart beat as fast as an express train as he saw a form in a gray hat, and a black jacket and a scarlet petticoat, showing tiny kid boots to perfection, walking unconsciously towards them, with five or six dogs about her.

"Go through the gap and speak to her. Where on earth is your politeness gone?" laughed Charlie.

Dunbar, longing to go, yet not sure that it would be welcome, pushed his way through a break in the hedge and went towards her. Charlie followed him quickly; the trigger of his gun caught on a twig, went off, and Dunbar, putting his hand to his side, gave a low cry, and fell forward on the turf.

"Good heavens! I have killed him," shrieked the boy. "I have murdered my friend, my dearest friend," as he threw himself beside Dunbar, distracted with grief and terror. But with a cry ten times more full of anguish than even his was, Beatrice ran up and dropped on her knees, her face blanched, and her eyes wild, as she spoke almost inarticulately:

"He will die—he will die! Go for help—go at once. Do you not hear? Not that way," she cried, mad for the moment with agony, "the lodge is nearer. Send the men up to the house. Go, go! or he will die!"

Charlie, scarcely conscious of what he did, staggered off to the lodge, while keepers and beaters flew all ways, some to the house, some for the nearest surgeon.

Beatrice knelt beside him, supporting his head against her, holding her cobweb handkerchief to stanch the blood flowing fast from his side, while the dew stood on her brow and her heart stopped its throbs. Unused as she was to such scenes, his ashy lips, his closed eyes, the deadly pallor of his face seemed death itself; and Beatrice, as she bent over him, learning how much she loved him, believing that his life was stilled for ever, kissed his cold brow as though to call him back to existence, and prayed for her own life to be taken if only his might be spared. She forgot all about the Covey then. As consciousness came back to him, he felt her hot tears on his cheek, and slowly unclosing his eyes, saw her face bending over him. He thought he was in delirium, but the madness at least was heaven. He tried to speak, the words were under his breath, but she heard them.

"Do you love me then?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Beatrice, thick sobs choking her voice and the blood rushing into her cheeks. "You will live yet, oh, thank heaven!"

"You love me," repeated Dunbar, ecstasy beaming in his face; then his eyes closed and his head fell back on her knee in utter unconsciousness again.

It was not long before poor Charlie, half beside himself, calling himself a murderer, wishing himself dead, and heaven knows what other awful retribution, came back, with half the servants and Sir Cadwallader himself, who was secretly scandalised at seeing Beatrice with a man's head on her knee and her hand held to his side, but couldn't, under the circumstances, lecture her thereon. They put him on a stretcher and took him up to the house, where the surgeons pronounced no danger at all, and extracted the shots very easily. He was on the sick list some time though, poor old fellow, but found it very pleasant to be petted and waited on, and fed with every delicacy she could think of, and made much of by such a nurse as Beatrice, till he couldn't in conscience call himself even convalescent any longer. During that long convalescent time, when she read and sang and played to him, and wouldn't let him lift his hand for fear of over exertion, they came, you're sure, to mutual explanations; and Dunbar said he never was so obliged to any man as he was to Charlie for shooting him. Beatrice showed him how naturally the attention she saw him pay the Covey verified the reports she had heard; but assured him words could never tell all she had suffered, how much she had loved him, and so on *ad infinitum*. Charlie, in the agonies of remorse, had confided to his governor the affair of the Covey, and Sir Cadwallader, when Dunbar informed him in a decided manner that he wished to marry his daughter, couldn't very well have refused; indeed, I don't know that he desired to do so, for Lennox was as good blood as the De Vaux, and had "very fair expectations."

"But, Lennox," whispered Beatrice, laughingly, on Christmas-day, as she drove him to church in her little trap, "I thought you wanted a plain, quiet, sensible girl, not too much accomplished, who could sew on buttons and keep an eye on the cook? I'm dreadfully useless, you know. If I were to sew on anything one minute, it would come off the next; and though I can make a party go off well, I haven't the notion of ordering a dinner. You will have head and heart, but you won't have hands."

"Yes I shall, pretty little white ones, that wear 5's gloves. Head and heart will suit me rather better, *ma belle*. Sewing and housekeeping are all very well where they are wanted, but I must say I prefer an intellect that can cope with mine, and a clever tongue that will amuse me. Depend on it, love, there would be happier marriages if women were capable, like you, of elevating and interesting a man, instead of thinking their duty done when they've ordered the dinner or seen the children dressed. Women should be companions, to raise and to amuse and to keep the love won, not nurses or upper servants, as too many think it a credit to be. When I was a boy, hope painted such a one as yourself; later on, I only pictured her in dreams, despairing of meeting my ideal among the inane artificialities or uninteresting common-places with which society is crowded, but now——" And Dunbar dashed straight into passionate praises and assurances that he wasn't half good enough for her, which was all bosh, for he's good enough for anybody, dear old fellow! But that's always the way people talk before marriage; after it they're given to thinking themselves too good, and tell you they've thrown themselves away.

About the middle of February a great and sudden woe fell upon Snobleton. The Donkeyshire were ordered off to Aldersbott, where, inspired by the sight of the regulars, I suppose they hoped at the War-office (how vain a hope!) that we might learn in time not to march double-quick when "Halt!" was cried, and not to kill and slay our brother rankmen with unruled ramrods. Into camp we were ordered, and we and all Snobleton wept. No more could we shirk early parade, no more could we go our rounds on pouring nights with dainty umbrella and shiny goloshes to protect us; no more could we scramble through our manoeuvres in any style we chose—no more! We were going into camp with the men of the Punjab and the Cape, and the eyes of a hundred martinets would be on our shortcomings.

Dunbar, happy dog! had thrown up his commission, and was going to sun himself at Nice and Florence, instead of being quartered in log huts on snowy ground in damp, disagreeable, chilly February. We gave him such a farewell dinner; and the speeches we made him on his desertion of the Donkeyshire were so pathetic, that Popleton, moved either by them or by too much wine, nearly cried as he reverted to the Monday night's lull at *notre magasin*, "now dim memories of an irrevocable past."

The 20th of February was Dunbar's wedding-day, and we came out full force in Springley church, I can tell you. Pop and Spoon, who thought the yellow facings peculiarly embellishing, bemoaned the melancholy fact that mufti was the *règle* for wedding breakfasts; but the band stationed themselves in the full glory of their unique costume, and actually contrived to play "Haste to the Wedding" all together for once; it wasn't particularly appropriate, but that didn't matter—the amount of crash and noise was the thing aimed at. Beatrice looked very charming in her cloud of bridal gossamer. Dunbar swears to this day, that when she murmured the service after an episcopal uncle of hers, she said, "I, Beatrice, take thee, Latakia!"

There were a dozen bridesmaids, harassing visions of whom, in white tulle and holly wreaths, tortured Spoon and shook Pop's fidelity for months afterwards. There were all the Fitzcockywhoops and Pursangs, a sprinkling from the Peerage and Baronetage, and a good dash of the Army and Navy. I'm afraid there was more fun and nonsense at the breakfast than Sir Cadwallader quite liked or thought good *ton*, but it was a jolly affair altogether, though Dunbar worked himself nearly into a fever with impatience at it, and was in a state bordering on distraction till he got Beatrice safe in the carriage, and sprang in himself, with a hasty "Good-bye, old fellows!"

"Well," said Mount Etna that night at mess, "I can't say, gentlemen, you've shown much aptitude in learning the drill, but I'll confess you haven't been laggards in learning of Master Cupid."

"By Jove, no!" lisped Eagle. "The Donkeyshire's shown itself a very inflammable corps. Dunbar's got a wife——"

"And Pop a promised one," said Spicer.

"Questionable benefits," chuckled old Mount.

"And Spoon an idol shrined in Backboard's precious colledge."

"And Fanny, Charlie's turquoise ring and bijouterie unnumbered."

"And Sophy, Spicer's yellow-boys and tender memories of Latakia."

"All which goes to prove that 'Ours' have made asses of themselves," summed up old Mount. "The deuce! this town must be as full of love as a bomb of powder. Thank God we march out of it to-morrow, or I might catch the general disease, and saddle myself with a woman—the heaviest baggage, take my word, boys, that a man can drag after him on a march through life; so heavy that many a poor fellow I have known has been glad to leave it in the rear."

It was our last mess in the Marquis's Arms. On the morrow, farewell to Georgie and to Adela, to the Covey and cozy luncheons in *notre magasin*, to easy parades and mock rounds and feather-bed soldiering in sleepy Snobleton. We sat late and drank deep, toasting our lost loves and bewailing our destinies, cursing the War-office that wrote out our Kismet, and laughing loud over Popleton's poetic fire, which, wrought upon by circumstances, and inspired by whiskey, found vent in the following effusion, delivered with some hesitation and a few sighs, and a vast deal of drinking on the poet's part:

SNOBLETON'S LAMENT—A LAY OF FEBRUARY, 1855.

'Tis over, 'tis over, the pang is past,
The militia is gone—is gone at last!
They are "gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream,"
And are whistled away by an engine and steam.
And oh! for the pen of a Muse to declare
The heartrending woe of the brave and the fair;
No lay of Childe Harold, no poem of Poe,
Was ever so sad as the tale of our woe.
Ah! little, too little, the Horse Guards can guess
Of the pain they have caused by ordaining the mess
To move to that horrid, detestable camp,
When the snow's on the ground and the weather so damp!
The last day has come, and the last day has past,
The bills and the billets-doux both rained in fast,
But despite ev'ry obstacle off they are sent,
And poor Snobleton's doomed to a very *triste* Lent.
Notre magasin 's shut, and deserted its halls,
The Covey will figure no more at the balls;
Latakia and Spicer have both taken wing,
And all that is left of dear Charlie's a ring;
Fair Adela's spirits to zero have sunk,
And poor Georgie Pop's in a very great funk.
The Backboard's fair students may slumber in peace,
Not again will our Spoon risk the wrath of police!
The cricket field's silent, no more the drums' beat
Is heard as our fellows defile down the street.
"The millishee's a coming!" was whilom the cry
That saluted our ears as the colonel rode by;
But the town's silent now, from the north to the south,
And cigar shops look very much down in the mouth.
Ladies and ladies'-maids neither can sleep,
And even a bridegroom o'er whiskey did weep,
As he thought of the Monday night's whist and the loo,
And bade his East Donkeyshire comrades adieu.
And Pussy, too—Springley's particular star—
Latakia has stolen and whirled off afar;
But long shall we think of her sweet dancing eyes,
And bid her "God speed!" wheresoever she flies.
So, farewell to ye, mess-room Amphitryons all!
Farewell, ye frequenters of race, hunt and ball!
Farewell to ye, gentle réunions for loo!
Farewell to ye, officers, clever and *moux*!
May you never know sorrow a tenth part so great
As the fair ones of Snobleton suffered of late,
When their Donkeyshire darlings were cruelly sent
From boudoir and drawing-room to barrack and tent,
To practice the goose-step and study the drill,
While, in the flirting-rooms, silent and still,
Their Calypsos, forsaken, bewail the dear corps,
And in tears vote the Horse Guards a terrible bore,
For snatching from carpet-dance, picnic and ball,
The Donkeyshire heroes, so dear to them all!

WHEN flowers are full of heaven-descending dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

"BRUTUS."

BY J. CRAWF RD WILSON.

WITH a strong antipathy to lengthened prefaces, and, in fact, to prefaces altogether, and as firmly rooted a desire to deliver a round unvarnished tale, I beg herewith to state that the hero of this story, although honored by the classic name heading this article, was no relation whatever either to Rome's first consul—Lucius Junius—nor yet to that dignified conspirator, the well-beloved Brutus, so flatteringly apostrophised by the noble Anthony as "Caesar's Angel." No, no. The Brutus with whom we have to do never either played the fool wittingly, or betrayed the confidence of an unsuspicious friend—never sent a son of his own to the scaffold, nor had any appointment with any loquacious ghost at Philippi. He had mixed in many sanguinary engagements, it is true, but had invariably revenged his own wrongs, redressed his own grievances, decided his own quarrels and fought his own battles, without the external aid brought to bear in similar cases, by his dead-and-gone namesakes. In short, he never attempted more than he believed he could comfortably succeed in—never enmeshed others in broils for his own profit or glory; his trust was in his own strength, courage and judgment; and all his speculations were got up on his own private account.

Brutus, if we begin his history at the beginning, was originally a soft-headed, bandy-legged, sleek-coated, straight-tailed, whining, blind little puppy-dog, of an excellent breed and most respectable descent, his father having been a native of Newfoundland, whilst his mother was a thorough-bred English mastiff.

Passing over the uninteresting months of Brutus's puppyhood, and merely stating that a portion of his early education was undertaken by the younger members of our family, under the occasional supervision of Peter, the groom, we will take him on his coming of age—that is, as he entered upon his twenty-fifth month—he being at that time exactly two years old. That his early studies had been of a mixed character few will doubt, he having had his posture master, his leaping master and his swimming master—the last in Peter and the two former in my younger brothers; whilst from me he received the finishing strokes to his education, having learned to remove, at my beck, the hat from the head of my tallest friend; to carry every penny he received honestly to the biscuit maker's, and there (discarding the allurements of gin-palaces, pot-houses and wine-shades) invest his little all in the purchase of an Abernethy or Captain's biscuit; and to retrace his steps for miles on a country road, to bring me back from beneath a stone by the wayside the glove I had there deposited.

And at the age of two years we find him possessed of an excellent education, of great personal beauty and strength, with a black glossy coat (partially curled), long silky ears, a bright intelligent eye and a large bushy tail, the uniformity of his suit being only broken by a slight ring of white that encircled his neck like an ermine collar and descended between his forelegs like a swan's-down frill; and a tip, equally white, that ornamented the extreme end of his gracefully curved tail.

Such, then, was Brutus, when the tide in his affairs took the turn that is not solely limited to men alone. With the eye of a dog of the world he had studied my father, and with the judgment of a dog of education, good sense and political foresight, turned his studies to account by throwing off his allegiance to the younger members of our family and transferring—much to the gratification of my father—all his time, attention and devotion to his exclusive service.

Now, my father was such a man as such a dog ought to be proud to follow. His proportions were as gigantic as his heart was tender; and his strength was as great as his laugh was hearty. Six-feet-six stood he, and his weight was twenty stone. One of the good old school, too, whose height and bulk were lost in his perfect symmetry; the twinkle of whose bright blue eye gave earnest of the honesty of the heart, whose friendly pulsation was felt in the grasp readily given by his soft yet sinewy hand. Oh! a man of men was my father! With his cheek ruddiest when his locks were whitest, and his friendship firmest when Fortune was most unkind. No new-fangled fashions for him; even in his dress he adhered to old times,

the woollen stockings and drab knee-breeches keeping their places in utter defiance of the progress borne evidence to by the trouser-wearing period. Once, and once only—in deference to the oft-repeated prayers of my fashionable mother, did he consent to have a pair of trousers made for him. The occasion was one to which he looked forward with such pleasure—the approaching marriage of my sister to the head physician of the town—to please her he promised to lay aside the universal drabs for the wedding day and to case his extremities in modern black cloth continuations, with an express stipulation that the drabs should again be in active service on the subsequent morning.

"Now what," my logical reader may ask, "had your father's nether garments to do with the Brutus of whom we would read?" To her or him I would answer, "Much;" for the opinion of Brutus was, in this case, of great moment, and outweighed that of all the congregated household. The wedding morning arrived, and on a chair beside my father's bed was placed the garment in question—and at it my father looked long and wistfully, with many a groan and sigh, and a host of ugly doubts as to how he would feel, what sort of a figure he would cut and what the neighbors would be inclined to think. So long was his reverie that my brothers and I were despatched as a kind of working deputation (with power to proceed to extremities) to his bedroom overhead. His beloved drabs had been hidden away by the wife of his bosom; and as the church bells had already begun to ring, no alternative remained to him but that of wedging himself into his trousers and considering himself in purgatory for the day. By our united aids the process of robing was eventually gone through, and with feelings of unmitigated delight we led the silent martyr to the breakfast-room. That he was truly miserable we all felt assured; but family pride revolted at the idea of the bride's father giving away the bride to a fashionable husband—the latter surrounded by friends whose elaborate getting-up threw a score of tailors into various stages bordering upon insanity and despair, whilst the principal male actor in the former group stood singly in his honest manhood and pure simplicity encased in vulgar gray hose, and those surmounted by the brass-buttoned knee-breeches. To make us happy he had consented to forego his own feelings, and, like a giant in chains, he took his seat under difficulties, hiding his susceptible nature under a strange forced smile.

All else went merry as a marriage bell; and, breakfast over, the bridal cortege prepared to start for the neighboring church. In front of our hall-door was a lawn of limited dimensions, before the gate of which the carriages were arranged, that fashion also deemed necessary to make matters complete. Basking in the bright sunlight, in its centre lay Brutus, awaiting the accustomed coming of his master; and as we walked forth in pairs, he arose, and, with his warmest congratulatory tailwag, came forward to meet us. Almost instinctively, and with a feeling of shame for his weakness, my father strove to hide his new garment behind the rustling folds of my sister's dress. But, oh! vain hope. Brutus in a moment singled him out, and looked up greetingly and lovingly into his master's half-averted face; failing in meeting there the usual welcome, his eyes fell meekly earthwards, and in a moment his bearing changed. He smelt the new blacks, and then, with a look and a low growl, in which

were blended sorrow and anger, let his tail drop as perpendicularly as a plummet, started away into the centre of the grass-plot, and howled and barked reproachfully at my wonder-stricken father.

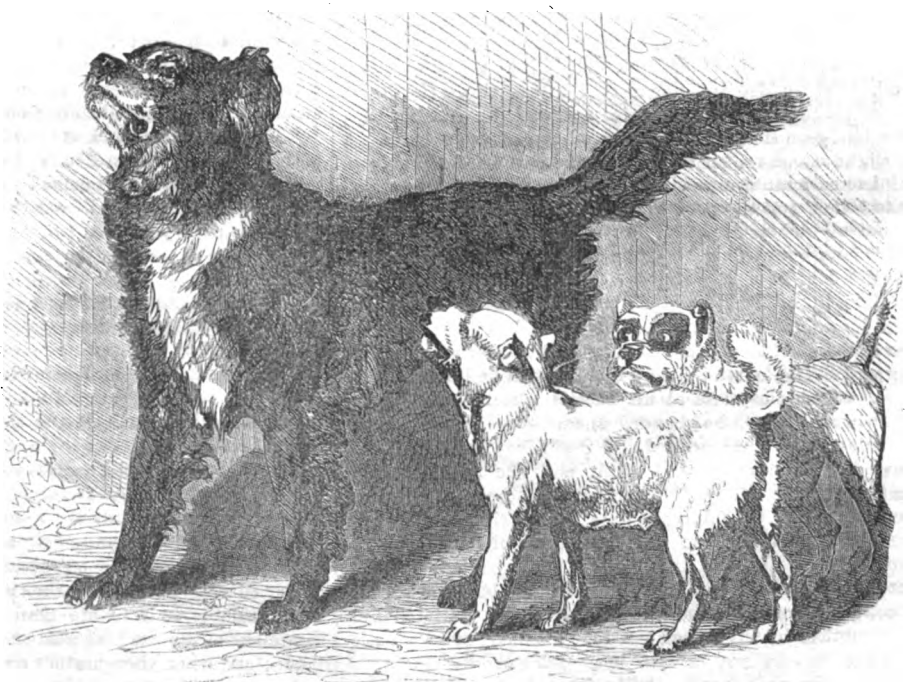
"Down, Brutus!—down!" had no effect; still he barked and howled; and then we turned to cheer up the innocent cause of the dog's foolish anger. There stood the poor old man, the huge tears rolling down his cheeks, and the tremulous movements of his fingers bearing witness to his internal agony. He looked at us for a moment, and then turned his face imploringly to that of the bride. Touched by his look of utter misery, she laid her hand on his arm soothingly. The touch, light though it was, loosened his tongue, and, in broken accents, he cried:

"This will kill me, Bessy, love. Even Brutus does not know me; I don't know myself. I don't feel like your father. Let me go—let me go to your wedding, my child—let me go like myself; I'll hide in the gallery—behind the organ—anywhere—to see you made happy. But tell your mother to let me have my old drabs again; and you'll find that your father's heart will beat more warmly, and his look will be more like himself, when he feels he is not pointed at, as a stranger—a stranger, too, at his Bessie's wedding."

The appeal was successful. Within ten minutes he was himself again—again was he amongst us; but, oh! how altered! His handsome, ruddy face was all one jovial smile, his voice was loud, and his laugh musical; and his chuckle of delight, as our Brutus leaped in ecstasies around him—flinging his body into the strangest contortions by the impetus given to his tail—infused into us all a new spirit; and, with hearts that warmed to the gentle, guileless, white-headed old man, we tripped lightly over the lawn; and never, I ween, was a happier party.

Outside the church-door sat Brutus, holding a mesmeric conversation with Barley, my father's favorite horse, who, upon this great occasion, had been advanced from between the shafts of the gig he always ornamented, to accompany our brown mare as a couple in the carriage. Within the church, but not in the gallery, nor yet behind the organ, but at the foot of the altar, in his well-known drabs stood my father, o'ertopping all there, the largest of whom dwindled into dwarfishness beside him. He glanced proudly at the wedding group; his fine, rich voice, almost as full as a musical chaunt, sending the responses heavenward.

Foremost amongst our welcomers, as we left the church, was



BRUTUS AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

Brutus. He had evidently made up his mind to enjoy himself, and, candidly let it be confessed, to his great discredit, upon the day in question he forgot his doghood to a fearful extent, and frisked and capered like a silly fool.

As my father was a man of very active habits, he was always up and out with the lark—with the lark and Brutus and Barley. When he walked, Brutus always was by his side, seldom deviating from his course and rarely stopping, as dogs of meaner education do, to snuffle a question to every passing cur. When he did so, it was with dignity in every motion—just as one might imagine Sir Leicester Dedlock or Sir Peter Teazle might do it had they been like Brutus and obliged to go on all fours. Brutus, also, exercised a certain discretion on such occasions. The urbanity with which he treated the confidential dogs of his master's friends subsided into mere civility when less favored comrades presented themselves; but, in order to make him evince his true aristocratic feelings, you should have seen him when a prize-fighting, ill-looking bull-dog approached him, or when the butcher's terrier, in whose phrenological development no bump of veneration was to be found, dared to come to a full stop beneath his very nose. The majestic elevation of the head and partial movement of the ears—the look of ineffable disgust, and the rigidity of the otherwise politely pliable tail, was a perfect study. Had our artist only had the honor of being introduced to him, the reader would now have a treat; but, as that pleasure was denied him, he is simply indebted to me for a description, to which he has done ample justice.

Brutus was ten years old, when a circumstance in which he figured gave him fame and position. His master, like the dog, had been also journeying through life; but as he had fifty-five years the start, we will not be surprised to learn that the master grew frailer whilst the dog retained his strength. So were they at the time in question; my father sixty-five—Brutus ten.

One night, within a few miles of our house, my father was waylaid by ruffians. They knew he had been to the bank in the neighboring town, to draw out large sums of money for which he would have occasion on the following day. Homewards, careless of danger, so confident was he in his strength, rolled he in his old-fashioned gig, old-fashioned Barley jogging along at his usual pace between the shafts, and Brutus trotting by his side. At a narrow portion of the road the progress of the horse was suddenly impeded; and, quick as thought, four masked villains threw themselves upon father; so sudden was the movement, and so well concerted their plan, that in a moment his arms were pinched and he dragged to the ground. But he was accompanied by an ally of whose tactics they were ignorant. Scarcely had the old man fallen, when, by the impetus of his leap alone, one of the band was hurled headlong into the ditch by Brutus; whilst his fangs sank deeply into the throat of a second. This sudden and unexpected attack threw the others off their guard, and my father, in a second, was on his legs, with a bludgeon snatched from one of them in his grasp. A very slight attempt at persuasion on the part of the bludgeon, administered by an arm as strong as his was, brought his assailants to terms, and the poor wretch in the ditch dared not even stir, having been assured that Brutus was a quick runner and that his jaws were strong. Systematically then—having called away the dog from the almost strangled robber—my father took the reins off Barley and tied three of the fellows' hands behind their backs, the tenant of the ditch being one of them. These he fastened to the back of his gig, Brutus bringing up the rear guard. The fourth half-strangled ruffian he lifted into it, and so, with his captives at his chariot wheels, entered the town. Once there, he handed them over to the proper authorities, came home, supped and slept.

Next day we heard of the affair, and the townsfolk and tenants, when the tale became spread, did homage to Brutus, presenting him in the fulness of time with a silver collar, purchased by subscription, on which his deed of daring was inscribed.

But Brutus lacked vanity; pride he had—but not vanity. The collar, therefore, troubled him little and flattered him less; doubtless he felt he had but done his duty, and was satisfied.

The four footpads were speedily recognised as well-known villains; and the government undertook to provide them a

home for the rest of their natural lives in some place beyond the seas.

Some ten years more, and sorrow and sadness had grown a part of us. Imperceptibly my father's eyesight passed away. The first intimation he gave of his great loss was one day after church. In the family pew he had a favorite seat, beside which a slight metal pillar was placed supporting the gallery: against this he had ever been in the habit of leaning his head; and on the day in question, having looked at the minister from its left side, he moved his position to do so from the right, when he found, to his horror, that one eye was sightless. The discovery was so sudden, so unlooked-for, and the loss had crept upon him so stealthily and painlessly, that he felt assured before long he must lose the other. Medical men were feed, consultations were held, time and money expended, and all to be told that he must lose both, but that when totally blind an operation might be performed, of the success of which no sanguine opinion was expressed.

A few months, and he was more helpless than a child; even God's own light, that lightens all things, lit only his darkness and showed the world he was blind. A prisoner in the house, he rarely moved out, and then only leaning on the arm of Peter the groom, and followed by the decrepit and almost sightless Brutus. Once in the garden, he would be placed seated with his face to the sun, and there the strong man in his weakness would weep; and as the tears fell his lips moved; and whilst his sorrow of sorrows struggled within him, old Brutus would look up into his sightless eyes, with eyes almost as sightless, and whining dolefully, drag his emaciated body more closely to him, and with his chin resting on his knee and a hand of his master's lying caressingly on his huge head, forget his own half-paralysed limbs, and wag his almost nerveless tail in recognition of the companionship.

At length an operation was performed by a celebrated oculist; the patient's eyes were bandaged closely afterwards, and he was left in double darkness for more than a week. During all this time his mind busied itself with one thought—he lived upon one hope—"When the bandage is removed I shall see." The room in which he sat was darkened, and its only other occupant was the faithful Brutus, to whom light had also become darkness, and whose sole occupation was to sleep and moan.

The eventful day arrived, and with it the medical men; slowly the bandages were removed, but yet no sight; slowly the window blinds were drawn, but still no sight; light flooded the room, and the old man cried, "Open the curtains, that I may see once more! Leave me not still in darkness!"

They feared to speak the truth—to tell him he was to be sightless hence; such a shock, to one who had been so full of hope, might be death. They knew not what to do. In their silence and his agony he stood erect on his feet, and in a voice whose echoes still haunt me, as he sank to his knees, with clasped hands extended towards us, he cried:

"For God's love mock me not! I am old and helpless. Say, is there no hope? Am I to be always blind?"

The chief physician, touched by his appeal, approached him, but his "My dear friend" was cut short by the renewed cry of "Is there no hope? Am I to be always blind? Fear not to speak. The sight may be gone; but, mock me not. Is it blindness?"

"I fear so, my friend," replied the operator, at the same time re-adjusting the bandages, "I can give you no hope." Meekly bending his head, my stricken father murmured, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven, Amen;" and then rose to his feet, crushing back all nature into his heart by a powerful effort, and presenting to us the features of a man resigned and patient.

We placed him in his seat, and gazed, weepingly, on him. Blind! blind! blind? The first words he uttered afterwards were, "Where is Brutus. Blind Brutus. My old comrade. We are level now—equally helpless."

There was no response—Brutus had been removed when the doctor entered, and my brother had given orders for his execution. Unable to do more than crawl—blind, and with many symptoms of approaching death, he had been delivered over to Peter; and when the question was asked was most likely out of his pain. To my hurried inquiries about the dog my brother, calling me aside, made answer in a whisper, that fearing

if father recovered his sight the altered appearance of his old favorite would crush his spirit, he had told Peter to kill him in charity.

To his feet my father sprung again—"Save him!—he is my only companion; we must die together. Quick, and he may live yet! Blind I am; but let me not be deserted!" he absolutely shrieked, for his keen ear detected what no one else in the room had heard, so low was our whispered conference. Almost appalled by his cry of anguish, I rushed out of the house in search of Peter. Some of the domestics, in answer to my hurried inquiries, told me that the old dog had been taken into the garden at the rear of the premises, half pushed along like a staggering calf, and half enticed by a piece of meat held close to his nose. Thither I rushed, and only in time. There lay the old brute affectionately licking the hand that was busied in fixing the rope round his neck.

"Stay!" I cried; "not for worlds, Peter; it would be my father's death. Let us bring the poor brute back." Scarcely were the words uttered when the voice of the old blind man was heard.

"Hi, Brutus! hi, dog! Here away, hi!" At the well-known call a yelp of delight burst from the respited brute.

In a moment the rope was removed, and turning towards the garden-gate, I saw my father with head uncovered, supported by the gentle Bessie. As I rushed out, at his wild entreaty he was led forth, too, by her; and behind them clustered the rest of the family. In a moment the dog was led to his feet, and there, sinking on one of the grass-plots that ornamented the garden, with his arms round the neck of the delighted brute, like an infant with a kitten, as gentle and as helpless, the huge man laughed and wept—sightless both—aged both—powerless both—they sat, the old man caressing the dog, and the dog as affectionately licking his master's face.

And here we conclude our story, not taking our readers to the graves of either, nor elaborating death, which at the best is a subject as sacred as it is sad. But whilst between the reason of the man and the sagacity of the brute a sympathy existed; whilst the one newly awakened to crushed-out hopes felt all the delight a man could feel in saving a long-tried friend, whose life had by companionship become a part of his own; and whilst the other, on the verge of death, at a sudden call to life expressed his faithful devotion, rudely, no doubt, but truthfully; in such a moment let the vision fade away, that the impressions connected with it, if they live but for a moment, may be those of pleasure, and not of pain.

REPTILES AND INSECTS IN THE ORINOCO.

Of the land serpent kind I saw but few; only one particularly large met my view. It was about ten feet long, as large round the body as a man's arm, with a prodigiously wide mouth, which it opened to an extent which would, I think, easily have taken between its jaws the head of a sheep divested of its horns. This monstrous reptile removed slowly from my sight, occasionally halting to see if I pursued it, extending its jaws and hissing, while it coiled along the ground, till lost to my view, by entering the bushes. I had no fire-arms with me at the moment; and I did not choose to follow it, or impede its way, without being able to defend myself against its probable attack, had I attempted to molest it.

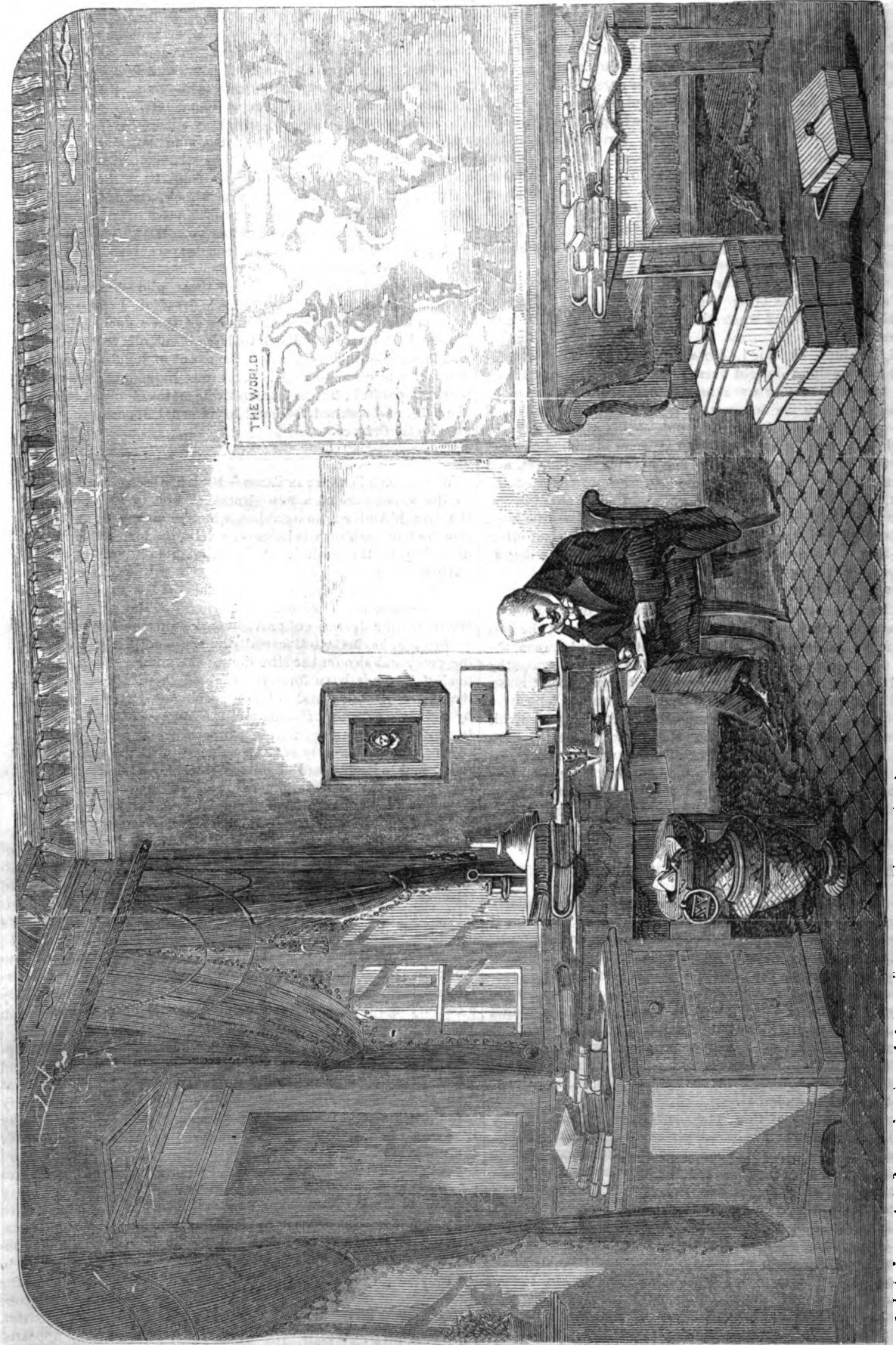
I never did see any of those large snakes or serpents, which, I have heard, infest the woods and plains of that part of South America. Nor did I ever meet one person who could confidently assert that he ever witnessed or saw the large serpent, or "boa constrictor," of which South American travellers give so marvellous an account. Very large water snakes I have, however, seen swimming across the Orinoco at various points; and I can readily believe they were as long, though not so large in circumference, as the serpent I have before mentioned. The land-crabs, the tortoise, the scorpion, both brown and black, are numerous and very large. The centipede, from three to eight inches in length, I have repeatedly met with and destroyed; and also other stinging and poisonous reptiles of smaller dimensions and various kinds, all enemies to man if injured or provoked.

The large black spider is one of these, of a poisonous nature; and in many of the huts or habitations, in the different Indian villages as you pass up the river, is to be found the devil stickler. It is of a spongy soft nature and smooth skin, not unlike the large slug of England. It is brought into the hut with the fire-wood, or it may creep in from the outside unperceived. It, however, crawls up the side wall, and getting on the edge of the rafters of the ceiling to which it adheres, it looks like a small ball, or more properly like the slug coiled up; it is frequently known to drop from its hold without being molested, and wherever it falls it throws out from its body five or six fangs, which are barbed like a fish-hook, and into whatever softer material than stone or brick it chances to fall, these fangs enter; nor can it be removed unless by cutting the animal off, and picking the prongs out of the substance into which they are so firmly fastened.

When they fall on the persons of those who happen to sit or stand underneath, the consequence is dreadful. I saw one man, who an hour or two before had one of those devils alight on his hand, and he was obliged to have it cut off, and the claws and fangs removed by picking them out of his flesh with the point of a large needle. His hand was immoderately swelled, and very painful; but an immersion in warm oil or fat removed the pain, and restored the hand to its usual appearance.—*Passage up the Orinoco.*

WEALTH AND POVERTY IN PARIS.—Paris has been almost startled by the appearance of a new drama at one of the Boulevard theatres, L'Ambigu, on a subject which somehow or another is now forcing itself on all classes—namely, the increasing poverty of society in the capital. A fact that stands out in ghastly contrast to the palaces, magnificent streets and sumptuous public buildings, rising up on all sides at the expense of the very classes whose destitution is augmenting day by day, while the increasing dearness of provisions, lodgings and every necessary of life, begins to tell fearfully on the condition of the working poor, and also on the situation of the middle classes, whose modest incomes have formerly enabled them, by economy, to live in respectability and quiet independence, but who are now, by the mere expense of living and the increase of rent, reduced to straits little removed from pauperism. The Paris journals of course speak tenderly of these subjects; but the voice of suffering makes itself heard in spite of the enforced delicacy of the press; and the official *Moniteur*, by a skilful arrangement of figures and a careful omission of details, is instructed to explain, and even prove to the sufferers, that their distresses are only temporary. But the sad fact remains; and it has been discovered too late that prescribing a certain price for bread, dividing butchers' meat into categories, and other pettifoggish subterfuges, by which it was most ignorantly supposed the price of living could be reduced, have only added to the evil they were intended to diminish.

THE "PUBLIC LEDGER."—That the *Public Ledger*, with a daily circulation of one hundred and fifteen, should continue to be published, may astonish many of our readers. Established a century ago (in 1758), it fostered, as contributors, Goldsmith and others, who are now classic authors. At this time it was the "leading journal." Gradually it glided down into decrepitude. Several efforts were made to restore it, but all have failed. Its one hundred and fifteen copies never travel out of "the city," but are filed at Lloyds, at Garraway's, at the North and South American Coffee-house, and a few other places. It lives on its retinency of advertisements, which are "the last to come to a paper, and the last to leave it." There is a description of auctions in London, called "Sales by Luch of Candle" (at which the auctioneer lights an inch of wax taper, and the last bid, before the flame expires, takes the lot), and from time immemorial these have been advertised in the *Public Ledger*. They include hides and leather, wines and spirits, tallow and timber, drugs and groceries, foreign fruits and preserves, and the public are supposed to look for and at them in the *Ledger*. There are scores of editors, contributors, reviewers and reporters connected with the London press, who have never set eyes upon even a stray copy of the *Public Ledger*. Yet it has a sort of vitality; at least, the profits amount to about eight hundred pounds a year.



THE LATE BARON HUMBOLDT IN HIS STUDY AT BERLIN, PRUSSIA.



FREDERICK HENRY ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

FREDERICK HENRY ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT,
MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHER.

THE author of "Cosmos" is one of the most respectable names in the annals of science. He was in physical philosophy and natural phenomena what Goethe was in poetry. Both were men of a wonderful grasp of mind, of great logical faculties, remarkable perception and retention, and above all unequalled for their faculty of connecting cause and effect, and carrying on a train of facts till a complete theory was evolved. They were of the same order as Cuvier, who given a bone would reconstruct the skeleton—they were eminently *ex pede Herculem* men.

Seldom has it been reserved for one man to combine so many faculties, and so many opportunities, all tending the same way. Some men have had the same perception, but not the same industry—and to these were added royal patronage, public applause and an iron constitution. If there were one thing more remarkable than the *mind* of Humboldt it was his *physique*. The *mens sana in corpore sano* was never more perfectly identified. And yet with all these advantages—improved by a life unequalled in length and vigor of mind, the great observer of Nature for seventy years in all her varying moods in every part of the world—was not the discoverer of a single new law in her mighty code. Archimedes, Copernicus and Newton found out some of the hidden principles of the great machine, but it is singular that Humboldt never in his wanderings and explorings stumbled upon any of those hidden secrets, as Newton did in his gravitation. We do not mention this to undervalue Humboldt's

great labors, but merely as a reason why we do not consider him as a very profound man. And this peculiarity is made more manifest by his correspondence just published. In it we find he had reasoned himself out of all spiritual faith—his Deity was matter—he was a Pantheist, and to him applies Lord Bacon's apothegm, "A little philosophy carries a man away from God; a great deal brings him back again." Humboldt observed too much to have great intuition; he was too physical to be profound. And here we have the secret of Humboldt's inability to detect the inner springs of creation. Without knowing man thoroughly we cannot study nature philosophically.

Frederick H. A. Von Humboldt was born on the 14th September, 1769, in Berlin, and was educated at Gottingen and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Here he became remarkable even at this early age for the interest with which he regarded every natural phenomenon; but more especially physical geography became his passion; to know what the world was like, outside and in; to trace the progress of time or its conformation, and register as it were the processes of Nature, became the one idea of his life; and nobly, persistently and successfully did he carry it out through three generations of men. In 1790 he visited Holland and England, in company with Forster and Von Geuns, and during that year published his first work, entitled "Observations on the Basalts of the Rhine." In 1791 he went to Freyburg, to receive instruction from the celebrated Werner, the founder of geological science, and in 1793 Humboldt published the results of his labors in a work on the mines of that district. In the preceding year to which his second work had appeared he had been appointed Assessor of the Council of Mines at

Berlin, and thus began his career of official life, half courtier, half philosopher, which assisted him so materially in his geographical researches. The next year he was made Director-General of the Mines of Baireuth and Anspach in Franconia, and became very active in their management. In 1795 he visited Italy and Switzerland. About this time he became much attracted by the discoveries of Galvani, and there seemed to be a probability that his studies would take the direction of animal electricity, for in 1796 Humboldt published a volume of his experiments in that fascinating science, with notes by Professor Blumenbach. The same year he paid a visit to Vienna, and while there studied with great care the fine collection of exotic plants gathered in that capital.

In 1796, in company with the celebrated Von Buch, he travelled through Styria and Salzburg, examining everything on his route, either natural or artificial. On his return he visited, in company with his brother William, Paris, where he saw, for the first time, M. Aimé Bonpland, destined to be the associate of his travels, and almost of his fame.

After making due preparations, these two illustrious men resolved to start on their great expedition to survey the face of Nature, and to register, with an accuracy and completeness never before attempted, every fact and phase they could find. Never before has so comprehensive a scheme been conceived, much less so admirably executed.

In 1818 Humboldt visited London, and made the acquaintance of many names celebrated in the world of literature and science. On his return to Berlin the King of Prussia granted him a pension of twelve thousand dollars, in order to facilitate the plan Humboldt had formed of visiting Asia. In 1822 he accompanied his sovereign to the Congress of Verona, and afterwards visited Venice, Rome and Naples. One peculiarity in Humboldt's mind was the comparative indifference with which he regarded objects of antiquity. He would rather pore over the crater of an extinct volcano than roam amid the ruins of the Colosseum. The excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum were chiefly valuable to him as exemplifying the preserving tendencies of the earth, and not because they brought him face to face with a generation long since passed away. Nature was the passion of Humboldt, not art; the architecture he admired was that of the mountains, the forests and the lakes. He would sooner roam over the deserts of Asia and Africa than walk the crowded streets. It was therefore with little interest he regarded the remains of ancient Rome, but upon Vesuvius, he says, he could have bestowed an age of observation.

In his "Aspects of Nature" he acknowledges that few things more interested him than deserts, which he divides into four kinds. Thus the vast, level and treeless plains of Missouri, South America and Central Asia, he calls savannahs, prairies, steppes and plains; he classes them thus: Deserts which have no vegetation—those which vegetate at certain seasons—those which produce only shrubs, and lastly, those which are covered always with a kind of grass. The most remarkable of all deserts are the vast sand oceans in Africa and Asia. That of Sahara covers three times the space of the Mediterranean Sea, and like that sea it has its beautiful islands of pasturage called oases. Here, for ages past, have those ships of the desert, the camels, taken man to and fro, as a steamer carries passengers over the waves. Humboldt ascribes this sterility to an irruption of the ocean, which tore away not only the vegetation, but the soil itself from the surface of the earth, and then, on retiring, left the desolated region overspread with a suffocating plain of sand. The barrenness thus accidentally produced is perpetuated by its position in the torrid zone, for it is evident the geographical result of a zone cannot be the origin of the desert, since in every other part vegetation is remarkably exuberant. Another singular fact connected with these sandy deserts of Africa is the total absence of rain and dew, while the deserts or llanos of South America, equally within the tropical zone, have both rain and dew. Humboldt thus accounts for this remarkable difference, and we give the passage as a fair sample of his piled-up sentences:

"The comparatively limited breadth of South America, compared with Asia and Africa, interested as the New World is in a thousand ways throughout the equinoctial regions to the north of the equator, its prolongation towards the icy poles, the ocean with its unbroken surface swept over by the trade winds, the

flatness of the eastern coast, the currents of very cold water which wash the western coast from the Straits of Magellan along to Peru; the numerous chains of mountains cooled all over with springs, and whose snow-covered summits soar beyond the region of the clouds; the abundance of immense rivers, which through multiplied meanderings are observed always to seek their outlets at the remotest point of the coast; the deserts without sand, and consequently less susceptible of being impregnated with heat; the forests of impenetrable thickness, which cover the plains of the equator, watered underneath with a multitude of streams, and which, in the parts of the country more remote from the ocean and the mountains, give rise to enormous masses of water, that are either the product of their confluence or the result of the luxuriant vegetation; all these causes combine to produce, in the lower parts of the American Continent, a climate contrasting singularly in coolness and humidity with the temperature of Africa. To these alone should we attribute also that vegetation so vigorous, so luxuriant, so sapful, and that foliage so copious which constitute the special character of the New World."

The second class are the prairies, which Humboldt considers as one description of desert. The Assam desert or prairie he calls the steppe, which is a perfect feature in Central Asia. Here it takes the character of a table-land, stretching along the backs of the enormous congeries of mountains which cover a large portion of that continent. These steppes are elevated about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and are estimated to contain one hundred and sixty thousand square leagues. These are generally in the temperate zone, and are covered with fine grasses and saline plants. Humboldt, in his "Aspects of Nature," divides cataracts into various divisions, and with equal discrimination.

On the 4th June, 1799, they sailed from Corunna, in Spain, and on the 16th July they landed at Cumara, in South America. They devoted eighteen months to the study of Venezuela, and reached the Orinoco, which they embarked on in canoes. Exploring this river to the extreme Spanish port of San Carlos, they returned to Cumara, after passing through several thousands of miles of unexplored country. From thence they proceeded to Havana, where they remained several months. In March, 1801, they reached Carthagena. In January, 1802, the travellers reached Quito, and spent eight months in exploring that valley. Favored by circumstances, they explored volcanoes and scaled mountains hitherto inaccessible to the foot of man.

On the 23d June, 1802, they climbed Chimborazo, and gained the enormous height of nineteen thousand three hundred feet. They then travelled on the high chain of the Andes, until they arrived at Truxillo, in North Peru, on the Pacific shore. From thence they went to Lima, where they remained some time, making numerous exploring visits to the surrounding parts. In 1803 they sailed for Mexico, a land which had long aroused the curiosity of Humboldt. He visited its chief cities, collecting every fact he could possibly arrive at, and then rested to gather more at Valladolid. He then traversed the province of Mechracan, and reaching Jurullo, on the Pacific coast, again returned to Mexico. In January, 1804, he embarked for Havana, from whence he sailed for the United States. In Philadelphia he remained about two months.

Towards the end of the year he returned to Europe, and took up his abode in Paris, as best fitted for the prosecution of his great work. In Paris the first volume of his "Cosmos" was published, and as they were finished Humboldt gave them to the world.

In 1818 he revisited Italy, and from thence went to England. In 1826 he took up his permanent residence in Berlin, which he has since made his home.

In 1828 he was made a councillor of state, and has been since then entrusted with several diplomatic missions. In 1829 he travelled into Siberia and the Caspian Sea, at the special invitation of the Emperor of Russia. This was his last journey into a foreign land; since then he remained receiving the homage of all literary men, to a greater extent than any had ever before enjoyed.

On the 6th of May, 1859, he breathed his last.

The *opus magnus* of Humboldt is undoubtedly "Cosmos," in which he gives the physical history and appearance of nature

so far as he saw it. It may give the reader some idea of this mammoth undertaking to observe that it is in seventeen volumes in folio, and eleven volumes in quarto. It treats of the geography of plants, of zoology and comparative anatomy, astronomy and geology. It presents a physical picture of the tropical regions, and especially treats of their climatology. It contains views of the Cordilleras, and depicts the old Peruvian monuments, gives a political description of Mexico and Cuba as they then were, and concludes with a general *resumé* of the travels and systems which formed an epoch in science, and formed also the advent of the new school of which Von Humboldt was the Avitar.

Since the death of this great author a very interesting work has appeared from his pen, being his private correspondence with his most confidential friend Varnhagen — himself also pressed away. These letters are edited by Ludmilla Assing, the niece of Varnhagen; number about two hundred, and extend over a period of about thirty years, commencing in 1827 and ending on the death of the friend to whom they were addressed in 1858. In these communications the great Pantheist unveils himself, and speaks of men and things as they really seem to him. They may be called the esoteric Humboldt. Considerable criticism has been wasted upon his speaking freely of persons he was in the conventional habit of treating with marks of external respect. In support of this charge, the toadies of greatness have quoted Humboldt's opinion of Peel, Prince Albert, the Royal Family of Prussia and others. It is preposterous to imagine because Humboldt had received a complimentary present or a personal civility from Prince Albert or Sir Robert Peel, which he had doubtless acknowledged at the time in those terms which conventionality requires and which are well known as mere forms of speech, signifying nothing, that a great philosopher of our day should translate this unmeaning compliment as the language of the heart, and commence a series of hypocrisies totally at variance with his nature. If a great mind like the author of Humboldt was expected to sell itself for a few courteous words and a well-bound book from a German prince and dolt, what would the price of a common man be? The fact is, the great German was not called upon to offend his occasional visitors, but to treat them as conventional equals. If every man, great or small, were to speak aloud his thoughts, very few would be able to endure his society. The natural egotism of one man would inevitably irritate the natural vanity of another, until the world became a scene of either stolid indifference to public and private opinion or else a scene of brutal conflict. We can, therefore, perfectly justify a man like Humboldt writing what he really thought of men, who, though socially his superiors, were in all that truly elevates man above his fellows, was a colossus. The same applies to his speculative opinions in religion, which are here unveiled with a quiet indifference very remarkable in one who was so punctilious in discharging the external obligations of society.

There is also another point in this correspondence: he not only contemplated the publication of this correspondence with his most intimate friend, but he wished it, and gave his permission most cordially, merely promising that it should not be published in the lifetime of either himself or Varnhagen. That he was equally fearless of what they might think of him when he was gone, he says distinctly in a letter dated 7th December, 1841. Humboldt says: "You are afraid to confess yourself the exclusive owner of my impieties. You may freely dispose of this sort of property after my not far distant departure from life. Truth is due to those only whom we deeply esteem; to you, therefore."

His motto is at the secret of what the world calls the insincerity of Humboldt, when it really was only his conviction that truth was too precious to be wasted upon everybody.

PLUTARCH says there is not so great a difference between beast and beast as between man and man. We might go further, and say that there is more difference between some men and some other men than there is between some men and some beasts.

THE MAIDEN'S MAY.

BY SILVERPEN.

"If I wert thee, Ruth," said old aunt Becky, as she came in from the garden, where she had been employed since their early tea-hour, trimming the flower-borders—"I'd put on my bonnet and take a walk a bit toward the valley. The evening's mighty fine, and if thou couldst get as far, thou might'st nak at th' mill how Benjamin wur. He's thy tenant, and i' this world we maun let many a bygone be a bygone."

The young woman to whom aunt Becky spoke was seated by a parlor-casement, busy with some monotonous task of needle-work; but, thus addressed, she paused and looked up. The expression of her face was sweet and gentle, though extremely sad. The signs of early and later sorrow were visible; but not those of bitterness or pride.

"I think you're right, aunt," she answered quietly. "It's four years now since I was nigh the mill, and one should ask after Benjamin Hopner, if only for old acquaintance sake. I don't like him; I never did. He came between me and Saul as no good brother would; still he's a neighbor and an old friend, and I am the last one to harbor enmity and uncharitableness, as thou know'st, Becky."

"Dearly, dearly!" said the old woman, as she came forward and laid her hand upon the young girl's head. "Since the hour thou wert i' the cradle, I've never known but love and goodness by thee. But dress thee, my dear, and be a-going, or the beauty o' th' evening 'll be missing; and mind, put thee on thy best bonnet; thou dostn't know whom thou may be seeing i' th' mill."

Thus bidden, Ruth went upstairs, and soon returned, habited in such comely garb as befitted her who was an heiress in this mountain village, and whose father, dying the winter previously, had left her mistress of cottages and land, and one of the best blacksmith's businesses for many a mile. This was now to be sold, but the price and conditions laid down in the old man's will had kept off purchasers, though one from a distance was said now to be negotiating with Ruth's lawyer in the country town. She had not, as yet, heard particulars, though the matter was one of great anxiety to her; for, should the purchaser need to rent the adjacent cottage and land, she and her old aunt must seek a home elsewhere. It would be a grief to leave a place where they had lived all their lives; but, if it was to be, they must face the matter. Thus there was anxiety in her heart on this and other things; nor were her tears yet dry for the poor old father she had so dearly loved. He had had his faults; he had been grasping and avaricious; but to her, except on one point, he had been the tenderest of parents—she had been his idol, and he had grasped and toiled; but all he saved and all he wrought for was to endow her plentifully with worldly goods—like as for a queen-bee there should be honey in every cell.

Ruth looked so sweetly and so girlish in her unostentatious yet handsome mourning, as to fill old aunt Becky's heart with pride, her eyes with tears; but bespeaking this by manner, not by words, she took her niece's hand and they went both together into the garden, the wide path down which they passed being bordered by innumerable flowers, whose scent, drawn forth as it was by the divine sun, was delicious beyond compare—violet and narcissus, polyanthus and lilac-flowers mingling their sweets in one. Once or twice they stopped involuntarily beside some tuft more green or richly colored than another, and this in silence. Their hearts were full. Another spring, and strangers' feet might stand here, strangers' hands pay little reverence to root and tree others had raised so tenderly!

Aunt Becky opened the gate, and then stooped down to kiss her darling. "Thou won't make it late, my dear," she said. "Nanny 'll be back from the town and I'll ha' supper set by nine. Don't thou be proud or quick in Benjamin's; remember he's Saul's brother; and giv' m' regards and say he maun look this way when he's strong once more."

Ruth said "yes," softly, and then kissing her aunt went her way, the old woman watching her up the hilly road till on its summit she was lost to sight. On this summit were piled immense gray limestone crags; from one side sloped a rocky pass

down into the valley she was about to visit; whilst before her rose on the road she had just ascended, winding its way amidst green fields and distinctly visible in the evening sun at least a mile or more.

As she stood for a moment, watching in the shadow of the sweeping trees which crowned the rocks, a voice from along the road which lay before her met her ear. It was that of a man, and singing in a way that was perfectly entrancing to her unsophisticated ear. Ruth's ambitious old father had bought her a piano, and sent her to a neighboring town to take some music lessons; and thus she knew, as the voice from mere idleness changed its vagrant song from part to part, that it was one that had been trained; yet she was no critic; and thus, though she could distinguish no direct air, she enjoyed the singing thoroughly. She looked ahead, and saw the singer in the far distance of the road. He seemed a well-dressed, athletic man, who, walking at a brisk pace, had a dog with him and a bag or wallet at his back. When a bend in the road had hidden him temporarily from view, she stepped down the rocky pass. It widened by-and-bye, and at its end opened the mountain valley she sought. A picturesque little river ran through it; and here, close at hand, stood the old water-mill, its great wheel idle and the shadows of the evening lying wide and far upon its thatched roof and rough garden crops. Its water-power seemed to be used to saw and bend wood as well as to grind corn, for piles of timber stood about the gable next the pass; whilst a crane, as well as floury lintels, showed where the sacks of grain and meal went up and down. In the saw-shop some men were yet at work, one of whom came out to speak to her; it was Luke, an old workman of the Hopners. "Master's getting a bit better," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "The doctor says that, with the warm weather, his ague will go; though that won't take away. I fear, the other troubles that be on his mind."

"What troubles?" asked Ruth, gently, yet with a show of curiosity not common with her.

"One, or more on 'em, I should ha thought thee'd be knowing, misels," was the reply. "If thee don't, I'd better say nothing; but just now the mill business does badly, and folks be taking their grain and t'other things across the hill. We want more machinery; and there be none to do it now the smithy's at a standstill."

"It will soon be at work again I hope, now;" she replied; "for some one is after buying it. But what are these other troubles of Benjamin? I should like to know; because some curious stories are abroad."

"I dare say," replied the old man evasively; "but a young lady like thee must be deaf to village chatter; yet I can tell thee thus much, that the master, writing twice to Saul, ha' got no answer. Three days ago he writ to the great iron-works at Glasgow, where he was employed; and still no answer's come. He canna make it out. The lad maun ha' gone to furren parts, or—"

She was listening eagerly; her face in a moment had changed its hue to the pallor of death; and, as if for support, she was stretching out her hand to his, which seeing, he stayed, and presently added—"But things may be right after all. The lad may be coming to see his friends; for it's just four years this very May since he wur here. But hadn't thou be better going in, ma'am? Thou'lt find master by the house-place fire, I dare say; though I ain't been nigh since noon."

As he spoke he made as though to lead the way towards the house, which was under the same roof as the mill; but, wishing, perhaps, to be alone and go alone, she made a sign with her hand to that effect.

The old man understood it, and wishing, perhaps, to be spared further questions, he stepped back into his workshop, leaving her standing there in the rich but ascending glory of the sun. Presently she went, and round by the mill-door to the house-door, which was quaintly set in the thick walls of the old stone-house. As it was closed she knocked, but no one came; then she raised the latch and pushed the door a little open. She could hear voices talking within. Her momentary glimpse showed her Benjamin Hopner, seated in his easy chair; whilst, standing by him, dressed in cloak and bonnet, and weeping bitterly, stood one whom Ruth recognized in a moment as Mary Willet, the only daughter of her father's old workman,

David; a pretty village girl, not yet seventeen, and of whom strange stories were afloat as to her acquaintanceship with Benjamin Hopner.

That past winter, when the miller's old woman-servant had died, and he himself was soon afterwards taken ill, Mary's mother had gone to and fro to the mill, to do a neighbor's part to Benjamin; Mary had gone thither to speak to her mother or help and thus her life acquaintanceship with Benjamin had ripened into intimacy. As time wore on, and Benjamin, under plea of poverty, still kept no servant, village gossips began to whisper amongst themselves—how Mary still went to and fro to the mill at times when her parents knew nothing of the matter. So they shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, and lied away the young girl's good name; for they said, amongst themselves, that Benjamin was too old, and cold, and stern and avaricious to marry so young and poor a girl. Her parents knew nothing of these lies and whispers; but they had reached Ruth and Becky's ear through the medium of their servant. By these good women they had been disbelieved: kindly in heart and pure in life themselves, they were not ready to interpret the signs of guilt as such.

Yet these whispers seemed true enough; as Ruth, listening, to her incredible anguish found—in fact she could do no other than listen. Mary had, till recently, been her Sunday-school scholar, and Mary's brother and father had been her own father's workmen for many years. More than this—the Willets were people of good repute, honest and God-fearing; and Mary was somewhat of a village beauty. Many an honest fellow would have been glad to call her wife; and yet here she stood, making revelations by her own words that she was the victim of a man old enough to be her father, and one whose wiles were now all turned towards repudiating the promises he had made. Ruth, in her pity, her scorn, her hate, could but listen. She loved Benjamin's brother, and she blushed to think that Benjamin was so base and so remorseless in his sin. She would not cross the threshold—she could not; yet she must listen, even though in agony and shame.

There the girl stood weeping, whilst he gazed stolidly into the fire. "Benjamin!" she spoke entreatingly—"think over what thou hast just said once again. My place is by thy hearth: why should I go forth to shame and misery? I love thee, I have trusted thee; I can be happy with thee, strange and hard as thou art. I know how much good there is in thee, and, knowing thy ways, I can be to thee what none other can. This is spring; all through the winter thou promised I should be thy wife; the time is come, and be thou true, or worse will come! I do not say this to scare or threaten thee; but I shall not be able to stand a'one and face the disgrace that's coming on me and those I love!"

She spoke all this brokenly and parenthetically, and still wept on.

He was silent for some moment; and then he answered in his cold, hard, slow way—"Mary, thou'd lived a bit longer, thou'd have learnt that it's man's habit to make promises to serve himself; but that their fulfilling is another thing. I do not mean to say but what I love thee—better than I ever did girl or woman before and that I'd be just to thee if I could; but what use, lass, is it, marrying with an empty cupboard? Could I tell, on that wintry afternoon, when the rain kept thee here, and I, coming in from the mill, we first began to understand how much we were to each other—could I tell then, I say, that old Ringstead, Ruth's father, would die afore another week was out, and that, as soon as he was quiet in the churchyard, his lawyer would begin to hurry me for the mortgage on the mill, as well as what I owed for blacksmith's work? I say again, could I tell this, or that the smithy would be closed and part o' th' mill have to stand still in consequence? I couldn't: and thus to talk o' marrying now is nonsense. I must look about me and do differently."

"Marry a girl with money—is that it, Benjamin? If thou'rt thinking of Ruth, or art building up fresh hopes, because old Becky sent thee down wine and other things whilst thy illness was at the worse, I fear thou art mistaken. Ruth refused thee twice; and if thou won't face her to ask time to pay this money, how art thou to ask her to be thy wife? Thou knowest well enough she loves Saul, and that, were he to come here to-night and ask her, she'd marry him to-morrow!"

"Women, like men, change their minds," he replied, angrily; "besides this, till she marries, the old blacksmith so left the money that others act for her. But let us ha' no more o' this talk. It's growing time for Luke to come in; so go. If I can't do what I said, I can't, and that's enough."

For a moment or two the girl stood still, as though she was deaf to what he said; then she bent towards him, and, stooping, kissed his cold, hard face. She loved him so deeply that, even cruel as he was, all enmity lived but for a little space.

"Benjamin," she said, "I'll come once more; then if you will not make good the words I trusted in, a darker sorrow than any which now lies upon you must cleave to you evermore."

Staying for no reply, only bending down her face, she passed from his sight through a door which led to the rear of the mill.

Ruth stepped away, too. Though her heart burnt with indignation against Saul's brother, this was no moment to face him. She must think the matter over; she must see if she could not save him against his own base nature. But thus as she thought of him and his, her own troubles rose upon the surface. It was four years almost to a night since she parted with Saul. A few minutes' walk would bring her to the very spot; and he—where was he? he who was so different to his brother—so generous and so truthful, while the other was so selfish and so cold!

The sun had now so far waned, that part of the valley lay in deep shadow; part of its little river danced on in gloom; but presently the limestone rocks trending towards the west, the sun poured down in all its waning glory, gilding the crags, lighting the declivities of sward, revealing every little pebble in the clear stream, tinting its foam as though with silver and its far distance with arrowy stripes of gold. Every little flower upon the swarded banks, every tuft of grass in the rocky hollows, every lily (and there are many) in the quiet places of the stream, and every cress and weed shone radiant in these melon tints of eve.

Passing along the swarded bank of the river, she came at length to where the valley was very solitary, and where there was a shallow ford, crossed by stepping-stones. From one to another of these, near the path by which she came, lay a limestone slab, forming a sort of seat, on which anglers often rested. Here she paused, and, stepping on the watery pebbles, sat down. It was a favorite place. Here in childhood she had played—here in girlhood she had loved; here she had—alas! somewhat in anger—parted with Saul Hopner four years before. From what Luke had said, she might never see him again. He might be dead or very far away. She had only spoken truth—noble truth—when she had bidden him go elsewhere for a time, and, earning money by steadfast labor, and greater intelligence by association with well-taught men, come back and show her father he was worthy of her. But as she thought, her trouble grew; she imagined she had spoken harshly, and, thus thinking, the bitterness of remorse was hers.

She had sat some minutes, stooping towards the rippling water, her face buried in her hands, when a splash and a dash were near her, and a dog, bounding forward, laid its head upon her knee. The act neither alarmed nor surprised her, for dogs were plentiful in the neighborhood; but presently she heard some heavier footing close beside her. She had only time to look up, for a shadow darkened her—a tender, well-known voice spoke—an arm was put about her. It was Saul.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "it is Maytime, and you might expect me. I am come to go now no more, but to make you mine, if you will. I have done your bidding—got knowledge, got money. Now say if I am welcome!"

He was indeed, he was all her world. She looked up into his kind and manly face, but could not speak, so great was the revulsion of feeling, so near and so fleet were her tears. But their shedding was more eloquent than words—better, perhaps, for Saul kissed them away.

When this little rhapsody was over he spoke again, as she nestled down to him:

"For four years I have been engineer's foreman at the largest ironworks in Glasgow, and in that time I have saved money. Hearing through Tom Willet of your father's death and the intent to sell the business, I have bought it; so I shall

come home to the old cottage, if you and Aunt Becky will let me."

Again she did not answer, again he interpreted the matter in his own way.

"I must make short holiday, Ruth, and we must be married before that holiday is done. Now tell me about Benjamin. I have seen Luke; but I have not yet been into the mill. What is this about Mary Willet? Some letters Tom recently wrote to me have made me uneasy."

"I fear, Saul, it is a sad affair. I wished you not to know it, but you must."

"Oh, I know enough, and guess the rest. It is one of Benjamin's characteristics to receive benefits and then forget them. But we must make him just, even against his own nature, if we can. When once the step is irrevocable he will be kind enough; and he will be all the better for having human ties about him."

"I have thought of a plan," she answered, "and our—"

"Our marriage," he broke in.

"Makes it easy. The property is so left, that on the day I marry it becomes wholly mine. I will, therefore, with Aunt Becky's permission, give up the mortgage of the mill to Benjamin, if he will do justice to the girl. This may be bribe sufficient. Both aunt and I have always had our qualms of conscience about the matter. There can be no doubt but what my father took sad advantage of yours, drunkard and spendthrift as he was. This it is which has always rankled in Benjamin's heart; which made him seek to marry me; which made him speak against you at our house, and which has made him run latterly into all sorts of speculations, in order to raise money to pay it off. As these have failed, as by all accounts he is more embarrassed than ever, I think we may effect this purpose, if you will consent and not supply him with money to act otherwise."

"Money, Ruth? I have none for him. A working-man, save as he may, can have but moderate means. I have bought your father's business, and have none left, except what I shall need to brighten my little wife's wedding-day. Besides, on principle, I will never lend Benjamin money again. I have, twice or thrice since my apprentice days with thy father; but it is not in his nature to bear in remembrance the benefits of the past."

"As you consent, Saul, leave the rest to me. Say nothing to Benjamin; sorrows like these are best left to a woman's ministry."

The sun had quite set when they rose to go; not a trace of the evening's glory was left on stream or crag. Pursuing their way along the valley, they climbed a zigzag path; and entering a primitive village street of gray stone walls, knocked at a door and entered. Here, in a wide-spread kitchen, a decent, motherly woman sat sewing by candle-light; near her was a young man reading a newspaper; in the chimney-corner was an older man smoking his pipe. These good people were Mary's parents and one of her brothers. Their cheerful, contented faces gave no sign of the sorrow which hovered over them. They received the young couple with signs of joyful surprise, and heard of Saul's purchase of the business with deep emotion. It was a circumstance which would give the old man and two of his sons permanent work again, and this under no new master, but with one they had known all their days.

"I have worked early and late to win the little heiress," said Saul, with a smile; "and I've polished myself up as well as I could to be worthy of her. Learnt singing and as much of books as many a person; and, what's more, so much of our craft as to be an enginewright of the best sort. With this, and the help of a little money, I hope to make the old business flourish more than it has ever done."

"Aye, sir, there's a good opening for it, none better the country wide. It went down with the old master. A smith, like any other craftsman, must be double-handed now-a-days."

When there came a pause in the conversation Ruth asked after Mary.

"Why, ma'am," said her mother, "she went out after tea to see a young friend; I thought a little walk would do her good, for her spirits, for some reason or another, have been sadly down of late. But shall John go and seek her? it must be nigh her time of coming home."

"Thank you, no; if she comes home by way of the orchard I will go and look. I have something to say to her."

Saying no more, Ruth left the house, passed out into a wide old garden in the rear, and thence to the orchard, a grassy old place leading down to an adjacent common, from which it was divided by a pond, a hedge and a stile. There was now just enough twilight to lessen the shadows, and to make things half visible through the gloom.

As she stepped in the orchard a low wailing sound met her ear. It came from a quarter where stood an old barn and a haystack. Towards these she hastened, and just on the far side of the haystack she could discern the girl half-stretched upon the ground in an attitude expressive of the deepest human woe. Ruth stepped softly to her side, and sitting down, took her hand in hers.

"Mary, what is the matter, tell me?"

At the first moment the girl tried to rise and flee, but finding herself retained, her wild, but unspoken agony increased.

"Hush, Mary hush! you must not let others know this; if your father should it will break his heart. I know all. I had gone to call on Benjamin this afternoon, and so stood at the door whilst you were talking to him. I heard some little of what you said, and could not refrain from listening further. It is well I listened, for it has led me to come here—not to reproach you, very foolish as you have been, but to tell you that Benjamin shall do you justice, if it be possible to rouse him, and I think I hold the power."

The girl in her shame did not lift her head; in her consciousness of error the twilight was as the broadest, brightest noon. At length, when the kind voice spoke again, tears flowed, humility took the place of fear, and confessing her woe, she whispered:

"But I was sorely tempted."

"As many women before you have been, and will be after you, Mary, by foolish men like Benjamin. But now dry your tears; hide from those within the house every trace of this trouble; and in a day or two you shall have word by Nancy that I need to speak to you. When I send this message, come; till then keep away from the mill. Saul will be there, for he has bought my father's business, and has come home for good and all."

Mary was surprised, though she listened passively. When Ruth had told her the particulars of Saul's coming, she returned to the house alone, for Mary's manner was yet too agitated for it to have passed unobserved, making some excuses as to Mary's yet lingering. Ruth now said good-night to her homely friends; and accompanied by Saul, soon reached the pretty cottage where she had been born and reared, and where aunt Becky, having waited supper an hour or more, stood listening at the garden gate with anxious ear; but the moment she saw Saul all was explained to her; and knowing that her darling was happy, she, in her great unselfishness, was happy too.

The three dear friends talked long together that night; and when Saul left to go to the mill it was arranged that he and Ruth should be married ere the lapse of many days, and that on the morrow they should drive together to the neighboring town to make purchases and see the lawyer. Aunt Becky had her duties too; but all agreed, in reverence to the dead, and for economy's sake beside, to waste nothing in festivities. There are festivals of the spirit, especially when days are sunny, and the fields are full of flowers, which are lessened rather than increased by aids which partake not of silence and simplicity.

On the morrow, well-dressed and handsome, Saul came in his brother's gig, and drove Ruth to the neighboring town. It was the happiest either had ever known. Though their eyes were blind to much of the serene beauty of May in all her prime, in their hearts was a gladness—an eternal spring—a daydream without a shadow!

On the way they talked much of Benjamin. At first he had given Saul rather a frosty reception. "But after a bit he warmed," said the lover, in compliance, "when he knew that I'd come to marry thee—that thou hadst willingly accepted me, and that his own foolish hopes were naught. This morning, however, not to lose a chance of something at least, he asked me for twenty pounds; but which I said I had not to lend."

"If you had, so much less would be our chance of his doing justice to poor Mary."

"But I told him that thou wert coming to speak to him on business. To this he made no reply. His cold, hard, frosty manner was his own again."

The day but one after this drive to the town Mary received her summons. It was to meet Ruth that evening at eight, by the works which led down to the mill. Here, therefore, they met, and almost in silence pursued their way till within a stone's throw of the door.

"From what Saul told me, Benjamin will be all alone; indeed, he is ill again with another fit of ague. Wait, therefore, outside, till I see fit to call you in."

"So saying, Ruth knocked, opened the door, and closed it behind her."

The house-place looked desolate indeed, with none but its ailing master on its hearth; and the churlish sort of way in which he welcomed his visitor added to this chill sense of desolation. When she had taken a seat he began talking about Saul.

"I can't say but what I'm glad he's safe and well," he said, drily; "but his coming hasn't proved over-fortunate to me; for ye see I began to think that perhaps thy old bands were loosened; and judging by the kindness old Becky has shown me of late, that thou might be willing to—"

"Hush, Benjamin," she interrupted, with a severity of look and manner which awed him; "do not disgrace yourself, or insult me, by words so base. You know I never loved—scarcely even liked you; that I have twice refused your offers; and that, more than all, I shall be your only brother's wife in a few days. Besides this, with the promise on your lips to another not yet cold, you doubly insult me by what you say."

His gaze dropped, and he turned his face aside.

"Benjamin," she added, "have you no manly shame left?"

He understood her meaning, and turning deadly pale said, as it were betwixt his teeth, "I suppose she's been telling tales."

"Mary Willet has not. The last time she came here I was a listener at your door, and heard all. I cannot say but what my heart died, when I found you so hard in sin, and so shameless in treachery, to a good, and, but for you, an innocent child. I say you must marry her, and that at once, if Saul is to own you, or I be your friend."

"No, I'll not," he answered sullenly, "I'll be driven into marriage by no one. I'm not like Saul, a lucky fellow; there's poverty here, and no one to help me."

"And it shall be deeper poverty, Benjamin Hopner; for if you will not do justice to this victim of your lawless passion, my lawyer—who is only too willing to do so—shall call in the mortgage at once. Act rightly, and time shall be given you; whilst, in other ways, Saul and I will be your friends."

"In what manner?"

"Benjamin, I am not one to make stipulations."

"So be it."

And this was all he said, though she spoke to him again, and said good night, as she rose and went. But, hard and worthless, he let her go.

She made the best of the matter to Mary; said that Benjamin was in an ill-humor, but that they would return on the morrow. Scarcely, however, were they half way up the lane before Luke came running after them. "Thou must both come back," he said, "the master needs you. His ague fit is just now worse upon him than it's been all day."

"They speedily returned, but ere they reached the house door Ruth said: 'Go in, Mary, alone; your power over him must be greater than mine.'"

Mary only too willingly obeyed. Ruth watched her through the window, and saw her, like a lapwing to its nest, steal to the sick man's knees; all self-forgotten in her love and solicitude for him. No outcry did she make—no word of reproach did she utter—only creeping to his knees, shed her tears and kisses on his hands. Then as quickly did she judge his illness, and hurried to and fro to get him what he wanted. At thus she soothed him Ruth saw his arms fall around her, his kisses press her face; and seeing this she guessed that all was well.

It was; for Mary came presently out to fetch Ruth. "Come

in," she said, "Benjamin will make our wedding-day one with yours and Saul."

"God bless you, Benjamin," said Ruth, when she went in. "You will never repent, be sure, this justice to another."

In their happiness they drew about the fire, and talked. When Saul arrived Luke came and laid the supper, Mary superintending. Never did the brothers share a happier meal.

A fortnight after came the double wedding-day. Benjamin and Mary were married at an early hour in a little dissenting chapel near at hand; Saul and Ruth, nearer noon, at the village church. The latter were to go away for some days; whilst aunt Becky and the Willets took tea and supped at the mill in the evening.

Bidding good-bye, therefore, to aunt Becky and other friends, Ruth and Saul drove away in a gig about noon. Taking their way along the valley, full of golden light, they reached the mill presently. By the house-place fire they found Benjamin and his little wife, and a table spread with cake and home-made wine.

"I thought thou wouldst break bread with us," said Benjamin. So when the cake was eaten and the wine sipped, Ruth laid a paper on the table.

"I made no stipulations, Benjamin; but here is something better. Here is the mortgage-deed of the old mill, which is yours; for I cancel all claim upon it. Saul shall repair the machinery; and this being all we can do, let there be peace between us."

The hard man was moved to tears.

"Thank you! thank you!" he faltered, "but more for making me just against my hard nature to the little one here."

When at last they parted, Mary in silence put a bunch of water-lilies in Ruth's hand. Not a word was spoken as to them, but their meaning from Mary touched Ruth's heart thus: "Henceforth my life shall be as these."

So Saul and Ruth left the valley to its Mayday sunshine, and went onward, where it still shone divine. It was a time of hope and youth, gladness and newness in nature—gladness and anticipation in their souls!

So let May come to us! our Winter has been long!

THE PEASANTS OF BRITTANY.—The scene is an extensive meadow planted with trees. Within this area between two and three thousand peasants were assembled, dressed with few exceptions in quaint and gaudy costumes. The men wore felt hats with enormous brims, from beneath which long mane-like hair fell to their waists. The crowns of these large headpieces were trimmed with gay chenille and artificial flowers, and their shapes were very varied; for in Basse Bretagne there is nearly as great a variety in the form of the hat, as there is in that of the women's caps. Near Quimper a peculiar one-cornered hat is in vogue, which imparts information to the world according to the manner in which it is worn, and which must be particularly interesting to ladies; a bachelor places the corner of his queer hat over the right or left ear, a benedict behind, and a widower in front. The jackets generally worn were light blue, violet or green cloth or cotton velvet, fitting tightly, and trimmed with rich gold and silver lace, and many bright brass buttons; beneath the jacket an equally gay waistcoat was worn, and the breeches of rich brown cloth were invariably of that kind known in Brittany by the name of *bragous*. A broad leather girdle, fastened by a rich metallic buckle of great size, confined this garment round the waist, which was tied at the knees by colored ribbons terminating in tassels; the leggings were generally leather, decorated with a profusion of buttons; and the feet were encased in shoes adorned by huge silver buckles, for which as much as £4 a pair is sometimes given. Dresses of this description are necessarily very expensive, frequently, as I was assured, costing £8 to £12. They are not to be purchased in the towns—at least, my endeavors to procure such costumes were fruitless—but are made to order by itinerant tailors, who are boarded and lodged in the peasants' houses while at work on the gay garments. These tailors are a very characteristic feature of Brittany, and have many occupations on their hands besides that of stitching, not the least important being that of making love-matches.—*Weld*.

THE WAKING OF THE BIRDS.

BEFORE the first vermilion streaks announce sunrise, often long before the most incipient light shows the dayspring, and while the stars yet shine in the dark blue of heaven, there suddenly come the deeper notes of a bird from some stump or thistle-top, followed by a clear peal of ringing music. It is the first bird-song of day. Then the pheasant awakens to his strange drumming and leaping, while his hens gaze in admiration at their lord.

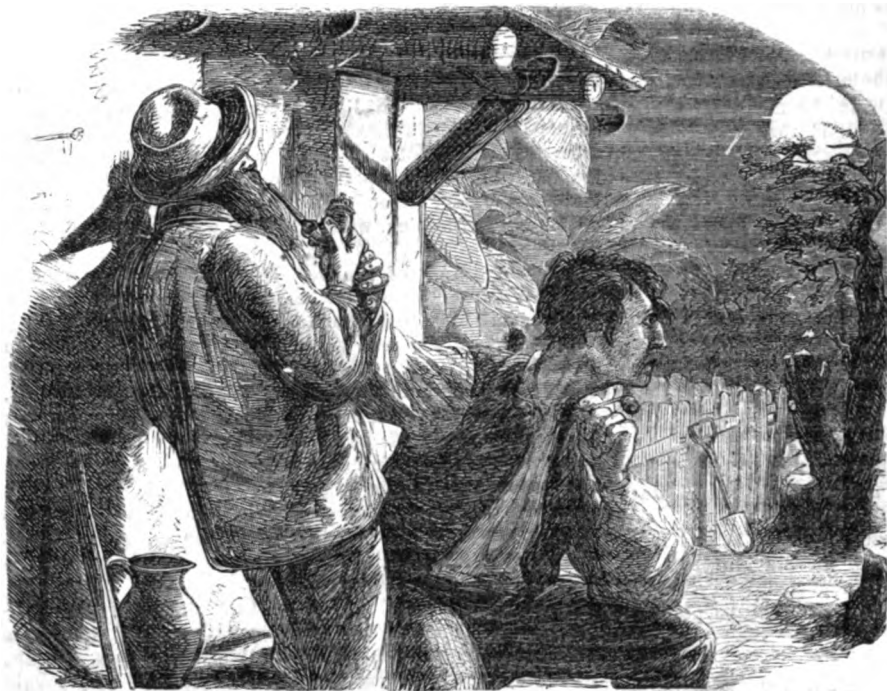
Soon the greenwood is alive. The blackbird whirrs the dew from his throat, the woodpecker sharpens his bill on the bark of a tree and leaps from bough to bough, while his sharp cry echoes through the mist which as yet lingers over mountain and valley.

Delicate columns of white smoke rise from cottage chimneys, dogs bark around farms, bells ring on the necks of lazy-rising cows. Then the birds begin to flit from the bushes, spread their wings and dart high in air to greet the sun, which once again gives them their waking life. The little sparrow sings his morning hymn of thanks for having escaped from the perils of darkness, from the prowling owl, from the mink and fox and weasel. For long hours he had been in danger—now, in full light and air, he flits forth safely.

The finch and robin, the lark and thrush, the jay and swallow have all their songs and chirps and notes of welcome to the sun. They are free and glad, they feel beauty and life, they are all part of one grand harmony, in which sunlight and breezes, songs and tones, colors and opening flowers take part. Man knows of all this beauty and sleeps!

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—Dean Swift quaintly remarked that "the world has to be encompassed before even an old washer-woman can sit down to breakfast;" and if this be true of a meal provided for so humble a member of the community, how much more aptly may the same be said of the breakfast table of the affluent! Let us for a moment consider the subject in a geographical point of view. On a table, whose wood was matured in the forests of Honduras or of Spain, is spread the snow-white table-cloth, perchance woven in the looms of Dunfermline or of Lisburn. The mines of cruel Siberia, of the spirit-haunted Hartz or of distant Mexico, have furnished the lustrous silver. The handles of the knives are the spoil of creatures whose homes are among the gigantic vegetation of the tropics, or down amid the unknown depths of noisome African rivers or of ice-bound seas. The breakfast service, retaining still its Portuguese derivative from *porcelana*, a cup, was manufactured at "Royal Sevres," or in our native Staffordshire. The sugar is the produce of the Eastern or of the Western Indies; the tea was gathered in unfriendly China, and the coffee in Ethiopia, Arabia, Demerara or Berbice. In a word, to furnish this single meal what commercial risk, what distant travel, what imminent perils, has it not been necessary to meet and to overcome! —*Dr. John Ryan*.

LANGUAGE OF LAWYERS.—If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus:—"I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I the said A. B. am entitled to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding;" with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.



"DO YOU HEAR? HE'S OUT AGAIN!"

THE HUNTED HORSEMAN: AN AUSTRALIAN LEGEND.

BY RICHARD ROWE.

MANY persons imagine that "black fellows" are the only Australians who possess a local demonology. The settlers, it is supposed, are too busy in the affairs of this world to bother their heads about the denizens of the next. The colonial past is too brief, it is added, for the growth of colonial legends; for myths don't spring up like mushrooms.

*Crescit, occulto valuit arbor ævo,
Fama spectrorum;*

and it must be well mossed before it obtains much reverence.

These reasonings are plausible, but they are not borne out by fact. Australian cities may be Sadducees, but the Australian Bush is almost as rich in European-credited weird traditions as even the Black Forest. Considering the solitude in which so many of the bushmen spend their lives, how could it be otherwise? There is something in the dreamy, sunny silence of an "up-country" Australian noon—in the mysterious murmurs of an "up-country" Australian dusk—and in the broad, yet pensive, splendor of the Australian moon, streaming down upon the "camped-out" one, miles away from any habitation, that makes the lonely wanderer superstitious *per force*. All moonlight—evoking memories so vividly that time seems to have gone back, and it appears an inexplicable anachronism when we reflect that that blue radiance is shining *now*—has the effect of which I speak, but none that I have elsewhere seen to such a degree as that which silvers the dark, still forests of the South.

So much by way of psychological preface; and now for my narrative.

The last cloud of dust above the tree-tops, telling of a returning flock, had long since melted away; and the sheep, huddled within their hurdles, enjoyed their silly slumbers, broken only by an occasional dream of dingoes, when for a minute or two there would be confusion in the fold, soon silenced by the reassuring bark of the watchful collies.

The cockatoo roosting on the swamp-oak by the creek, which an hour ago had looked like big bunches of snowy blossom, could no longer be distinguished; the lights in the head station and the neighboring huts were out; the bush spread black on all sides; bull-frogs croaked drowsily; curlews wailed like Irish keeners, in the flat. I sat, a new-comer, on the veran-

dah of my little weather-boarded cottage, smoking my pipe by starlight, in company with a bronzed, blue-shirted, blasphemous "old hand," whose dormitory was my "skillion." "Bloody Bill"—such was the elegantly euphonious *sobriquet* of my co-tenant, a poacher long ago "sent out" for manslaughter—of course, had all the "lag's" supreme contempt for an unconvicted "new chum;" but, finding that I came from his own county, Yorkshire, he had graciously condescended to overlook the fact that I had never infringed my country's laws, and favored me with a sort of supercilious patronage; coming round to my portion of our common dwelling much more frequently than I desired, to tell me how, in the course of the day, he'd "cheeked the cove," i.e., insulted his employer, and to enlighten me with his voluminous "colonial experience;" in his own phrase, "put me up to wrinkles."

On the present occasion, we had been sitting silent for some

time, wrapped in tobacco-smoke and meditation as we looked out upon the eerie prospect of faintly star-lit ebon; when suddenly, the sharp rifle-like *crack-crack* of a stock-whip—echoed and re-echoed by the hills—was heard far off upon the right. Another, and another, was reverberated through the dim, distant gullies. The sound grew softer and softer, and at length died away in the hushed gloom of the horizon. Meantime Bill had crept closer to me, and in a craven voice, that was a strange contrast to his wonted bullying tone, had whispered, "Do you hear? He's out again!" I asked him what he meant, and, in reply, was told the tale which, in my own language, I am now about to repeat.

Years ago the adjoining "run," which I will call Debil-Debil, belonged to a man who ought to have been called Moloch—McMoloch we will term him, since the fiend was Scotch. His cruelties were proverbial even in that cruel time. He would not take the trouble of carting his assigned servants before the bench—the least equitable of magistrates would not have entertained his charges if he had—but tied them up to the stockyard rails for the most frivolous of offences—often for no offence—and flogged them with his own hand until their redder blood laid the red dust. Mere flogging, however, palled on the palate of this epicure in torture. He suspended men by the thumbs from the butcher's gallows. He tied them neck and heels, and then worried them with his dogs. He smeared their faces with molasses, and exposed them, bound, to the attacks of the mosquitoes, ants and flies. More than one man so exposed hatless, beneath a sun of tropical power, died of the *coup-de-soleil*. Another expired howling beneath a red-hot branding-iron, which the brute applied in sport, saying that he must brand all his cattle. A convict woman, whom he kept as housekeeper and mistress, chanced one day to displease him with his dinner. Although she was pregnant by him, he scourged her down to a water hole with a strip of knotted green-hide, fastened a rope beneath her armpits, and ducked her until she went mad. She died soon after in the hut in which he caged her. [I have no doubt that my informant exaggerated in attributing all these enormities to one monster, but the separate items of the charge could be brought home to many a master of the old convict times. It is no wonder that the old hands and their descendants cherish so bitter a feeling of enmity against the government that winked at such atrocities.] McMoloch was a man of gigantic strength; it was vain for any victim to turn upon him single-handed. He always went armed to guard himself against conspiracies by day, and at night slept in a heavily-bolted room, surrounded by a cordon of sharp-fanged watchdogs.

Three times his men attempted to fire his house, and burn him as he lay, but each time he escaped, and the awful vengeance that he took on the would-be incendiaries made them, at length, desist from any further effort at retribution. They said that he had sold himself to the devil; that he had a charmed life; and sullenly submitted to his tyranny. Miles upon miles away from any one likely to call him to account, inflamed all day long by brandy, drunker with despotic power, he turned his "run" for four years into a little hell. To take to the bush was his men's sole chance of escape; but they were so sharply looked after by himself, his overseer (a wretch only less hateful than himself), and one of their number whom he excepted from his cruelty, in order to have a spy upon their actions, that only one or two succeeded in getting away. The overseer managing all his Sydney business, McMoloch never left his property. Shearing time had come, and, for a wonder, one day a black gin, with a piccaninny in her possum-cloak, peeped in at the woolshed. Her people had long shunned the place, for McMoloch had shot a lot of them, and poisoned others with strychnine-doctored sheep, laid here and there about the scrub to tempt the poor prowlers to eat—a by no means uncommon practice of our Christian countrymen, the early Australian settlers.

The overseer was in the shed, watching the shearers, when the woman looked in, and was beginning some coarse chaff with her, in response to her request for a "bit 'baccey," when McMoloch galloped up with his dogs. He had drunk himself just on the verge of the "horrors," and was in an even more than ordinarily frightful state of fury. Blaspheming like a man possessed, he set his dogs upon the woman, who fled, screaming piteously, hotly pursued by the swift kangaroo-hounds, and the more brutal brute on horseback. *Crack-crack* went his stock-whip in unceasing volley. The fleet dogs devoured the ground. They tore the babe from her back; they pulled her down. Both died a horrid death beneath their gnashing jaws. But they did not perish unavenged. A host of black figures started from the scrub, like so many devils issuing from the under-world, and chased the murderer, who rode madly on. A spear, hurled from the "womera," pierced his back, and brought him to the ground. A hundred waddies beat out his brains. The shearers scattered in terror when the infuriated savages rushed howling towards the station, which they sacked and burned. The overseer, as Bill expressed it, was "stuck with spears till he looked like a porkypine." Of the men, some were instantly killed; some perished in the bush; a few survived to tell the tale of blood that has generated in those parts a firm belief that on dark nights McMoloch's whip may still be heard resounding through the woods, as he dashes on pursued by genuine demons.

The house and huts are now in quite a different part of Debil-Debil; the boldest stockman shuns the old site after nightfall.

THE DIVINING-ROD.

BY C. RUSSELL.

THE love of the marvellous is of all ages and of all countries. It is a part of the human mind, and its sudden apparition in our own day in the shape of turning and talking-tables is not to be wondered at, even though the nineteenth century is so marked by an utilitarian and positive tendency. From an instinctive distrust of his own strength, man is led to believe in invisible powers working above him in an inaccessible sphere. This disposition has existed in every period of the world, clothing itself with different aspects according to the time, place and manners. It has given birth to manifestations variable in form, but having an identical principle. Divination in all its varieties is offered to us in ancient times, and is still preserved among Eastern nations. In the middle ages, when a new religion had transformed Europe, the marvellous took up its abode in religion. They believed in diabolical possessions, in sorcerers and magicians; and a merciless war was carried on against those who were accused of secret communication with the devil. About the end of the seventeenth century, miracles flourished in the church, and the divining-rod (a forked stick)

was by its movements to reveal the secrets of the physical and moral world.

An interesting work on the "History of the Marvellous," by M. Figuier, has lately appeared in Paris, and from it we propose giving our readers some curious information as to the last of these delusions—one of the most singular forms which the marvellous has presented, and one which has offered the greatest difficulties to the explanations of philosophers. It is to the sect of the mystical alchemists that we owe the revival of the divining-rod, for the discovery of material objects, hidden from the eyes; and three Jesuits, Kircher, Frangois and Dechales, have written on its virtues in discovering metals, springs of water, &c.; but it remained for the hand of a Dauphiny sorcerer, Jacques Aymar, to restore to it the primitive virtue of turning for crimes, passions and evil projects. It is this man's history that we propose to give.

On the 5th July, 1692, about ten in the evening, a wine-seller of Lyons and his wife were found murdered in their cellar, and the money stolen from their small shop. The day after, when the magistrates sent to the place for the purpose of examination, they could get no details by which to discover the offenders. At the side of the corpses were found a large bottle wrapped up in straw, and a bloody sickle which had been the instrument of murder; but these offered no clue to the murderer. Thus stopped at the very outset, a neighbor suggested that they should send for a rich peasant named Jacques Aymar, who, four years before, had given proof of his talents in a robbery committed at Grenoble, and by the aid of the divining-rod denounced the authors of the crime; some time after placing his reputation as an infallible sorcerer at its height by discovering the author of an assassination in the country.

He was accordingly sent for, and the lieutenant and procureur du roi led him to the scene of the crime; they placed in his hands a rod of the first wood they met with, and he set about to examine the cellar. The rod was immovable until he passed over the place from which they had carried the man's corpse; it then shook violently. Jacques himself was much agitated, and his pulse rose to that of a fever patient; all this was redoubled when he reached the place from which the second corpse was taken. Having thus received his impression Aymar left the cellar, and, guided by his rod, or rather by the inward feeling which made it move, he followed the road street to street the trace of the murderers; never stopping until he reached the gate leading on to the Rhone; and as it was night, this fantastic search was postponed.

The next day, accompanied by three persons, he took a boat and descended the right bank of the river. Sometimes the rod revealed three accomplices, sometimes two. It directed him to a gardener's house, where, in spite of the denials of the occupant, Aymar asserted that the fugitives had entered, sat down to the table, and that of three bottles of wine in the room they had certainly touched one, towards which the rod turned. It was then necessary to decide whether the master or the servants had been in contact with the assassins; and the rod being applied, it remained immovable to all but two children of nine and ten, who, pressed with questions, ended by confessing that on Sunday morning three men, whose costume and appearance they described, had entered the house and drunk of the wine. Having received their father's orders to keep the door shut, they were afraid of punishment if they acknowledged the fact. This first verification of Aymar's talents gave the authorities some reason for trusting him; but before sending him further they decided to submit him to new proofs in the presence of many distinguished persons.

A sickle had been found beside the bodies, so they sent to the man who had sold it for three similar ones, which were carried into a garden and buried in the ground without permitting the sorcerer to see them. Having been brought to the place Aymar passed by all successively, his rod only turning on that which had been found in the cellar. In order to vary the experiment the commandant bandaged Aymar's eyes and hid the sickles in tall herbs; they led him to the spot, and the evidence was equally conclusive. Those most suspicious and hardest to be convinced were obliged now to give way, and a sheriff with a band of archers were ordered to accompany him in pursuit of the murderers.

Guided by his rod, Aymar again descended the Rhone, and stopped half a league beyond the farthest bridge. There they remarked the traces of three men on the sand of the bank, from which they inferred that the criminals had embarked here. The boat which carried the sorcerer and his escort was brought by the rod under the arch of a bridge at Vienne, through which no one ever passed. During the voyage they landed at various places, following the traces of the men to their lodgings, and recognising the beds where they had slept, the tables at which they had sat, and the glasses they had touched. Thus they reached a military camp established at Sablon between Vienne and Saint Vallier. There Aymar felt much excited in the crowd of soldiers who filled the camp; he seemed to persuade himself that the murderers would be found, but dare not inquire of his rod lest, as he said, the soldiers should do him some harm. Retained by fear and judging it useless to go further, he decided to return to Lyons; the magistrates there gave him authority and a safe conduct to penetrate into the camp; but on his return he declared the thieves were gone.

Again they followed them step by step until at Beaucaire he was certain they had separated on entering. It was the great annual fair, but his rod led him through streets crowded with an immense number of people to the prison gates; here he stopped, and declared that one of the murderers was within. Having obtained permission to enter, he was placed in the presence of fourteen prisoners, among whom was a hunchback who had been arrested an hour before for a petty larceny committed in the fair. Aymar applied his rod to each successively, but it only turned on the hunchback, from which he asserted that this was one of the accomplices of the murder.

He did not neglect to seek the others, but having obtained information from his rod that they had left the town by a foot-path leading to Nantes, he went no further this time, and carried off his prize under escort to Lyons. There a great triumph awaited him. The hunchback had stoutly maintained that the rod lied; that he had taken no part in the murder, and that he had never set a foot in Lyons in his life. But as they took him back by the road he came, he had the misfortune to be recognised in every place where he stopped; and at the little town of Bagnols, in presence of the landlord who had lodged him and his two accomplices on his descent of the river, he was so confounded by the load of testimony that he decided on making a full confession. He then acknowledged that he had stayed here some days before, in company with two Provençals, who he said were the authors of the crime. Having engaged him as their servant, they committed the deed; but he had neither killed nor robbed, and had only received six and a half crowns from them. He stated that the rod had clearly pointed out the places where they had eaten and slept.

Having reached Lyons he was brought to the magistrates, before whom he added some details of the crime. He declared that the very day of the murder he met two men in the street, speaking the Provençal dialect, who took him into their service and went into a shop to buy two sickles. About ten o'clock at night they all entered the wine-shop, and made the shopkeeper and his wife go into the cellar, under pretence of filling a large bottle covered with straw which they carried; the two Provençals followed, leaving him in care of the shop. They killed the poor unfortunates, and coming up into the shop, broke open a cash-box, from which they took a hundred and thirty crowns, eight louis d'or and a silver belt. The crime accomplished, they took refuge in the court of a large house to pass the night, and at break of day left Lyons, stopped a few minutes at the gardener's house, detached a boat from the shore, landed at various places, and stayed some days at the camp at Sablon.

All was thus explained, and the justices of Lyons were so delighted with their success that, two days after, they sent Aymar off again, well escorted, on the search for the two accomplices. After many and long détours he was brought to Toulon, to a hotel situated on the dock, where he said they had dined the evening before; and being assured that they had sailed from this place, he took a boat and pursued them, but always a day too late; until having reached the limits of the kingdom, he was obliged to give up the useless pursuit, and returned to Lyons in time to see the conclusion of the drama.

On the 20th of August, 1692, the hunchback was condemned

to be broken on the wheel, in the Place des Terreaux. As he was going, he passed the wine-merchant's door, where the herald read aloud his sentence, and the unhappy culprit, only nineteen, knelt down and asked pardon of the poor people whose death he acknowledged he had caused by keeping the door during the assassination.

Many testimonies are given by M Figuler of the perfect faith which persons distinguished by their education and position placed in the powers of the sorcerer. The contradictions and gross errors into which he often fell could not weaken this absurd devotion to his merits. We have described the first phase, so creditable to his discernment; it remains to relate his fall. Lyons had been the scene of his triumph; the capital became that of his defeat, which was complete and decisive.

His renown had reached the ears of the Prince of Condé, who wished to judge for himself of the wonders they attributed to this peasant; and sending for him to Paris, he lodged him with the concierge of his hotel, that he might be under his own eye. His first step was to bring Aymar into a private cabinet where silver was hidden in various places. The rod was at fault, but the owner justified it by remarking that the gilding which covered the walls and the doors prevented its proper action. He was then taken into a garden, where several holes had been dug, in which were placed separately gold, silver, copper and stones. Unfortunately he could distinguish none of them, and his credit received a severe shock.

He was rather more successful in his third attempt. Two small silver lamps had been stolen from Mademoiselle de Condé. The rod began to turn, and after several windings in the hotel it led into the stable-yard and through a door which was seldom opened, and only for the purpose of carting away manure. From hence the rod passed to the quay opposite a jeweller's shop, and night approaching, the search was postponed. The next day the prince sent to the jeweller a similar lamp, saying that he must have bought some like it of an unknown person, which the jeweller stoutly denied; but the following day thirty-six pounds were mysteriously sent to the Hotel de Condé, which mademoiselle distributed to the poor, being convinced that they came from the robber who feared discovery. But as the lamps only cost twenty-eight pounds, and the jeweller would not have committed such a blunder, many persons thought that Aymar had himself sent the money to recover his lost reputation.

Monsieur Ferouillard, cloth merchant, having been robbed of five pieces of cloth, sent for Aymar to find them, and presented him with a handsome coat, which the sorcerer prudently sent home immediately, and then began the search. Surrounded by many of the neighbors and curious people, he led them by his rod as far as Montreuil. It was late when they reached there, and Aymar (who required rest) ordered a dinner, of which they all partook. He then declared that it was too late to prosecute the search, and it must be put off until to-morrow. As no one appeared the next day but the cloth merchant, Aymar had soon finished; and when he reached Neuilly he declined going further. The poor man not only lost his cloth, but the new coat which he had presented and fifty francs expenses for the dinner, whilst the renown and honesty of Aymar was seriously questioned.

After many similar failures it appeared high time to put an end to the imposture, and convince the world of the absurdity and folly of the practice. Many details are wanting, but the facts must have been conclusive, for the Prince of Condé published the results of his examination, in which he assured the public that "the divining-rod of J. Aymar is a pure illusion and a chimerical invention." Thus unmasked, the sorcerer was obliged to find the best of his way home; but even afterwards his exploits did not cease, though rarely successful; and having been accused of too much intimacy with the devil, he used his rod only for the discovery of relics and tracking out the poor persecuted Protestants during the fearful massacres of the war in the Cevennes.

It will perhaps amuse our readers to know of what material the rod was made, and how it was used before passing on to the history of other diviners. It was formerly a great question of dispute what kind of wood should be used in its preparation. The hazel was generally preferred; but in case it was not to be had, the willow or elder might be employed, whilst some

savants were in favor of the almond, on account of the rod of Aaron, which budded. All light woods of a permeable tissue were recommended, especially when used for the discovery of hidden springs, so long as people imagined that their movements were produced by the aqueous vapors with which they were impregnated; but after Aymar and other diviners made use of any rod, wood and metal indifferently, all these theoretic systems were swept away. The Germans never used one without reciting verses and cabalistic ceremonies over it, or a benedictory prayer; besides cutting it at one blow in Mercury's planetary hour, preferring the hot months when the sap is abundant. The form was also a consideration. The greater number preferred a forked stick, or at least one having a hook at the extremity. The Germans, on the other hand, took a straight stick without knots; but in later days a rod, slightly arched in the middle, was used.

As for the way in which it was handled there was equal variety. The forked stick was held with a branch in each hand, and pointed downwards or towards the horizon; the straight one in a horizontal position between the hands of the operator, who curved it slightly; or it might be laid on the back of the hands in equilibrium. In this case the rod turned on its axis. When it was a forked stick it could move upwards, downwards, or from side to side.

The church and philosophy having condemned as a diabolical work the application of the divining-rod to moral purposes, it was henceforward only used for the discovery of material ones, such as metals and springs. Dauphiny, which had produced the prince of sorcerers in Aymar, prided itself also in giving birth to the most famous and certainly the most skilful discoverer of springs, Barthelemy Bleton.

A poor child of Rouvante was received, at the age of seven years, into a Chartreuse convent. One day when he was carrying a dinner to the field laborers he sat down on a stone, and feeling ill, fainted away, seeming to be in a violent fever. The prior, who passed by at the time, laid him on the grass, and the fever disappeared; but the child sitting down on the same stone similar symptoms came on, and that on several successive times. The prior dug down to discover the cause, and so abundant a source of water was found as sufficed to turn a paper-mill. The child in whom a happy chance had discovered a nature so sensitive to the presence of water was Bartholomew Bleton.

His first attempts to turn this talent to use were made in his native province, but he soon extended his reputation to Lyons and Burgundy, and astonished, by the facility with which he discovered springs, all the persons who were witnesses of his operations. He recognized the existence of subterranean water by a sort of feverish agitation with which he was seized and by the movement of a rod which he held in his hands. In 1780 he went to Lorraine, where Dr. Thouvenel sent for him to verify the renown he had acquired; and having subjected him to numerous trials, he wrote a book, entitled "*Memoirs Physico-Medical, showing the evident Relationship between the Phenomena of the Divining Rod, Magnetism and Electricity*;" in which he tries to explain the movement of the rod by the action of electric effluvia, rising from subterranean water and minerals, penetrating and agitating the body of the diviner.

This memoir produced a great sensation in the scientific world. Strong controversies and violent polemics arose out of the system the author tried to establish. But to oppose as well as establish it, experiments must be made publicly and officially on this wonderful man whom the doctor called his patient, and Bleton was sent for to Paris to run the gauntlet of the savants of the capital, so difficult to convince on the subject of miracles and marvels.

The first experiments were made in the presence of an immense concourse of people at the Château d'Eu and a part of the aqueduct of Arenell, and Bleton followed the hidden windings, angles and turns with such precision that M. Guillaumont, the Inspector General, declared that were the plans of the aqueduct lost, they could draw them again from the tracings of Bleton. With the exception of two witnesses, who had declared that they would not believe even if they saw, there was not one among the five hundred present who was not convinced of the power with which Bleton was endowed; since, with his eyes blinded and the rod in his hand, he never quitted the line of the aqueduct.

The next attempt was not quite so favorable. The search was made in a garden in the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, where was a leaden pipe, two inches in diameter, passing through a long avenue, and terminating in a reservoir which supplied a fountain. In a great many turns that Bleton made in this garden with his eyes well bandaged, the rod shook in some of the right places, yet not in all; he twice crossed the avenue without discovering water beneath him, which M. Thouvenel explained by saying that the pipe being so small he might never have trod upon it. At Versailles, where his presence was commanded by the queen, he marked in the environs of the Trianon a number of places, and in most of those that were dug down to they found running water. He deceived himself more than once, as he followed four traces, which he said were very small streams, but were known by those present to be only currents of damp air; namely a subterranean grotto in the middle of the garden of Trianon, a sewer in front of the house, a dry canal leading from the river to a large pond, and a vault in the kitchen garden. It is but just to establish the balance by adding that at the Château de la Bauve, belonging to the Duchess of Narbonne, he discovered a spring, in the presence of Mesdames de France and the whole court, who were much amused with these diversions.

At the close of the experiments made before the queen the sorcerer of Dauphiny became the fashion, and was sent for everywhere. He operated in those provinces which he had not visited before his arrival in Paris, and the results were generally successful. Three springs were found in the estate of the Marquis de Torcy, three in the President Lamoignon's, one at Thun for the Comte d'Adhemar, and many others which are attested. We need scarcely say that on those occasions Bleton rightly suppressed the nonsense of bandaging his eyes and the attacks of convulsions or agitation under the feeling of aqueous effluvia. He proceeded like any ordinary surveyor, rod in hand, and studying at his ease the form of the ground and surrounding localities.

In 1783 Thouvenel was desired by Louis XVI. to make a chemical examination of the mineral and medicinal waters of the kingdom. Faithful in despite of criticism to his favorite system and patient, he took Bleton to assist him in his researches, and found him a great help in finding the direction of springs and tracing them to their source, as they had discovered some coal mines in their explorations.

Bleton on his return to Paris was engaged by the administration to seek for beds of coal in the neighborhood of the capital—a testimony which shows at least that he had secured the esteem of persons in power, and that they did not confound him with the ordinary herd of diviners. It is also in his favor that he could give the lie to the old proverb which says a prophet has no honor in his own country, seeing that he was highly thought of in Dauphiny. "The country of Bleton," says a venerable prior, "gave him great consideration whilst it speaks with contempt of Aymar and Parangue." Here is the richest part of the land; a few years ago it was an arid soil which scarcely produced anything. The springs, the stream that you see, are the happy discoveries of our compatriot; they have metamorphosed an unfortunate into a rich proprietor."

Although Parangue, whose name is mentioned above, never made use of the divining-rod, yet as he possessed the same faculty as Bleton we will say a few words about him, to show how little the wonderful stick had to do with the former case. He was born in 1760, near Marseilles, and when about four years old and seated near the fire, he cried out, "I am lost; I am going to drown myself!" and left his place to avoid a danger which did not exist, fancying he saw water. Later in life, when watching his sheep, he was often seized with the same terror, and would turn out of a dry road, saying he did not wish to be wet, and would make unexpected jumps, assured that he was crossing a stream.

Having been sent for to Mortelgart, he discovered subterranean springs in the presence of philosophers and surgeons, who were transported with admiration. One peculiarity was that he could see water through earth, rocks and masonry, but not through wood, crystal or glass; and according to some observers he was obliged to fix his eyes on the ground and bury his face in his hat—the first of which conditions seems as simple as natural, but the second is not so easily explained. Like

Bleton, Parangue was frequently deceived as to the volume and depth of water.

But this Provencal sorcerer fades into insignificance if we compare him to a young English girl, who is described in a curious old letter from Lord Norton: "In a small town in England there is a young girl more surprising than your Mar-seillais; her name is Jenny Leslie, the daughter of a fisherman, who is in a comfortable position in life. She has the faculty of seeing through the earth, not only springs, but metals, crystal, stones, sand; she knows the different beds, their thicknesses, and the depth at which they may be found. One thing only fails her, she cannot see through the clearest water; besides that nothing stops her perspicacity, neither profound darkness nor thick walls, nor even considerable distance. Clothes do not prevent her seeing through the human body, and examining all the parts which compose the interior mechanism, with their different operations." This letter, which there is some reason to believe is only a jest, ends with the proposition of arranging a marriage between Parangue and the young Englishwoman, in the hopes that this introspective sight might be increased and perpetuated in future generations, and spread a torrent of light over the two most philosophical nations of the world.

The gratitude which M. Thouvenel felt towards the government of Louis XVI. for the scientific missions they had given him, induced him to emigrate at the epoch of the Revolution. In 1790 he was in Italy, and had met with another hydroscope named Pennet, a Dauphinese, and almost as clever as Bleton. Delighted at meeting with a second patient who would illustrate his system, Thouvenel carried him from town to town, and brought him under the notice of the best philosophers, such as Spallanzani, Amorelli, Fortis, &c. The first of these took up his cause very warmly, when Pennet with his rod discovered three heaps of crowns, which were buried in the garden of Fortis, at Chiazza, and also recognised masses of sulphur, of silver, buried saucers, and a subterranean aqueduct. Again, at Pavia, before Spallanzani and Father Barletti, Professor of Physical Science, a happy result was obtained. Yet, in a very short time, the former declared himself very strongly against the reality of Pennet's powers, and the trial at Padua before a large number of savants, well disposed to seek after truth, fully justified Spallanzani's opinion. It lasted three days; on the first, Pennet was walking for two hours in a garden containing metallic deposits, without indicating anything; the next day showed the same want of success; the third, they had buried three heaps; he could not find the first, which was lead; he guessed pretty nearly the position of the second, and found the third.

The curiosity and interest which was felt in these hydroscopes may perhaps be explained when we remember that the discoveries of Galvani were exciting the whole physical world at this epoch. He had, by his experiments, rendered it almost probable that the existence of an electric current in living bodies would manifest itself by hitherto unknown physiological effects. These circumstances led men to accept, or, at least, to submit to serious investigation any new phenomena; but on such a matter it was difficult to form a decisive opinion; doctors would differ, and there followed enthusiastic assertions and obstinate denials; reports, newspaper articles, panegyrics and diatribes; in the midst of which controversy ended the history of the divining-rod in the eighteenth century. The present age occupies itself much less with the matter, and only attempting to dissipate the marvels which preceding ages have attached to the phenomenon, and to give a satisfactory explanation to it. It is to be regretted that men of such high intelligence, who were called to pronounce judgment on the rod, should have occupied themselves so much with the theological point of view, placing the whole question between God and the devil. Having proved, in their way, that heavenly influences had nothing to do with it, they drew a forced conclusion that there must be a compact with a demon, and thus turned aside from a deeper examination of the subject.

In the case of Aymar, we cannot doubt that he was a cunning peasant who, by skillful deceit, played upon the credulous public. All the stories which exist of the affair at Lyons lead us to suppose that he had obtained some knowledge of the circumstances of the crime before he went in pursuit of the murderers.

He was sent for by one of his friends—a neighbor of the murdered man; he twice returned to Lyons to hear the rumors which were circulating in the town, and probably heard that a hunchback was suspected; hence it was easy to choose the guilty man when once in the prison. As for the numerous diviners by the rod, most of them acted sincerely; the rod positively turned in their hands, but it was by virtue of an act of their own will, of which they were unconscious. Natural indications, such as greener grass, the undulations of the ground, the humidity of neighboring places, provoked those very slight muscular movements which sufficed to disturb the equilibrium of the rod, and modern science has brought a new light on the study of this obscure question, and divesting it of the tendency to the marvellous.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A PICTURE.

SCENE I.

"AND you promise me then, Monsieur Gérard, that it shall be finished in three days?" said the empress.

The artist bowed profoundly, as he collected his colors and brushes, and took down a small oval picture from the easel.

The picture was a portrait of a beautiful child—as yet a mere sketch, but the sketch of a practised and masterly hand. The original, in all the loveliness of life, lay in the arms of an attendant lady who stood by the side of the empress. The child had just fallen asleep, and lay with one tiny fist knuckling its flushed face—an attitude which contrasted prettily with the somewhat prim propriety of the outlined figure upon the canvas.

Other ladies of the court stood round all hushed in awful respect for the slumbers of the august baby. The empress herself spoke in a loving motherly whisper, advancing a step or two towards the painter.

"And you promise me then, Monsieur Gérard, that it shall be finished in three days?"

Monsieur Gérard, bowing low, ventured upon no utterance. Placing the picture carefully under his arm, he backed out of the imperial presence on cat-like feet.

The muffled door closed noiselessly on him, and the empress stooped over her sleeping boy, and kissed his forehead. A very young empress, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, upon whose fresh and rounded cheeks health was shedding "claret and cream commingled;" of expression more innocent than brilliant; tall and somewhat voluptuous of form, yet having a tendency to girlish angularity of posture and movement, notwithstanding her maternity. An empress more graceful and more brilliant, though of waning maturity, had lately occupied the place of this young German girl, but had ceded her rights for the good of her country an empress should, and was now living in retirement at Malmaison or elsewhere, exteriorly very calm, but with feelings which a student of humanity would give something to know. In these days of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, however, one has sufficient opportunity of studying such cases.

The baby-boy, smiling in his sleep, dreaming like any other baby, under influence of angel's whisper or whatever else, had apparently the most brilliant destiny before him of any princekin born in the purple. If I am not mistaken, this tiny one-year-old had already his own separate court, and his grave officers of the papspoon and the coral and other infant necessities. At all events it is on record how a little later he held his Sunday levées, wielding rattle in lieu of sceptre, and extending, with infinite grace and suavity, his august morsel of a hand to be kissed. Was not the site of his future palace already fixed upon and purchased, and the magnificent plans thereof half elaborated? No princekin of more splendid hopes than this little Gargantua had ever entered a rejoicing and acclaiming world. Struggling forth into the light not without danger, not without grave cares on the part of Dr. Dubois—struggling forth into the light under precisely the same difficulties as any son and heir of some "shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis," papa had seized him, and borne him forth to the hall, where, in awful expectation, were assembled the whole court. "It is a King of Rome!" said papa; and there was tumult of joy in the

Tuileries; and a hundred great cannon were fired off, and all Paris rushed into the streets, wild with triumph. Further, as I read, the news was despatched to the ex-empress divorced, who gave a grand fête upon the occasion; and who presented to Monsieur de St. Hilaire, the bearer of a self-congratulatory letter from the emperor, a diamond pin of the value of five thousand francs. "This child, conjointly with our Eugène, will secure my happiness, and that of France," the emperor is reported to have written in said letter. So Josephine, I suppose, was exceeding glad that she had not been divorced in vain, and pictured to herself, rejoicingly, the German girl with the baby at her breast.

Another little princekin now holds his levées within those walls; not a *Roi de Rome*, but a possible *Roi d'Angleterre*, if our alarmists be right and our rifle volunteers be not invincible.

However, we are wandering away from the subject in hand. The Empress Marie Louise had not long returned from Prague, where she had parted with Napoleon, then setting forth on his Russian campaign. This will serve to fix the date of our scene. It was early in the summer of 1812, so that his majesty of Rome had lately begun to reckon by the year instead of by the month, being now some year and two months old.

Our artist, shut out from the imperial presence, left the Tuileries, and, crossing the Place de Carrousel, entered the Louvre. He had snug quarters in that palace, somewhat high up, but with a good light to his painting-room and plenty of space for the yards of canvas necessary for his battles and coronations and triumphal entries.

Arrived there, he resumed his work upon the portrait.

François Gérard—not "Grandville," the book-illustrator, but "*premier peintre de l'empereur*," and afterwards "*du roi*," a man of many titles before he died, Monsieur le Baron, Chevalier of I do not know how many orders, member of all the academies under the sun—had the good fortune to paint the portraits of a greater number of illustrious people than any other artist that ever lived. Three sovereigns once sat to him in a single day—at twelve, the King of France; at two, the Emperor of Russia; at three, the King of Prussia; which fact, though perhaps exceptional, may serve to recall some notion of the opportunities which he, above other court-painters, had of coming into contact with noticeable people. How many royal personages, how many savants and wits, how many brave soldiers, how many charming women of the Madame Recamier type he painted, it would be difficult to catalogue. Prince Blücher "*le vieux diable*," carried away a good sprinkling of them after the battle of Waterloo, taking a fancy to them in some interval of *rouge et noir* during his lounge at Paris.

The baby-head was no very arduous task to the nimble fingers of Monsieur François Gérard. Rosy cheeks and bright eyes came out rapidly; four fingers and thumb developed themselves in the blotch which represented a fist; then a touch of blue in the drapery gave a rich waxen hue to the flesh tones, and a dash of shadow on the back-ground brought into light the scant golden hair. Not a Greuse-ish style of picture at all; no affected simper, no exaggeration of *nez retroussé*. The artist erred rather in the opposite extreme, making the infant features classic and heroic. It would never do for a sucking Cæsar to knuckle his fat flushed cheek or to pucker his soft mouth into a coo, or to kick with his infantine legs after the manner of real life. A new school of painting had arisen. The meretricious *minauderies* of Watteau had ceased to be copied; the antique sculptures and the paintings of the Italian masters, stolen from their old homes to enrich France, were now the models. Painting had become, in a great measure, an imitation of sculpture.

The artist was still deepening the shadow under the waxen hand, when the door opened and a young man entered. He was very young; the moustache on his lip, cultivate it as he would, was scarcely perceptible. He was decidedly good-looking, flashing-eyed and of boyishly impetuous manner. Gérard turned as he burst into the room, and welcomed him in his grave, quiet voice:

"Ah, Géricault. And how goes on *Le Chasseur de la Garde*?"

"David has seen it!" cried the youth, with flushed face and impetuous action. "David asked, 'Whose is this picture?' and added, 'if it were more Greek, the style is good.' Bah!

Carl Vernet may sneer now and Guérin, call me mad. I am destined to be a great artist. David says it is good, Gérard; David says it is good!"

"Which," asked Gérard, with a faint smile, as he went on painting, "the man or the horse?"

"Oh," said the other, "Dieudonné is all very well; and you yourself said the face was his own; but the horse is the triumph. I sketched it at Franconi's; it is matchless. I will buy that horse if I ruin myself."

"As heavy a German brute as Dürer's 'Great Horse,'" Gérard put in, with the same smile.

"This is too bad! this is too bad!" cried Géricault, reddening. "You are no judge of horseflesh. You shall execrate my man if you will; but leave my horse alone."

Gérard laid down his brush and extended his hand.

"I congratulate you with all my heart," he said. "If the crazed old republican sputters out praise of your Rubens-tints, there must be something in it. If you had only copied from the Parthenon-frieze instead of at Franconi's, he would have kissed you on either cheek."

"Which would not have been so pleasant," Géricault answered, laughing, as he took the proffered hand. "The Parthenon? Bah, the Greeks were fools at the points of a horse. They could draw the inferior animal, man; but the horse conquered them."

"Don't blaspheme the Greeks," said Gérard. "David says he should die happy if the ghost of Phidias were to mistake him for a brother Athenian."

"What a lovely little head!" exclaimed the youth, glancing for the first time at the picture upon which his friend was occupied. "What a lovely little head! Is it a portrait, Gérard? or your notion of an angel?"

"I have had an honor which has been conferred on no artist, as far as I know, for ages. This is the likeness of the King of Rome."

"What a beautiful child!" said Géricault, enthusiastically. "By Jove! if I could meet with such lovely heads, I think I should neglect my horses and take to humanity."

"No fear. You are morally a *centaur*; man and horse cannot be separated. The disease is immedicable and defies even the knife."

"You are not an English scholar, or I would recite to you what the English Swift has to say about men and horses. I am more proud of my position as painter-in-chief to the Houghboms, than you of yours, as court-painter to the Emperor of all the Yahoos."

"The what?" said Gérard, lifting his eyebrows. "Go; you are *unfâcheux* with your horses. Go, Dorante and Critiques in one. Sing their praises, *en François, Latin, Grec, Hébreu, Syriac, Chaldéen, Arabe—en Anglais*, if you will; but not to me. Go, Chérin, your evil communications will corrupt the good manners of my little Achilles here."

Géricault burst into a laugh, and began to repeat, in a voice whose expression mingled oddly the pat monotony of the stage manner with his own natural enthusiasm for the subject, Dorante's description of his "*Cheval Alezan*:"

"Une tête de barbe, avec l'étoile nette,
L'encolure d'un ygne, effilée et bien draité;
Point d'épaules non plus qu'un lievre, court jointé, &c., &c."

After a pause, Gérard said: "Neither you nor I would care to go where this picture is going."

"Where is that?" asked Géricault.

"It is going to Russia; a token of remembrance from the empress to the emperor."

"It will see some glorious victories. Why should we not care to go, Gérard? A campaign would give us new ideas."

"Our head are safer where we are. I am tired of war, for my part; and so are others, if rumor speaks truly. They say his majesty of Naples, for one, has a longing to eat his macaroni in peace and quietness and goes with no good will."

"I don't believe it of *le beau sabreur*," replied Géricault.

"Why should France tire of victory? The emperor has the destiny of our country to work out, and he will do it. Go, little king," he continued, raising his cap and addressing the portrait; "Go, little king, a harbinger of glory to our arms. Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!"

"With all my heart," said Gérard, coldly, still painting.

Monsieur Gérard was no partizan, and served all dynasties, Bonaparte or Bourbon, with equal faithfulness. Géricault, we find some two years later figuring in an aristocratic *corps d'élite*, who dressed themselves magnificently in crimson and gold for the benefit of the returned Bourbons. He went into exile for the hundred days and came back, and, after painting many horse-pictures, produced one great work, "The Wreck of the Medusa," which made his fame, and which hangs still, I believe, in the Louvre.

SCENE II.

THE portrait of the baby-king reached the emperor a day or two before the battle of Borodino. The tactics of the Russians were at length changed. Kutusoff had superseded Barclay, and the system of retreat which had saved Russia was laid aside for unwise defence. The hostile armies were drawn up face to face. Napoleon at length saw the long-wished-for battle before him. This battle and then another before the walls of Moscow, and then luxurious winter quarters in that capital and dictation of terms of peace to the czar from the Kremlin—such was the programme of the future, the accomplishment of which he did not doubt.

The emperor exhibited the picture to his soldiers before his tent. He never lost an opportunity of theatrical display. One can fancy the grim guards filing past the smiling baby-face, breaking their ranks and shouting, embracing each other, shedding tears in their enthusiasm. Not a bad subject for a great French high-art picture, this reviewing of the troops by his Majesty of Rome. It would be well for Monsieur Gérard, *premier peintre*, and so forth, to receive an order to cover a league or more of canvas with his notion of the scene.

The battle of Borodino was fought and won. The victory cost too much, and was barren of results. Historians say that Napoleon was not himself on that day; that his orders were vacillating, and that he looked on at the tremendous contest with an unusual apathy. He himself pronounced Borodino to be his most brilliant feat of arms. From all parts of the field his generals sent to him for reinforcements; the Russians brought the whole of their reserves into action; but Napoleon was inflexible in his determination to keep his own reserves intact. By bringing these into the field he could have rendered the victory decisive; and the issue of the campaign might have been different. But he counted upon another battle before the walls of Moscow, and wisely, though mistakenly, withheld his reserves for this. The evacuation and burning of Moscow would never enter into reasonable calculations of the future.

So the battle was fought and won; and the Russians retreated, and the French resumed their march towards Moscow.

Meantime, Rostopchin, in command of that city, was making patriotic speeches to the multitude and promising to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the capital. He was contriving the most wonderful machines for the destruction of the French army—huge balloons, which were to pour down fire and brimstone and other clever instruments of a like sort. Prognostics were not wanting, as they seldom are under circumstances of excitement. If oxen did not speak, "cultures, caught in the chains of the cross of the Great Ivan, hung suspended there a sign of hope to the people. But panic was stronger than patriotic enthusiasm. One long, ever-widening line of exiles began to pour from the city. Princes and their serfs, priests and their flocks went forth into the desert. Public archives and the paraphernalia of religion were carried away. Solemn music of lamenting hymns died beyond the walls, as when, of old times, the gods departed from a falling city.

Kutusoff retreated upon Moscow with an army ninety thousand strong; then retreated again, marched through the doomed city silently, and left it to its fate. The garrison followed, and those of the people that yet remained there. The prisoners were set free and left behind (so the most credible authorities relate) to set fire to the city. Rostopchin's balloon-combustibles were turned to a notable use.

The last rush of the people, thus deserted by the army, must have afforded a scene of panic-terror. Ladies left their jewels; serfs fled with no thought of providing for the exigencies of the deserts that stretched between them and a place of shelter. It

was calculated afterwards that a hundred thousand of these exiles perished of want.

Thus the city was emptied of all save the released prisoners and six thousand wounded Russians left in the hospitals. Of the latter nothing was heard after the burning of Moscow.

From the summit of the Mount of Salvation Napoleon first beheld Moscow. The huge city lay bathed in sunlight; the Kremlin cased in its armor of many-colored steel, glittered like fire, flashing out rays of brilliant light on the countless church-spires and palaces.

A radiant tremor quivered over those leagues of magnificent buildings, shifting from tint to tint, as if the city were some dolphin-hued leviathan. Never, perhaps, did such a scene of enchantment break on mortal eyes. Here was the goal of that long journey through the sterile steppes. Moscow glowed like a rainbow on the horizon—a sign of safety and triumph.

There were joyous congratulations among the commanders; and the troops, as they came up, body after body, raised reiterated shouts of triumph. No one dreamed of the true state of the case. Napoleon still expected a battle. Though smaller towns on their route had been deserted and fired, it seemed impossible that the Russians should devote their ancient capital to the same fate.

A flag of truce from Miloradowitch, the commander of the Russian rear-guard, met the emperor on the heights, and an armistice of two hours was agreed upon. So at length it became evident that there was to be no second battle—that the victory of Borodino had achieved the conquest of Moscow. Their good fortune was even better than the French, in their most sanguine hopes, had anticipated.

Napoleon's tent was pitched on the heights, and there he remained expecting that a deputation of the Boyars would come forth to lay themselves and their city at his feet. He paced up and down; now looking upon a chart on which the long march of the army was mapped out; now gazing forth on the great city, whence he was to dictate a triumphant peace. The portrait of his son rested in its open case against a seat, and the emperor glanced at it from time to time as he passed and repassed. The chances at that moment seemed to be that this little Cæsar would outlive his ancient Roman predecessors in extent of dominion. The Northern barbarians were even now quelled ready to his hand.

Still the Boyars did not come. No doubt they were gathering together their chief treasures to bring as a peace-offering. No doubt those haughty princes were attiring themselves in sackcloth and ashes and hanging chains about their necks, that they might extort by their humiliation mercy from the conqueror.

Daru entered, saying there was a rumor that the inhabitants had deserted Moscow.

"Pshaw!" cried the emperor; "it is impossible!"

The day passed on. The rear-guard of the Russians evacuated the city. The Cossacks, with whom Murat had been coquetting before the walls, disappeared too. The emperor descended from the heights to the Dorogomilow Gate.

Night was drawing on. The lustre of sunset had died from the burnished walls of the Kremlin; the gilded balls on the summits of the countless church-towers were flickering into darkness one by one. Still no deputation! Surely the Boyars were prostrate in terror, thinking that they were beyond the pale of mercy!

"Go; bring the Boyars before me," said the emperor to Daru.

Daru entered the city, and returned. Then the truth, the rumor of which had been gathering all day, was known—Moscow was deserted. Its three hundred thousand inhabitants had gone into exile.

The silence of the empty city was awful. The French troops were scared by the echo of their own steps as they defiled through the desolate streets. But the rich city, with all its palaces and their treasure, was at length in their possession. The lust of plunder soon conquered their first awe.

On the next day the emperor entered the Kremlin and too

up his quarters there. With him went the portrait. Here, in the palace of the caesars, his Majesty of Rome was installed.

Napoleon was sad and thoughtful, as he might well be. This unexpected desertion of the capital spoke a language of no good augury. Still the actual state of things was favorable enough. The winter-quarters were gained. Napoleon addressed from the Kremlin overtures of peace to the Emperor of Russia, and set about preparing for the coming winter—arranging, among other things, what actors and opera singers should be sent for from Paris to while away the time.

On the first night many fires broke out in different parts of the city; on the next morning the Exchange was in flames. Such accidents are common enough in a city where an army is plundering; but it soon began to be evident that there was a method in these conflagrations; that, as the wind changed, they arose in new directions, and that they broke forth again and again after they had been extinguished. Here and there, too, a Russian incendiary was caught in the act and bayoneted on the spot by the French soldiers.

Night came on again, and the wearied thousands slept. At midnight two officers, whose quarters were in the Kremlin, were awakened by a glare of light. They started up, and beheld an immense conflagration, which the wind was driving directly towards them. At that moment, however, the wind changed, and the flames were carried the other way. Seeing themselves in no immediate danger, they coolly went to bed again and fell asleep. The wind veered from point to point, and the moment it changed a fire sprang up in a new direction. No less than five hundred separate fires were kindled that night. The Kremlin was surrounded by a girdle of flames. Morning dawned unperceived till it was broad daylight, by reason of the glare of the fires.

All that day the flames raged. Scenes were enacted in the burning city that might serve for models of a hell! Among the flames rushed human beings hideous as demons. The malefactors whom Rostopchin had set loose were doing their work. Men and women, mad with drunkenness, ran hither and thither with torches in their hands. Some leaped, with yells, into the flames; some ran howling, with clothes and hair on fire; others fought among burning ruins over some article of plunder. It was impossible to quench the fires; they were beyond all control; and, moreover, Rostopchin had taken special care that the fire-engines should be destroyed before his evacuation of the city. Nothing could be done but to take terrible vengeance on such stray incendiaries as could be found.

The fiery girdle about the Kremlin grew narrower. Napoleon was besought on all sides to leave it. There was a report that it was undermined. Still he remained. The flames raged around with a whirling as of innumerable wings; the air was hot and sulphurous; clouds of burning ashes were borne on the wind. Suddenly a cry was raised—"The Kremlin is fired!"

The emperor ascertained the truth of the rumor; and this brought him to a decision. He left the Kremlin, and, passing through the burning city, reached the Castle of Petrowsky on its outskirts.

Now, in the hurry of the flight, the portrait of the King of Rome was left behind in the Kremlin.

Four days afterwards when, the conflagration having abated, Napoleon returned to his old quarters in the Kremlin, which had escaped the flames, the picture had disappeared. Whether it was spirited away I cannot tell. Perhaps one of Rostopchin's malefactors, or a Cossack, took a fancy to the baby-face! I like to think that this picture is existent somewhere still—perhaps in some splendid palace of a Russian prince, perhaps in some squalid Cossack hut.

Napoleon took from Moscow the Cross of the Great Ivan and other trophies (which, by the way, in his disastrous retreat, were thrown into the Lake of Gembewo); but this trophy of the portrait of his Majesty of Rome remained to the Muscovites.

DESIGN FOR A MONUMENTAL MUSEUM IN THE STYLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHARLES PERCIE, born in Paris in 1764, of humble parentage, distinguished himself, almost in infancy, by innate talent for design. It was remarkable that in his earliest and rudest pictures there were always to be found architectural adjuncts. As he grew older his father had him educated for the artist life, and he occupied successively the ateliers of Lagrenée and the Architect Pevre. After a thorough education at home, having obtained the prize, which gives the winner a residence in Rome, he passed six years in the Eternal City.

The picture which we give is one of his designs in the richest style of the sixteenth century—that is to say, the style of a combination of grand outlines with frivolous and almost contemptible details, reminding one of the skeleton of some stern old saint, encrusted, as we see them in European shrines, with spangles, filagree and enamel. It is however very valuable as a perfect reproduction of the spirit of the age in question.

CRINOLINES.—At the present time, when *Punch* is carrying on such a vigorous crusade against the prevailing fashion as regards ladies' dresses, the following extract from Malcolm's "Manners of the Eighteenth Century, London, 1810" will not be out of place:—"The *Weekly Journal* of January, 1717, mentions the death of the celebrated mantua-maker, Mrs. Sulby, whose inventive talents supplied the ladies with that absurd and troublesome obstruction, that enemy to elegance and symmetry, the hooped petticoat. The same paper of a subsequent date contains a humorous essay on the advantages and disadvantages of the hooped petticoat. As I presume the reader with me inclines to the disadvantages, he will be pleased with a short extract: 'I believe it would puzzle the quickest invention to find out one tolerable conveniency in these machines. I appeal to the sincerity of the ladies, whether they are not a great incumbrance upon all occasions (anxiety apart) both at home and abroad. What skill and management is required to reduce one of these circles within the limits of a chair, or to find space for two in a chariot; and what precautions must a modest female take even to enter at the doors of a private family without obstruction! Then a vivacious damsel cannot turn herself round in a room a little inconsiderately without oversetting everything like a whirlwind—stands and tea-tables, flower-pots, China jars and basins innumerable perish daily by this spreading mischief, which, like a comet, spares nothing that comes within its sweep. Neither is this fashion more ornamental than convenient. Nothing can be imagined more unnatural, and consequently less agreeable. When a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide she resembles a funnel—a figure of no great elegance; and I have seen many fine ladies of low stature who, when they sail in their hoops about an apartment, look like children in go-carts.'"

GEOLOGY.—It is a remarkable fact, that there have been found embedded in strata of the earth's crust myriads of fossil shells, together with vast quantities of animal and vegetable remains. Sometimes a perfect skeleton, or the lineaments of a full-grown plant, may be discovered completely petrified; at other times the original substance will have entirely decayed, and left a cavity in the rock, which, being filled up by silex or some other mineral, becomes, as it were, modelled into the same form; and thus we have, in a mass of stone, a perfect fac-simile of the original organic structure. In other places the footprints of the animal are accurately traced on the strata; nay, impressions are preserved of the most minute insects and plants. Their state of preservation and the conditions in which they are found vary considerably. In some situations animals have been discovered but slightly altered from their original nature, a great part of the glutinous substance still remaining; while the skin, teeth, eyes and scales, were as perfect as if life had been but a few hours withdrawn. And the same of plants—some have been found perfectly elastic and retaining all their tissues. Trunks of trees have been laid bare, which, when sawn assunder, presented the appearance of being but slightly changed, and when tried by fire were found to be quite inflammable.

A MAN is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctor.



DESIGN FOR A MONUMENTAL MUSEUM IN THE STYLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—PAGE 255.

THE LISTENING ANGEL.

BY ADA TREVANIEN.

GRAY above the level meadows
Stood the mountain, calm and still ;
A white angel, 'mid eve's shadows,
Earthward leant upon the hill.

Listening leant that form of glory ;
And I also longed to hear
What sweet earthly strain or story
Thus could charm a heavenly ear.

I heard the sound of drums advancing,
And a warlike march drew nigh ;
Solemnly, with bright swords glancing,
Passed a mighty army by.

Then I heard a busy humming :
Forge and wheel were clashing near ;
And the reapers homeward coming,
In the lane sang loud and clear.

And as twilight slowly faded,
And the western lights grew dim,
From the quiet vale, wood-shaded,
Rose a solemn vespers hymn.

Then the bright stars looked from heaven,
And the earth with dew was wet ;
But amid the waning even
The white angel lingered yet.

And a sound of gentle singing
Floated past me on the wind ;
Still an echo low is bringing
Feelings which it left behind.

The sweet singer was a maiden,
Who had warbled all day long ;
For her breast with thoughts was laden—
She could only speak in song.

But night fell on stream and fountain,
And she ceased her tuneful lay—
Passed the angel from the mountain
As a white cloud floats away.

fugitives ; and even the French Church, the last link which seemed to bind together the strange history of a peculiar people, has been almost abolished by internal dissension, arising from amongst those who should most strictly have guarded the proper application of the property bequeathed for its maintenance.

Even so late as thirty years ago, however, there lived in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields families whose names were those of honorable and noble associations, earning a small but sufficient maintenance, which enabled them to preserve to their sires who still kept a seat at their hearths most of the comforts, and even some of the simple luxuries, of a former condition—(families totally distinct from the dog-fancying and pigeon-flying representatives of the craft of "silk-weaving" in the present day)—who, after the clatter of the looms overhead had ceased, would enliven a still refined leisure with select tea-parties in the neatly-furnished parlor, or, in summer, under the arbors in their carefully-tended gardens, where old-time French songs—accompanied sometimes on the guitar, flute or spinet—alternated with conversations about "the monster Napoleon," "the assassin Robespierre," and "the Bourbon." In all circumstances there was exhibited amongst them that infectious gaiety, tempered by serene piety, which had for years of persecution and distress been their brave and happy characteristic.

Still further back in their history, and when some of the latest refugees had only newly found a shelter in Britain, where many of them conveyed as much of their property as could be secured from the general waste, there stood, not far from the high-road between Dover and Canterbury, a large and old-fashioned house—such a house, indeed, as was frequently chosen by the more fortunate of their company, for what reason it would be difficult to decide, unless that there was a great deal of room for a very little money, and an air pervading old disused houses in general which accorded with the feeling of decayed gentility. This particular mansion stood in its own garden, and was a long irregular building, with rooms at all manner of strange angles, mostly with a step either up or down before you get into them, turning abruptly on the staircase or coming upon you suddenly at the end of the vast landings. Its pretensions to any particular consideration from its meaner neighbors had become extinct long before ; and, as M. Auguste Duprè had taken possession very quietly, and lived in a style too unpretentious to excite remark, its new occupants soon became recognised as "good sort of folk," and the old place, only just arrested in its progress towards an uncomfortable ruin,

MADAME PRUDENCE :
AN OLD FAMILY STORY.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

CHAPTER I.

In the first half of the present century an old and noble race has well nigh died out.

There now remain but few representatives of the French refugees, who, seeking an asylum in England, became amongst themselves a distinct society, intimately associated with that branch of manufacture to which they seemed especially adapted from previous education, taste and integrity. Some very old members of the ancient sect may be still wearing away the last quiet years of that remarkable age to which so many of their fathers attained in the "Providence"—a retreat but little heard of except among the descendants of Huguenot families, but these are mostly only relations of the original



THE TIPSY GUEST OVERHEARS SOMETHING.

began to put forth a few signs of cheerful renewal—such signs as the home of a young and ardent girl will assume everywhere—those nameless but emphatic protests against dead, unfeeling realism with which education combined with true sentiment leads women to invest even the most uncompromising localities, where their influence is felt too often only after it has been but lightly regarded. Madeline Duprè had never known a mother's care since she was carried up when a child of five years old to kiss the dying lips of that dearest and best friend who lay in the half-furnished room of an old chateau in Normandy. Then all had been confusion, tears and grief for awhile. Her father left her to come to England, where, but not for some years afterwards (during which he had seen her only at long intervals), the old servant, who had taken her to live at his sister's cottage in a distant province, brought her to him and to the large old house which was to become her future home.

This old servant (Jacques Perrin by name) remained with them, and, with the two women-servants, completed the household—a sufficiently quiet one, disturbed by few visitors, and leading a life, if not monotonous, only interrupted in its regular habits by a visit which M. Duprè and Madeline paid once a year to the metropolis. It was on one of these excursions that she first met her cousin Robert, the son of her mother's sister, who, with her husband, had left France some years before and settled in London. M. Duprè had taken her to pay them a visit; and young Robert, who had entered the English navy (having an irreclaimable passion for the sea), soon began to fancy that there might be found another mistress even less inconstant and more beautiful, an opinion he was only withheld from verifying—accepting his uncle's invitation to spend a day with them—by his being ordered to join his ship, then lying off Sheerness, and for duty in the Channel. The family of Duprè were soon after surprised to receive another relation, in the person of a young man, who, also claiming consinship with Madeline, brought a letter of introduction from an old neighbor of her father. This new arrival, though it must be confessed not much in the young lady's prepossession, contrived to visit the house often enough to have been eminently disagreeable, had it not been that he never paid her the slightest attention beyond an occasional remark at meal-times, during which periodical recurrences he was too much engaged in the discussion of such dishes as were most tempting and in the respect due to M. Duprè's wine (of which he drank deeply) to make conversation more than a necessary occasional observance. While his host's good-breeding prevented his questioning him upon the business which detained him at Dover, however, he could not help wishing that he might take a speedy departure, especially as news of importance was daily expected from those relations in Normandy who were yet watching the course of events, and who contrived now and then to send information of the probability of regaining some portion of the property left without rightful owners, and frequently occupied by the servants of the fugitive families.

CHAPTER II.

It was during the week when M. Duprè was anxiously awaiting the arrival of a messenger that M. Roguet introduced a friend, who was, he said, "a gentleman of property, and engaged in the same business at Dover with which he himself was occupied." This "gentleman of property," who called himself Monsieur Brillât, was a young man of about thirty, dressed in the height of fashion—ringed, gloved, perfumed, but with a face through the simper of which broke now and then a dark and sinister scowl, taking in such members of the company as were not observing him at the time. If Madeline's new cousin had not been desirous of engaging her attention, his friend began too quickly to make up for such deficiencies, and, by a systematic endeavor to engross her company and conversation, at once succeeded in establishing a quiet system of persecution, the more wearisome that it could not properly be resented. M. Duprè was too much occupied by some few communications which had reached him to bestow more than a hospitable share of attention on his guests, and as Brillât had frequent opportunities of being alone with the lady whom he had designed to fascinate—his friend being, either from indifference

or design, quite ready to leave them together, on the pretext invented by himself that he must go out on particular business, from which he would return in time for supper—the poor girl had already been condemned to sit and play her whole *repertoire* of music to amuse the gentleman whom her father was compelled to abandon, that he might answer certain important letters awaiting him in the library.

Perfectly regardless of her evident uneasiness, M. Brillât seemed rather to delight in displaying his undesirable influence, and haunted her still more closely; but without any more distinct avowal of his meaning than was conveyed in such repeated allusions, as while they could not be misunderstood, became so offensive as to reduce her timid nature to a pitiable nervousness, in which a loathing fear of the man had to be continually repressed, since to seek an explanation of his manner was impossible. Not wishing to appeal to her father, when so little could be said in support of an apprehension which had begun to affect her happiness, Madeline had made a partial confidant of Jacques, whose position as her guardian in childhood gave him a warrant even greater than that of long-tried and faithful service. For some time afterwards the old Frenchman contrived to be present during M. Brillât's visits, ostensibly engaged in constructing a small ornamental stage for the window, in which some choice plants were to be deposited. This failed to have its intended effect, however, for the stranger regarded Jacques no more than any other piece of furniture. At last, taking upon himself the responsibility of the act, the old man went one day into the library and stood before his master.

"Well, my friend Jacques," said M. Duprè, without stopping in his writing, "what is it that is to be done?"

"For one moment," he replied, "I would speak to you of your daughter. She is ill—she is nervous—worn out, and though she cannot herself explain to you, I must ask you to attend."

M. Duprè dropped his pen and stared.

"What can it be that you have to say, Jacques? I know nothing of any reason for uneasiness."

"There is a gentleman," said Jacques, gently scratching his cheek, and with that wonderful shrug which can express anything, and in his case very distinctly meant contempt and doubt, "who has for a long time visited monsieur. I do not mean the cousin. He—(the shrug repeated with a slightly altered inflection)—this Monsieur Brillât, has been much with Mademoiselle Madeline while monsieur was here—necessarily here—he has no regard for propriety—he practises upon the patience and feelings of mademoiselle, I know not how. Mademoiselle is unhappy, but cannot speak; for it is, after all, nothing. Monsieur must look to it!" and the faithful old man backed out of the room, leaving M. Duprè both surprised and vexed.

This led to his remaining with Madeline after dinner and more frequently during the evening; an alteration which produced, on the part of M. Brillât, not a discontinuance of his attentions, but the adding to them a greater degree of *empressement*. This again, after a week, led to a note from M. Duprè, who was in his library, requesting M. Brillât, who was at the harpsichord, to give him a few minutes' conversation. M. Duprè was frank, explicit and willing to believe that his guest was unaware, in his gallantry, perhaps, that he might be exhibiting more particular consideration for Madeline than was necessary, unless it were by distinct understanding of a position, for which he believed there were no grounds. M. Brillât made an effort to appear frank, subdued and respectful—scowling now and then, notwithstanding. His ungovernable feeling had made him, unfortunately, precipitate; might he be forgiven? He loved Mademoiselle Duprè; might he believe that her father would permit him still to be his guest? Might he hope for his favorable consideration as aspiring to that position which M. Duprè had hinted at? At least, he would be careful not to offend in future.

M. Duprè replied more coldly, he should at once have informed him of this, or have absented himself for a time, at least, if even his circumstances were those of a gentleman (and there was no possible reason to doubt it). M. Duprè had no desire to form an alliance for his daughter, who, besides, was much too young to enter into any such hasty engagement; least of all, would he endeavor to influence her in such a matter. Let

this be distinctly understood, and any unpleasantness might soon be forgotten.

It was very soon forgotten, or seemed to be, on the part of his guests, for the visits both of him and M. Rouget were no less frequent. It was at this time, and when Madeline had heard from her father that he should be compelled to visit London for a few days, desiring her at the same time to receive only such complimentary calls as their friends might choose to make in his absence, that there arrived at a little inn not far from their house a middle-aged lady. She had crossed in a fishing-boat from Calais, with one man-servant, by whom she sent a note to M. Duprè; and, on receiving a reply, left directions for her *valise* to be sent after her, and presented herself to that gentleman in the library. She was a tall and rather sinewy-looking woman, with a face not forbidding, but having in it something so harsh and masculine, that but for her well-arranged and partially gray hair and plain, unpretentious dress, she might have been considered more than positively ugly. Her eyes were apparently slow, but observant, and moved under their lids somewhat as they took in everything around her in one easy glance; her mouth firm, irregular in shape and rigid in expression. All these characteristics relieved by a manner easy, quiet, and, except that her movements were occasionally quick and that her size made them appear abrupt, that of a gentlewoman. She had brought a large packet of letters for M. Duprè, who begged that she would have some refreshment while he opened them. This she declined, and, walking to the window, looked patiently out into the garden till he was ready to talk to her.

"You have visitors, I fear, monsieur," she said, indicating the gate through which Rouget and Brillat had just entered. "Let me be excused, if, as an unexpected guest, I have too readily accepted your invitation to stay here."

M. Duprè, standing beside her at the window, mentioned the names of the two gentlemen whom she was watching with a quick, penetrating look.

"You have only just left my uncle's house in Normandy, you said, madame?"

"A week ago. I have visited most of those who had ready enclosures for England. I was commissioned to tell you that the orchards at Bournai are hanging with ripe fruit and your old servants still keep the farm-house, where they are suffered to remain."

"And you, then, madame, must also be of the persecuted?"

"Well, monsieur, pardon me, it may or may not be; but we will see whether there is anything which I can tell you that is not contained in your packet."

After a long conversation, during which M. Duprè was astonished at the extent of his visitor's information, Jacques came to the door to announce that coffee had been served.

"I have not thought it necessary even to inquire the name of a lady who comes to me with such claims upon my esteem," said Duprè, laughing; "but to whom am I to present my daughter?"

"To Madame Prudence," replied his guest; and they went into the room where M. Brillat had already established himself by the side of Madeline.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the necessary greetings, Madame Prudence seated herself directly opposite, and even the usual effrontery of the gentleman, whom she continued to regard with an unmoved and peculiar expression, scarcely served to conceal his uneasiness at being subject to such direct scrutiny.

The conversation during the meal was principally confined to M. Duprè's recommendation of their new visitor to his daughter's good offices, and, after a constrained endeavor to rally, M. Brillat busied himself by arranging the music which lay upon the harpsichord.

"You will pardon me, I trust, if I leave you here for an hour," said M. Duprè, rising; "a few letters claim my attention, when I shall very gladly rejoin you. Would you like to visit your apartment, madame?"

Madeline rose to accompany their guest, who, taking her hand, curtsied low to the two gentlemen, and said, "We shall also be pardoned till I have arranged my baggage; there is but little of it. Meanwhile, Monsieur Brillat will console himself

with a little music. We trust for our excuses to the gallantry of the gentlemen. M. Brillat is of the army, I have understood—pardon me, Monsieur Brillat, but lately of the army of France, or I have mistaken?"

M. Brillat turned round upon his chair almost livid and stared blankly at the speaker, who swept both herself and Madeline out of the room and left the friends to themselves.

On the square landing where was the door of madame's apartment a lamp was burning, and here, still holding Madeline's hand, she stopped.

"My dear Mademoiselle Duprè, I wished only for a few words with you; you know whether or not monsieur, your father, justly regards me as a faithful friend to his family; then let me for a moment ask your confidence. This M. Brillat, if I am not entirely deceived, has little of your regard; I thought I saw that you desire less of his attention. I would know from you yourself, first, if you have had long acquaintance with him; secondly, if, either on the part of M. Duprè or yourself, he comes here as your suitor?"

Madeline's face flushed up rather proudly for a moment under the steady gray eye which looked at her inquiringly. "First, I must also ask the reasons of your questions, madame," she replied. "I know that you are entitled to our confidence, but—"

"True, perfectly true; this then is my motive. I know that this man—this Brillat, as he calls himself—is both a liar and a villain; that it is likely he comes here for some evil purpose; that he will endeavor to accomplish it through you, if necessary; that though I know not to what he has engaged himself and can leave him as I find him, if you will it so, I can save you from annoyance while I remain here; perhaps, even more than that, I can influence him to leave you, if necessary; if I have misjudged your manner towards him, forgive me, and believe that this is all I have to say."

The cold gray eyes had burned with a strange, quick, angry flash as she spoke; and now, releasing the hand which she had held all along, Madame Prudence leaned her elbow on the baluster, as waiting for a reply.

Bewildered, but confident in the evidently friendly purpose of her companion, Madeline began to tell her of Brillat's first introduction by their cousin, and, finding a willing listener, at length poured out all the grief and anxiety which had been bearing on her spirits for five long weeks; the thought of a release from the detestable familiarity to which she had been subject overcame her, and it was not without difficulty that her strange visitor took her by the hand and led her to the lamp. "Take this," she said, "go to your own room and remove these tears from your face; you have told me enough. Meet me again below in half an hour and I shall be alone there; Monsieur Brillat will trouble us no more for this evening at least. Here comes Jacques with my baggage and another light; in half an hour." And she turned and followed the old servant to her room.

"Go in, my friend Jacques," she said, touching the old man on the shoulder, "this room is over monsieur's study, is it not? I have been in this house before, my friend, and monsieur's study should be at the bottom of the four stairs at the end of the passage—the door beyond us, I believe."

Jacques stared.

"One word," continued Madame Prudence. "I have lately seen your sister and her husband; here is a little *souvenir* which they sent you by my hand—a ring of your mother's and a lock of hair. We have met before, Jacques, and I once had the pleasure of doing you some service. I would do a greater service to mademoiselle, whom you love, but you must help me."

"Anything that must be done for mademoiselle, tell it me, that I may do it," replied Jacques.

"This must be done to defeat that Brillat there; is it not so?"

"Ah! if madame could do that."

"Listen, Jacques. Why does he come here—on what pretence? What business does he profess in the neighborhood?"

"None that I have heard, madame. He comes as the friend of that monsieur, the silent, gluttonous Rouget, who, on his part, comes to eat and, my faith! to drink."

"Does Monsieur Brillat ever visit your master in the library?"

"He has once done so, since which he has twice been there alone."

"Have they private business together?"

"He went once, but to apologise or to answer a note of monsieur respecting mademoiselle; since that to write letters, as he informed me; I know nothing."

"Ha, but I know him, my friend Jacques, and I suspect; let me learn if what I suspect is truth, and—we will crush that viper Brillat."

The last part of this remark was made in a tone so low and yet with such an intense force, that Jacques started at the lowering look upon her before heavy but unmoved face, as her grasp tightened on his arm.

"Madame, we have met before," he said, quickly; "but where—where?"

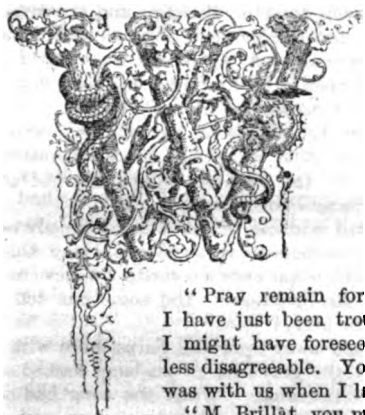
The expression had gone.

"There was a night, ten years ago, my friend, when a man and his sister were insulted by two drunken guards in an inn not far from Rouen. Somebody did them good service then, or I am mistaken; did you ever learn his name?"

"I did, madame; it was—"

"Hush! bring me some hot water to this room to-night when I retire and keep your own thoughts, Jacques. I am his sister."

CHAPTER IV.



MADAME Prudence returned to the dining-room both the gentlemen had gone, and Monsieur Duprè was walking up and down with rapid strides.

"Pardon me," she said, "I thought you were in your library, monsieur;" and was about to retire.

"Pray remain for a moment, madame; I have just been troubled by an event which I might have foreseen, and yet it is none the less disagreeable. You saw the gentleman who was with us when I last left the room?"

"M. Brillat, you mean?"

"M. Brillat. He has, it seems, been long desirous of forming an engagement with my daughter; and, although I asked him some time ago not to renew it, I begin to think that he has not acted honorably by me. Even now he has spoken to me again upon the subject, spoken almost insolently, too; and declares that Madeline's affections are already bestowed upon him."

"Ah! he says so—and you replied?"

"I told him that I could not at present entertain the proposal; begged that he would either refrain from urging his suit to her till I had made further inquiry, or cease to visit here."

"You have spoken judiciously, monsieur; may I inquire what you know of this M. Brillat?"

"I know nothing of him, except that he is my nephew's friend, and that he has some business here at Dover. I have, of course, shown him hospitality; though, to speak plainly, I never loved the man. I trust, madame, that we shall still keep you for our guest, though I must leave here for London to-morrow, on business which to me is urgent. I wish to beg of you one more favor."

"Will monsieur say how I can serve him; if it be to thwart the pretensions of this insolent Brillat, I am already determined to do so."

"How, madame, do you know him then? I had thought you were but newly arrived in England; is it that you, too, have conceived a dislike for his manner?"

"I know but little of him, though we have met before; he does not remember me, for our meeting was a short one; but one thing I do know, that he is not to be trusted; another thing I know, that your daughter hates him, for he has had too many opportunities of annoying her;" and the strange gray

eyes of Madame Prudence flashed under her knitted brows, as she also began to walk to and fro.

M. Duprè took her hand as they passed each other: "I would ask you to stay with my daughter during my absence—it will be only for three days; she may also tell you whether he has dared commend himself to her since I warned him; if this be so, he must never enter the house again."

Madeline came into the room at this moment, and looked hurriedly round, as if in fear of meeting the bold stare of her admirer; the expression of relief which stole over her face was not lost upon her father.

"Our companions have thought fit to take their leave," said madame, touching M. Duprè on the arm; "and so much the better perhaps, Madeline, eh? Here comes the supper."

"It is possible that your cousin and his friend may not visit you while I am in London, my daughter," said the gentleman, kissing Madeline on the cheek; "but I have prevailed on Madame Prudence to await my return." The girl took their guest's hand within her own, and clasped it without a word. "That is well," said M. Duprè; and they sat down at the table.

Madame Prudence had travelled half over Europe; and during supper, which meal passed gaily enough, M. Duprè was more than once astonished at his guest's knowledge, not only of the habits of the countries through which she had passed, but at her great information on political subjects, and her intimate acquaintance with some of the principal families, both of France and England.

"Ha! ha!" laughed she, with that strange dissonant chuckle, "you will perceive that I have known people of all countries, and, as the letters which I brought you will state, have had the good fortune to do some service to many of my friends, the emigrants, a service sometimes attended with danger, monsieur; but to that one grows accustomed."

"You seem to have travelled in Russia, also, madame?"

"Yes, in Russia; there I learned many useful things; above all, I had leisure to practise an art which very few ladies learn, but which to me has been of infinite advantage—the knowledge of the sword. Oh, fear nothing, mademoiselle; I do not offer to teach this to you; enough that I have become proficient, and have once or twice had occasion to use my weapon; your father, too, if I have not mistaken, was once as accomplished as any chevalier of my acquaintance."

"You seem to know everything, madame," said that gentleman, surprised; "where have you heard this of me?"

"It is of no importance, monsieur; but my old master, M. D'Aulnais, also taught you; indeed, but that I am frightening mademoiselle, and you leave us early to-morrow, I would solicit a passage of arms with you."

After Madeline had played and sung at the request of Madame Prudence, the latter lady rose to wish monsieur a good journey, and pleading fatigue retired, promising to be in the garden to wait Madeline's coming in the morning. She was conducted to a room, which, turning abruptly up one of the short flights of stairs, was next to the library, and but two feet above it. Here, after taking the candle from the servant, and bidding her "good night," she shut herself in. In about half an hour came a low tap at the door. It was Jacques with the hot water.

"Enter, Jacques," cried madame, "and shut the door after you."

The old man did as he was desired, and, but that he had in his experience been often called upon to hold his tongue when he was most surprised, he might have been excused for a short startled ejaculation, half in the nature of an appeal to Heaven.

At the table, upon which stood a small thin glass and a flask of brandy, was seated Madame Prudence; but while retaining such portions of her feminine habiliments as she had worn during the day, they were covered by a man's coat of rich material, while on her head she wore a hat, from beneath which a quantity of dark hair fell upon her shoulders; the valise lay open, and there could be seen within it various articles of man's attire, accompanied by a pair of small but highly-finished pistols; a handsome rapier was balanced in her hand.

"Put down the water, Jacques, and look at me again; first, though, pour out some brandy for yourself."

"Monsieur—madame," faltered Jacques, "you are present

to me; I know you; ah, but how well! you, who saved us from those accursed brigands of soldiers; but pardon, pardon, chevalier."

"You would ask why I am here, my friend. I have business in England, but have first some work to do here, in this house; by accident I find myself involved in it. I assume this disguise—this hat, this coat—to recall myself to you, and may have again to appear in them. First, then, this Monsieur Brillat, I know him; he is a villain who means mischief to somebody whenever he appears. How long has he visited M. Duprè?"

"About two months, cheval—madame; he came with that cousin, and commenced to weary mademoiselle with professions. Monsieur, the father, has been always with books and papers and letters, so that I, yes I, Jacques, was obliged to warn him; and he reproved this Brillat. But it remains the same."

"Has M. Duprè any business with this man—are they alone together—do letters pass between them?"

"Never, that I have known, monsieur le chev—madame; never, that I have seen. Monsieur Brillat has been in the library but twice alone, and in the last three days. That was in the absence of monsieur; he wished to write a letter, he said, and came out with it in his hand. He afterwards visited mademoiselle."

"Look you, Jacques," said Madame Prudence, rising, "we must be agreed to keep watch on this man; he has been a spy, and is a gambler and a robber; but we will look to him; you will tell me if he comes here while monsieur is absent, and will represent to him that I have left the house on that day. If he desire to go into the library—See, Jacques—" and she drew the serving man towards a large, deep closet, which opened at one corner of the room; the shelves had been removed, and in the back of the recess, which was of wainscot like the rest of the wall, there had been cut a small oblong slit, large enough to enable one pair of eyes to look down into the library which lay just beneath.

"You will perceive, my friend," said the strange guest, "that I have already learned the shape of this house pretty well; and I may tell you that I suspect this Brillat of tampering with papers! of stealing! of forging!—any of these base crimes. I know him; for he once tried to steal from me, and then forged letters which I could only detect just early enough. You can confide in me, I hope, Jacques; since you know my object is only that I may save mademoiselle; and one word more, my friend; I am Madame Prudence, no matter how you have seen me to-day, or years ago; to-morrow, I shall be Madame Prudence—good-night."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN (M. Duprè having started early in the morning) Monsieur Brillat called the next day and desired to see Madeline, he learned that she was occupied with her household duties, and begged to excuse herself; casually inquiring for Madame Prudence, he received for answer that she had gone out early in the morning. A look of strange satisfaction passed over his dark brooding face at this last piece of intelligence, and desiring his friend, Rouget, to wait for him in the dining-room, asked the imperturbable Jacques to show him into the library, where, as he had a letter to write, he would remain till mademoiselle was disengaged.

Arrived in the room, where, after closing the door, the servant left him alone, M. Brillat's proceedings were remarkable. First turning the key, he took a packet of papers from a breast-pocket, laid them on the table, and sat down in M. Duprè's large armchair to arrange them. He had scarcely finished this, however, when, happening to place his hand on the chairback, a new idea seemed at once to strike him—an idea apparently suggested by a large loose coat which hung there, for he sprang to his feet, with a smile of triumph, and, searching through his pockets, brought out a small wallet, from which he drew a needle and a length of black thread. He was certainly a dexterous man, for he had opened the lining of the coat with a pen-knife before one could count thirty, and, selecting three letters from the bundle before him, sewed them neatly into the breast. Having accomplished this, he found in another pocket a bunch of keys, and applied them to a lock of a small writing-desk which stood in the window of the room. Here he was

baffled, however, for the lock was of rare workmanship, and he left it in disgust to reach a small deal box from a shelf on the opposite wall.

In this deal box he deposited the rest of the papers, and had only succeeded in tying it with a red cord and returning it to its place, when a footstep outside warned him to open the door again.

Jacques had come to say that Monsieur Rouget had been served with lunch, and sent to inquire whether monsieur would join him.

"I will be there directly," said Brillat snappishly. "Has the old lady returned? and where is mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle was not yet from the kitchen, but would join them presently. Madame Prudence was still absent.

It was, perhaps, as well that when Monsieur Brillat walked back into the library to give one glance around, the scowl of gratified malice in his treacherous eyes did not meet the steady glare of another pair of eyes which watched him without a wink from a small chink in the wall on the opposite side of the room.

The scowl deepened over his face, when, as he approached the dining-room door Madame Prudence drew back, with a deep curtsy, to make way for him.

"Good-morning, monsieur," she said, as he nodded insolently, in return. "Last night we lost the happiness of your company; but you console us this morning by an early visit."

The face of Madame Prudence was still impenetrable; but Brillat bit his lips and hurried into the room.

They were waiting lunch for him, Madeline and the cousin; and, after a short and too familiar greeting, he would have taken the chair by the young lady's side, but the hand of the new visitor was already upon it, and he sat down, once more to feel that he was somehow discomfited by her presence.

He soon rallied, however; and, when the tray had been removed, asked Madeline whether she would, in consideration of having deserted them on the previous night, play the song which he had had the pleasure of bringing her.

"Pardon," interrupted madame, "but I have already been permitted to claim of mademoiselle that she would sing this to me; it is an old song which was once a favorite, I believe in the army, as doubtless, M. Brillat knows. Did some one tell me that monsieur was of the army?"

The gentleman turned away from the harpsichord with an expression so evil, that the gray eyes of madame flashed over him before she opened the music. When the song had been played, however, poor Madeline singing in a very unsteady voice that scarcely served to conceal a whisper which madame gave to her ear as she bent down to turn the page, M. Brillat drew a chair to the harpsichord and once more endeavored to assert his influence. It was a difficult game he had to play, however, if he intended to ignore the presence of the new guest; for although she had joined M. Rouget in his sole amusement of looking out of window, he was conscious that not a movement escaped her.

"Now that madame has been served," he said presently, "I may ask you to sing the song which was waiting?"

"Madame is a stranger, and demands my consideration," replied poor Madeline, fatuously.

"True; I am so happy, then, as to possess a more intimate regard, and you will now please me?"

Madeline was silent, and ran her fingers nervously over the keys.

"Who is this strange woman who comes in and out here like one of the family?" he continued, with an air so repulsive that the girl bit her lips till she had to press them with her handkerchief to staunch the blood; I had hoped that she would have left us this morning with monsieur, your father; her presence constrains us, does it not? So then, I have, as you say, that intimate privilege, which is, as you know, so dear to me—"

He had gone too far. "That lady has done us a great service, sir," she said as she rose from her seat and tore herself away from the arm which Brillat had half placed around her, "and—and—you assume here what none but a coward could pretend to—what you have no right to assume at any time." She was trembling with fear and excitement, and had unconsciously spoken loud enough for her voice to reach the window.

Madame Prudence fairly strode to her side, her mouth set grimly; "What is this?" she said in her strangely discordant voice; "why do you cause this?" and she pointed to Madeline who was crying, with her lip all crimson. Is it you who are—ha! ha!—of the army, can only address a lady to frighten and disturb her? What has this man done?" she added, appealing to Madeline, and advancing upon the persecutor, who retreated before her pointing finger.

"Monsieur Brillât has only forgotten himself," said trembling Madeline; "mistaken for a moment, possibly, his own position."

"Who are you, madame?" broke in Brillât, in a rage which turned his quivering lips white. "Mademoiselle and I can settle our little disputes without you, I believe; we can spare you the trouble of unpleasant interference, madame; but by heaven, if you were a man, I could wish—"

"Bah! Monsieur Brillât, of the army—ha! ha!—who said that monsieur was but lately a soldier, an officer?—some one told me so; and I tell you Monsieur Brillât, Monsieur Coward, Monsieur Boaster, Monsieur Liar, that if I were any other than a tried friend of this house, I would—nay, I do—ask you to favor me with a couple of swords and tea minutes in the garden yonder!"

She had come up with him now, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, as her steady glance deepened into a perfect glare of hatred. "But I am, as you well know, only Madame Prudence;" and she retired again to Madeline's side with a sweeping courtesy, and broke into a harsh laugh.

M. Rouget was still standing in the window, staring wildly from one to another, unable to understand the sudden altercation. "Pardon me, madame," he said at length, "you don't seem to understand that my cousin has more regard for Brillât—that he is more to her than the most intimate friend; even than myself, for instance. I don't give much advice," he added doggedly, as she turned and looked at him; "but I should say, we had better leave them to settle their lovers' quarrels."

"How much is the hire you receive from your friend there?" said madame fiercely.

Rouget turned purple. "Let us go away for the present, Brillât," said he; "my uncle has left us to this mad woman, and my cousin is confused; we shall, perhaps, see madame to-morrow, when she is sober."

They had already reached the door on their way out, but Madame Prudence was near him at a stride and struck him once, twice, upon the face, a blow that sent him reeling into the passage and left a broad, red mark upon his cheek and lip. "Now go!" she said, in a hoarse whisper, pointing to the door; "and go you, too," turning to Brillât, "or, by my life, I'll run you through;" and, quick as lightning, she snatched his sword from the scabbard.

He stopped a moment and held up his clenched hand. "You will atone for this," he said to Madeline. "I will see you again, and you shall atone!" and still menacing, he joined his companion in the garden.

Madame Prudence opened the window and threw the weapon after him over the wall; returning to find Madeline lying in a swoon upon the carpet. Fainting did not seem to be an emergency in which madame felt herself of much service, so she ran and fetched the maid-servant, who, assisted by Jacques, carried the poor girl to her own apartment, where the elder lady afterwards sent her brandy-flask, with orders to give mademoiselle four tea-spoonfuls on white sugar.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Madeline was able to come down again, very pale and trembling, madame was sitting at the table writing; but rose, and taking both her hands, begged her to compose herself. She had a very important letter to send to London, she said, and was about to carry it herself to a hostelry, whence it might be taken by a special messenger. The poor girl asked her whether she should be long alone, and was evidently in such a nervous condition, that her new friend advised her to await her return, which might be late, in her own room, and to allow her own waiting-maid to attend her there.

Having assured her that there was no longer cause for uneasiness, and that she would promise that no further disturb-

ance should visit her while she was by to prevent it; the letter was finished, and Madame Prudence seeing Madeline comfortably installed by a bright fire, with books and work, kissed her on the cheek and retired to her own apartment.

"Jacques," she said, beckoning the old Frenchman to the door, "wait for me in the library, and remember to be surprised at nothing you may see me do. When I return to-night it will be secretly, and you must let me in. Be on the watch in the hall, therefore, and prepare yourself to go a long journey—to London. There will be a saddle-horse at the inn at the end of the village, and you can get a chaise at the nearest posting house; here is money. Once in London, go directly to M. Duprè's lodgings, and if he should have been taken away—which may be—follow him, and convey this to him. This other letter is to Sir George Clare, and he must have it immediately. You will then wait for instructions or till I see you." Jacques took the purse and the two letters, wondering, and walked away into the library without a word.

In about half-an-hour there joined him there a sparely-dressed, quiet-looking gentleman, who advanced, finger on lip, and, only when the door was closed, spoke in the voice of Madame Prudence.

Then it was that Jacques understood the danger which threatened M. Duprè.

From the lining of the coat which still hung upon the chair, and from the box which stood upon the shelf, tied round with a red cord, this strange person took the papers so cleverly concealed by M. Brillât. Their intention was evident. One of them was written in cypher, and the rest were artfully framed so as to allude to some association which, it was to be presumed, the principal letter alone made manifest. "One of your relatives waits upon mademoiselle, I believe, Jacques, my friend," said Madame Prudence; "you will tell her, strictly, not to leave her mistress during your absence. Further, is there not a man-servant who sometimes comes to the house to help?"

"There is the gardener, monsieur chev—madame."

"Then he can, for the present, remain, to occupy your place. He is to be trusted, is he not?"

"He is an honest man, madame, and with a wife and children, who live in the village."

"Enough, then; ask him to be discreet; and to say to any one who may come here, that mademoiselle is ill, and keeps her room."

"And you, madame?"

"I—I shall go out now, but to return to-night; there is that villain Brillât to see to, Jacques; and I may again be out to-morrow. Go now, and bring me a tin waiter and a candle."

When the old man returned with both these, madame carefully made a pile of Monsieur Brillât's papers, reserving only one, and set them alight upon the tin tea-tray, watching them as they burned with a smile not pleasant to look at; then gathering the ashes, she bade Jacques throw them on to the kitchen fire, and once more sewed up the lining of the coat, and tied the red cord round the empty box, which she replaced upon the shelf.

"Now, my friend, I know that you are faithful, and that I need say few words to you; prepare for your journey, and adieu till midnight." So she went down stairs, and the serving-man heard her close the street-door after her.

The night was a dark one, and a strong wind blowing from the sea swept through the streets, so that few people were abroad, and the various small taverns, which were dotted here and there in the little town, near Monsieur Duprè's house, lacked custom. Most of them gave shelter to one guest, however, a plainly-dressed gentleman, who wore a rather shabby riding-coat over his dark brown suit, and who seemed difficult to please in the matter of a place to sit down in, since he opened the door of each common room, and asked the waiter at each new inn whether any company drank there that evening.

The stranger must have visited almost every hostelry in succession, and might have been seen at last standing by a blank wall, somewhat sheltered from the driving wind, grumbling to himself, like a man deeply disappointed at the want of accommodation in that part of the country. Suddenly his grumbling ceased, however, and he drew himself up in the shadow of a

projecting buttress, as some one came stumbling along the ill-lighted road, trying to breast the fury of the gale.

"Ah! my cousin!" he grunted to himself; "the other is not far off, then; at last, monsieur, at last!"—and he glided out of the shade, and strode swiftly after.

There was yet one low-browed public-house at the end of this very lane—a place which might have been passed twenty times without observation, since it was only lighted from within by the fitful gleam which shone from two flaring tallow candles through a round hole in the window-shutter, looking like an evil eye set there to watch belated travellers; the door which led by a treacherous step into a sanded passage, stood open, however, and the man who still struggled with the weather, drew up suddenly when he came to it, and walked up and down beating his hands together. It was when he had gone quite out of the gleam of the flickering light, that the gentleman in the shabby riding-coat, now much bespattered with clay, that covered his boots, and had even reached his face and smeared it, stumbled down the step, and went staggering into the miserable room; it was no wonder, perhaps, that he should be unsteady of gait after his frequent visits that evening. An ill-looking fellow in a fustian jacket and a seal-skin cap, followed him; and after seeing him reel into a deep settle at the end of the room, where the light scarcely penetrated, tapped him on the shoulder, and asked what he should bring.

The stranger looked up, and at last, bringing his eyes to the man's face, said, "Brandy! hot and strong brandy—bring tobacco, too, d'y'e hear?" and lapsed again with his elbow on the table, where he seemed to go to sleep.

"Had a little 'ready, I should say," grinned the waiter to himself. "Well, he won't hurt where he is; an' if he drinks what we'll sell him, he won't be no more than a piece o' furniture in half an hour."

This seemed only too likely; for the gentleman grew more and more tipsy every minute, as he leaned forward on the table; though the man had scarcely left the room, after leaving a reeking glass of liquor, than he drew one of the iron spittoons near him with his foot, and emptied the contents of the glass into it.

The man returned presently, summoned by a tap upon the table, and received an incoherent order for another—"and let it be stronger than the last!" was the direction.

Returning once more, the besotted traveller was asleep, grumbling out a few drunken words now and then.

(To be continued.)

MRS. HADDOCK'S HAIR-PINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE night mail lumbering through the heavy snow one wild and gusty December night, some forty years ago, bore a shivering freight of blue-nosed passengers on their comfortless journey across the barren moors of Dearthshire, and among them Mrs. Gurdlestone's maid, Hester Burgess, in the rumble. A mail-coach ride from London to Dearthshire was no inconsiderable undertaking for an unprotected female in those days, mind you, still less for a timid young woman just going into service for the first time, thrown upon the world by the death of her mother, alone and friendless. And indeed Hester Burgess had a dreary and forlorn prospect before her when she set out to travel two hundred miles to seek a home with strangers.

In those days winters were really winters, and no mistake about them. The coldest, most biting of December winds kept company with the coach, insinuated itself down the travellers' necks, got under their cloaks, sought out the weakest points in their overalls and wrappers, and attacked them savagely, while a heavy snow fell upon their backs and soaked them through. Perhaps the greatest sufferer from these discomforts was the young woman Hester, who, although kindly wrapped up in the guard's extra coat, shivered with cold and was very miserable; and so it was that at a halting-place some thirty miles off her destination the coachman descended from his box and opening the coach-door begged permission of a neatly tucked-up bundle of wrappers therein reclining to admit the poor frozen maid. A responsive grunt being taken for acquiescence, Hester was admitted accordingly, and fell asleep in the corner.

She awoke with a start just before daybreak, to find that the bundle of wrappers had taken the form of a man, whose face—a very ugly one—was close to hers, with a pair of cold gray eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

"Oh, sir!" Hester cried.

"What makes you call out in your sleep?" the other traveller asked, sharply. "What makes you cry out 'Murder!' in your sleep!"

"I didn't know I did, sir."

"You did, and woke me. 'Don't do so again.'"

The ugly face retreating, the gray eyes closing, the wrappers readjusted, all became quiet as before; but Hester trembling, she scarce knew why, kept a watch upon her companion, and, hardly breathing or moving a limb, sat bolt upright throughout the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

"Here's the Pollards!" said the guard, opening the door about an hour after daybreak. "And here's the carriage, sir!"

Much to Hester's surprise, her travelling companion took his place in the brougham waiting at the corner of the road. The driver bade her sit beside him on the box, and as they drove along informed her that the gentleman inside was Mr. Silas Gurdlestone—Mr. Ralph, the master's brother; that Mr. Ralph, who lay dangerously ill, had sent for him, wishing to make an end to a sort of coolness which had existed between them ever since he, Mr. Ralph, was married to his good lady, on whom, they did say, Mr. Silas was himself, before her marriage, a little sweet. Rogers (he was the driver) recollected when the master was about to be married how there had been a power of surmise and conjecture as to how Mr. Silas would like it; how, on the bridal morning, directly after leaving the church, he had disappeared, and how they had next heard from him in some foreign country, where he said he intended to pass the remainder of his life. "Very strange man, Mr. Silas," Rogers said, wagging his noddle solemnly, "very, very strange."

The dullest place upon earth must surely have been the Pollards. It was a bare, ugly, red brick building, having, on one side, a weedy and neglected garden, on the other, a large stagnant dyke, upon the banks of which, and inclining over the water, grew in fantastic shapes some dwarfish pollards, from which the house derived its name. This dwelling had long been the property of Mrs. Gurdlestone's family; but, since her father's death, had until lately remained untenanted. It was with the intention of renovating it and making it his country residence that Mr. Ralph had now come down with his wife and her sister, but he falling ill immediately upon his arrival, the repairs and improvements had been for a while suspended. You may be sure the town-servants were dull enough here; indeed Jeames yawning was a sight to see and be frightened at, in such imminent peril of falling off did the top part of that gentleman's head appear to be on these occasions. As for Hester, her recent grief, the breaking up of a happy home, her present friendless condition—all preyed upon her mind, and with the general melancholy of the place, combined to render her life a very sad and weary one. But there was soon another cause for anxiety.

Somehow Mr. Ralph grew worse and worse, in spite of doctors and physic. Night and day his wife watched by his bedside; Mr. Silas, too, was unremitting in his care for and attention to the invalid, often mixing and administering his medicines to him. One night there was a slight change for the better, and Mr. Silas had persuaded Mrs. Gurdlestone to go and seek a few hours' repose whilst he took her place in the sick-room. She, poor thing, fagged and jaded by long watching, with a little persuasion, consented, and then all the household retired to their respective chambers except the watcher. Thus, for a while, the time passed silently, and then there broke upon the stillness of the sleeping house a loud continuous knocking at Mrs. Gurdlestone's door. She came out, pale and anxious, in answer to the summons, and found Mr. Silas trembling and violently excited, who cried out in a broken voice:

"He's gone!—dead—of a sudden! I thought I heard his breath stop and drew the curtain."

The distracted woman hurried into the room. It was too true; he was indeed dead—his hands twisted in the bedclothes,

his eyes wide open, a strange look of dread and horror in his face and quite cold!

Then the sleepers, awakened by the young widow's piercing screams, came crowding, half-dressed, to the spot, their white faces looking horrible in the flaring candlelight. The nearest doctor was summoned, and all sorts of remedies suggested—but in vain. Hester, while attending her fainting mistress, stooped to pick up something lying by the dead man's bed.

"What is it?" Mr. Silas said, quietly, taking the object from her fingers.

It was but a straightened hair-pin. He pinched her slightly in pulling it away, and must have scratched himself with it, for there was a mark of blood upon her hand.

CHAPTER III.

A GREATER gloom than ever fell upon the house after the master's death. The servants one by one gave warning and left. The cook promised to find Hester a place in town and write for her; while Jeames, who had always been particular in his attentions, offered to take her to London as his wife. He has since then gone into the public line, is the proprietor of the Leviathan Music Hall in Ratcliffe Highway, drives his own carriage, and keeps, besides his magnificent better-half and her establishment, a pretty little cottage, &c., at Brompton "on the quiet." The cook perhaps forgot her promise, or perhaps places were scarce, for she did not write; and so Hester, at last, was the only one of the London servants remaining.

It was dull, indeed! The stagnant pool and neglected garden were at any time but dreary objects for contemplation. The awkward, ill-educated country servants afforded but indifferent companionship for Hester, who had been brought up with no idea of going into service or mixing with such society, and so grew to be very sad and silent and down-hearted.

Mrs. Gurdlestone's sister (Miss Ethel) had permanently taken up her abode at the Pollards, and Mr. Silas still lingered to clear up certain matters of business referring to the late Mr. Ralph, although he had on several occasions fixed a day for his departure. As well as Hester could learn from scraps of conversation up-stairs, Miss Ethel disliked him very much, and wished her sister to give him a broad hint that his company was not needed. Whatever may have been Mrs. Gurdlestone's wishes upon the subject, she was too considerate of the feelings of others or too much wrapped up in her great grief to be otherwise than passive, and things went on the same as usual.

One night, about a month after the master's death, Hester Burgess sat alone by the fast dying fire in the servants' hall. It was her duty to wait until her mistress summoned her to attend her toilet on retiring to rest; and this night she was so much later than usual, that all the other servants had been in bed full half an hour. The great clock upon the stairs ticked loudly, and the wind moaned and rustled among the evergreens outside the window like the stealthy whispering of thieves; all else was still as the grave. And as Hester was sitting anxiously waiting, an overpowering sense of loneliness came over her; and with a shiver she rose and went softly up-stairs to her mistress's room. Mrs. Gurdlestone and Miss Ethel were in the former's bed-room, which was divided from the staircase by a long, dark ante-chamber. The door leading into Mrs. Gurdlestone's room and that upon the stairs were both ajar, and Hester entering noiselessly at one would have knocked at the other, had she not perceived a dark figure, with its back towards her, standing between her and the light. She stopped involuntarily, held her breath and listened.

Miss Ethel spoke; "But, Mary, how can you be so weak—so childish?"

"What would you have me do?" the other lady said complainingly. "I'm sure I do not keep him here. I wish he'd go, if he offends you. But then he has been so kind and so attentive; and he is my dear husband's brother."

"I tell you, Mary, I hate him! And mark my words, if he is not some day more nearly related to you than he is now."

"Ethel!"

"He will, Mary, though I pray God I may not live to see it."

There was a rustling sound, as though one of the ladies had risen. A figure passed Hester quickly in the dark, and before she had time to speak or move, the bedroom door opened wide, and Miss Ethel came out with a light.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired, sharply.

"I came to see if I was wanted," the servant stammered, and with a searching look Miss Ethel swept out of the room.

Mrs. Gurdlestone had always been in delicate health, and, since her husband's death, had almost entirely kept her own room, where Miss Ethel was in constant attendance upon her. Mr. Silas, however, frequently came in to consult her upon business matters or to chat away an hour. Now it was Miss Ethel's turn to be ill; she was so unwell the day after that on which Hester had heard the reported conversation that she was obliged to keep her bed, and the doctor who attended Mrs. Gurdlestone was called in to see her. Mr. Silas said that it was disease of the heart.

She had been ill about three days, when the doctor calling in one evening, it came on to rain heavily, and he staid to dinner. Throughout the meal the rain poured down in torrents, and continued so long that Mr. Adams (that was the doctor's name) consented, after much persuasion, to accept the shelter of the Pollards' for the night, for he lived some miles off and must cross a wild and open country before he reached his home. It was most fortunate that he did remain. During the evening Miss Ethel was much worse, and twice he went up-stairs to visit her. It was determined that the gentleman should sit up all night and that Hester should watch with the invalid and summons them if required.

Hester took her place in an armchair by the fire with a book, having a watch before her, so that she could tell the time at which the medicines should be administered. When the cook brought up her supper on a tray she told Hester that the gentlemen were smoking and drinking in the dining-room.

"I don't think the doctor fancies there's much danger," cook said, "for he's so merry like and has been singing a song."

"I hope," whispered Hester, "he will not drink too much."

"Lor bless you, child! Here, take your supper; and here's a glass of wine Mr. Silas has sent you to give you strength. Do you mind sitting up alone?"

"Not much. Good night."

"Good night."

When Hester had finished her supper she mixed another dose for the sick lady and resumed her book.

She must have been asleep for hours. The candle had burnt low in the socket; a streak of daylight was stealing in between the heavy window-curtains and the fire was out.

She woke up with a start, cold and frightened. The room was very still, very still. She listened for the sleeper's breathing, and heard only her own heart-throbbing and faint buzzing in her ears. To start forward, to draw the window-curtain and to turn towards the bed was the work of a moment; it required no second look—the white face and wide-open eyes could only be those of the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE girl's screams awoke the doctor and Mr. Silas, who came hurrying up-stairs and rushed into the room. Long afterwards Hester recollected how unsteadily Mr. Adams stood by the bed, how his hands shook, and how unintelligibly he spoke—how calm and collected Mr. Silas was throughout the scene. Long afterwards she recollected too, among the dreadful details belonging to the death and funeral, that she picked up in the ashes of the grate a straightened hair-pin, which had been thrown into the fire but not consumed. The circumstance was in itself so trivial that, had it not in some odd fashion connected this death with the former one, she would not have given it a second thought. As it was, her thoughts dwelt upon it, she scarcely knew why.

For many weeks after the funeral the whole house was partially shut up and darkened; the servants were again changed, excepting Hester, who would have gone also, had not her mistress implored her to remain. The sick lady seemed to droop more and more. She never left the room; she never read nor worked; she hardly ever spoke, except sometimes with Mr. Silas about legal business, of which there appeared to Hester's mean comprehension to be a great quantity. Hester at best must have been poor company, for she was in bad health, out of spirits, nervous and irritable. She, however, did her utmost to comfort her mistress, for whom she had, from the first, en-

tertained a great regard; and, indeed, ever-suffering, gentle, uncomplaining, who could help but love her?

The sick lady wasted slowly away. The spring ripened into summer, and still she grew no better; the summer began to wane and the days to shorten; the dead leaves fell and drifted with a ghostly music, as the sick lady and her attendant sat silently in the twilight on those calm autumn evenings towards the end.

Winter was coming round again, and she grew worse. About November she took to her bed. Hester was in constant attendance upon her; indeed, the patient fretted at her absence. For hours she would sit, holding the faithful girl's hand in hers, and sometimes she would form plans of what they would do next year when she was better. It was determined that, as soon as she was well enough to go out, she should go to London, and change of air would no doubt lead to her perfect recovery.

Still she sank, slowly but surely. Then Hester began to fancy that there was a change in the expression of her face; a sort of dread and fear seemed settling upon it. One evening, when Hester was leaving the room to go to bed (she slept in an adjoining apartment) her mistress called her back.

"Hester," she said, "you have been a very good girl, very kind and patient with me, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

"Dear mistress, do not speak so."

"Yes, Hester, I am sure I shall go before long. But you will not leave me till my time is over? With you I feel safe."

"Feel safe, ma'am?"

"Hush, Hester!" the sick lady said, half raising herself in the bed and drawing the girl closer to her. "I am afraid of him!"

Hester felt instinctively whom she meant. The mistress read her own terror in the servant's face; and as they sat silently clasped in each other's arms, all of a sudden they both became conscious of another's presence in the room. A dusky form flitted across the light, a lean hand stole in snake-like between the drawn curtains at the bottom of the bed, then a human head, hollow-cheeked and evil-looking, peeped in upon the affrighted women, with a wolfish glare half hidden in its wicked eyes.

"How is the patient?" asked Mr. Silas, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

THE same eyes watched her as crossing the threshold of her own room Hester looked back at Silas's retreating figure on the stairs. Throughout the night, restlessly tossing in an uneasy wakefulness or troubled slumber, the same head and hand were ever present to her excited fancy. How could she lie there? A hundred times she fancied that there was some one handling the lock of the door. Then she was sure that she heard a noise in her mistress's room. Should she go to her; No. All was again quiet, and again she closed her eyes. So she continued until towards daylight, when fatigue and anxiety overcame her, and she slept. But not for long. Her mistress's voice awoke her, not calling loudly, but clear, distinct, and close to her—

"Hester!"

She awoke at the sound and sat up to listen. All was still: it must have been a dream. Again she lay down, and again a whisper filled the room—

"Hester!"

She tore the curtain of the bed on one side. No, there was no one but herself present. Without another thought she rushed into her mistress's room, and threw herself upon the bed, clutched the cold face in her hands, clasped the cold form to her breast, sobbing and moaning distractedly over the dear, dear friend whom she had lost. There was the old frightened look upon the dead lady's face, the same look which the sister's face had worn, the same which Hester remembered on the face of Mr. Ralph, and there was upon the bosom of the corpse a small round mark like the prick of a pin, just over the heart.

The house was soon alarmed, and the servants came crowding in as they had done before on a similar occasion; but Hester—terrified, stupefied, and giddy with the horrible thoughts which possessed her—got away from them all, and, to avoid any fur-

ther questions, sought refuge in the garden. She walked straight to the most lonely part at the back of the house, and sat down in a little ruined arbor to think what she should do. She had not been there long, when she saw, lying right before her on the path, *another straightened hair-pin!*

She stooped to raise it, trembling as she did so. As she rose, holding it in her fingers, a dark form passed between her and the sun, casting a cold shadow upon her, and looking up, she read in Silas's white face the certainty that he knew her thought. Then, with a shriek—

Days and weeks, and months passed by, and Hester's wits still wandered. Her good aunt Sophy brought her up to town, and change of scene at length restored her to her former health.

After having married, and survived her husband, Mrs. Haddock became the laundress in this gloomy old house, where now she sits telling us the story.

And Mr. Silas. What of him? He is the owner of the Polards now, and of a large house in town, and has many servants. Mrs. Haddock could tell you strange stories of wild orgies, gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery in which, they say, he spent some twenty years. But that is over; and for these ten years past he has lain bedridden. Without friend or relation, with no one to care for him or attend to him, save his hired nurses—dragging on a wretched existence from day to day, with nothing to live for, yet afraid to die; paralyzed, helpless, unutterably lonely and miserable, old Silas Gurdlestone awaits the dread summons calling him to the tribunal before which he must render an account of his deeds. God be merciful to him!

CHARLES H. ROSS.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

MANAGEMENT OF THE HERBARIUM.

THE name herbarium, as is well known, is applied to a collection of specimens of plants, carefully dried and preserved. The specimens ought to be collected when dry and deposited in a tin box. Plants may be dried by pressing in a box of sand, or with a hot smoothing-iron. Each of these has its advantages. If pressure be employed, a botanical press is useful—made of two smooth boards of hard wood, eighteen inches long, twelve broad, and two thick screws being fixed in each corner with nuts. If a press cannot easily be had, books may be employed. Next, some quires of unsized blotting paper must be provided. The specimens, when taken out of the tin box, must be carefully spread on a piece of pasteboard, covered with a single sheet of the paper, quite dry, then three or four sheets of the same paper are to be placed above the plant, to imbibe the moisture as it is pressed out. It is then to be put into the press, as many plants as the press will hold being piled in this manner. At first, they ought to be pressed gently, and, after being pressed for about twenty-four hours, the plants ought to be examined, that any leaves or petals which may have been folded may be spread out, and dry sheets of paper laid over them. They may now be replaced in the press and a greater degree of pressure applied.

The press ought to stand near a fire or in the sunshine. After remaining two days in this situation, they should be again examined and dry sheets of paper be laid over them. The pressure ought then to be considerably increased. After remaining three days longer in the press, the plants may be taken out, and such as are sufficiently dry may be put in a dry sheet of writing paper. Those plants which are succulent may require more pressure and the blotting paper to be again renewed. Plants which dry very quickly ought to be pressed with considerable force when first put into the press; and, if delicate, the blotting paper should be changed daily.

When the stem is woody, it may be thinned with a knife, and if the flower be thick or globular, one side of it may be cut away, as all that is necessary in a specimen is to preserve the character of the class, order, genus and species. Plants may be dried in a box of sand in a more expeditious manner, and this method preserves the color of some plants better. The speci-

mens, after being pressed for ten or twelve hours, must be laid within a sheet of blotting paper. The box must contain an inch deep of fine dry sand, on which the sheet is to be placed, and then covered with sand an inch thick; another sheet may then be deposited in the same manner, and so on. The box must be placed near a fire for two or three days, then the sand must be carefully removed; if not sufficiently dry, they may again be replaced for a day or two.

WATERING CAMELLIAS.

The camellia likes almost a constant humidity, but still there should not be given a great quantity at a time, in watering; it is only essential to repeat the watering often, in order to keep the earth always in that state of humidity which is sufficient to maintain the fermentation, but by no means so great as to prevent it—which is inevitably the case when the water is too copiously supplied. As to the hours of the day which are the most favorable for watering the camellia, this is a point which must depend on the seasons, and especially on the temperature of the external air. In the winter the operation of watering may be performed between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, in order that the earth may have time to regain its heat, by permitting the evaporation of a portion of its humidity. If the camellia is watered in the evening the coolness of the night, joined to that of the water, arrests the progress of the sap, and there being no evaporation the fall of the buds is the inevitable consequence. In the summer, on the contrary, when the camellia is in the open air, it should be watered in the evening, because the water contributes to maintain the coolness of the earth during the night, and the plant thus recovers from the absorbing effects of the day's heat.

It is not sufficient, however, to moisten the roots of the camellia. When the temperature of the greenhouse rises too high, which often happens, the leaves of this plant require that the salutary humidity in which they delight should be given to them at that time, when they are exposed in the shade to the open air. A syringe may be made use of, which will cause the water to fall on the leaves in fine drops, like a gentle shower of rain. The water should be of a medium temperature. This mode of watering, which is so beneficial to the camellia when it is in the greenhouse, in the latter part of the spring, is still more so if it is frequently done in the summer, when the shrub is exposed in the open air. It is also very beneficial at this time to water the surrounding ground on which the plants stand.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS.

In arranging landscape gardens the introduction of architectural and other ornaments adds much to the good effect, when such ornaments are distributed in a proper manner. Seats and arbors should be placed at points affording interesting views; foot bridges are always pleasing where there is water, and fountains are generally appropriate. Where the plan is extensive the house should be situated at some distance from the road, which distance should be greater or less according as the house is large or small, and it should be on a moderate rise of ground. There should be a spacious open lawn or grass ground in front, which should be unoccupied by any objects except an occasional small group of trees, and these should be placed a little on one side or the other, leaving the centre open. The best view of the surrounding grounds should not be displayed until reaching the house. If it is situated on an eminence, the back as well as front view may be exhibited to great advantage, and the effect will be heightened if a view of water can be thus enjoyed. Limited prospects and inferior buildings may be concealed by trees.

The appearance of distance may be increased by planting trees of dark green and large, dense foliage, on the foreground, and those of light and airy foliage in the distance; this will produce the same effect as shades in a landscape picture. Trees and shrubs in front of the house should be planted and pruned so as to produce a neat appearance; imitations, therefore, of the wilder scenes of nature, such as rocks, cascades, old trees and festoons of climbing plants should be situated back and more remote. One of the most common errors in planting about houses is that of placing trees in straight rows, without any regard to the stiffness it produces. A less frequent error is the opposite extreme—an excess of irregularity is introduced,

and a tedious monotony produced by indiscriminate mixture. Sometimes a large lawn is placed in front of a house with a line of trees and shrubs running round it, just broad enough to admit a gravel walk winding through it, which by many short and irregular twists and turns opens alternately upon the lawn and boundary fence, thus continually presenting the same thing over and over without any variation, and producing a sort of uniform irregularity. Walks perfectly straight would be much better, for then there would be no failure by attempting to accomplish too much. A bend in a walk should always exist from some cause, either real or apparent; and an apparent one may always be produced by groups of trees appearing to require it where no real one exists.

BUDDING THE ROSE.

The most certain time to bud the rose is at that period in the fall when the sap is in full force, more especially when the weather is moist after a drouthy season. The desideratum in the plant is that the bark will most easily separate from the wood, exhibiting at the inside a free supply of sap. If the season be one of drought the sap will not flow so speedily, unless a good soaking rain falls, or the stocks have a free watering a week previously to budding—and if this be repeated it will be an additional stimulus. A cloudy day is the most favorable on which to perform this operation, or it may be done towards the close of the afternoon on a sunny day.

In selecting a bud for insertion, choose a strong and healthy shoot, cut away that part which has pushed since June, and from it select a bud for the desired purpose. A plump one should be taken—that is, it should be full, round and quite closed. Such a bud may generally be had about midway up the shoot, the lower ones being more dormant and the upper ones scarcely perfected enough. The shoot having been cut from the plant, take it in the left hand, holding the thickest part inwards, then, with a very sharp knife, begin to enter the shoot about three quarters of an inch above the bud, cutting downwards about half-way through the shoot, and bring out the knife about the same distance below the bud, in which case the bud is contained in the portion cut off, which is termed a shield, and is formed as a segment of a circle. Then take the shield between the finger and thumb, holding the bud downwards—that is, in a different form from that it had grown in, press the shield so as to have it held firmly, then gently twist the upper end of the shield which is nearest, and this will loosen the wood from the shield. The bud must be taken out with the right hand, whilst the shield is held by the left. The separation of the wood from the shield must always begin at the upper end, as it had grown.

It will then be necessary to see that no vacuum be in the inside of the bud, for, if there be, the root of it is gone, and it will not grow; though the bark might unite, no shoot could be produced. If there be no hollow inside the bud it is fit for use. If the shield does not separate freely from the wood, the shoot may be soaked for an hour, which will assist the shield and wood to separate more freely. The edges of the bark and shield must be quite smooth and clear.

ROSES.

The French are generally considered to excel in the cultivation of the rose. The greater proportion of the soil used there is a stiff rich loam, with some manure; this composition is very retentive of moisture. Where this cannot be readily obtained, mulching the roots with decayed leaves and dung is resorted to. The pruning, as practised in Europe, would hardly suit here, but should be deterred until the spring, just when the buds are beginning to swell; then, for bush roses, cut out all the old wood and every shoot to within six or eight inches of the surface of the soil. This materially strengthens the new shoots and increases the size and beauty of the flowers; it also presents less space for the insects to deposit their eggs, and, if the cuttings are destroyed, destroys many already laid. Climbing roses must only be thinned out from the wiry, straggling branches and shortened a little, uniting or tying them neatly to the trellis which forms their support, and keeping them in regular position.

To prolong the bloom, pick off every flower with the fruit attached as soon as it has passed its perfection, this enables the other buds to come forward, and prevents their turning yellow and perishing. The insects which attack the rose are chiefly a

little brown grub, which eats into the buds, and which can only be removed by picking—and the aphid, or green fly; a syringe and tobacco water will destroy these, and even plain water, if frequently applied, will cause such disturbance among them as to prevent much mischief.

The rose can hardly be placed anywhere without being ornamental; planting them as a hedge crowning a semicircular bank which terminates a lawn, and keeping them cut low, so that the numerous blossoms will recline on the well-mown grass, is a very pleasing and attractive style of growing them. They also look well, as edgings round oval or circular beds of flowers or grass plots. A thick hedge of well mingled sorts is always beautiful; and the effect may be prolonged by rubbing off the buds of every other plant as soon as they appear—later shoots will then be formed, which will flower afterwards.

CULTURE OF CAMPANULAS.

This beautiful plant may be grown to perfection by a little care. The seeds should be sown on a light, warm soil, under a glass. Cover them about a quarter of an inch deep; and after the plants appear above the soil they should have air, increasing it as the plants get strength, not allowing the plants to get dry, as they would make but little progress. When they get to be about one inch high they should be planted in a well prepared bed—the soil of which should be thrown out to the depth of one foot, and on the bottom a few inches depth of well decayed manure be placed, filling up with rich light soil.

In setting out the plants, care must be taken not to break or damage the roots in any manner; and when they are planted, about an inch of manure should be spread over the surface amongst the plants, to retain moisture. If the weather prove dry, the plants should be regularly supplied with manure-water. By autumn they will have made great progress and be strong plants. Through the winter they should be suitably protected by having loose hay or straw laid over them, but not so heavy as to break the leaves of the plants. In the spring the plants should be examined; if any have the appearance of throwing up a flowering stem the plant should be carefully lifted and the flower-stem cut off, leaving a few buds to each crown. The lifting of the plant is to retard its growth; for if cut over and not removed, it would quickly shoot forth more flowering stems to the great hurt of the plant. If the weather be dry the plant should get a regular supply of manure-water, for it is principally by supplying them liberally with manure in a liquid state that perfect success can be realised. The plants by autumn will be very strong, and, after they have done growing the ground should be covered to the depth of three or four inches with saw-dust or coal ashes.

In the third year before they begin to grow, they should be taken to the flower garden, with their bulbs and roots as entire as possible, and either planted in beds or singly; place them in rich earth in a warm situation, where they will have the full benefit of air. If treated in this manner they will sometimes grow to the height of between eight and nine feet, covered with a profusion of bloom to within a foot of the ground. The plants being supplied with manure-water causes them to grow so luxuriant as to throw out a great quantity of side shoots, and these also throw out others, which in their turn flower, and cause the plants to have a splendid appearance at that season of the year when most of the flowers that bloom late in autumn are of a yellow color.

THE HELIOTROPE.

The heliotrope is a production of the Peruvian climate, and is one of the choicest inhabitants of the garden or greenhouse; its delightful fragrance and long-continuance in flower when properly managed will well repay any occasional extra care or attention bestowed upon it. Upon close application to the culture of the heliotrope, the following method has been found to be one of the most successful in the production of fine flowering plants.

Cuttings are to be taken about the latter end of February or the beginning of March, planted in pots of rich garden soil, and plunged in a frame. When the sun is powerful that part of the light where the pots are under is to be covered with something to shield them from the scorching heat of the sun's rays. Water must be given when required, and all mouldiness, decayed

leaves, &c., should be removed as they appear; for if suffered to remain their effect is injurious. In two or three weeks the cuttings will be sufficiently struck for potting; but previously to so doing, they should be removed to a more airy spot for a few days to harden. If a succession of flowering plants for the autumn and winter months are desired, more cuttings may be put in during May and June. After cuttings are struck let them be potted off and wintered in a greenhouse or other apartment. In the following March put them into pots a size larger, to cause them to produce fresh shoots and roots. Towards the middle of April begin to expose them gradually to the open air, so that about the end of May, if the weather prove mild, they may be able to bear being planted out in a good, mellow, rich soil. When the cold autumnal nights come on the plants must be taken up with their balls entire and potted. If placed in an apartment of the proper heat, they will continue to flower until January.

GREENHOUSE PLANTS.

For the most part, greenhouse plants require a considerable share of pot room, as many of them are very free growers; but still great caution is necessary to avoid over-potting the tender and weak-growing kinds. When shifted, let them be tied up if requisite and well watered. It is also a good plan to shade them for a short space of time—say two or three days—that they may become perfectly established in the fresh mould. Any dead or ill-grown parts should also be cut away in a careful manner, so as to give their heads a regular and neat appearance. By observing this process it will be found that though a temporary check may be the consequence, they will soon put on a healthy and flourishing appearance. If the weather prove dark and cloudy, the shelter or occasional shade for few days, when they are first put into the greenhouse, will not be necessary; but if the weather be sunny and hot this point should not be omitted; and they should be watered two or three times a day, observing to wet the leaves as little as possible. When the proper time comes for putting them out of doors, a location should be selected that will protect them somewhat from the noonday sun. Some persons plunge them amongst the shrubs and flowers of the pleasure-ground: this answers pretty well with the strong-growing kinds, such as myrtles, geraniums, &c.—it even has a pleasing effect when judiciously done—but the practice is not suitable for the tenderer species. Therefore, upon the whole, the most unexceptionable situation is that which affords a moderate portion of shade and suitable protection from strong winds. In arranging them an easy but yet judicious method should be studied, avoiding all stiffness. Any of the plants that may be in flower should be placed in conspicuous positions, but not so as to make the clump look in the least tawdry, simplicity and neatness being the principal objects to be kept in view. Each plant should have sufficient room to spread according to its natural habit of growing; and care is to be exercised that the various tender sorts—which are frequently of peculiar value—are not crowded by the large free-growing kinds.

TULIPS—THEIR VARIETIES, &c.

The names which have been given to tulips in order to classify and distinguish them are somewhat peculiar, such as flamed bizarres, feathered bizarres, flamed byblumens, feathered byblumens, flamed roses, feathered roses, and selfs or plain colored. A bizarre tulip has a yellow ground, marked with purple or scarlet of different shades; it is called flamed when a broad irregular stripe runs up the middle of the petals, with short abrupt projecting points branching out on each side; fine narrow lines, called arched and ribbed, are often extended also from this broad stripe to the extremity of the leaves—the color generally appearing strongest in the inside petals. A tulip with this broad colored stripe, which is sometimes called beamed or splashed, is, at the same time, frequently feathered also; it is called feathered when it is without this broad stripe; but yet it may have some narrow lines, joined or detached, running up the centre of the leaf, sometimes branching out and curved towards the top, and sometimes without any spot or line at all. The petals are feathered more or less round the edges or margin, inside and out, the pencilling or feathering being heavy or broad in some and light or narrow in others.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

We wish from our soul that people when they set out to describe authors and authoresses who have twined themselves about the hearts of folks would be careful to tell the truth. A loose paragraph from some weak-minded brother or sister on their travels, from some nincompoop whose ideas of female beauty are derived from what Dick Stoddard of "curious learning" calls "prune-box pictures," may give half a world a false idea; for instance, the Florence correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* gives the following description of the author of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss":

Miss Evans would be called 'ugly' by thoughtless persons, but the more discriminating pronounce her intelligent and interesting in appearance. She is a woman of forty (probably), tall in stature, large in build, of fair complexion, golden hair, fine teeth, light eyes, long nose, and the face is altogether long. In the heaviness of jaw and highness of cheekbones, she greatly resembles a German. The expression of her face is gentle and amiable, while her manner is particularly timid and retiring.

Now we have it on good authority that all this precious description, which makes poor Evans look like a yellow-headed Dutch elephant, gives about as much of an idea of the lady as a brickbat would of a Sévres vase, or a big Indian of a small glass of water. Nobody ever dreamed of calling her ugly—always excepting the prune-box French-lithograph-lovers; she isn't forty nor anywhere near it, and is, generally speaking, nothing like a horse in her facial developments. Now, sail in!

D'ye know Princeton, N.J., reader? We do; know it well. People say that the College there has changed less in its general character for a century than any similar institution in the world. At least that was the case ten years ago, when the following extract from the *Cockloft Papers* was still "wonderfully like:"

Princeton—college—professors wear boots! students famous for their love of a jest, set the college on fire and burnt out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem. American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation and makes little boys fight—students famous for eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern who had just got their allowance of spending money—laid it all out in a supper—got fuddled, and d—d the professors for nincoms. N.B. Southern gentlemen—churchyard—apostrophe to grim death—saw a cow feeding on a grave—metempsychosis—who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors—made me melancholy and pensive for fifteen minutes—man planting cabbages—wondered how he could plant them so straight—method of mole-catching—and all that—query, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs—mem., to propose it to the American Agricultural Society—get a premium perhaps; Commencement—students give a ball and supper—company from New York, Philadelphia and Albany—great contest which spoke the best English—Albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon—Philadelphians gave the preference to raccoon and splacnunes—gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatic nature of a goose's gizzard—students can't dance—always set off with the wrong foot foremost—Dupont's opinion on that subject—Sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing—great favorite with Queen Bess on that account—Sir Walter Raleigh—good story about his smoking—his descent into New Spain—El Dorado—Candid—Dr. Pangloss—Miss Cunegunde—earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertrunk—Jesuits—Monks—Cardinal Wolsey—Pope Joan—Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine and Tom the—whew! N.B. Students got drunk as usual.

Great boys—youth will spread itself—shrinks to fit in after years—studies law—passes—practises—wife—snug little home—make money—politics—great men.

And now he is a lawyer,
Oh, roly-boly!
An' now he is a lawyer,
An' grewed up to be a judge!

Such is life. From "High School" boys the transition to girls is both apt and natural. "*Buben und Mädchen verstehen sich bald*," as the *Deutschers* say. Read the following:

The principal of one of the best and most popular female boarding schools in New York, lately, said that she considered almost every one of her pupils a proper subject for medical treatment. At first thought we would say that she ought to name her school Mrs. —'s fashionable hospital. But what then should we style the numerous schools which are not so good as hers? The fault is with no one person, but with our habits of life. It is a notorious fact that the women of this country are far less robust and healthy than their consins in England. They live too much in-doors and in overheated and ill-ventilated rooms; they take too little exercise. Their nervous system is developed too rapidly, and the muscular system, the vital powers, are too much neglected. The school occupies the girl's morning entirely, music and other accomplishments the afternoon, study or society the evening and too much of the night, and the few hours left for sleep do not suffice to rest and refresh the body for the same wearying round the next day.

The over-tasked, over-excited frame becomes an easy prey to

insidious disease. Intellectual and social ambition, both of parents and child, forbids her to relax her efforts on account of any slight derangement of health, and she toils on under the most tremendous pressure, till at last poor nature can endure it no longer, and the girl glides into her grave or takes her place in that great and increasing company of permanent invalids, who remain as mere wrecks of their former selves, victims of their mistakes and eloquent warnings to those who come after them.

We do not now speak of carelessness about food and dress, which is so fruitful a source of disease. We limit ourselves to this excessive stimulation of the brain, this overworking of it and the body, the want of proper and sufficient out-door exercise. Owing to our hurrying system, there is danger that girls, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, will be classed among the extinct species, as boys have been for some time in our cities. We lift up our voice, asking parents and educators to try to avert such a calamity as that. We know that we have said, and that we can say, nothing new upon this theme; but we can at least call attention to these simple facts, which everybody sees and knows.—*Providence Journal*.

The neglect of exercise among young ladies has always been lamentable at our schools. A few years ago it was as great at colleges for young men, the Princeton in question being then no exception to the rule. The sedentary habits then indulged in and positively encouraged by the ridiculous discipline of the college, which only seemed to recognize "grades" and "moral conduct" as all that students lived for, were, in their effects, physical and moral, worse than brandy and water, worse than Stedman's ale—it was Stedman, we think, who, in the old time, sold ale to the Princeton abandoned ones—it is to be presumed that lager is now known there. Then—as another Stedman sings—(the Golden Wedding one)

"Then no one heard of Lager Bier."

But to return to our girls. We could cite instances of white, nerveless, weak, soft creatures—made so by want of physical education, of air and light—which would rack parents' minds with agony did the simple creatures once understand what their idiotic ignorance of the common laws of health had caused. Yes—they can spend money on schooling—"spare no expense"—do their duty and all that sort of thing—but they cannot afford to give them what the beasts of the field have in abundance—air and blessed light and room to run around in. It is astonishing, ma'am, how much you do for the "moral training" of your girls and how little for their *morale*—for a healthy, pure tone of mind. You can endure that at a boarding-school they should pass Sunday in morning prayers, forenoon in church, afternoon two chapters Bible lesson, evening prayers, and two hours after tea at Greek Testament—a good *hard day's work* for any brain that ever we heard of—but to see them rambling in the fields and rocks at any time on that day would be wicked, and at all times, perhaps, rather unadvisable. You're a pretty Christian—you are—you and your ignorant "teachers" and the whole lot of you. Pretty teachers we have in most of our schools, to be sure!

The fact is, reader, that a school now-a-days which hasn't a gymnasium and a teacher of physical exercise is very rapidly getting to be called a humbug. And so it is—a complete humbug. In a few years judicious gymnastics on the Ling principle will be as essential to education as a knowledge of the alphabet, and rosy cheeks be as much admired as translation from Latin. So mote it be.

We were puzzled lately on hearing that while there are in Europe 18,140 actors there are 21,609 actresses. Jeebus can account for it, however. He says that the odd three thousand and odd girls all wear the breeches in male parts, while a Zoyara is a great rarity.

In these days of everlasting milksoppy whitewashing, when every villain and strumpet in history is handled as gingerly as Sévres, it is really comfortable to meet with a bit of common sense like the following:

HISTORIC DOUBTS.—She (Sophia Dorothea) has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her even in history, and people who have to deal with her are charmed and fascinated and bedevilled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence. Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent? I remember as a boy how a great party persisting in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus, her husband, i-l-used her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard, the cowardly brute; yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffage never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

There is a miserable moral Euphuism all the rage in this crochet-work century of ours which makes biographical reading disgusting.

No one would suppose from the manner in which history and lives are got up that anybody ever did anything wrong. Scoundrelly politicians, royal mistresses, diplomats, unscrupulous thieves, roused Messalinas, traitors to liberty, turncoats, blood-money-makers and public men who were really no better or worse than the average of humanity have their lives all written as Madame de Campan wrote that of Marie Antoinette—with a predetermination to canonize the subject. How nicely these biographies *don't* contrast with the letters which sneak out, and with the sternly authentic *chronique scandaleuse* of the day. Be it remembered that all suppressing facts is as much *lying*—real, profound, contemptible lying—as inventing false ones. The result is the same—a false idea. And yet there is not one biography in a thousand which is not grossly amenable to this charge.

A young lady in Lee, Mass., of one of the most wealthy and respectable families in town, has left her piano and music to take care of themselves, purchased a sewing machine and gone out to work by the day. Within a few months she has accumulated \$130 and deposited it in the savings bank.

We like to see young ladies work, but, if not compelled to it by poverty, we think that they had better leave labor for money to their poor hungry sisters who need it. Piano playing is proper and becoming to young ladies of wealthy and respectable family, but entering into competition with poor people is not. We wish that these remarks could be taken to heart by an immense class of ignorant, inexperienced amateurs in writing, who before they have mastered the mysteries of grammar, or have received the slightest education for the calling, rush into type, clamoring out for an *honorarium* for services not worth one cent, when they themselves are perhaps not at all compelled by poverty to write. Of all the instances extant of a due want of preparation for the business, the grossest are to be found among the illiterate *litterateurs* to whom we refer.

Are you an amateur of pictures?—read the following:

There is a good story told in Paris at the expense of a residuary legatee, who was charged with the distribution of sundry small gifts before he could realize his residuum. Among others, he was to give one picture to a near friend of the deceased. There was some doubt with whom the selection should lie, and the man who was to receive the gift, from motives of delicacy, waived all his right of choice, requesting the residuary legatee to make the election. Now, the deceased had left an excellent cabinet of paintings, and out of this the legatee was intending to make much money; so, the choice being left with him to select the piece to be given away, he was anxious to make the hole in his collection as small as possible. Being an uneducated fellow, and having not the most feeble idea of the real value of any work of art, he measured the pictures with an engineer's tape, and carefully selected the smallest, which he sent to the particular legatee. It happened that this picture—it was by Metzger—was the most valuable of the cabinet; it is a celebrated painting, and would, if exposed to bids at auction, bring \$5,000. When he learned this through the heartfelt thanks of the fortunate recipient, his anger made him ill, but his friends rejoiced at his discomfiture.

The following, if not bran new, is at least first-rate:

MORAL SUASION.

You will know—if not, I can inform you thereon—that the chief city in California is somewhat infested by Chinamen.

An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman in a firm whose business it was to sell fish-hooks, cod-lines, rope's-ends and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering around for a few seconds, exclaimed:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"How much takee?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um!—give fifty cents."

"Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and the Chinaman departed, followed by his tail and his countrymen.

The train passed and repassed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes."

"How much takee?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um!—give seventeen-five cents."

"Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild-geese procession paraded past a few times and then re-entered. The spokesman, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!!"

"How much takee?"

The salesman whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished Chinaman with his left hand, and raising his cleaver with the right, exclaimed:

"One dollar a pound!!"

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and yelled out, "I take one hundred pound!"

The bargain was thereon closed.

Strange virtue that pigeon English. Not along ago the Canton-born children of a missionary returned to this country were commenting on a thunder storm. Suddenly there came an awful peal, when the eldest gravely exclaimed, "Him Joss-man makee big pigeon shot, top side."

CONTENTMENT OF COURT.

The distinguished jurist, Judge G——, of North Carolina, so justly esteemed for his estimable characteristics, displayed an amiable trait in the incidents and anecdotes which it was usual with him to retail to his admiring associates. The point of their wit was not unfrequently directed against himself. Upon an occasion of this kind he remarked:

"When I was first admitted to the bar, I was one day riding the wearisome road through the piney woods, and as chances favored me, to break the monotony, I came upon an old field log school-house. It was the hour of recreation, no doubt, for the children were scattered through the woods, frolicsome and merry, and the school-room was deserted, except in one instance, where a lassy, lolling, tallow-faced, cotton-headed, lack-lustre-eyed boy hung half way out of the single window—the personification of stupidity itself. Upon the spur of the moment I determined to amuse myself at his expense. So, as I walked my horse past him, I, with the true schoolboy whine, commenced spelling aloud:

"B-a-k-e-r, baker."

"Cotton-head gazed at me full in the face an instant, without change of expression or feature, and then his mouth slowly opened, and with an undisguised snarl he shouted and returned:

"F-o-o-l, fool."

"I left instantly," said Judge G——, "or rather as soon as I could recover my senses."

We don't know who wrote the following, but give him credit for some novel criticism:

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Since the time of Shakespeare, who said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," it has been a general opinion that there is nothing in a name; but such an opinion is erroneous, Shakespeare to the contrary, notwithstanding. There is much—very much—in a name, as the every-day experience will undoubtedly prove. Any person who will take the trouble to read the public journals will find that the name and fame of a man is at least half the battle. Edward Everett can sell short literary articles for two hundred dollars a piece, that, if written by an unknown writer, would not have brought five dollars each. N. P. Willis or H. W. Longfellow can get pay for poems that an obscure author could not have got published for nothing. There is no denying the fact.

One of the most remarkable instances of the value of a name is the case of Alfred Tennyson, the present Poet Laureate of England. Not long since he wrote a poem entitled "Sea Dreams: an Idyl," for which his publishers paid him the enormous sum of fifty dollars a line. We have read it carefully, and append, as a fair specimen of the whole, the following fourteen lines, worth seven hundred dollars according to the price he received for the poem:

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie;
Mother, let me fly away,
Birdie, rest a little longer,
'Till the wings are stronger;
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

Now, that may be very good poetry—we will not say positively that it is not—but we do say that we will undertake to get a cart-load of better poetry written in America for one dollar a line or less. We do not profess to be a first-rate judge of poetry, but our opinion is that a better article than that can be found every week in at least fifty newspapers in the United States.

The editor of the Paducah (Ky.) *Commercial*, who does not seem much inspired with Tennyson's august name and title, gives the following sixteen lines, which he says are as good as the above quotation from "Sea Dreams," and for which he says he is willing to take two shillings:

What does little froggie say,
In his pond at peep of day?
Let me swim, says little froggie,
Bullfrog, let me swim away,
Froggie, rest a little longer,
'Till your little legs are stronger;
So he mounts upon a stump,
And into the pond he goes, ker-chunk!

What does little piggie say,
In his sty at peep of day?
Piggie says, like little froggie,
Let me go and root to-day.
Piggie, wait a little longer,
'Till your snout is hard and stronger,
If you suck a little longer,
Piggie then may root away.

We hear a great deal about the census in these times—we must all come to our census at last, you know—and the annexed is one of the humors of the times:

HUMORS OF THE CENSUS.

Although the marshals engaged in taking the census sometimes experience annoyances, yet they occasionally meet with persons who afford them no little amusement. Their task is often a hard one, and exposes them to charges of impertinence from those who do not really understand the importance of "numbering the people." One of the marshals of New Jersey, whose field of operations is in the interior, at a place somewhat remote from railroad depots, found considerable difficulty in getting information from an "ancient maiden lady" whom he had addressed on the subject.

"Taking the senses, air you! Well, I reckon you can't take none here." She was indignant at his first remark. "Taint none of your business who lives here, nor who own this place. It's paid for, and every cent of tax on it tew. Taint best for yew tew come snooping around to find out matters that don't consarn you."

Her body, interposed at the doorway, although thin and wiry, prevented his passage into the house. The marshal would gladly have taken a seat, but she offered no such luxury to her inquisitor. "Hev I ever been marrit? Well! what next, I wonder. Perhaps you'd like to have our pedigree right down from Adam? But you can't! I s'pect you're some fellow from York, come out to seek whom you may devour. You'd better go back agin! Take our senses! indeed!"

The marshal tried to explain matters, to give her to understand the necessity and requirements of the law, and particularly to convince her that he was not a resident of Gotham. He utterly failed, however, for his next question only increased her anger. "Hev I got any children! Why, you imper'ent puppy, how dare you asperse my character? Here hev I lived for forty-eight years, and haint never been ten mile from home. Ef you doubt my respectabilities, you'd better go to our minister—he knows all about me; he lived here when I was born; he knows that all I possess in this world is in this farm, and the two houses down to the village, worth altogether about fifteen thousand dollars. He can tell you that I lived with my father till he died, having no brothers and sisters, and that I never was married, and haint no children; he is well acquainted with the folks living with me, which is a little girl, a farm man and a big stout Irish girl. But you can't get any information out of me. I'm a woman of few words, and I don't allow meddlers."

The good woman had now worked herself into a passion, and turning away, slammed the door in his face. From her remarks, however, he gained the following facts: "Miss Abigail—; aged forty-eight; never married; has no children; property worth fifteen thousand dollars;" which after all was about all the information he cared to possess.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Just listen!

Why was Petrarch more barbarously treated by his mistress than any other bard before or since his time? Ans.—Because he was the poet Laura-ate.

Good. And what was it Dante loved best to feed on? *Beat rice* to be sure. Keep the ball a-rolling.

"Four boys were poisoned near Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 5th, by eating the roots of wild parsnips."

Whereupon a contemporary observes that—

"Boys should be careful—we know of two or three that are likely to be killed by wild oats."

Why is the sun like Tom Sayers? Because he goes down every round.

And who is a greater prize-fighter than Sayers or Heenan? O'Ryan (Orion), for he always keeps the belt.

It's easy to find a stick to beat a horse, or an excuse for rum and laziness. Read the illustration:

Lewis and Sam D—, a couple of residents of Long Island, who loved rum and hated snakes, some years since went down to the salt marsh to mow. They hung their scythes and were about commencing work, when Lewis proposed to Sam that they should take a drink of the quart provided for the occasion. Sam agreed, of course, and, as it was a hot day and a hard task was before them, they concluded to rest awhile under the shade of a tree, and then take another drink in order to get readily on. The bottle had passed two or three times, when Sam said to Lewis, "Let's drink the darned stuff up, and we won't be hankering after it." It was a bargain, and betwixt the two the balance was soon disposed of. A pause ensued; Lewis rose to his feet, threw his scythe over his shoulder, declaring, "I'll be darned if I'll mow without rum." "Darned if I will either," says Sam, and with that they shouldered their duds and trudged home without cutting a swathe.

Talking of moralities, some city people are very much abroad out of doors. The following proves it:

Two young ladies of New York city were lately spending the summer in north-eastern New York. During the visit they took several long rides with the daughter of their host about the country. On one of these occasions, as they had been travelling some distance and the day was warm, and as a trough of running water stood invitingly by the roadside, they concluded to give their pony a drink. One of the city ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for this

purpose. The others remaining in the carriage and deeply engaged in conversation, for some time paid no attention to the proceedings of their companion. When at last, surprised by the long delay, they turned to ascertain the cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unbuckle the crupper (the name of the strap which passes around the horse's tail). In amazement, they inquired, "What in the world are you doing that for?" She naively replied, "Why, I'm unbuckling this strap to let the horse's head down, so he can drink."

Just so. But there are two mock auction stores a few doors south of our office, which prove that our rural friends are sometimes a little ignorant also.

We have heard of people who can eat anything, but nothing like the following:

A Pennsylvania editor in an appeal to his patrons says: "The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, bees-wax; wool and anything else he can eat."

A story, which went the round of Oxford "high tables" a few years since relates how a poor woman, having lost her husband, requested the parson to preach the usual *elope*. He kindly expressed his consent, adding that his charge was two guineas. "Oh, your reverence!" was the answer, "I be a poor woman, and can not spare so much money." "Well," said the parson, "it is contrary to my usual rule to take less, but I don't mind obliging an old parishioner in trouble, and will only say one guinea." "Oh, sir; but the good man has left me next to nothing, and there will be his funeral to pay for and what not, and sure, too, you'll be having the burial fees. Can't you then do it for ten shillings?" "Yes, I'll do it," was the angry reply; "but it will be the greatest stuff you ever heard."

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Mr. A., I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it?"

"No, no, was the reply, 'I only said you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it.'"

"Quite astonishing coat you've got on, Fred."

"Why, yes, Charlie, I fancy it is rather gay—quite the Limburger too. Had my raglan stolen last night, so I borrowed my sister's what-d'ye-call it."

There is a family in Essex county so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze, one to throw the head back and the other to make the noise.

If a tree were to beak a window, what would the window say? Ans.—Tre-mend-us.

A miserly shave—Cutting your heirs off with a shilling.

There is a plain practical fact in the following extract from one of Gough's lectures, which may be realized by thousands of sufferers:

I was lecturing in a small town once—and when the lecture was over, persons came up to sign the pledge. A number of young ladies were standing by and looking at the signers with interest. Directly some of them came to me, "Mr. Gough, go out here to the door and get Joe to sign the pledge." "Why, I don't know Joe." "Well he is standing at the door." Out I went, and standing there was a poor fellow with an old tattered cap on his head, torn shirt, dirty clothes, old boots, and a woebegone look. Says I to myself this must be Joe. "How do you do Joe?" said I. "How do you do, sir?" "Joe, I want you to sign the pledge." "What for?" "Why Joe, those ladies in there sent after you." "What, who? why I didn't think I had a friend in the world." "Come on Joe, come on," said I. He stopped and said, "Look here, some fellows told me to bring a bottle of liquor in the meeting to-night and get up and drink, and say 'here's to your health!' They said they would give me fifty cents if I did. Them's 'em all along the gallery up there, there they are. I ain't going to do it." He went to the door, and we heard him smash the bottle on the steps. He came in and went up to the table and commenced to write his name, but he couldn't do it; so he braced himself up and caught hold of his arm, but could not. Says he, "Look here, that's my mark," then the ladies came up and shook hands with him, but he pulled his cap over his eyes and now and then wiped a tear away. "Stick to it," said one. "All right Joe, all right."

Some three years after I was in that same place and whilst going along the street, I saw a gentleman coming along dressed in a good suit—nice black hat, boots cleaned and a nice shirt collar, with a lady on his arm. I knew it was Joe. Says I, "You stuck to it, didn't you?" "Yes, sir, I stuck to that pledge, and the girls have stuck to me ever since."

Some people think when they have persuaded a drunkard to sign the pledge, they have done. It's a mistake: it's then he wants your help. He is at the bottom of the hill lower than the common level; he must climb; it's hard work; he commences tremulously, feeble, doubting; he raises his feet, he gets a little way and becomes faint, you see he's about to give way; run and put a little peg right under his feet; there you see he rests, he's tired; he starts again fearing as he goes higher, he gazes around him and looks worried; he has worked hard, and stop, put another peg right under his feet; he rests; help him up; peg him right up and when he gets up, he'll look and see those little pegs all along, and he will not forget them but bless and remember you.

"Help your neighbor." It's all in that little exhortation.

Serial stories are all the rage, and the following extract from one by Ethan Spike, of the *Portland Transcript*, is a first-rater:

CHAPTER V.—THRILLING!!!

"Ar that a ghost?"—*Old Play.*

We hev sed it was night, and, onct for all, we say agin—
It was night.

In the fore room of widder Tuttle's haouse sot the widder Tuttle's only darter. To say that Serefeener Tuttle—sich was her name—likewise her nature—was a lovely gal, would be several rows of apple trees away from meeting her case. Her raven tresses were ravener than a crow, onexpressible eyes, teeth—grinders—tothers being took aout, probably ivory. Add to these the form of a syrup, and you hev one of them gals kalkarlated to make a man strike his father and kick his grandmother, break the ten commandments and pretty much everything else.

Leastwise so thought James Perkins, as he nelt at her feet that cold, cold, cold night.

"Fairest of the fair sects," implored the youth, "heer me swar."

She said she would.

And he sword.

"May I bid whittled inter kinlin wood," swore James, "may I be used for stuffin sarsiges, if I ever—"

Here the strain caused by kneelin was too much for James's on-mentionables. That was a rip, then a tare, and James kerflumxed.

A deadly paller serfused the classic countenance of the lovely Serefeener.

"O grashus!" she cried, and then swooned.

And then James he swooned too.

Then—as if this had been the signal—thunder bellered, lightning flashed, and the wind rored in the chimby.

"James, James," at length called Serefeener, in the gossamer tone of an expirin tree-tode, "this are the lyin gals."

Livin life once more returned to the dyin youth. For a single moment he set on the oairth; gracefully as a Roman-senitor a foldin his toggy did he gather his coat-tales round his tored trowse; sorrowfully did he gaze upon the face of his beloved, and solemnly he replied:

"It kaint be so; it's too airly!"

Hardly had he seessed spokin, or more properly, skasely had he dried up, when the door opened, and—!!! * * * *sw-!!!*

The sequel to this thrillin tail—"The Soap-Biler's Doom"—will be wrote as soon as the gifted orther finds time and ideas.

Note by the Orther.

"Truth knocked into the middle of next week will rise agin—
But error bunged kaint do it."

What Solomon said to Simon Magog about the Queen of Sheby is just as true now, "Truth ain't no stranger than fiction." This ere sentiment is pekewliurly put to aour thrillin story.

The leadin incidents is all founded on fax, particularly that about the dredful end of Onpossible Pebody. To all doubters, it is enuff to say that the identical hogpen whar he met his fate is still to be seen."

You want to be a genins don't you? Well, if you hav'n't Quevedo's works on hand, try the following recipes from the *Boston Transcript*—a paper by the way to which we are frequently indebted, and which for general reading may be commended to all the world:

HOW TO BE A GENIUS.

MR. EDITOR—After reading your remarks, last week, on a certain notice clipped from a New York paper; the thought occurred to me, that it would be well if those who did not "see fit" to follow your generous advice, might have some rules prepared for them, &c., how they could carry out the "Professor's" suggestions, and indeed become great "lawyers, orators or authors," without the aid of phrenology. Therefore, being somewhat-versed in various secret sciences, such as alchemy, I have deduced the following recipes, and hope that you will be generous enough to publish them for the special benefit of those who fain would tread Parnassus's heights. Henceforth, let no one say that Nature was not fair in her bestowal of her charms. If persons will only take the trouble, they may now ascend the road of fame without a struggle, and all the world will run mad to greet their high ascent. Yours, &c., THALO.

TO MAKE MILTONIC POETRY.—Take five hundred angels, one thousand devils of the worst hue, one Lucifer, ten worlds, two suns, ten moons, and stars to equal, twenty tons of saltpetre, brimstone and tar, with a good degree of chloroform, put it all in a great caldron, over a fire of white heat, and when sufficiently conglomerated put a live man and woman in it and stir. You will then produce the best "imitations of the great immortal" ever read. Try it, and do not be discouraged if you do not succeed at first.

TO BE A GREAT DRAMATIST.—Take all the pride, selfishness and hate, villainy, cowardice and passion, that can be had in poor human nature. Then take thirty beautiful maidens, fifty libertines, from the Church and State, ten dukes, seven cross old queens, mix thoroughly—then get three ghosts, ten goblins, twenty old hags, and thirty witches, tie them together with snakes and boa constrictors; let them seethe and boil till wanted—then serve to suit—à la mode Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, &c.

TO BE A GOLDSMITH.—Sell all your cotton shirts, run in debt to twenty tailors, owe your landlady, then crawl between two feather beds, and while you are waiting for your washerwoman to dry your only suit, fancy yourself a poet, and you will doubtless write a description of a "Village Pastor" that will astonish you.

TO IMITATE GRAY.—This is very simple, and we advise all to try it, especially young ladies given to "flights of fancy." Go into an

old dilapidated church, lean upon the broken windows and think of your dead grandfather and grandmother and all their ancestors. Very soon you will produce by far a better elegy than the original.

TO BE A BURNS.—Strip off your gold chains and rings, shave off your dainty moustache, put on a pair of leather brogans with clean stockings, a pair of corduroy breeches and a strong wholesome shirt, and on the whole make "a man of yourself," then sit in your cottage door, put your head in your wife's lap (if you have one, if not your mother or sister will do), and let all the tender and holy associations and impulses of your nature inspire you, and if you do not become a poet you ought to.

TO WRITE BYRONIC STANZAS.—Get a barrel of tar, a hoghead of brandy, a hundred gallons of star of roses, one man "nobly born," and five hundred "beautiful women," let them simmer together with a gentle mixture of sulphuric ether. We advise all "honest" young men to put away so unbecoming a thing as "manliness," and adopt the above method.

A LA TOM MOORE.—Get five hundred swarms of the best bees, take all the honey they can make in a thousand years. Buy all the perfumes in Turkey: get ten thousand pounds of rose leaves, add the juice of all the oranges, pomegranates and bananas that can be had, now and then some of the "pure juice of the grape," just to flavor, and if this does not suit the taste of "Poor Tom" himself, try one hundred of the best "Madeira," and all the Peris in Christendom, and out of it, will obey your call.

Much other valuable instruction might be given, but time will not permit, and therefore I will close this "valuable collection" with the addition of a single one I had well-nigh forgotten—but it is hardly worth the trouble, as very few will wish to secure it, and that is

TO BE A TRUE GENIUS.—Do not make a fool of yourself, and don't imitate.

After all said about bachelors hanging fire, it is true that there is more refusing done than the world is aware of. As everybody knows, most ladies have the honor and decency not to tell even their most intimate friends after giving mittens. Therefore, in the words of the *Cambridge Democrat*,

WHY DON'T THE GIRLS SAY YES?

Aye! well the pleading look may ask,
Why don't the girls say yes?
And you poor rustic, kneeling swains,
With lasting pleasure bless.

Why not bestow the winning smile,
Or breathe a word of hope?
A sigh, a tender broken sigh!
A look, no word can cope.

Why not the modest mantling blush?
A sunbeam on the cheek—
To cheer heart-broken bachelors,
And frame their lips to speak.

The eyes, the heavenly azure eye,
Those windows of the soul!
Why will not they beam tenderly,
And smiling, tell the whole?

The gentle pressure of the hand,
Sweet echo of the heart,
The fond caress, the tear, the kiss,
Bright buds of cupid's dart.

Grant but these sweet encouragements,
Symbols of things above,
And there will be no want of suits,
At the shrine of magic love.

Then would the boys come boldly forth,
And soothe these heartfelt woes,
"Mamma! mamma! why don't the men,
Why don't the men propose?"

A man advertising some patent washing compound in a Cincinnati paper says, "don't lye!"

The West, says somebody, is a great place for billiards. There is no village complete without its billiard saloon. It may have a blacksmith shop, groggery, and a little store, but it's no great shakes of a village if it is without a billiard saloon. What billiards is the Bucyrus (Ohio) *Journal* thus describes:

It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt-sleeves, punching balls around on a table, and presenting the keeper with twenty cents, or, as is most commonly the case in this country, telling him to remark it down. This last-mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard markers. A decided genius for the game will make a superior player at about an expense of five thousand dollars. Blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon-keeper, who was not satisfied with the profits on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it.



THE WAKING OF THE BIRDS.—SEE PAGE 247.

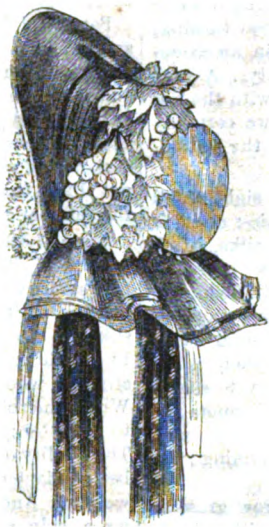


FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR SEPTEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

At this very early period of the fall season, although of course, the goods are not only selected by the wholesale houses, but imported, there are few which have, as yet, found their way into the retail departments. There is sufficient, however, to mark decidedly what are likely to be the leading styles, as well as where to buy them.

At E. LAMBERT & Co's. wholesale establishment, 380 and 382 Broadway, we were gratified by the inspection of one of the richest and most tasteful selections of goods we have ever met with. The rich qualities of the new silks are especially to be noted; we might say,



BONNET. RALLINGS. PAGE 279.

indeed, that the cheap and flimsy things which have been of late so generally seen (but which were never favorites with this firm), have altogether disappeared; and no one will regret their absence.

The new silks are all with either black or solid dark grounds, or in vertical stripes of black and some rich color. We rejoice especially to see these; as they are so generally becoming to the figure.

Among the most noticeable of the silks imported exclusively by E. Lambert & Co. are some exceedingly rich reps silks, with small gold-colored flowers at intervals; some silks with narrow colored vertical stripes, satin at intervals, and with small flowers of another color. One of these combina-

tions is especially ladylike—a rich blue combining with black, and the flower in shades of gold. Like most of the different patterns, this is repeated in all the leading colors; and we may add that it is singularly pretty in black and gray, with the flower in lavender. In these the colored stripe is very narrow; having a much larger proportion of black as the ground.

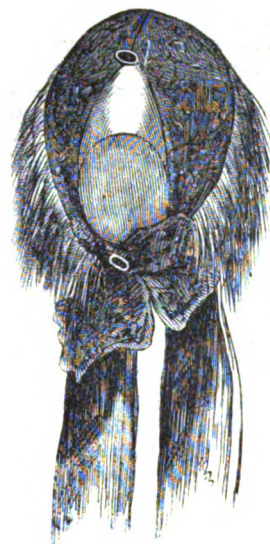
Another striped ground, a droguet, has the two colors in equal proportions and a figure of the color thrown upon it. Perhaps no style is more likely to be popular for general wear.

Then we find black silks, with a small black figure broché on them, and a colored flower, with black foliage; and at intervals a colored vertical stripe,



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 280.

VOL. VII., No. 3—18



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 280.

half the width of the black, in armure silk. They are bright and effective-looking; but, from the preponderance of black, sufficiently quiet. Again, there are black and colored stripes, with small set patterns, all surrounded by a line of gold broché on them; and this is not uncommon, also, for the plain black gros grains grounds.

In general we may remark that three bright colors, besides gold, will be found in these designs; although occasionally more are seen. A flower of the color of the solid ground, shaded in black, forms another and handsome variety; and we see some magnificent broché stripes, black and one color, with flowers of the same reversed; black on the colored ground, and colored on the black.

The anticipated and now past and almost forgotten Japanese visit produced its effect also in the designs of some very handsome silks, with plain solid grounds and grotesque oriental figures, in various colors, at distant intervals. They are peculiar—not very showy, but eccentric-looking; and better calculated for very tall and majestic-looking women, than for small ones.

We must not omit mention of the mourning silks, in plain inch wide stripes of black and gris Russe, the new and fashionable tint of gray. We find this tint also, alternated with mauve, green, brown and blue, in French poplins, which, we confess, appeared somewhat expensive in proportion to the silks, until we found that it was a matter of considerable difficulty, in weaving the poplin, to preserve the hues of the stripes distinct and pure; and that it was this which made the striped poplins so much dearer than plain ones of the same quality.

One revival of a style of silk that has been little seen for many years past will, we are sure, be generally acceptable. It is a rich silk with a small satin figure on it, alike on both sides. The quality being very good, this sort of silk will be durable in substance; and therefore the fact that it will bear turning, and look equally well on either side, is important in an economical point of view. It is also particularly pretty. A very lovely shade for evening dress, the fleur de pêche, with the less delicate colors, are to be seen at Lambert's; and we certainly rank these among the most desirable goods of the season, whether in light or dark colors.

We are indebted to this firm also for the only sight of fall and winter ribbons we have yet been able to obtain; and certainly the choice is sufficiently varied. As in the silks, black forms the general ground; although we find also groseille, purple, green and brown. The most *distingué* are those known as jewelled ribbons; ribbons with (apparently) a brooch or breastpin design in gold and gems, set on the solid black ground. In the piece these look very pretty; but we question whether it will not need extraordinary artistic taste to enable milliners to arrange these so as to look well on bonnets; so they have mostly pendants and chains which, of course, must not fall upward. Well arranged, they will be charming; decidedly *comme il faut*.

More to our taste is a black ribbon with a narrow groseille edge, and a small flower in groseille, set in gold, with delicate gold foliage. The set lozenge and medallion patterns we have spoken of in the silks are repeated with good effect in the ribbons. We find few running patterns; mostly detached sprays or set designs.

The cashmere ribbons, if not quite so novel, are nevertheless very beautiful. Many will prefer them to the others.

Although one color (besides the inevitable gold) is all that is generally seen on a black ground, we do occasionally find a soft color introduced with a bright one, gris Russe having apparently the preference. We find it especially intermixed with a very brilliant cerise and a rich groseille, and looking exquisite with both.

A charming style of robe à disposition has seven flounces, with sprays of flowers and ears of wheat in natural colors scattered over each flounce, the larger ones at the edge and the inner rows smaller; but no border properly so called. We think these would be more elegant than dresses with decided borders to the flounces, which have all the bad effects of bayaderes.

Gold belts, ribbons and ornaments are among the special importations of this firm, and are of the finest quality and choicest designs.

The new woollen fabrics at this house are veloutines, velours de laine and épingline, with some popelines which are very pretty. A rich hair brown seems a favorite tint; grays are less seen than they have been (always excepting the gris Russe); and the greens, which are likely to be popular, are of particularly rich and handsome tints.

At A. T. STEWART'S are wonderful bargains in the way of embroidered vests, to be worn with Zouave jackets. Our readers in distant parts of the States may be glad to learn that these vests are extremely long in front, so as to bag or fall over the skirt of the dress. They have long muslin sleeves with embroidered fronts, cuffs and collars. Some are as low as four dollars, and from that up to fifteen or twenty. Nothing can be more elegant than this vest with a Zouave jacket of black cloth, heavily braided. A broad ribbon-sash, with long floating ends, is imperative with this costume, whilst with ordinary dresses belts and gold buckles only are in vogue.

The sets of embroideries are exceedingly fine, of beautiful and delicate designs, and with gold ribbons to ornament both collars and cuffs. We notice, too, that tulle puffings are exchanged for book-muslin ones in many instances, and with good effect.

The Union sets, with long pointed ends to collars and cuffs, crossing and falling like those of ribbon, and secured by gold slides or buckles, are a favorite novelty, and likely to be much patronized later in the season.

Passing to the silk department, we find, as yet, but very few of the fall silks opened; plain and broché black grounds, with small set colored figures with the reversible silk in small patterns, already described, are the chief novelties. We shall have more to say on this subject next month therefore.

Of course there are wonderful bargains in grenadines and other summer fabrics, which make a capital investment for those who do not mind wearing last season's goods.

Bargains! bargains! seems the cry, also, at ARNOLD & CONSTABLE'S and GEORGE HEARN'S; Arnold & Constable's silks are always, in our opinion, among the best selected in New York; and there are still some very choice and lovely ones selling at very reduced prices. The bareges and balzarines at Hearn's are absurdly cheap. We saw some, with seven flounces, charming designs and really good materials at three dollars; but we cannot think that they will remain long on hand. However, all the summer goods are marked proportionately low.

Some of the fall and winter silks of URSDELL, PIERSON, LAKE & Co., 471 Broadway, are already exhibited; and, like Lambert's, many are imported exclusively by themselves, and are not to be met with elsewhere. The leading style seems to be a wide silk with alternate stripes of black moiré and colored gros grains. In one this color is a magnificent Magenta; a splendid robe for any one whose taste inclines to the showy and the *voyante*. Where the color is purple, blue, green or brown, the effect seems to us better; but the drygoods houses have to please all tastes. The quality of these goods is very rich, and no style could be better adapted for those who desire to increase their apparent weight. Another combination is of brown and mode; beautiful for a lady past her *première jeunesse*, and not unwilling to acknowledge the fact.

In moirés, this firm offers a very extensive choice at exceedingly moderate prices. The choice colors of the coming season—a golden corn color, rich mauve, petunia, Magenta—as well as the commoner tints.

Black silks with set patterns, not differing greatly from others we have described, are also on show, and one with a jewel pattern something like the ribbon already noticed elsewhere. One peculiar silk is almost an old-fashioned damask, the ground black, with a many-colored pattern in small flowers strewn over it so thickly that the wrong side is as well covered as the right, and infinitely more brilliant. We shall have more to expect from this firm next month.

Of course, like their neighbors, they are busily selling off their summer stock, and those in search of bargains will do well to examine some pretty and fashionable poil de chèvre, with five flounces, at only eight dollars. Organdies, grenadines and bareges are also marked down extensively.

It is yet too early to say anything about mantles, except for the Southern trade, and in that section of the country the taste seems to incline decidedly to the Arab burnous, which is made in silk, in light cloths, and in the Algerine wide striped ditto.

At **GEORGE BRODIE'S** establishment in Fifth avenue, we see some very tasteful specimens of the long basques (almost pellies) in black cloth and velvet. Like everything else that is really fashionable, these garments affect much of the military style, with their fancy aiguillettes and massive epaulettes, in new designs, intermingling jet and silk or lace.

For those whose stout figures look ill in these tight-fitting basques we have elegant cloth and velvet cloaks, ample in size and profusely ornamented with guipure lace and jet.

For the watering-places and the country we have the broad-striped *Algérienne*, in bright contrasting colors, and the *Bedouin wrapper*, which is, if possible, more popular than ever, and is now made in soft brown and zebra cloths, adapted to the coming season.

In shawls there is a lovely novelty, a recent importation of **CHARLES STREET**, 479 Broadway. A large shawl of cashmere, heavily embroidered in silk and beads, and with a heavy silk fringe.

The burnous at this establishment have a modification of form, which makes them capable of fitting closely round the throat, and must add greatly to the comfort of the wearer.

The Indian, French and Paisley shawls here are well worth the attention of visitors, and we notice a great variety of striped cashmeres peculiarly adapted for fall wear.

Probably greater bargains have never been offered in New York in mantles and cloaks than are to be found just now at **W. D. ELLIOTT & Co.'s**, 294 and 296 Canal street. The balance of the large summer stock is being sold off to make room for fall goods, at fabulous prices; and as many of the mantillas are well adapted for cool, if not cold weather, and will be equally fashionable in spring, there is no doubt that such tempting bargains will soon be disposed of. We would notice, especially, the Japanese and Algerines, the light French cloth cloaks, with pretty cosy-looking hoods, and the opera mantles.

Goats' hair tassels, which have had such a run, seem to be abandoned in favor of the treble ball tassel of wool, the use of which is by no means confined to the *Bedouin wrap*, although introduced especially for it.

We shall be able to report next month regarding the winter mantles of this firm, and are led to anticipate the examination of some very graceful novelties.

The pretty sea side wraps of crochet and knitting which we have spoken of elsewhere will be found in a great variety at **S. M. PEYSER'S**, Broadway, corner of Broome. Being imported, they come at very moderate prices; they are, in fact, sold for much the same as one would pay for the mere making here, a fact which may well make one rejoice to think how much better labor, female labor especially, is paid here than in the Old Country. At **Peyser's** we find also the newest rigolettes, hoods and other winter comforts, and a large and choice collection of fancy needlework.

The Parisian Sappho band and other novel and fashionable head-dresses will be obtainable at **RICHMOND'S**, Broadway (opposite the Metropolitan). Honiton and Brussels fichus, Zouave jackets, of the newest styles, and dainty morning caps are among their specialties.

R. T. WILDE & Co. have already imported a choice assortment of Parisian hats and bonnets, and began their extensive home manufacture. Every season we perceive a marked improvement in the style of the goods of this house, which bids fair to lead the taste of the South. "Pretty and cheap" might be put on the majority of their productions with perfect truth. **Mrs. McADAM** seems to have the knack of adapting materials and making an elegant coiffure out of the most simple; the bonnets are frequently marked by great originality and elegance of design.

We give illustrations of two of the new patterns, which will, we are sure, fully justify our opinion.

Mrs. RALLINGS, 318 Canal street, promises to be able to show us some handsome Parisian novelties early next month. Some delay has occurred in their arrival.

Madame HARRIS & Son have opened a splendid new establishment over the premises of **James Gray & Co.**, 729 Broadway, and their friends cannot but be pleased with its elegant appearance. A very pretty fall travelling bonnet, of gray Belgian straw, with a feather trimming round the crown and flowers of gray and green velvet on one side. The gray silk curtain,

somewhat full but not very deep, was edged with velvet, and the brim bound with the same. A little *Solferino* mingled with the gray and green composing the bandeau. The green is a particularly pretty shade of vert islay.

A pretty black Neapolitan, with a little white straw intermingled, attracted our attention also; it was trimmed with black and *Solferino*, with a semi-wreath of black roses in the interior.

MADAME MARTELLI NOTMAN, 106 Clinton place, is preparing for the winter stock by disposing of the elegant Parisian bonnets remaining on hand at very low prices. There is a stamp of taste and grace about these bonnets rarely to be found out of Paris, and as they are well adapted for opera and dress bonnets for the winter they will no doubt be sought after.

Among the most useful of the products of the sewing machine is a novelty in ruffling, a neat, pretty frill, made in all widths, a suitable trimming for pillow slips, sheets, ladies underlinen and children's ditto. It is called the "Diamond Ruffling," made with the **Wheeler & Wilson** machine, and very secure. There is a single thread article, called "Magic Ruffling," by no means so strong or pretty.

The wonderful popularity which is already acquired by the sewing cottons of **WALTER EVANS & Co.**, of Derby, England, makes it essential to notice the many piratical attempts that have been made to palm off on consumers an article inferior in quality and length, counterfeiting, at the same time, their trade marks. Representations have been made to Government on the subject by this firm and others, and it is hoped that earnest measures will be taken to prevent this common and injurious commercial profligacy. All the cottons and threads of **W. Evans & Co.** are of the length marked on the spool, and of the best quality. The glacés will be found very suitable for milliners and mantilla makers, and the sewing machine thread is admitted to be incomparable for its specific purpose. The fancy threads, for embroidery and other ladies' work, are too well known to need special mention; but we may remark that the embroidery packets do not bear the cross, which is the distinctive mark of the inferior kinds formerly in general use.

Those who are fond of perfumes will be delighted with **Phalon's** Japanese scent, the *Paulownia*; it contains, we are told, some perfectly new ingredients, and is pronounced by judges the most delicious ever manufactured in this country. **Phalon** continues his store under the *St. Nicholas*, as well as his extensive manufactory; but the store next door to **Maillard's** has passed into other hands. The snow-white Oriental Cream and other toilette preparations of **Phalon** will be found at 517 Broadway, under the *St. Nicholas*.

S. & J. GOULDING have changed the title of their firm into **S. GOULDING & BROTHER**, 325 Broadway. We expect to be able to report on very handsome novelties in ribbons and flowers there next month.

We desire to whisper into the ear of our lady friends a valuable secret affecting *Blue Monday*. Ladies are aware, as well as mankind in general, that about one-third of the entire time of every household is devoted to the mysteries of the laundry, much to the discomfort of all concerned, causing deformed and blistered hands and other personal and petty annoyances, aggregating into a very grievous burthen. The newly-invented *Conical Washing Machine* (and here comes in our secret) is the little but potent magician whom the good fairies have sent to dispel the gloom and the weariness, the blistered hands, and the sloppy horrors of "*Blue Monday*." This is a true benefaction for woman, and its inventors and proprietors are the right kind of "*ladies' men*," substantially kind and thoughtfully considerate. God bless them! They have brought the strong arm of machinery, moulded with a cunning skill, into the battlefield of washing-day, and the ugly array of dirty linen which has oppressed the daughters of freedom so long, has at last found its *Magenta* and *Solferino* in **FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINE**.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

HOWEVER various and opposite the reports concerning the coming fashions—some asserting that bonnets will be smaller and the line exploded altogether, others that ladies (or their dresses)

will continue on the same am-
ple scale as during the past and
present season; there is one
point in which they all agree,
namely, in declaring that gold,
in some form or another, is the
inevitable ornament of every-
thing; the metal itself where-
practicable, and where this is
not the case, silk of as nearly
as possible the same shade. In
fact gold is to be carried on the
person instead of in the pocket.
Let us hope that the fashion
will not lead to the disappear-
ance of the precious metal from
the purses of husbands and
fathers.

Beginning with the head, we
find the most fashionable and
generally becoming of all head-
dresses, the *Sappho*, is formed
of a band or roll of black vel-
vet, forming somewhat of a
point over, not on, the brow,
and closed with a 'fussification'
of bows of ribbon and drooping
silver or gold ornaments very
low on the neck. We must re-
mark that the hair is dressed



HEAD-DRESS BALKIE PAGE 270.

very low indeed, a good deal
crépé and puffed on each side
of the neck, and this tuft of
ornament resting above the
hair. The velvet roll is trim-
med either with drooping orna-
ments of beads or with fanciful
gold trifles set on the band. We
have seen, for instance, shells,
imitations of small coins and
such things. Few heads but
would look graceful with this
tasteful head-dress, provided,
of course, that the hair be ar-
ranged to correspond.

From indoor head-dress to
that for the streets is a natural
transition; and we are inform-
ed on the best authority, that
the Parisian bonnets, as worn
by Parisians, are decidedly
small, fitting closely on the
head and snugly round the
face; and being very much
more becoming, certainly, than
the coal-scuttle affairs in which
we indulge. In England the
large bonnets have never ta-
ken; people would not buy
them on any terms. In Paris



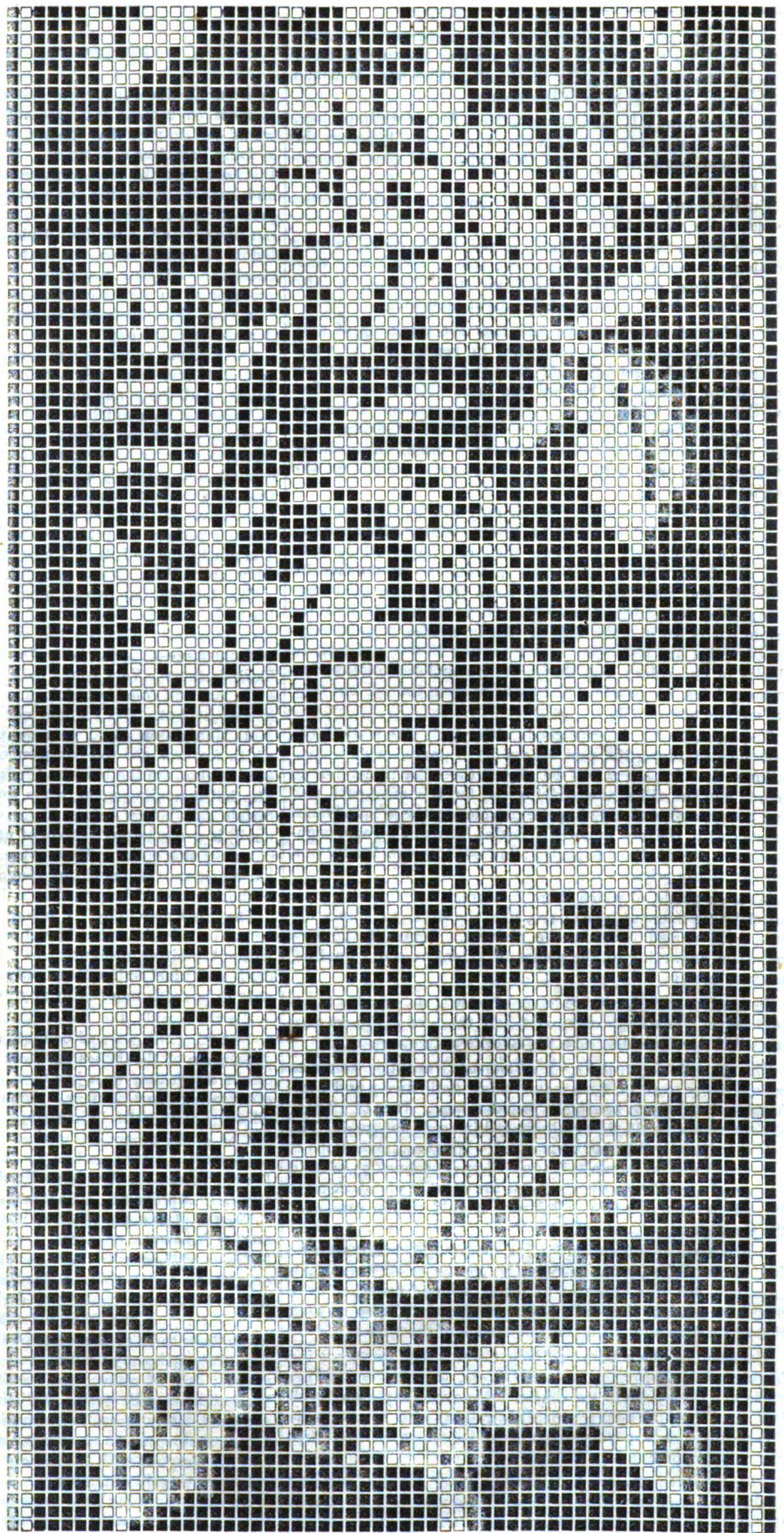
COVER FOR A MUSIC STOOL IN CROCHET. PAGE 282.

they are now also exploded; although probably the milliners now ordering goods from France will deem it requisite to have the bonnets sent to them on an extensive scale, thinking, with some justice, that we have got too much into the way of large hats to tolerate smaller ones for the present. Those, however, who know that huge bonnets are unbecoming to them may venture to order small ones, in full assurance that they will really be much more in fashion than the majority.

In like manner, there is a difference of opinion as to the propriety of gold ornaments on bonnets; and it is said that the fashion never took in Paris, and that it is entirely confined to the ladies whose weddings take place in the fifteenth *arrondissement*. May be; on the other hand we have seen delicate gold ornaments on several bonnets brought from Paris by private ladies of undoubted taste and judgment. We must observe, however, that these ornaments consist of small gold pins with fine chains or similar slight affairs; not of gaudy beads and such like. They are, in short, ornaments made for the purpose, not the *débris* of an old stock made up anyhow to impose on the credulous.

In the fall bonnets there seems more disposition to trim with marabout and ostrich feathers, especially for carriage and visiting dress. A good many are white, tipped with mauve, cerise or amber. The bonnets themselves are of white corded silk. For morning toilette, black Neapolitan, intermixed with black or white straw, seems to promise to be the most popular; and nine-tenths, certainly, of the entire amount of ribbons have a black ground, with either gold-colored designs or designs in bright colors surrounded by a line of gold.

DESIGN IN SQUARE CROCHET FOR A TIDY. PAGE 280



Very bright and variously-colored flowers, in tufts, are used with ribbon for the exterior of these straws; the curtain being either of the same or of plain black silk. The edge is bound with velvet, as is the brim of the bonnet.

On some of the fall bonnets we notice a deep curtain of lace, set on above and independent of the other, probably across the crown, and confined here and there with gold pins or ornaments.

The bandeaux are as full as ever; and gold edges are often found on the velvet leaves.

As to colors, the inevitable gold or rich bright cerise, petunia or Magenta seem the popular ones; also a very lovely vertislay, a quiet slate-color, *gris-Russe* (not *Rousse*), is also blended a good deal with black for slight mourning.

Speaking of mourning, we find that the mingling of gray with lavender and lilac is somewhat in vogue, in very small designs on black grounds; and, from the delicacy and minuteness of the patterns it has not the same objectionable effect as when on a larger scale. Generally speaking, there are few combinations more unpleasing than that of several half-mourning colors in the same toilette; a dress, for instance, of black and gray, with lilac instead of gray ribbons on the bonnet.

As yet, of course, summer dresses only will be seen for some time to come, and there are but few of the winter silks on view; we notice particularly, elsewhere, the recent importations by C. LAMBERT & Co. Black, in all cases, promises to be the favorite ground; and small-set patterns, more like jewels than anything else, are scattered over it. They are usually in three bright colors set in gold rims or else in shades of gold only. Small sprigs are also seen; a single tiny flower and leaf, in shades of one color; but the *jardinière* and bouquet styles, in many hues, are *passés*. They will be seen, indeed, but they are not the newest silks.

The light, trashy, inferior goods with which the market has been flooded during the past season have proved such decided failures that importers will be shy of them for some time to come; and the silks now arriving are, for the most part, rich and heavy, and moderate in price considering the great advance in the cost of the raw material. Satins have not become popular as was at one time expected; indeed, they are hardly procurable at any price.

Woollen goods, of which there is a great variety—with some novelties (in name at least) have, like the silks, an admixture of a gold thread even in the plainest. Some of the new materials, answering to the names of *veloutine* and *épingline*, are very pretty.

In mantles and shawls we have, of course, no novelty to record as yet; but large cashmeres and those of cashmere patterns in stripes promise to be the favorite autumn wear.

The *cravatte Impératrice*, an ornamented necktie, seems to be invariably worn in Paris; and being both dressy and comfortable, is likely to be equally popular here. It is of ribbon, silk, or velvet, braided or embroidered in beads and gold. The belt is frequently made to correspond. We give illustrations of a complete set for home toilette. Clasps and buckles of gold or enamel are universally worn. If the dress be of a dark color the belt is often of gold; and knots of gold ribbon ornament the sleeves and collars.

A new style of cuff and collar has appeared for breakfast sets. It is like a ribbon, with long ends. In the collar these ends cross and fall like those of a ribbon, secured together by a brooch or slide; the cuffs have one end only, also passing through a slide and falling on the outside of the wrist.

For evening, the collars are deep towards the front, coming in points *à la Brétonne*; and with these, the sleeves also are made in a deep point in the centre. Some are simple small collars; and then the cuffs are nearly straight, with square ends. The needlework is particularly fine and delicate, with a large intermixture of fine lace stitches.

At present, the Zouave jackets are made of the same material as the dress—piqué, brillante, or whatever they may be; but as the cool weather returns, black cloth will be the favorite material; with black silk braid for morning wear and gold for evening.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

If we must give our private opinion as to that "style" which is most convenient and agreeable for the present month, it would certainly be that affected by the bathers and batheresses at Long Branch and Newport. We gave, last year, a sketch of the beach at the former place as it appeared to our artist, and have only to refer our readers back to it for a life-like representation of the costumes in question. We wish it were in our power to add a pendant depicting the appearance of the fair ladies emerging from the water, with dripping locks, rosy cheeks and clinging draperies. However, even that is an improvement, so far as comfort is concerned, on the dragging skirts and tight boots and voluminous robes which we are condemned to in the city.

The bonnets, so far as size goes, are stationary. We should be glad to find these ugly and inconvenient head-dresses abandoned by all the young and fair portion of society for the pretty and graceful hats which we now see more and more generally. There is something stylish about a hat; it sets off the whole figure when surmounting a graceful head; it is generally becoming, and certainly a better preservative of the complexion than any modern bonnet. The general form, with the brim turned over at the sides and the front projecting far over the brow, is perhaps as pretty as anything that ever was devised. The mushroom and Pamela hats, although better shades, possibly, are nothing like so graceful.

The long curled ostrich plumes, flowing across one side at least, is far the best ornament. A writer in *Once a Week* thus pleasantly discusses the subject: "I confess I am not without a sneaking partiality for the Spanish-looking hat and black feathers. Very young ladies may try a bird's-wing, for a girl's face will come out victorious of almost any trial to which it may be put. But I would not recommend my stout friend Mrs. Mompesson Todd to mount a pheasant's pinion. The white feathers are too conspicuous, and as a rule are not becoming, nor are the blues and reds to be violently commended. The hat masculine again, when worn upon the lovely heads of certain fair beings before whom the hearts of the spectators quail, is a dangerous weapon of offence, and ought to be put down by the police. Upon some faces, indeed, it is perfectly harmless, and therefore interference on the part of the public authorities would be superfluous."

The "hat masculine" is, indeed, an article that never should be put on a feminine head; not one in a thousand can bear it without positive disfigurement; of the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine those only should wear it who are too ugly to be made more so by any process whatever.

For the seaside, the flat or Spanish hat seems, very happily, to be taking the place of bonnets for women of all ages. The appearance of the ladies in these hats, and the gaily-colored cloaks which they wear just now, adds greatly to the brilliance of watering-place scenery. Some of the cloaks are of bright Algerine cloth, with light stripes alternating with scarlet, crimson or gold; others are worked in crochet or knitting, some exceedingly pretty ones being in Tunis or Princess Royal stitch. For the most part they have hoods, which can be drawn over the head at pleasure. The size is always ample.

For the pleasant hops given at the Pavilion and other hotels during the season no dress is so pretty or suitable for young ladies as white muslin; and the present style of trimming and ornamenting with gold enables the wearer to make the dress as rich and handsome as she may desire.

In Paris it is the fashion for the belt ribbon worn with a white dress to be of the color of the stones in the ornament, should there be any; a blue belt, for instance, with turquoise stones; and, of course, the inevitable gold clasp. Or a gold band alone may be worn. A distinguished beauty of the court appeared lately in an India muslin dress, with gold and pink topaz ornaments; the belt being an exact match for the topaz, and the clasp set with the same. A Sappho head-dress of black velvet, with gold trimmings.

Another becoming head dress is made of pinked silk formed into rosettes, eleven of which are set at intervals on a band of the same: worn like the Sappho. They are graduated in size, so that the smallest is placed in the centre, over the forehead;

and they gradually increase at the sides, where they are large. Long ends of ribbon droop over the shoulders.

Fichus and berthas, with long ends, are likely to be as much worn as ever; but although illusion will probably not go out of date, the preference will certainly be given to Brussels and Honiton lace, intermixed with velvet ribbon. Of these there are some beautiful specimens at RICHMOND'S, 575 Broadway.

We are delighted to be able to say that bayadere stripes are now consigned to absolute oblivion, whence, it is to be hoped, they will never again emerge. Nothing more unbecoming to a figure, or more destructive to the idea of grace and beauty, ever was devised. The very narrow stripes were bad enough; but when they came to be two or three inches wide they were positively frightful, and frequently made hideous by the dress-makers not choosing to trouble themselves to match the pattern. All the new silks and poplins, if they have any stripe at all, have vertical ones, which should be particularly affected by short and stout people, as adding so greatly to their apparent height.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

Our engraving represents two toilettes which are equally adapted for the promenade, or simple dinner dress. The dress of the first figure is a purple poul de soie, with three flounces, each finished with a trimming consisting of a puffing of the same, confined by tabs, trimmed with velvet. The tabs are pointed upwards. The same trimming, set on in the reverse direction, forms a finish to the uppermost flounce. The corsage, buttoned up to the throat, is made perfectly plain, except a slight fullness across the bosom. The sleeve is also perfectly plain and tight, but with a small cap, trimmed to match the flounces. The lace cuffs worn over this sleeve are very deeply pointed. Collar, with small points in front.

Bonnet of white corded silk, trimmed with white marabouts, tipped with green. Green bandeau with a tuft of roses on one side. Broad green strings.

Fig 2. Dress of green silk, with a small figure on it, alike on both sides. The body is plain, but ornamented with black velvet lozenges up as far as a low corsage would be. A deep pointed cap of the same trimming over a moderate mandarin sleeve, with a reverse cuff, edged to match. All have a silk and bugle trimming at the edge. Bonnet of corn-colored silk and black lace.

The skirt of the dress is very full behind, but somewhat plain in front. Balloon undersleeves.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FULL LENGTH FIGURE. PAGE 280.

THIS is a walking costume, consisting of a dress and long casaque, the latter as near an approach as is at present attempted towards the pelisse which, at no distant period, promises to be universal. The engraving is of a dress of plain Havana colored poul-de-soie, the skirt trimmed all round with three flounces of the same, cut bias, each headed with a ruching of taffetas ribbon. The flounces are about five inches deep, and set on with an interval of about an inch and a half between. The same trimming is continued, *en tablier*, up the front. The skirt of the casaque, although gored, is still somewhat full in the waist—in this respect differing from the ordinary basquine. It is put on in large box plaits, like the fashionable dresses. It is trimmed along the edge, and up the sides, with a flouncing like that on the robe, which is diminished in width as it reaches the waist. The corsage perfectly plain and tight, with a small reverse collar round the throat. It is closed with silk buttons up the front, and ornamented with bows of ribbon, edged with lace. The sleeve, a moderate pagoda in form, is trimmed with three flounces on the outer side; but they cease within two inches on each side of the arm seam, and the ruching of ribbon is carried along the edge of this plain part, up the sides, to finish the frills, and as a garniture to the top of the upper frill. Under it is worn a plain embroidered muslin sleeve. An Albanito hat, with long plume, completes the costume.

LADY'S NECKTIE. PAGE 281.

As we have remarked elsewhere, neckties (or cravats, as the Parisians call them,) will be worn universally during the fall and winter months; and it will invariably be found that they are more or less elaborately ornamented. We therefore have selected one or two for illustration in this number of our magazine. Sometimes the cravat, belt and cuffs are made to correspond, and of this style the engravings to which we now draw attention are an illustration. The material should be either velvet or rich silk; the dark band seen on it invariably the former; the braid, for evening dress, gold or silver. The ends of the cravat, and the bit across the bow, alone are ornamented. The latter is a bit of plain velvet ribbon, with a line of gold braid on each side. The velvet laid on the ends is also of ribbon, and the gold braid sewed on it. The ends and bows are lined with marcelline, and made up; the bow is then fastened to a collar of silk or velvet of the same color, made to fit the top of the dress. Over this the lace or muslin collar will fall.

BAND TO CORRESPOND WITH NECKTIE. PAGE 281.

This belt is of the same materials as the necktie; and, if the ribbon or velvet employed be not very stout, it should be lined with some firm stiff material. It is fastened with an antique circular buckle.

SCARF MANTELET. PAGE 281.

This mantelet is somewhat of a novelty, from the fact of the fronts being cut to fit the figure, with a bosom seam which is continued down the centre of the ends, and trimmed with drooping tassels. To secure this close fitting, there is also a piece which goes from the fronts across the back; and over this a scarf or cape, with a deep frill, which is brought round to form a sleeve. To a slight figure such a style is very becoming. A trimming of the same silk, *à la vieille*, with buttons on the plaits, finishes it in every part.

LADY'S NECKTIE. PAGE 284.

This cravat is made up in the same way as the other; but the ends are somewhat longer. Rich silk is a more suitable material, perhaps, than velvet. Gold or silk braid may be used. The ends are finished with lace.

CHEMISETTE TO WEAR WITH A ZOUAVE JACKET. PAGE 284.

A simple morning chemisette, of linen or jaconet, with plain collar and cuffs. A broad band down the front, stitched on each side, has buttons and buttonholes to close it. The buttons may be very ornamental. On each side of this is a full puffing of muslin, covering all that part which will be seen when the jacket is on, wider at the band than at the neck, and with full bishop sleeves.

CHEMISETTE. PAGE 284.

This shows a very nice form for a habit-shirt, the front being full and set into a yoke. Reverse pieces, *en V* down the front, are embroidered in a small pattern and trimmed with an embroidered frill, and the collar is in the same style. This style of habit-shirt is very suitable for wearing with surplice waists.

WARM CUFF. PAGE 284.

This cuff completes the set of which we have already given the cravat and band; it must be made to correspond; a thin inner lining may be put between the marcelline and the outer part. Close it with double buttons and loops.

GLOVE-BAND OF BLACK VELVET. PAGE 284.

This is made of black velvet ribbon, over which small jet or gold beads are set or sprinkled. That part which goes round the wrist is edged with lace and set full on each edge of an elastic band; or lined, and with runnings for elastic at the edges. Bows with ends of ribbon are set on one side, buckles being put on the centre of the bows.

HEAD-DRESS. BARKER. PAGE 276.

This is one of Barker's tasteful and original coiffures. The front hair is plainly banded; and the back braided, and arranged low on the neck, being intermingled with delicate sprays of heath. The peculiarity, or rather, perhaps, one peculiarity of this coiffure, is its mingled lightness and massiveness. It is admirably adapted for wearing with the Sappho band.

BONNET. RALLINGS. PAGE 278.

This bonnet is of black reps silk, *très évaseé*; and bound everywhere with groseille; of which also the crown and cur-



WALKING COSTUME. PAGE 279.

tain are formed, the latter having a black heading. A bunch of poppies, in groseille, with green leaves and gold grapes ornament the outside; and the interior is trimmed to match. One bride groseille, the other black.

BONNET. R. T. WILDE. PAGE 278.

This is one of the simplest and most tasteful fall bonnets, intended for visiting or the carriage. The material is a white reps silk; the crown round, and slightly plaited into the head-piece. The trimming ribbon, with a fringe of marabout feathers. The ribbon is exceedingly rich; a plain white, with festoons of black lace, and knots of groseille ribbon mingled at intervals. Two pieces start from the centre of the brim, cross, and are twisted down each side, crossing again over the curtain, just where the pattern repeats itself, and with the ends falling at the back. Each crossing is secured by a buckle of chased gold and pearls. A fringe of marabout falls along the outer edge of the ribbon, on each side. The curtain is of tulle, full, and with a fold of silk inside. The bandeau of tufts of azaleas, with green velvet leaves, and bows of black lace, confined by small gold buckles. Size very moderate and pretty.

BONNET. R. T. WILDE. PAGE 273.

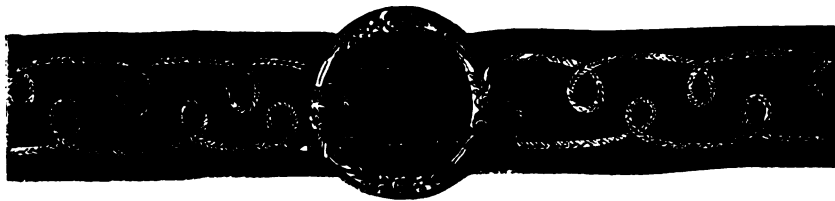
The material of this bonnet is black Neapolitan, with little loops of white straw, materially lightening the effect. It is of a somewhat large size—the extreme of American fashion. A black gimp finishes the edge of the brim. The curtain is an intermixture of black lace and groseille ribbon. The same ribbon, with black, trims the bonnet, in flat bows, placed on the top, with long drooping fringed ends on one side, and lace on the other. The bandeau is of groseille velvet flowers, intermingled with black lace; and one of the brides is black, while the other is groseille.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

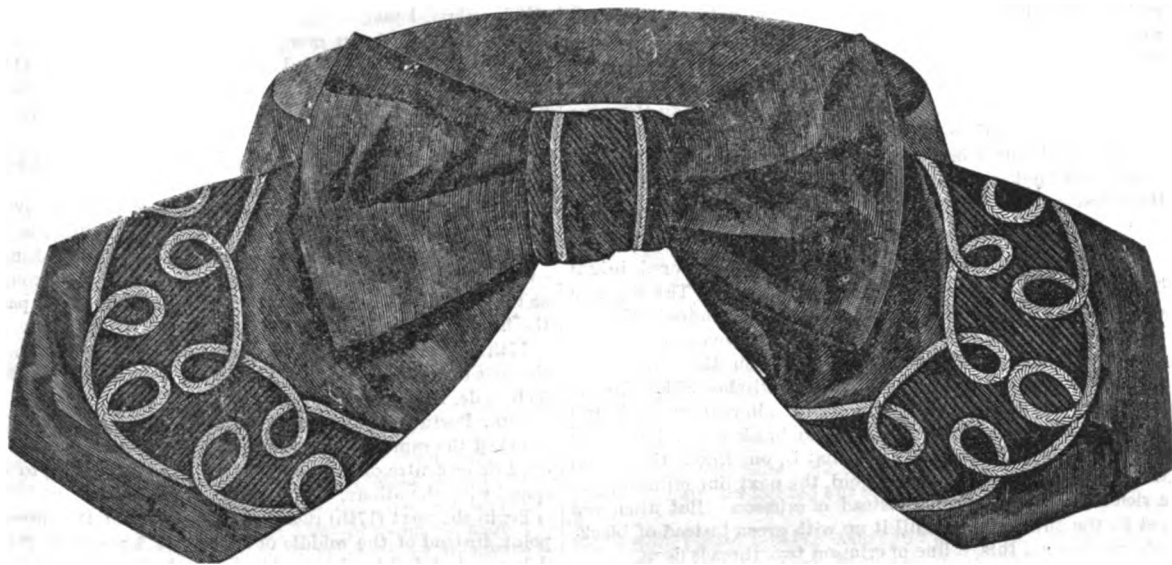
DESIGN IN SQUARE CROCHET FOR A TIDY. PAGE 277.

MATERIALS—Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 8, with a suitable hook. Beads of any bright color, and a size that will thread easily, but not loosely, on this cotton.

The tidy is intended to be worked in alternate stripes of open



BAND TO CORRESPOND WITH NECKTIE. PAGE 279.



LADY'S NECKTIE. PAGE 279.



SCARF MANTLET. PAGE 279.

square crochet and single crochet with beads. In the latter, of course, three patterns will occupy the space of one of the former.

Begin by making a chain of the required length, taking care that it contains complete patterns. Work it in sc, dropping a bead for every stitch forming the pattern. As will be seen in the engraving, there is a single plain line of beads forming an edge. When the stripe is done thus, work on its right side the same stripe in open square crochet; then a bead stripe on the wrong side of the open one, and so on, till you have sufficient width, always terminating with a bead stripe. Work at each end a narrow bead stripe of some simple set pattern; then, all round, the following: + 1 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc in same, miss 3, + with a bead on every chain stitch and two beads on every dc; also you miss none round the corners, so as to make it set smoothly there. Of course this edge must be done on the same side as the bead stripes.

Cut a handsome fringe of cotton, quite four inches deep at least; and knot in at the chains along both ends, but not at the sides.

PINCUSHION IN BERLIN WORK. PAGE 285.

This pincushion is worked on canvas with gold-colored, bright crimson and green filoselle silk and black wool. The top is a circle, the extreme width of which is one hundred stitches. Begin by working a spot of gold in the centre, seventeen stitches each way in the widest part and five deep in that part. Surround this with a ring of black of three stitches wide. In the engraving the pattern is triangular bits, alternately black and white. The black are to be done in black wool; the white alternately in gold and crimson; that is, one line of them from the centre to the edge must be gold, the next line crimson. Or a rich blue may be selected instead of crimson. But when you get to the outer edge you fill it up with green instead of black, adding, beyond this, a line of crimson two threads deep.

The band is a straight piece, of which we give a section from which it may be worked. A second shade of crimson enters with this part. The under part of the cushion should be of crimson or gold-colored satin. A fringe of beads is added.

The same design, done on an enlarged scale, would make a very elegant and showy brioche cushion. The fringe ought then to be of bullion silk.

BAND OF EMBROIDERED CUSHION. PAGE 285.

(For colors, see beneath the Engraving.)

SECTION OF A CARRIAGE BLANKET, IN PRINCESS CROCHET.

PAGE 285.

We have already fully explained this stitch in a previous number of FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY. This blanket is done in three colors—white, blue and gold; or, if dark lines be preferred, black, crimson and gold, or crimson, green and black would look well. In the last case the black would form the single line dividing the diamonds; in the other that line should be in gold. It is as easy to work with two or three colors in this stitch as with one. You merely make the loops in the row to the left with each color as wanted, passing the threads along at the back; and then use the same color for finishing the stitch going back again. The embroidery is afterwards done in cross-stitch. Double Zephyr is used throughout. Add a handsome knotted fringe afterwards.

COVER FOR A MUSIC-STOOL IN CROCHET. PAGE 276.

MATERIALS.—No. 4 or 8 of Walter Evans & Co's. Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, and a suitable hook, such as will work it rather loosely.

Make a chain of 11; close it into a round, and do 2 dc stitches on every stitch.

2d round. + 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 1. + 11 times.

3d round. + 3 dc on 1, 3 ch over 2 ch. + 11 times.

4th round. + 5 dc over 3; that is, 2 on the first and third, and one only on the centre one; 8 ch over 3 ch. + 11 times.

5th round. + 3 dc on 2; 1 ch over 3d dc, 3 dc on 2, 3 dc over 3 ch. + 11 times.

6th. + 3 dc over 3, 2 ch over one ch, 3 dc on 3, 3 ch over 3 ch. + 11 times.

7th. The same as the last; but with 3 chain stitches over the wo.

8th. The only difference between this round and the preceding one is that 4 chain stitches are worked over those 3 that have been increased from 1. The other 3 are worked as usual.

9th. At the beginning of this round, slip one stitch on the first of the dc stitches, so as to make the first of this (9th) round come over the second. + do 8 dc, that is over the 4 ch, and 2 dc on each side of them, 3 ch, 1 dc on the centre of 3 ch, 3 ch. + 11 times.

10th. Slip stitch on 2 dc; then begin over the 3d. + 4 dc, coming on the centre 4 of 8 dc, 5 ch, 2 dc (one on a chain stitch, and one on the 1 dc of last round), 1 ch, 1 dc on the same stitch as last, 1 more dc, 5 ch. + 11 times.

11th. Slip stitch on one dc. + 2 dc, over centre 2 of 4 dc, 5 ch, 4 over 2 dc, 1 ch over 1 ch, 4 dc over 2, 5 ch. + 11 times.

12th. Slip stitch over 2 dc and 5 ch; and begin with + 6 dc over 4 dc, 2 ch over 1, 6 dc over 4, 9 ch. + 11 times. Close the round by a slip stitch on the 1st dc.

13th. + 3 dc, 1 ch, 3 dc all over the 6 dc, 2 ch over 2, 3 dc, 1 ch, 3 dc over 6 dc, 9 ch. + 11 times.

14th. + 4 dc over 3, 1 ch, 4 dc over 3, 2 ch, 4 dc over 3, 1 ch, 4 dc over 3, 7 ch over 9. + 11 times. It will be better to close this round by a slip stitch and then break off, taking care to use up the end of thread in the course of the next round, so as to secure it. Then begin the 15th round in a fresh part, on the last of 7 ch.

15th. + 4 dc, the first being over the last of 7 ch, 2 ch, 4 dc, the first of which is over the 1 ch, 3 ch, 1 dc on centre of 3 ch, 3 ch, 4 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, 5 ch over 7. + 11 times.

16th. Begin here also on the last of 5 ch; + 4 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc (worked the same as last round), 3 ch, 1 dc on centre of 3 ch, 3 ch, 1 dc on centre of the next 3, 3 ch, 4 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, to correspond with the others, 3 ch over 5. + 11 times.

Begin the next (17th) round at the outside of the decreasing point, instead of the middle of it, as you have been hitherto doing. + 4 dc (the first on the second of 4), 2 ch, 4 dc, 1 ch (over the centre one of 3 ch), 4 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc on centre of 3 ch, 3 ch, 1 dc as before, 3 ch, 1 dc as before, 3 ch. + 11 times. These last being actually square crochet stitches, we shall in future call them so. They form the ground, and a glance at the engraving will show that the dc is always worked on the centre one of 3 ch of last round.

18th. + 4 dc, first on 2d of last round, which is to be understood in future 2 ch, 7 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, 4 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

19th. + 4 dc, 2 ch, 5 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, 5 over square, 3 ch. + 11 times.

20th. + 4 dc, 2 ch, 3 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, 6 open square, 3 ch. + 11 times.

21st. + 6 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc (on centre of 3), 2 ch, 4 dc, 7 open square, 3 ch. + 11 times.

22d. + 4 dc, 5 ch, 4 dc, 3 open square, 3 ch, 5 dc, 3 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

23d. + 4 dc, 3 ch (over centre 3 of five), 4 dc, 3 open squares, 3 ch, 3 dc, 3 ch (over centre 3 of 5 dc), 3 dc, 3 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

24th. + 4 dc, 1 ch, 4 dc, 4 open squares, 3 ch, 5 dc (over 3 ch and 1 dc at each side), 4 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

25th. + 7 dc (the centre one over 1 ch), 11 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

26th. + 5 dc on centre of 7, 12 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

27th. + 3 dc, on centre of 5, 13 open squares, 3 ch. + 11 times.

28th and 29th. Open square crochet.

30th. Dc on every stitch of last round, increasing 22 times in the course of it.

The Border. (Without increase.) + 2 dc, 8 ch, 1 dc, 1 ch, 1 dc, 8 ch, repeat all round. Fasten off.

2d round. + 6 dc (over 2 dc, and 2 ch on each side), 7 ch, 1 dc on 1 ch, 7 ch. +

3d. + 6 dc on 6, 7 ch, 1 dc on dc, 7 ch. +

4th. + Begins with 2 dc, on the centre 2 of 6 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, (on the four first of 7 ch), 7 ch, 4 dc (coming on the last 4 of 7 ch), 2 ch. +

5th. + 2 dc over 2 ch, 2 ch over 2 dc, 2 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, 3 ch, (on the centre 3 of 7 ch), 4 dc, 2 ch. +

6th. Like 4th.

- 7th. Like 3d.
 8th. Like 2d.
 9th. Like 1st.
 10th. Dc only.
 11th. + 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, + repeat all round.
 12th. 1 dc, under ch of 1, + 1 ch, 1 dc under next ch, 4 ch, miss 2 dc, and dc under next ch. +
 13th. 1 sdc, 5 dc, 1 dc, to be worked under every chain of 4.

Although these directions appear somewhat long, the design is so very simple that they will not be found at all puzzling. Those who have patience enough to do it would, moreover, find it advantageous to do a border of sc, with a design in beads, instead of that given in the engraving. Being so solid, it keeps its place much better. It must, of course, be worked on the wrong side, so that the beads appear on the right. It may also be edged with a fringe, below the bead border.

Ch means chain stitch.

Dc, double crochet.

Sdc, short double crochet. (A stitch invented by ourselves, and explained fully in the "Lady's Manual of Fancywork.")

To pass from one round to another, do 3 ch, twist them, and reckon them a dc stitch. Hence you always begin the round with a dc stitch.

A BUFFALO HUNT; OR, LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY W. H. THOMES.

NOT many miles from the city of Manilla, up the river Pasig, in a northerly direction, past the town of Santa Mesa, where but two or three huts and a large cordage factory give any tokens that the place is inhabited, is a small lake—or pond we should call it—which empties into the above river, and takes its source from small streams which trickle slowly down the sides of a long chain of mountains, and forcing their way through rich meadows, fields of sugar cane, cool mango trees, and the luxurious banana, giving life and vitality to all, empties into the lake after their toilsome journey, and again sustain thousands of living animals who throng to the bank of the pond to quench their thirst during the noonday heat.

The vegetation around the lake is of the rankest kind, and is rarely penetrated by Europeans, who dread the poisonous serpent: and the huge boa constrictor, which coils its folds amid the branches of the dererter, or some other tree of thick foliage, and waits hour after hour for its victim.

After once reaching the banks of the lake, however, a sportsman is amply repaid for all his trouble. Game is abundant, and of the most varied description. Deer, tigers with striped coats that glisten in the sun; alligators, of mammoth proportions, and with scales that defy the rifle bullet; serpents of beautiful hues; foxes, and other small game that are too common to mention.

A young friend of mine, an American, residing at Santa Mesa, among other wild freaks for entertaining me during a visit at this place, proposed an excursion to the lake for the purpose of having a "little quiet shooting," as he expressed it. He had been there but once, and painted in delightful colors the pleasure of knocking over tigers, buffaloes and other game; but he mostly kept back the danger there was of one getting knocked over instead, and the almost certainty that existed of being strangled by an enormous serpent, or at least bitten by a poisonous one not larger than one's finger. Oh, no! Allen took good care to say nothing to me of all these; and when I innocently asked if there was not some danger in penetrating to a haunt rarely disturbed by the sound of a rifle or the footstep of man, he laughed and asked me if I thought he wanted to kill me.

"But our companions?" I inquired.

"You and I are enough," he replied, coolly.

"Yes, if we were going on a deer hunt, but not to the lake. I prefer more company," I replied.

"I have it," he cried. "We will ride over to Don Arturo's this evening and invite him to go. He is fond of hunting, and the trip will delight him."

As soon as tea was over, the horses were brought to the door, and off we cantered to Don Arturo's, who lived about five miles

from the factory, and we alighted at the don's gate after a sharp ride of thirty minutes. The old gentleman welcomed us heartily; called for coffee and cigars, and after we were fairly seated sent a servant to inform his wife that friends were present.

Donna Teresa entered the room looking as beautiful as ever. Her long black hair was braided and looped up, each side of the temples, with costly diamond brooches, while the comb that confined her tresses on her head was of solid gold, studded with precious stones. She wore a light evening dress, manufactured from the fibres of pineapple; and, as the garment was cut in the most fashionable manner, the white, plump shoulders, and well developed bust, were visible to every eye that chose to gaze upon temptation.

For nearly two hours did we converse about the affairs of the island, the state of trade, the rate of exchange, and a few touches of scandal about the German general, who was reported to have fallen in love with Metis, a half-caste girl; and as the hour grew late we rose to take our leave.

"Oh, by the way, Don Arturo, we have a hunt to-morrow. Will you join us? We shall be back before dark," said Allen, in an off-handed manner, as though the excursion was one of the most common things in the world.

"I will join you at the factory at five in the morning," the Spaniard said.

"Good night," we cried; and in another moment we were mounted on our horses and galloping towards the factory.

This we soon reached without more words; and giving our horses to a servant who was sleeping on the door-step, waiting our return, we went to our chamber; and after drinking a few goblets of excellent claret, which had been cooling in water in the midnight air, we lighted our cheroots and tumbled into our hammocks.

Not a word passed between Allen and myself during the half hour that we were occupied in smoking; and when I threw away my cigar I looked towards him and saw that he was already fast asleep, an example which I was not long in imitating.

"Come, don't sleep all day; we shall be late. Coffee is on the table, and the don will be here in a few minutes," shouted Allen.

It was in vain that I begged of Allen to let me rest a short time. He was firm in his refusal. I slowly crawled from my hammock; and as I did so I heard the voice of the don shouting loudly for a servant to take care of his horse. A strong cup of coffee, a few boiled eggs, a broiled chicken and part of a stuffed squash was food enough for one man who looked forward to a hard day's tramp through the woods, and a prospect of never eating another meal—not the most cheering reflection to a man who had an intense desire to see his friends once more before he died.

The don entertained us with stories of his early days, and boasted of his success as a marksman, while Allen sipped his coffee in silence: or if he did speak, it was only to bring out the Spaniard in some bombastic extravagance that would have provoked a smile from a cynic.

"The banquet is ready, senors," cried one of the natives who was to accompany us, poking his head in at the doorway.

"What gun will you carry?" asked Allen, bringing from his magazine half a dozen different ones for my inspection. "Here is a light rifle that will carry a ball a hundred rods, and leave a hole in the side of a deer scarce larger than the head of a pin. It don't suit you, eh? I thought it would not. You want something heavier. Here is the instrument that will take your fancy. What do you think of this? It is nearly as long as yourself, and will kill at three hundred rods. It weighs twenty pounds, and carries twenty-two balls to the pound. What, too heavy for you? Well, what say you to this double-barrelled gun? It is English make, carries nearly as true as a rifle, and in your hands, at two hundred yards, should—"

"Enough," I cried, interrupting him, "give me the gun; but I do hope that I shall not have occasion to use it—"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Allen; "you know that I arranged this little hunt on purpose to please you."

Good heavens! Arranged to please me—when he knew that I dreaded to go, and had thrown every obstacle in the way of going.

I received the gun from his hands with a sigh, filled my flask with "diamond grain," cut a few wads, and then selected about a handful of bullets, to which I added an equal quantity of rifle balls about the size of a large buckshot. After completing our preparations we gave our munitions to an attendant, and then wended our way to the river's bank, where a canoe, a banquo, was waiting. I found, upon reaching the boat, that Allen had not been unmindful of our comfort while upon the expedition; for beneath the awning was stowed a quantity of provisions, while from beneath the cover of a basket peeped forth the necks of half-a-dozen bottles which I knew to be claret.

We sprang into the boat, after Allen had given the men who remained instructions how to



LADY'S NECKTIE. PAGE 279.

to land. Here we slipped off the light pumps which we wore and substituted thick boots with long legs that nearly reached the thigh. This precaution was adopted to allow us to pass through the woods and escape the bites of poisonous serpents whose slightest sting was death.

"Why have we landed here?" asked Don Arturo, as we loaded our guns.

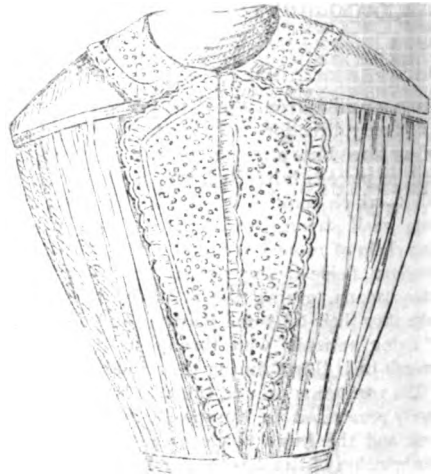
"Simply to make a short visit to the lake," Allen answered carelessly.

"Lake?" cried the Spaniard; "you don't mean to say that we are going to Dismal Lake?" and as he spoke there was a look of astonishment and dismay upon his countenance.

"Why not?" queried Allen, coolly, "it is only two miles inland, and game abounds there."



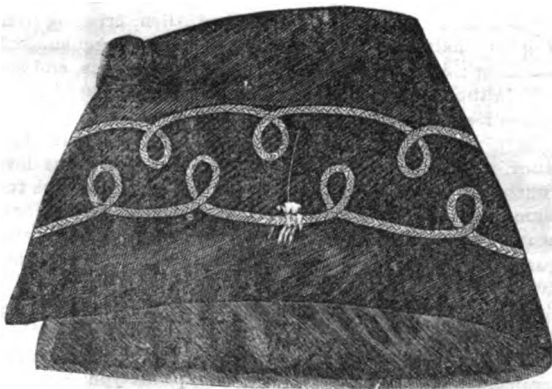
CHEMISETTE FOR BOUAVE JACKET. PAGE 279.



CHEMISETTE. PAGE 279.

conduct themselves during his absence; while the threats which he uttered, in case they got drunk before he returned, would have frightened a delicate-nerved person into fits; but which the natives received with a degree of unconcern that betokened their acquaintance with the man who uttered them.

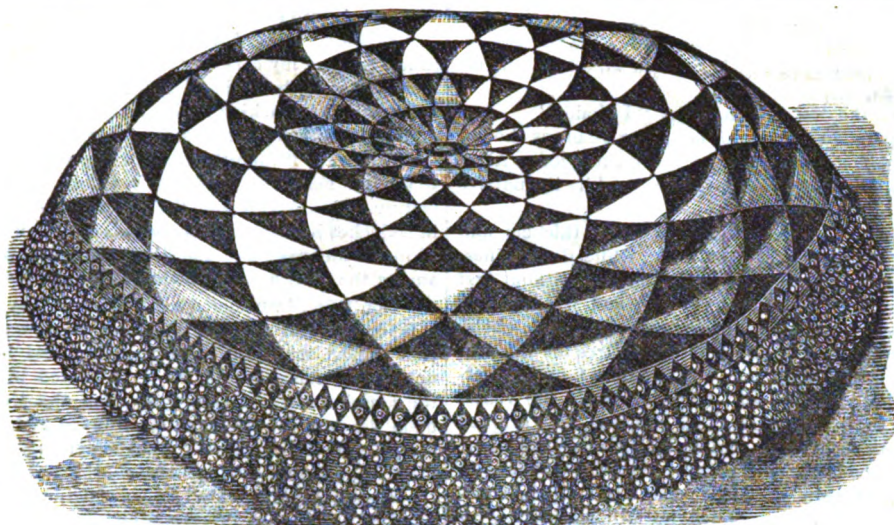
Our two oarsmen plied their paddles most diligently, and in the course of an hour we shot into a narrow creek, where we were



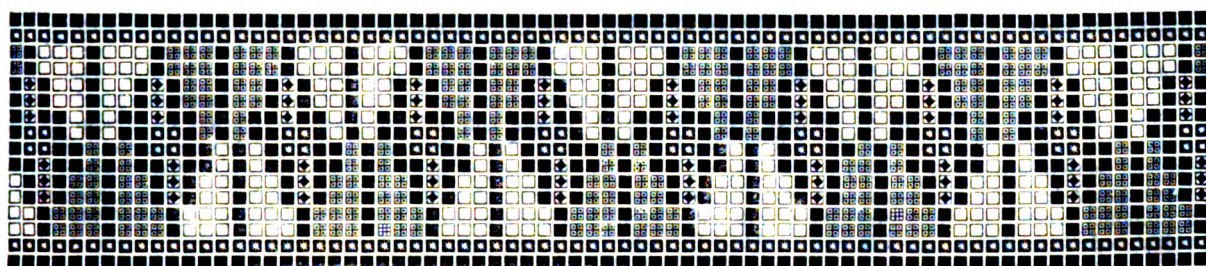
WARM CUFF. PAGE 279.



GLOVE BAND OF BLACK VELVET. PAGE 279.

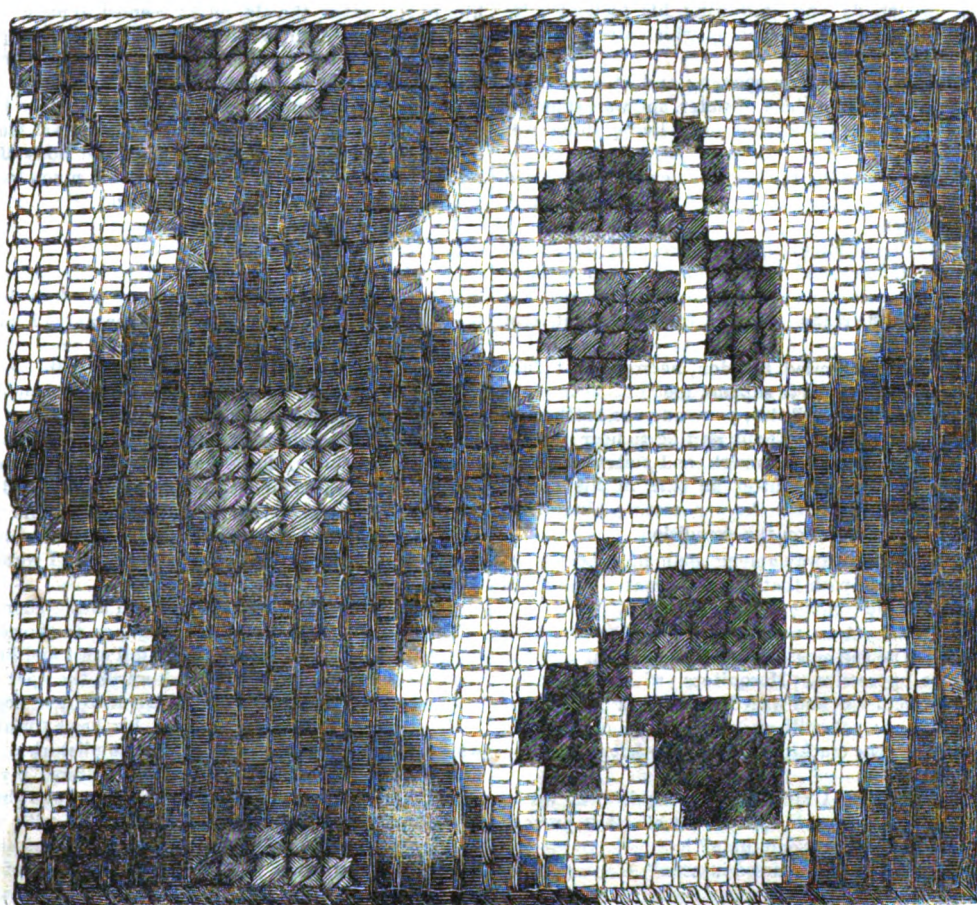


PINCUSHION IN BERLIN WORK. PAGE 282



Gold. Black. Crimson. Light crim on. Green.

BAND OF EMBROIDERED CUSHION. PAGE 282.



SECTION OF CARRIAGE BLANKET, IN PRINCESS CROCHET. PAGE 282.

"Yes, but consider the difficulty of getting there—the danger after we reach the spot," stammered the don.

"Danger," repeated Allen in astonishment. "And does an old Spaniard talk about danger? If you are afraid we will return to Santa Mesa."

"Afraid!" cried the don, indignantly; "I afraid!"

And without saying another word, he sprang ashore as though landing upon *terra firma* was to repel the insinuation. Allen quietly winked at me and then followed suit, while the natives and myself brought up the rear.

For over an hour did we struggle through thickets and shrubs; huge trees obstructed our path, while dense vines, through which it was impossible to make our way without first cutting a lane, bothered us at every turn; and whenever we met with an interruption that taxed our patience and hatchets, a legion of monkeys, who jumped from tree to tree for the purpose of honoring us with their company, would set up an infernal shout and actually scream with laughter, while the venerable old chaps of the tribe watched our motions, and grinned horribly as they saw us advance foot by foot towards the lake.

There was but one man of the party who did not lose all patience, and that person was Allen; and amid all their perplexities by which we were surrounded, he still maintained his usual serenity of temper, and actually laughed when he looked at the lengthened visages of Don Arturo and myself.

And now at length the Actis broke through the last thicket; and we stood on, comparatively speaking, plain ground, although we were still surrounded by huge trees of the red cedar species.

"Now," said Allen, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "look well to your rifles, for there is no telling what kind of an animal we shall next meet. Pedro, give me the bottle."

The half-cast drew from a gamebag a bottle of claret and a tin drinking vessel. The cork was drawn with wonderful rapidity, and three thirsty men felt considerable relief after their lips had been wet.

"All ready?" asked Allen, after he had looked to the cap on his rifle and saw that it was uninjured.

"All ready," we cried; and, following his footsteps, we walked across to the lake, the existence of which already began to manifest itself.

For ten minutes not a word was spoken; and at the end of that time we caught sight of a sheet of water, and were standing upon the banks of Dismal Lake; but not a living thing was to be seen.

We reached a spot where the tracks of numerous feet showed the drinking place of not only buffaloes, but wild hogs, bears, deer and the wily tiger.

"Now, let us divide our forces. Don Arturo, will you screen yourself in yonder thicket, and be careful not even to show your nose? while the rest of us will take our stations near the banks of the lake, and be ready for a shot when the game least suspects it."

"But I want company," cried the don, nervously. "Suppose my rifle misses fire, who is to support me?"

"Take both natives, then. Pedro, you and your brother remain with Don Arturo;" and without waiting to hear further remonstrance, Allen walked off, although, as I followed him, I thought I heard the Spaniard utter an oath in his native tongue, which sounded as though he was cursing himself for being such a fool as to venture on the expedition.

Allen and myself stowed away among some high bushes on each side of the well-trod path that led to the water, and there we patiently awaited the coming of game.

An hour passed, and yet we neither heard nor saw anything worthy of a shot. The sun was high in the heavens and the heat began to be oppressive. Mosquitoes, with a thirst for blood, sought our seclusion and waged a fierce warfare against our unprotected faces; yet still we remained in our hiding-places and listened for the cracking of branches that proclaimed the approach of our prey.

"Hist!" cried Allen, as I struck at a mosquito who would persist in lighting on my nose, in spite of my efforts to prevent him. "Hist! don't you hear something?"

"Yes, the humming of these cursed insects."

"Nonsense! listen."

"Yes, I hear something now," I cried.

"What does it sound like?"

"Don Arturo swearing at Pedro."

"Pshaw!" I heard Allen mutter; but just then there was a sound reached my ears that caused me to forget mosquitoes, insects and even the oaths of Don Arturo.

I heard the cracking of dry branches, as though some ponderous bulky body was passing through the forest; and then a low bellow, as if the utterer had caught a cold and was anxious to see how hoarse he really was before he tried his voice at serenading. Don Arturo and the natives, who were stowed away in a thicket just back of us, ceased their murmurs with astonishing suddenness, and the silence of death seemed to prevail among the bushes in which they had sought shelter.

"Don't fire," whispered Allen, "until they begin to drink."

Before we had finished speaking there was another bellow that almost made the earth remble; and if the ground did not shake I certainly did, for, as I looked in the direction of the sound, a huge bull emerged from the trees, and standing upon the verge of the small clearing, looked around with eyes of fire, as though anxious to find something worthy of pitching into. Apparently satisfied that nothing dared to show fight, the shaggy brute grunted a roar of triumph, and straightway another buffalo, of the feminine species, strode towards her companion and very composedly began feeding upon the rank grass which abounded near the bank of the lake.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the bull did nothing but wage a war against the mosquitoes, which hovered over him in crowds; until at length convinced that a battle with them was likely to result with no honor to himself, he growled forth a savage note of defeat and straightway made towards the water. When, however, he had nearly reached the borders of the lake, he suddenly paused and snuffed the earth with an air of suspicion, as though he was not perfectly certain there was not something in the vicinity that demanded his immediate attention.

His fiery eyes were glancing around in every direction; yet he missed our retreat, as we remained too well concealed to be easily discovered; and while his companion walked quietly past him to the water, the old fellow seemed to prefer to be certain that there was nothing lurking near before he quenched his thirst. Again the troublesome insects drove him along, and with another roar he walked quietly to the edge of the lake and bent his stately head to drink. Unfortunately the cow had chosen the side nearest to Allen, so that it was impossible for him to hit the bull in any vital part, the body of the female nearly covering that of the male. I had much rather that he would have had the honor of tackling the old fellow; so I waited with patience for the animals to change positions, and thus give Allen the first shot.

My friend, however, got tired of remaining quiet, and thinking that I could give a good account of the bull, he took deliberate aim at the cow and fired. The animal gave a sudden plunge and fell forward upon her knees, then rose, staggered for a moment and again dropped, lowing, with her last breath, a cry for help from her companion, who had suddenly roused himself, and soon presented his front for battle. With eyes that blazed like coals of fire and every hair about his shaggy head standing erect, the savage brute looked around in search of a foe upon whom he could inflict vengeance. He presented a frightful-looking subject for a young and timid man to operate upon just at that moment; and as I covered him with my double-barrel gun I wished that either he or I were a thousand miles away.

"Why, in heaven's name, don't you fire?" shouted Allen.

The sound of his voice was enough, as it showed the place where the foe lay concealed. With tail erect and head bent low the bull charged upon the bank, towards the spot where Allen was concealed; but before he had advanced ten steps, I fired.

He suddenly halted, and turned his head towards the spot where I was, in hopes of remaining undisturbed. I saw the blood gushing from his shoulder, and flattered myself that he would fall; but that hope was vain. Down went his head, and towards me he came at a fearful rate, when, with the thought of finishing him, I let fly the second barrel full at his broad forehead. I might just as well have fired at a piece of granite, for the balls flattened upon a head that had been hardened in a thousand fights.

"The sooner I leave this retreat the better," I thought; and I was just about to throw my gun in the animal's face, make a jump and run of it, when the sharp report of Allen's rifle greeted my ears, and the next instant the bewildered bull had turned to see who had dared to attack him in the rear.

That pause saved me and exposed my friend the Spaniard, for just at that moment the natives, thinking the animal would certainly fall, very foolishly showed themselves.

One glance was enough. With a bellow that caused the *Actis* to yell with terror, the bull dashed towards them. I saw the gun of Don Arturo, still undischarged, hurled at the advancing foe; and the next instant the form of an elderly gentleman might have been distinguished leaping from the bushes with all the agility of a youth of nineteen, and dashing frantically towards a tree which one of the servants was trying to climb, and was, indeed, a few feet from the ground.

Grasping the poor devil tightly by the leg, the don tried to raise himself from the earth at the expense of the half-caste, while the latter, not liking such treatment, shouted with terror, and with frantic kicks tried to cause the Spaniard to let go his grasp.

As well might he have attempted to make the hungry leech relinquish his bite after tasting blood, as to think that the don would forego the chance of being saved at another's expense; so the harder the native kicked the stouter did the Spaniard cling, until losing his grasp upon the tree, the half-caste fell to the ground, carrying the Spaniard with him.

Their fall was their preservation, for just as they touched the ground the bull dashed at the tree, thinking to crush them to a jelly; but instead of the yielding bodies of the men, his head came in contact with the trunk of the cedar, and the concussion was so great that the buffalo staggered back several paces and dropped heavily upon his knees. He was up again, however, in a moment; but his ideas were confused, and instead of pursuing the retreating forms of the two men who had seized the opportunity to increase the distance between their foe and themselves as fast as possible, he gazed around bewildered, and appeared to consider what he should do next. Still the brute was full of pluck; and in spite of the large quantity of blood that had escaped from the wound in the fore-shoulder, would have fought as readily as when he first sought the lake.

"Put the poor devil out of his misery," I said, speaking to Allen, who, with his rifle ready charged, was within a few rods of the animal.

"We must first let the don redeem his credit, or he will never get over his mortification, and then our sport is lost. Ho, Don Arturo!" Allen shouted from behind a tree, "recover your rifle, and help us to finish the bull. One shot from you were worth a dozen from our hands."

"But my rifle is within two rods of the brute, and I have no idea of returning so near again," exclaimed a voice from a tree a short distance off; and looking up, we saw that the Spaniard had, by some means, taken shelter upon the branch of a cedar, whence he could look down upon his foe without danger.

"Don't pretend to be afraid of the bull," said Allen; "we have seen you in worse situations, and with unshaken nerves. Come down, man, and with one shot end the brute's life."

"I rather think," exclaimed the don, peeping at the buffalo, who had now become too weak to stand steady upon his legs, and only showed his pluck by the glaring of his eyeballs, which still glowed like balls of fire—"I rather think that I will remain here until I recover from my fatigue. In fact, I—"

What he intended to say is unknown, for at that instant I heard him utter a shout of terror, that betokened some new calamity; and while he clung to the branch of the tree with desperation, his eyes were turned towards the upper part of the cedar with a look of horror, that caused Allen and myself to spring to the foot of the tree with one impulse.

"What is it?" asked Allen, casting his keen black eyes amid the branches.

The don made no reply, but still gazed upwards, and we could hear him repeat his prayers with a rapidity that showed considerable practice at the business. I began to think that he was hoaxing us, when I was startled by hearing Allen call:

"Drop from the tree, Arturo—down with you at once, or your life is not worth a minute!"

The Spaniard continued to mutter his prayers, and paid not the least attention to the warnings of Allen.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Don't you see?" Allen exclaimed, hastily throwing his rifle into position, and stepping nearer the trunk of the cedar, so as to clear the branches.

I followed the direction of the barrel, and looking up I saw a movement amid the leaves, and then the huge head and body of an enormous serpent met my gaze, as the animal slowly worked his way towards the spot where Don Arturo was seated.

The Spaniard could not have been more than ten feet from the reptile, and each moment the space was being rapidly narrowed. Already were the monster's jaws extended, as though certain of his prey, when, with a yell, the don sprang from the tree to the ground. At the same moment Allen discharged his rifle, and while the tree shook as though a whirlwind was passing through the forest, large drops of hot blood were rained down upon our upturned faces, causing a feeling of the most dreadful loathing until the spots were erased from the skin, for the fluid seemed to burn like molten lead.

"Are you hurt?" we asked of the don, as we ran to assist to his feet.

The Spaniard felt his arms and legs, drew two or three long breaths, and, to our joy, declared that he believed he was unharmed.

"Then revenge yourself," Allen said, putting his rifle into his hands, and pointing to the tree.

The convulsions of the serpent were still continued, and the way that the tree swayed back and forth showed the strength of the mighty animal. Leaves were showered down upon our heads as though the frosts of autumn had seared them, and large branches were twisted off and broken into pieces.

"Now for a crack shot," cried Allen, encouragingly, as the don took the rifle.

The Spaniard, hardly waiting to take sight, fired amid the branches, and by good luck soon put an end to the struggles of the snake; but the animal, in his agony, coiled his body around the trunk of the tree and so died; and it required all the authority of Allen to make the natives ascend the cedar for the purpose of unloosing his folds and letting the body to the ground.

It was a species of the anaconda, but not so large as some that I had seen; still, it measured fourteen feet and six inches in length, and about five inches in diameter. The *Actis* were set at work skinning it; and Don Arturo afterwards had it stuffed and added to his collection of curiosities.

"You made a good shot, don," cried Allen, clapping the gratified Spaniard on the back. "That was a shot worthy of your reputation, and years hence you will be able to tell your children how you killed an anaconda by the banks of the Dismal Lake. Now let us look to our other game;" and as we reached the spot where the bull had covered the ground with his life blood, we found that he was just breathing his last, but so weak as to be almost incapable of motion.

"There is the cow still in the water," I said; "what shall we do with her?"

"We can do nothing. Meat is not so scarce that we should back a quarter through the woods to the boat. We will carry home her tail, however, as a trophy."

"Yes, but who is to cut it off?" I asked, pointing to the dead body of the poor brute.

"Not I," said Allen, and he had good reason for refusing, for on every side of the animal there were alligators of monstrous size, who were tearing the hide of the cow and devouring the flesh with a savage gusto that made one's blood run cold. The larger ones, with hoarse growls, drove those of smaller size from the body, and would then return to dispute the prize with the scaly denizens of their own size.

For ten minutes we watched the horrid feast, and then commenced firing at the brutes. It was good practice for us, for not one shot in five had any effect, although Allen, by his superior shooting, turned up two or three of them.

After we had nearly exhausted our ammunition we began to get hungry, and it was long past noon; and as we had had sport enough for one day, we retraced our steps through the forest, and in a quarter of the time that it took us to reach the lake we were standing beside our banquet.

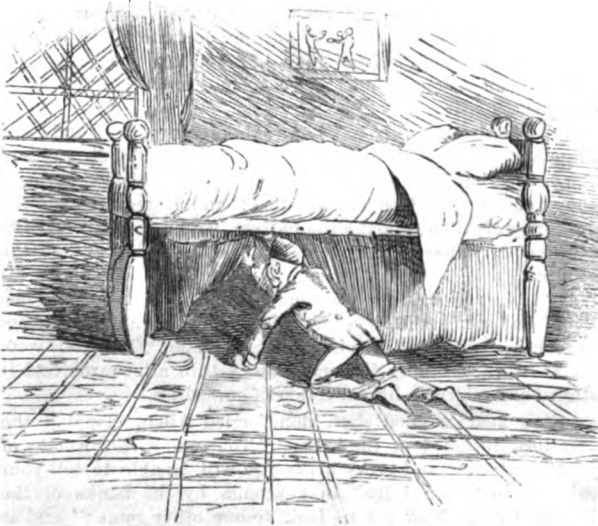
HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.



Fools make Feasts,



and Wise Men eat them.



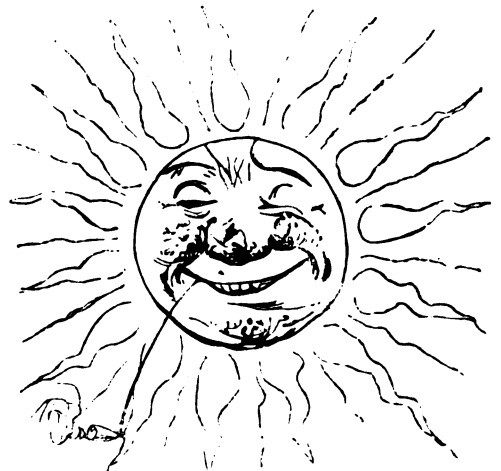
Early to Bed,



Early to Rise.



Sooner said than done.



There are spots on the Sun.



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MADAME PRUDENCE: AN OLD FAMILY STORY.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE person who had been walking up and down outside was no other than Monsieur Rouget, and entering presently, he threw off his heavy cloak, and had scarcely seated himself before the door opened again and Brillat came in followed by the host.

"We are alone here, I suppose?" said Brillat, "and it is not the sort of night for people to be abroad."

"Well, just as good as alone!" replied the man, indicating the sleeping gentleman with his hand. "There's a somebody as has been asleep yonder for this half hour, and he's not likely to be awake afore to-morrow morning, for he'd been a drinkin' a good deal afore he fell down there; an' that's his second glass. Can't speak, he's so drunk."

Brillat took down one of the greasy candles from the chimney and went over to the wooden settle where the stranger was almost lying on the table; his glass was only half full and he still muttered in his sleep.

"Been here half an hour afore you come; just as bad as he is now," explained the man.

Brillat shook the sleeper by the shoulder.

"Yes—another glass—drown care—an' take my boots off!" grumbled he, rolling round on to his other arm, "bring some tobacco, d'ye hear?"

The two worthies went back to their own table, and Brillat began to speak in a low voice.

"No; I tell you, no!" said M. Rouget, as if replying to some proposition. "There will be three of you without; and I tell you, Brillat, I'll have no hand in the matter;

all the same to me till it comes to a pass where there'll be fighting, and we may get the worst of it."

"Pah! who is there to fight? The old Frenchman?"

"Fight, why that woman there would be enough for either of us; I tell you I'm out of it now you've given up the safe game."

"Well, so be it, then; but let me tell you, I've provided against madame; she'll be away after Duprè before night and caged up snugly enough. Think of another fifty! I shall be in France before anything is discovered, and you can come with me if you will. Bring ink and paper," he continued, going to the door and beckoning the attendant.

When the writing materials had been brought in, "Have you any one here who can carry a letter to the Sloop-of-War, the house across the high field yonder?" he inquired.

"Well, for the matter of that, I'll take it myself," said the



MADAME BRINGS M. BRILLAT TO THE POINT OF DISCOVERY.

fellow; "but it's worth something to go out such weather, I should say."

"How much do you want, then, for the danger to your precious carcass?" said Brillat, with a sneer. "Here, here's a crown for you; now be off for your coat and don't stop staring at me."

The man hesitated for a moment, after he had caught the money, to scowl at Brillat, who bent his head down to write, and shambled to the door.

The shabby gentleman in the corner called for another glass, but in trying to get up almost fell over a heavy chair, which stood in the way, and insisted on paying his score. This delayed the messenger for a few minutes, as he had to steady the guest while he found the money, a feat accomplished at last much to the fellow's satisfaction; since he received a handful of small change and was told to keep the rest himself.

"Now, are you ready there?" growled Brillat, with an oath, which was echoed by his companion, "turn that drunken beast out and take this as I told you—to the Sloop. Ask for Robinson—Captain Robinson they call him—and bring back his answer; you're sure to find him; there, go, go."

The "drunken beast" managed to reel out somehow, and at last, stumbling up the step, was lost in the night.

Anybody who had happened to pass a high fence which led to a footpath across a field, might have seen him a few minutes afterwards, holding a small silver flask to his lips; there was nothing but an occasional glimpse of moonlight through the dark rack of clouds, but that glimpse shone straight down a long shining blade which he held in his hand.

He had not long to wait; for the sound of a heavy running trot echoed up the lane, and the messenger who carried Brillat's letter in his hand was growling curses to himself, much to the detriment of his own health. "Carcase, eh! master? Carcase, is it?" he said, as he came along, "and a murrain on your own ugly carcass, I say, that for your crown and your —" He had turned round and was shaking his fist towards the house, when somebody stepped into the road and cried "Hold!"

"Halloo! your honor," said the fellow, who must have had quick eyes; "what aren't you no further off than this? Well, I can't stop to talk nor yet to help you, you'd better get back where you come from."

"I'm coming with you," said the stranger, who seemed to have become suddenly sober, "and will keep up with you, too."

"Well, I don't see no harm in that, if you want to; but what's the good on it?"

"Look ye, my friend, I must have that letter for a minute."

The man was not to be taken aback so suddenly, for the letter was between his teeth in a moment, and while one huge fist guarded his face the other was drawn back for a blow; a blow which he hesitated to deliver; for, quick as he was, the shabby gentleman was quicker, and once more the light glittered on a sword, the point of which moved in a little circle not two feet from his throat.

"Listen for a moment," said his antagonist, "you are paid to deliver this note; I will give you five times as much to let me read it first; ten times as much if you bring the answer back to me at this place."

The man dropped his fists and took the letter out of his mouth.

"Well, and why not?" he said, half to himself. "Carcase! him with his precious carcass. Will you hold me harmless, sir, if you get the better of me?"

"There is no danger," said the gentleman. "Come here under the lamp at the corner of the street, and watch if any one passes while I read it."

The light of the lamp was too dull to see a word, but bidding his honor follow him, the man turned into a narrow gateway, which looked like the entrance to a stable, and came out again presently, carrying a lantern. Then having wetted the wafer with his forefinger till it yielded the stranger opened the paper:

"SEND word whether you will be ready to-morrow night, and take care to have some wine on board. You know that there will be a lady; so clear the cabin for her and never mind a little screaming.
D. BRILLAT."

This was the message, which was instantly re-wafered and delivered to the bearer.

He was not more than an hour in bringing the answer; it was a verbal one, and consisted simply of the message—"Everything will be ready;" having repeated which to his friend of the ready sword, he received three pieces of gold, and was going away in high glee, when a sudden thought struck him and he turned back again. "I say," he remarked, "I've cut my eye-teeth, your honor, and can guess that there's more at the back o' this; nobody can say as everything isn't fair and square with Ben Rooker when he's got a real gentleman to deal with; you know where to find me when I'm wanted. Carcase, indeed! A good night to your honor."

The gentleman wrapped his riding-coat over the sword and went back to the town again. Once there, he went straight to the principal inn and walked into a "box" in the parlor, where two plainly-dressed men rose as he entered, and sat down again directly.

"Well, Mr. Brand, I think we shall do very well," he said; "this is your friend, I believe?"

"Harper," responded Mr. Brand, who was evidently sparing of words.

"You are sworn as a proper constable, I hear, Mr. Harper?"

"All right in that respect, sir: been a constable these eleven years."

"You will meet me at the gate of the house I told you of, to-morrow, half an hour before dark, if you please. I will let you in, and we must keep watch in the library. Come armed. Will you oblige me by going now to meet the man, who will want the saddle-horse? You have already prepared the people at the posting-house, I hope?"

"Everything is done, sir, as you wished."

"Then adieu till to-morrow, my friends, and do not fail."

When Madame Prudence returned that night, Jacques, who had been sitting in the hall, wrapped in his thickest coat and otherwise ready for a long journey, saw that she leaned heavily on the banister of the stairs, and that the plain brown suit in which she had gone out was splashed and smeared with mud.

A few words of instruction was all he needed, however, and madame herself closed the door after him.

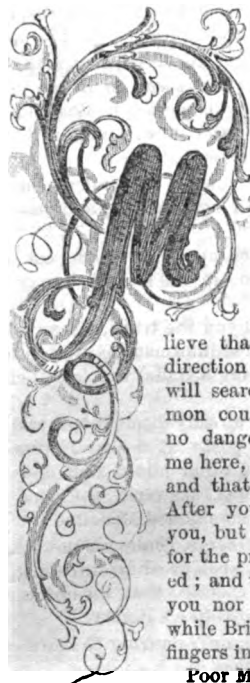
CHAPTER VIII.

ADELINÉ spent the morning with her new friend, who, when luncheon was over, excused herself, as she had still letters to answer; but, before going out of the room, drew her chair closer to that of the young lady, and asked her whether she had recovered her self-control.

"One thing I have to beg of you," said Madame Prudence; "do not be alarmed if you should hear of visitors to-day. Should they be announced, receive them in the library; for I have reason to be-

lieve that they are coming here under the direction of Monsieur Brillat, and that they will search for papers. Now, can you summon courage, my dear Madeline? There is no danger; and although you may not see me here, be assured that I shall not be far off, and that these gentlemen will be very polite. After you have dismissed them, I will join you, but must remain in my own apartment for the present. Once more, do not be alarmed; and trust me when I tell you, that neither you nor monsieur your father can be injured, while Brillat—Bah!" and she snapped her fingers in the air.

Poor Madeline was so frightened, however, that Madame Prudence thought it would be better to tell her the reasons for suspecting this intrusion. The result was as fortunate as it was unexpected. The girl was one of those nervous and easily excited natures to whom the greatest possible horror was uncertainty. Under the presence of a real and definite danger, her whole manner changed at once from astonishment



to indignation—to strength of purpose—almost to energy; her character exhibited a quality which had never before been developed; and she rose, holding madame by the hand, and drew her towards the window.

"First, I trust you, dear Madame Prudence," she said, with the last faint flush of anger fading on her cheek, "and believe that you have done everything for us; but, what is more strange, I feel that I shall not disgrace your own courage. You know that my father is innocent, and that this is only some mean revenge of that shameful man. I will be guided by you in everything; tell me what I shall say if these gentlemen come here."

"Say nothing, my dear friend. Take them where they wish to go; say that your father is in London. Ask them, only, the object of their visit; and answer their questions, only as though you knew nothing of their errand. You are quite firm and bold now. I wish I had known you had so much strength, for you will yet need to exercise it; I am charmed with you; and now, *au revoir*, till we meet again this evening."

Three horsemen, approaching M. Duprè's house that afternoon, just before sunset, overtook a well-dressed gentleman, walking on the high road; and the foremost of these reined up as the foot passenger turned round and raised his hat to return the salute.

"Good evening, Mr. Poole, or I should say, Sir George Poole!" said the stranger, holding out his hand.

"Well, Mr. Poole will do just now," said the horseman, with a bright, broad smile on his open face; "but, upon my life, I forget where we have met before, though I know you well."

"Ha! ha! travelling changes us sometimes, then; for yourself, I should have known you again in an instant. Yet we were together in a little matter of some importance, once;" and he stepped close to Mr. Poole's stirrup and spoke to him.

"Pardon me, I beg," said that gentleman, with a start, "my dear chevalier, I have reason to remember you, too; and, if it's not impertinent, what brings you into this part of the country?"

"I—I have lately arrived from yonder, and am on my way to London, perhaps to-morrow—and you?"

"Faith, it's but a disagreeable business that calls me from London; no less than a search-warrant to hunt for suspicious papers. Do you happen to know the house of one M. Duprè?"

"Duprè, Duprè; why, if I am not mistaken, that is the very house; I heard some one at the inn speak of it last night. What, are my countrymen growing dangerous in England, too, Mr. Poole?" Were it across the water, now, I might think it probable, for there— Well, time will soon show us."

"Ah! I hear already strange rumors, chevalier; but this M. Duprè has had information laid against him, and has been arrested in London."

"It becomes amusing—an adventure. Mr. Poole, can it be allowed for me to join you, also, in the search; I may be of service, you know."

"Will, you chevalier? To tell you the truth, it's an adventure which I dislike heartily; these informations are too suspicious for my taste, and are becoming a trade, which will end in mischief one day."

One of the other horsemen had already dismounted, and was fastening his bridle to the gate post; at a signal from Mr. Poole, he rang the bell, while the other joined him and held their leader's horse. The gardener answered the door, and leaving them all four in the hall, summoned Madeline.

It was quite evident that Mr. George Poole was not adapted for his present duty, since he first apologised for intruding, and then, in a rather confused manner, stated that his orders compelled him to seek admission to M. Duprè's library.

Mademoiselle assented at once, only desiring to know what might be their business, as her father was from home.

"Mademoiselle," said the gentleman, taking off his hat, "there has been some information laid; a conspiracy, perhaps—nothing at all, most likely—that your father, M. Duprè, has received some letters which are dangerous to the government. Now, unfortunately for me, the gentleman who should have come here in my place has duty elsewhere, and I am compelled to search your house—a mere matter of form, I trust; but still,

my dear young lady, it must be done—and I wish it was well over," he added to himself.

Madeline led the way to the library at once; and Mr. Poole must have had some instructions, for he reached down a box tied round with a red cord, in untying which his face grew very dark and angry, an expression only making more ludicrous the look of blank astonishment when he found nothing. He took a paper from his pocket, and seemed to refer to something in it; then looked into the box again, and stood with his arms folded watching one of his men, who was opening the drawers of the writing-table and rolling up the carpet of the room.

"There is a desk there," said he, "possibly you may have the key of it, mademoiselle?"

Madeline took a bunch of keys from her pocket and laid it on the table, pointing to one.

"It was my poor mother's," she said, with a single tear glistening on her cheek.

Mr. Poole flushed crimson. "May I request you to open it in my presence?" he said. Madeline unlocked it at once, and placed its contents upon the table. There were only a few old letters tied round with ribbon, and a bundle of memoranda, evidently referring to merely private matters. The poor gentleman dropped these as though they had burned his fingers. "What think you, chevalier," he said, "there is nothing here?"

Confound that chevalier, he was poking up the chimney, and bringing down nothing but half burnt soot and loose mortar; then he tapped the walls all over with the top of his cane, and turned two or three pictures with their faces to the wall, while he probed the backs with a penknife; at last he turned round with a sardonic grin at Mr. Poole, and said, "Well there don't seem to be much here, upon my honor." Madeline almost began to hate him, till he said this; but, in passing, she started to hear him say in French, "Courage, my little friend. all is safe; we are going directly."

"Where is Jones?" said Mr. Poole, addressing the man who had by this time concluded his search.

"Well, sir, he's staying down stairs, I believe. You know there's a person to inquire after yet?"

"Ah! yes," sighed the gentleman; "pardon me even once more, mademoiselle; there is a lady staying with you, I am informed. Can we— May she be summoned for a moment?"

"Madame Prudence!" cried Madeline; "you will not remove her from me, sir; she is my only friend."

"Madame Prudence is the lady we are instructed to see; I regret it exceedingly; but, my dear young lady, what can be done? Perhaps she has gone out— Let us—let me, alone, speak with her; or perhaps my friend, here, may be able to ask her some questions; she is a French lady, is she not?"

The chevalier was standing just behind Mr. Poole, and at this moment indulged in a very discordant laugh.

"What the devil are you laughing at?" said his friend, turning round; "I beg your pardon, chevalier, but this is really a villainous business."

"Look there," said the other; "your man's in possession of some capital ideas;" and he pointed to the fellow who had gone back to the table, and was now engaged in ripping open the seams of Monsieur Duprè's dressing-gown.

Poor Mr. Poole clutched his riding-whip nervously by its heavy handle, and walking straight out at the door, said:

"Mademoiselle will be good enough to show us to madame's apartments."

They searched the apartment somewhat carefully, but nothing could be discovered except an old gown hanging behind the closet-door, which spoke of the presence, near or remote, of Madame Prudence.

"Well, good-bye, chevalier, till we meet in London," said the worthy magistrate, as he shook hands with her whom he had so named. "Right glad am I that this ugly business is over; only imagine my having to escort a middle-aged lady all the way to town."

"Adieu, my friend," grinned the gentleman; "who knows? perhaps I may meet Madame Prudence on the road, and if so I'll give your compliments to her and repeat your regrets at her absence. I shall call on you before a week has passed."

So Mr. Poole and his attendants cantered down the road; the

chevalier also went on his way, and it was quite dark before his ramble finished, having once more led him to the side gate of M. Duprè's garden.

CHAPTER IX.



It was not without difficulty that Madame Prudence quitted Madeline's apprehensions, when she met her at a late dinner that evening; and although she agreed that the gentleman who had been called "chevalier" was no doubt some friend of her own, she feared to tell Madeline all the danger which still threatened her.

"My dear young friend," she said, at last, "I knew of the visit you would receive to-day, and kept out of the way that I might still be of some service; all I would do to protect you will be of no avail if you do not permit me to control you; you must spend the evening in your room once more. I shall remain in the house, but do not be alarmed if you hear me walking about during the night. To-morrow we may find it better to join monsieur your father, in London. I will take you with me if he should not arrive here first; meanwhile trust me, and prepare a dress for travelling. I shall be ready in a moment if you need me; so now, a good-night, and take your maid with you."

The poor girl sat in her own room, after having laid out a change of dress ready for the possible journey of to-morrow. Every tick of the watch, which hung over the chimneypiece, sounded to her like some sound of boding evil; already the maid had cried herself to sleep, without knowing what was to happen next. Madeline could bear it no longer, she must know the worst; and taking her candle in her hand, she crept downstairs to see if her friend was yet stirring. Coming suddenly upon the lower landing, she felt a strong draught of air blowing from the hall, and the next moment showed her the door standing half-open; her light went out and she stood trembling on the wide staircase.

"Madame! Madame!" she whispered; "is it you who are at the door?"

There was no answer; but she heard some one come inside presently, and the footsteps of two people sounded softly on the rush matting before the door was closed; then there came two or three words spoken in a low tone.

"Madame! Madame!" she said again, as she sprung upstairs.

"I am here, Madeline," said the harsh voice of the lady she had called, from the bottom of the passage, "why did you leave your room?"

"I must know something of the danger which seems to threaten us. I can bear anything but this uncertainty; tell me, at least, why you are waiting at the door?"

Madame was still at the bottom of the stairs. "Stay there;" she said to somebody, in a tone which only a nervously-excited ear could have detected.

"You must not stop here, Madeline; I have received a visitor—no less than monsieur the chevalier, who came here to-day. He is an old friend of mine, and is acquainted with your father; he comes to have a few minutes' conversation, and can help you. He will sit with me in the dining-room, where I have left a candle, and, believe me, no danger shall happen to you. I know of none if you will only keep your room; for there may be another unpleasant visit similar to that of this morning, and the chevalier is here to represent Monsieur Duprè. Doubtless, he will be able to convince our friends that a search is no longer necessary."

"Shall I receive monsieur?"

"No, no! my poor little one; leave it to us. There—go, go and try to sleep—there, good-night!" and madame's hand grasped that of Madeline, who returned to her own room.

Once more she came down; and, looking into the dining-room through the half-open door saw the stranger who had helped in the search that morning, sitting at the table with a candle before him; he laid his hat aside, and now supported his face upon his hand, waiting as she thought, for Madame Prudence.

She had scarcely been standing there a moment when he bent forward, and seeing her before she had time to escape, rose and made her a low bow.

She was too terribly cold and anxious either to blush or to exhibit fresh confusion, so that her manner was unchanged when she advanced into the room.

"Monsieur, pardon my not having been here to receive you. I thought Madame Prudence came in just now."

The gentleman was holding a handkerchief against his mouth. "I must ask you to excuse me," he mumbled; "madame is coming back presently; I have a bad toothache, and she goes to bring brandy. May I ask mademoiselle to leave me to speak alone with madame, her presence would only embarrass us, and—" Here a twinge of the tooth and a shrug finished the sentence, and monsieur le chevalier bowed once more.

Madeline felt ashamed to leave her guest to undertake all this dreadful responsibility; but at last, reminding herself that to remain in the room implied a doubt of madame's good faith, which had been already proved, she once more sought her chamber and threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the bed.

Fortunately, she buried her head upon the pillow and burst into tears, or she would, perhaps, have heard a swift light step upon the stairs and the click of the lock which fastened her room-door and made her a prisoner.

The chevalier had lost his toothache and darted down into the hall, whence he led two men into M. Duprè's library.

And not too soon; for, standing by the casement window, which commanded a view of the garden, they saw a lantern handed over the wall, and, the moon serving at the moment, two people followed the light which was carried by him who had taken it.

"That is the man who must be our prisoner, even if the others escape, Mr. Harper," whispered the chevalier, hoarsely; "leave him to me."

The three men went round to the side of the house, where a small window led into a sort of garden-arbor, the door of which had been left open, for they entered easily; and the next moment a woman ran out in the moonlight. It must have been some occasional servant who had been in the house during the day.

Mr. Harper's companion had levelled a pistol at her, but his wrist was grasped by his leader; "Let her go," said he, "she can be found any time; they're in the passage."

The chevalier had reached the door already, sword in hand. "Wait you on the lower staircase by the dining-room," said he; "let the first man pass—I will wait for him here—and not fire except in extremity." He ran swiftly down the short flight of stairs, to show them where to seize their prisoners; but it was too late, the bearer of the lantern was already on the landing with a pistol in his left hand. "Whish!" with a cut like a whip, the chevalier's rapier came down across his wrist, and the heavy weapon fell with a crash over the balusters into the hall below, where it exploded harmlessly. Brillât, for it was he, dropped the lantern and fell back drawing his sword, while his companions, who were armed with bludgeons and wore cutlasses beside, rushed down into the hall. Here they would have regained the passage, but that Mr. Harper dropped over the handrail of the stairs and struck the first fellow as he reached the bottom; the other constable joined him, and before giving the scoundrels time to draw their cutlasses they closed with them; it was a complete struggle which man should be uppermost, and neither party released his hold for a moment as they rolled to the ground together. Meanwhile, Brillât had made a rush at his antagonist, who fell back into the dining-room, where the moonlight shone through the windows, so that they could see each other.

Monsieur Brillât was reputed a good swordsman, but he must

have been quick of eye and firm of nerve who could have parried the rapid passes of the chevalier, as he grunted out suppressed exclamations at every thrust. The most that his antagonist could do for safety was to fight from behind the furniture of the room, which was soon overturned. Shrieks were heard up-stairs; for Madeline had been alarmed, first by the report of the exploded pistol, and then by the sounds of the struggle which was going on below. For a moment the attention of the chevalier wavered, and he moved towards the door, a mistake which enabled Brillât to rush upon him; but the other was too quick, and, springing aside, delivered a *coup* which passed through the sword-arm of his enemy. The chevalier caught him by the throat, and, putting his foot upon the sword, which had fallen on the ground, thrust him towards the window with a harsh laugh which startled Brillât strangely.

"Ha! ha! Monsieur Brillât—we meet again, then," he said, still holding his rapier in guard, and glaring at the wounded man, who was leaning against the wall. "Once, monsieur, you wished that you could cross swords with me; the time has arrived, then. Do you know me?"

Brillât turned livid, for the chevalier had come near the window, where the full moonlight shone upon him.

"How are you here," he gasped, "and why?"

"Do you remember me, then?" repeated the other hoarsely.

"It must be! you are the Chevalier D'Eon."

"Pardon—Ha! ha!—pardon, M. Brillât; I am at present Madame Prudence."

CHAPTER X.



HE conflict below had after all proved unequal; for Mr. Harper's companion had been stunned by a heavy fall, which enabled his antagonist to break away from him and inflict a desperate blow with his bludgeon; after which, hearing nothing but heavy breathing in the corner, where Mr. Harper's opponent still held that gentleman engaged, the fellow rushed upstairs to look for their leader.

Amidst the din nobody had noticed a violent knocking at the street door, which ceased suddenly, however, at the moment when Brillât had received his thrust. The ruffian who entered the room just after the chevalier's speech was about to throw himself upon that gentleman, when he was astonished to see a human figure outside the window. Crash! smash! and a heavy stick had driven in the casement, panes and all, and the fellow was driven headlong over the table by one of those truly British modes of attack, known as a hit straight out from the shoulder.

Brillât had already fainted; the chevalier fell back in wonder; and the new comer, now that there was no more fighting to be done, looked round for some explanation. "May I ask your name, sir, he said, addressing the only conscious person present? Hallo! why, there's more of it going on below; come on!" and he was outside the door in a moment.

It was only Mr. Harper, who had succeeded in strangling his opponent till he could handcuff him, and was now trying to restore him by a little gentle shaking.

The new comer repeated his question.

"I am Madame Prudence," replied the chevalier.

"Madame Prudence! Well, you're an accomplished lady; but may I inquire how it is that you have assumed this disguise, and will you also tell me where I may find my cousin Madeline?"

"You are the cousin, then?"

"At your service, and in his majesty's," said the young sailor, with a bow, which was singularly contrasted with his former rough and ready manner.

CHAPTER XI.

CONSTABLES take a great deal of beating, and Mr. Harper's man came up-stairs presently rubbing his head, when, seeing his late antagonist lying staring about him, he had the handcuffs on his wrists in a moment.

They had just lifted Brillât into a chair, and were binding up his arm, when a tremendous crash was heard up-stairs, and

a minute after both Madeline and her waiting-maid ran into the room. They had dragged a heavy chair to the door, and contrived to break the lock of their bed-room. Pale, alarmed, and uncertain what danger she might encounter, Madeline saw in a moment who was the tall young fellow with the long, dark, curling hair, standing by the chevalier, and hid her white face upon his shoulder.

"Oh! oh!" said the chevalier, "I perceive, mademoiselle, you have not yet made me a *confidant*: this, then, is monsieur. May I beg the favor of five minutes' conversation with him?"

The young officer took the chevalier by the arm and walked forward to the window.

"Where is Madame Prudence, Monsieur le Chevalier?" asked Madeline; "and—Ah! heaven! who is this?" and she pointed at Brillât and began to tremble—"Where is Madame Prudence?"

Brillât looked at her with a savage scowl upon his dark face, but answered not a word.

"Go, mademoiselle, to your chamber, and prepare yourself for the journey to London. Monsieur, your cousin, has a carriage already waiting at the door, and Madame Prudence will accompany you. For myself, good-bye;" and the chevalier advanced to the lady and took her hand.

"Good-bye; and thanks, thanks for your valiant protection," said she, as she left the room.

"Mr. Harper, you can take the prisoners to London in the carriage which will be here in half an hour: take care of M. Brillât, as his wound may be troublesome. When you reach the end of your journey I shall know where to find you," said the chevalier, who again turned to his companion and recommenced a conversation, which ended by the young man taking his hand, as though to ratify an agreement.

The chevalier strode out of the room, and had scarcely left it when Madeline entered the library, followed by her maid, who was dressed to accompany her mistress.

A very little waiting was sufficient; for, on the servant running up to the chamber of Madame Prudence, that lady opened the door to her at once, and, saying that she would bring her *valise* down herself, came in presently, muffled with numerous wraps and shawls.

"And have you been in the house all this fearful night, madame?" asked Madeline. "Again, one question: did you make me a prisoner, when I would rather have been in danger than have been so treated? What danger was there for me in the visits of these people? How have you been able to oppose them without breaking the law?"

"It was all done by my friend, the chevalier, Madeline; he wounded Monsieur Brillât, and contrived, somehow, to find out what was the object of that scoundrel's visit: no less than to steal yourself, my little friend."

"Heaven! bless that han'sum cheivler!" ejaculated the maid-servant. Madame Prudence burst into her old harsh chuckle.

CHAPTER XII.



READY the coach was waiting. What a delight to the two young people as they went down-stairs, Madeline leaning lovingly on her cousin's shoulder. When she had entered the carriage and her servant sat beside her, madame touched the young fellow on the shoulder. "All right," said he, smiling, and tapping his inner coat pockets.

It looked strange, but madame loosened her shawl, and there, sticking in her waistband, were a couple of silver-mounted pistols. The horses had had a rest, and they rattled on to the next posting station towards London. Once arrived there, Madame Prudence took a very serious farewell of her young friend, saying that they might not meet again. The parting was not without tears on the side of Madeline, who owed the lady a debt of gratitude which she felt unable to repay: madame herself was moved too, but tears formed no part of her character; so she laughed, and put a pretty gold ring, set with blue stones, upon the finger of her *protégée*, and, giving her one kiss upon

the cheek, departed. Monsieur Duprè soon came home to his daughter, at her lodgings; for, of course, there was a very short examination of witnesses; and Monsieur Brillât being tried, there appeared as evidence against him a very damaging witness in the person of one Chevalier d'Eon, who, from an intimate knowledge of the prisoner's antecedents, managed to have him sent away from England, to a place where he could do little mischief.

The chevalier called once upon M. Duprè after the trial, and Madeline coming through the passage as he took his leave, recognized in him her protector of that terrible night; she had already sprung toward the door, to stay him by a word of renewed thanks, when he held up his hand to check her. "Adieu, my dear," he said, taking off his hat and putting back his hair.

Madeline started as she saw the sardonic mouth, the gray eyes, and heard the discordant laugh. Where had she seen that face before?

"Adieu, my dear Madeline," said he; "we have parted before, and said our farewell—you will not forget Madame Prudence!"

It was years afterwards that a portly gentleman and a blooming lady, both near middle age, stopped, accompanied by a youth, their son, at the door of a dingy house near Soho, and rang a bell, which was answered from an upper story. Arrived at the door of the apartment, which stood open, they saw a long, bare, wainscoted room, containing only a few wooden chairs, while over the chimney-piece hung a score or so of fencing-foils.

A quick firm step came forward to meet them, and a tall and sinewy woman curtsayed low as they advanced with open hands towards her.

She took these friendly hands gently enough, and, perhaps, the one solitary tear of years stood for a moment in her stern gray eye.

"How are we to call you, dear friend?" said the gentleman, who was no other than monsieur, the husband of Madeline. "We have heard of you at last, and come to bring our son, that he may learn the art of fence."

"How are you named here?" repeated the lady; "may I still call you Madame Prudence?"

"I am no longer disguised, Madeline," replied she. "You see that I was right when I told you that I had learned a useful accomplishment. I am now compelled to cut my bread with my sword; but I am still, and shall always remain, *Le Chevalier D'Eon*."

GLASS BEADS.—It is, perhaps, not generally known, that most of the glass beads used for needlework are manufactured at Murano, near Venice. Tubes of colored glass are drawn out to great lengths and fineness, in the same manner as those of more moderate lengths are made in this country for thermometers; these are cut into very small pieces, of nearly uniform lengths, on the upright edge of a fixed chisel. These elementary cylinders are then put into a mixture of fine sand and wood ashes, where they are stirred until their cavities get filled. This mixture is then put into an iron pan, suspended over a moderate fire, where, by being kept continually stirred, they assume a smooth rounded form. They are then removed from the fire, cleared out in the bore, and strung in bunches, constituting the beads as we meet with them in commerce. Great quantities of these beads, packed in casks, are exported to all parts of the world.

RAILWAY CUSTOM.—While passing from Ghent to Antwerp, in 1856, through the Pays de Waes, I observed a singular custom, of which I could not obtain any explanation. When the railway train was in motion, the laborers, both men and women, engaged in the fields, joined hands, formed themselves in line, and either turning their backs on the carriages or at right angles with them, bent, and in some cases, knelt down, preserving this attitude until the train had passed. It is worth noting, that only such as were engaged on a piece of ground where there were crops growing acted in this way; those standing on the road or on ploughed land taking no notice of the train at all, nor indeed did any do so save while it was actually moving.

— *Notes and Queries.*

THE SOU'-WEST.

BY WALTER THORNHURY.

BREATHING at the windows,
Shaking every door,
Tearing at the roof-tree
Down the chimney bore
Roaring words of horror,
So that bad men fear it
These bleak, bitter evenings—
"That's the sou'-west—hear it!"

Sitting up at midnight
In my soft, warm den,
I hear the screams of anguish,
As of drowning men,
Tossing, warring forest,
Night with naught to cheer it,
Children ciling the closer—
"That's the sou'-west—hear it!"

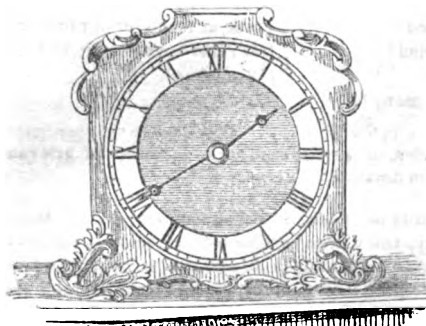
Rising now and falling,
Far across the downs;
Bringing tears and mourning
To the distant towns.
Good men pray and listen,
Only bad men fear it—
Roaring, thundering, bellowing—
"That's the sou'-west—hear it!"

THE SCIENCE OF MATRIMONY.

THERE is a city called London. In that city there is a club-house; but whether that club-house is situated in the W., S W., E. C. or W. C. district, the world shall never know from me. It is in one of the four. The unclubable S., S. E., E., N. E., N. W. and N. districts are out of the question.

In that club-house there is a smoking-room. Co-clubbists—above all, best beloved co-smokers—be calm! The world without shall never hear from me anything of our sacred mysteries. Let it be sufficient for work-o'-day mortals to know that there are raptures beyond their reach and joys far above their apprehension. Ariosto's Cupid should be our emblem, and "*Ilhi vetabo*" our motto. Not Mr. Edwin James, with a Middlesex jury, should ever get a word out of me upon this point. In so sacred a cause I would have exchanged gibes with a Spanish Inquisitor, even though at the time he had arrayed me in the last thing in San Benito paletots, with the flames upwards. No! not even were I handed over to the tender mercies of those Hindoo officials who collect the arrears of revenue in the Madras Presidency, would I ever flinch. Vainly would the grim Stikadar pronounce with furious tone the awful words, "*Ram jolli wa hām!*" which mean in the vernacular, "Apply the torture-beetle under an earthen pan to the abdominal regions of the prisoner at the bar!" In the midst of the direst torments that Scarab could inflict I would never give the court the slightest clue to our hidden joys.

There is, I say, a smoking-room in that club-house. The figures on the clock which stands on the chimney-piece point thus:



We are concerned with A. M., not with P. M. The rites are on foot—the sacrificial crowd is assembled. The odor of the in-

cense hangs heavily on the perfumed air. You see upon the edges of the marble tables batteries of cigar-ashes disposed in quaint rows, indicative of the spots where the more earnest smokers have taken up their position and exchange lofty thoughts with their fellows. Here and there is a crystal vase—such an one as is commonly used in the celebration of the mysteries; it contains sometimes liquid amber, sometimes pure and effervescent lymph, strangely tinged with the aromatic flavor of the juniper berry; in either case you will see in it lumps of unmelted ice and a long straw, no doubt to remind the philosophic reveller of the vanity of human enjoyments. The members are strangely attired—they wear blouses which are buttoned up to their chins, and each man has on a skull-cap, from beneath which not a lock of hair escapes. All are smoking—very hard.

Reader—this is a solemn moment in your life. You are admitted to a glimpse of the mysteries of "The Gone Coon Club." Notice the buttons on the blouses; on each of them is engraved in fair characters the letters G. C., inscribed in a cypress wreath. Let me warn all whom it may concern to dismiss from their minds all thought that the scene which follows will afford them the slightest clue to the ordinary conversation—if indeed conversation ever is ordinary—in the smoking-room of the Gone Coons. The occasion is no ordinary one. The club is composed of oppressed husbands, who, driven to utter despair by the misery of their domestic arrangements, find means from time to time to shake off their chains and to meet in the G. C. club-house—where that may be, find out who can. Not that any gentleman who may be groaning under the yoke of a stern task-mistress need therefore despair. The G. C.s have large hearts. They are ever on the watch for such cases of domestic distress as would entitle the sufferer to their sympathy and the privileges of their society. When such an one is found, and his character offers fair guarantees of worth and discretion, his case is taken into consideration by the committee. If their decision is favorable, he is sounded by an emissary of the club. So dexterously is this managed, that cases have been known in which his proximate liberation has been announced to the captive, even when he had been attending upon his owner and carrying a pyramid of cloaks and shawls, or receiving her guests upon the landing-place of her drawing-room, and endeavoring, in a large white cravat, to entrap unwary young men into marrying her daughters. There never has been known an instance of a refusal to join the G. C. C. When the victim has once expressed his eagerness to avail himself of the means of escape, a form is handed to him, which he is required to fill up. Thus it runs:

Date.

G. C. C.

No. 5,758,621.



Age?

How long married?

Previously married?

Age of wife?

If children, how many?

Calling or profession?

Form, or forms, of oppression?

Has relief been sought, and how?

If a smoker?

Signature of Victim.....

N.B.—If unmarried, or a widower, form or forms of grievance must be set forth in detail.

This application is next taken into consideration. If the result is satisfactory, the victim is directed to be at a particular place at a particular time, and, in due course, is introduced into the club. He is then informed by the chairman of the committee of the various pretences or subterfuges by help of which an escape from the conjugal domicile may be most safely effected and with fewest chances of detection, and then he is finally initiated into the greater mysteries.

It would, of course, be highly injudicious, and, in point of fact, amount to a scandalous breach of confidence, to suggest any connection between the G. C.s and those Masonic rites of which the secret has been so well kept. There have certainly existed dark suspicions in the female mind upon the subject. It is not for me to dispel them.

The subject under the consideration of the members upon the night in question was the recent trial of Barber v. Barber in the Divorce Court. The danger of the situation, as far as British husbands are concerned, seemed to be fully understood on all sides. Where would it end? The recent changes in the law practically amounted to this, that in all disputes between husband and wife, the wife's word was to be believed and the husband to stand condemned. It was particularly noticed that in such cases the action of the court upon the jury was perfectly paralysed. Something, indeed, might be accomplished if it were found practicable to introduce a system of mixed juries—half matrons, half men; relying upon that well-known principle in human nature that each side will take part against its own members. To this it was objected that true it was that men would inevitably kick each other out of court; but it was not so well established that the *esprit-de-corps* against their own sex was equally strong amongst women. How, if it was found that by obtaining the concession of a half, or of an entire, female jury, we had passed from the reign of King Log under the sterner sceptre of Queen Stork? The point was too important to admit of hasty decision, and it was finally resolved that all members should be summoned within their various spheres of action and observation to test the female mind upon this subject—directing their attention particularly to certain matters of detail, such as the effect likely to be produced by the age and general appearance of the respondent. No doubt, if the lady petitioning was young and pretty, a female jury would make short work of her; but this was not always the case, and it was as well to be cautious.

A thoughtful member suggested, with a kind of sardonic grin, that perhaps it would be more advisable to establish that "celibacy" should be a distinct ground of challenge; "for, my friends," said he, looking round, "if we had been on the jury in Mrs. Barber's case—knowing what we do know of the mysteries—eh?" There was a great silence—the members smoked on in deep thought: at last a husky voice demanded to be heard—it was that of Brown, known among the G. C.s as Brown the Avenger, from the multitude of his wrongs and from his vindictiveness against the authors of them. B.'s authority stood high in the club. There was a respectful silence.

"Noble and suffering friends," said B. the A., "the proposition is specious, but it is nought. Look at me. I was once young, slim, beautiful and enthusiastic. I was a poet—I took midnight walks when the moon was at the full (the moon, ugh!) I loved to listen to the nightingale's song and to dream of Maria. Maria became my wife. She left my home—our home—and I could now eat nightingales stewed in onions. Look at me now!"

Even under his blouse it was obvious that B. the A. was a man of goodly proportions, and the expression of his broad features was not suggestive of romantic ideas. B. continued:

"Well—again I did it. This time Annabella did not quit my house—she did not become Mrs. O'Shaughnessy during the life of me, Brown! I wish she had! Well, Annabella passed away. Jane rushed in to take her place—my idolised Jane carried the science of 'nagging' (hear! hear! hear!) to a point which has been seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Would you not have supposed that I should have rejoiced and revelled in my liberty?—that I should not have put myself a third time in the power of the tormentor? I did though. Within the eighteen months I conducted Sophia Ann to the hymeneal altar. Sophia Ann exists—she adores me, my friends, she adores me; and I never knew the meaning of human misery till now! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

There was a respectful silence—the enormity of this affliction was such, that all words of consolation were felt to be a mockery. We let B. the A.'s anguish have its way. He resumed.

"And do you suppose this is the worst of it? No! like Hippolytus, I curse the sex—but the iron has entered into my soul. I am their slave. Were my Sophia to be torn from me to-morrow—I know it—within a few months I should be the vic-



THE WANDERING JEW.

tim of some fresh fascination—I can't resist it—I can't struggle against it. You all of you know my particular wrongs, and that I am not a husband who yields his neck to the axe without a struggle—but I, I, Brown, falsely named the Avenger, had I been on the jury in poor Barber's case the other day, I would have kicked him out of court and found a verdict for the wife without the smallest hesitation. How is this brought about? Why because there is not one amongst us—not even amongst us, the Prætorians of the human race—connubial veterans grim with scars and suffering—whom the first woman we met could not at any moment tease, cajole, coax, flout, pet, allure, madden or bedevil into doing anything she pleased. Is it the truth?"

There was again silence, and a deep voice struck in,
"Except our wives!"

This exception met with general acquiescence. The question, however, remained how some remedy could be applied to the existing evil. It was greatly to be feared, as one gentleman suggested, whose lady had imbibed a taste for "private theatricals," that Mrs. Barber's example might be contagious. What boards for a first appearance before the London public! How exciting a part to play! What certainty of bringing down the house! Could the offensive exactions of the law with regard to the proof of *sævitia* or cruelty be expunged, all the G. C.'s admitted that their case would be much improved; but this was scarcely to be hoped for. Would it be possible to turn the table upon the too fascinating syrens who could, at any moment, sing away the characters of their husbands by an hour or two of dalliance in Sir Creswell's gorgeous cage?

Ay! there was the rub; but how was this to be contrived? Who was to bell these soft, alluring, velvet-pawed, sharp-clawed, stealthily-paced, beautiful, but fatal cats?

At length a definite proposition was offered to the notice of the afflicted husbands. It was proposed that a central committee should be formed, with Mr. Brown (otherwise known as the Avenger) as the chairman, and that to this committee should be forwarded the results of the private experience of every member who could be induced to lend his aid to the furtherance of so excellent a work; that the most remarkable of these contributions should be selected for publication, more especially those which illustrated the less known and more subtle forms of marital suffering; that it should be broadly and clearly understood that the G.C.s fully acknowledged that there were thousands and thousands of households throughout the land

which were not under subjection to the forms of feminine despotism described, and that they prayed the intelligent reader to accept their revelations for what they were worth—viz., contributions to that needful fund of information upon which alone true theories of the Pathology of Married Life can be based.

The G.C.s, as at present advised, did not pretend to go further than the assertion of what appeared to them to be twelve probable truths, viz.:

1st. Of one thousand men and one thousand women taken at random in the British Islands, there is, on both sides, an equal percentage of good, indifferent and bad. The indifferent largely predominate.

2d. That any lady who may be reading these lines belongs emphatically to the category of the good.

3d. That the vices and virtues, the qualities and defects of the two sexes are different; but that, on the whole, there is equilibrium.

Corollary. That all men are not brutes nor all women angels.

4th. That in so close a union as that of married life the stronger will prevails, and that the force of will is as strong with women as with men; but that it works otherwise to its results.

5th. That the power of the woman is based upon her thorough perception and appreciation of the weaknesses of the man.

6th. That men, in the vast majority of cases, are very weak.

7th. That positive law never touches, and never can touch, the miseries and discomforts—where they exist—of married life, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

8th. That there is a passion, sentiment or impulse, which can instantaneously convert the gravest and oldest man equally with the most thoughtless and youngest boy into a mere idiot. The poets call it *L—e*; the G.C.s don't know what to say about it.

9th. That if a man values his own peace of mind he had better keep out of the way of pink bonnets and Balmoral boots.

10th. That the marriage day and that day year are two different days.

11th. That the husband and wife know nothing more of each other's qualities and defects when they join hands at the altar than if they had been natives of different planets.

Corollary. The longer the courtship the greater the chance of error, for the deception has been more enduring and continuous.

Axiom. Leap before you look!

12th. That subjection to another's will is the inevitable lot of weak minds.

Corollary. Old maids and old bachelors, therefore, are only impaled on other quills of the social porcupine.

The G.C.s, conscious as they are of writhing under the infliction of unmerited wrong, cheerfully acknowledge the great truth that, as there are two sides to every story, so there are, pre-eminently, two sides to the unhappy tale of connubial blisters. The G.C.'s can contemplate, and admit the existence of a sister band of F.G.C.s, and they think that the world would be much the gainer if the real wrongs of the F.G.C.s were fairly set forth in a calm and philosophic spirit, but not in the pantomimic way now in use at Westminster—where the immediate object is the destruction of a single and, it may be, an inoffensive husband.

It was agreed, after considerable discussion, that the order of reference to the committee should include the consideration of reported cases of connubial bliss; Mr. Brown simply observing that he did not think the point worth arguing, for the committee would not be troubled with much evidence of that kind. Would it be possible to secure the assistance of Messrs. Lamb and Backem? Grave doubts existed as to the policy of such a step, for would it be well to let such a wolf as Lamb in upon their little tranquil fold—upon that green oasis in the wilderness of their married lives—that one bright spot in their existence? What if Mr. Lamb should rout them out and drag them before the court at Westminster and expose the secrets of their last retreat? It was finally decided that it should be competent to the committee to direct one of their number to seek

the acquaintance of Mr. Lamb and to obtain his confidence over the festive board, and that Mr. Lancelot Knocker, G.C., should be a sub-committee for this purpose. Mr. L. K. was a man of the most jovial appearance, whose home was rendered unbearable to him by Mrs. K.'s seriousness.

The committee were named as follows: Mr. Brown (the Avenger), Chairman; Mr. Lancelot Knocker, Mr. Ambrose Goodbody, Mr. Josiah Meek, Mr. Martin Wiggles—three to be a quorum.

They were finally informed that the club looked to them, not so much for a recital of their personal adventures in search of information, as for *bond fide* contributions to the science of Connubial Pathology, which it was the well-considered purpose of the club to raise henceforward to the rank of one of the Inductive Sciences. What they required from their committee was facts, not opinions—facts, the only true basis of theory.

Per B. the A., Chairman.—You shall have the facts; you shall have them, gentlemen—plenty as blackberries.

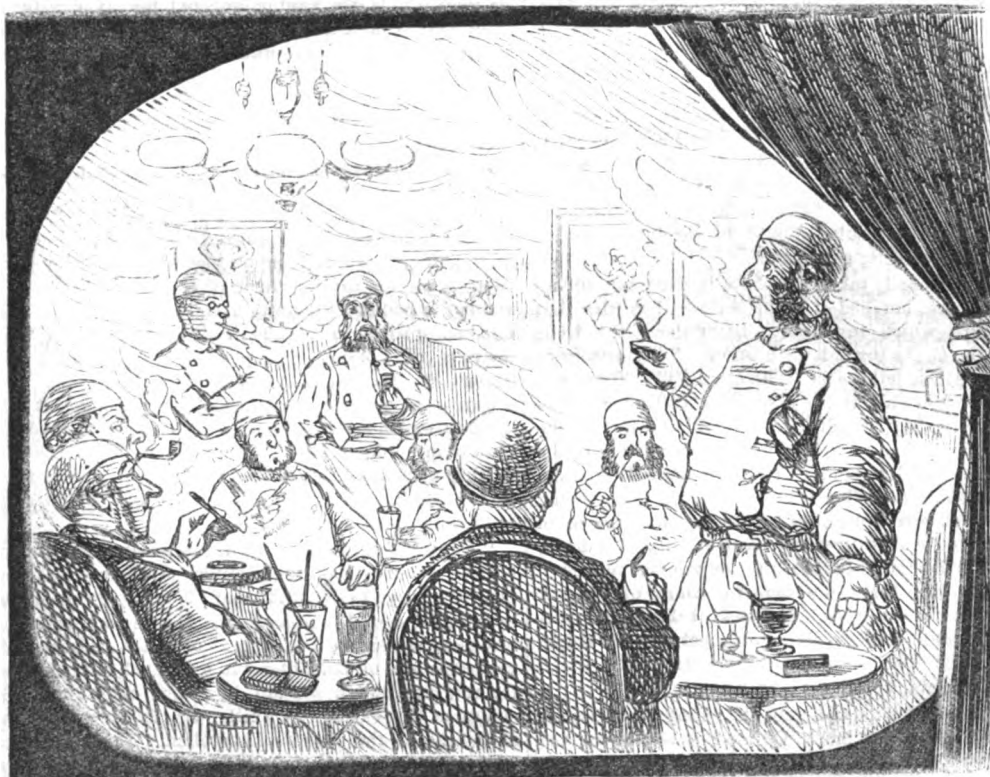
Above all, the committee were implored to dismiss from their minds all literary nonsense which had been written on the tender passion and to look at men and women as they are, not what they appear to be to the crazed imagination of the novelist or the poet. The G.C.s had noticed, not without feelings of great dissatisfaction, the systematic efforts made by that class of writers to represent human life as an opium dream, and to impress upon the mind of the female population of these realms the mistaken notion that a quarter of an hour's delirium can be taken as a fair sample of the necessities of a form of existence in which the presence of Chancellors of the Exchequer, weekly bills and occasional colds in the head cannot be wholly ignored. Admitting, at the same time, to its fullest extent, the undoubted truth, that husbands are far inferior, as a class, to wives in personal attractions, the G.C.s deplore the continuous and studious efforts made by modern writers of what may pre-eminently be called "fiction," to depreciate them in public estimation, as a set of mere ruffians. Ugly they may be, but that is not their fault, and they would humbly submit that they are not therefore wholly destitute of claims upon the sympathy of the human race.

Such was the general form of the instructions given to their committee by the G.C.s in solemn conclave assembled upon the eventful night; but it was understood that the special direc-

tions should not be taken as limiting the discretion of their representatives, if they should see fit to bring before the notice of the general meetings, held from time to time to take their reports into consideration, any suggestions for the improvement of married life—any philosophical disquisitions upon the origin and progress of evils which all deplored. For example, the G.C.s would gladly receive information upon the manner in which female education was conducted throughout the country. They would watch the future British matron from her cradle to her schoolroom; from the schoolroom to the "seminary;" from the seminary to the finishing school. They would inquire into the way in which her tastes were engendered, her habits formed, her pursuits selected, until that awful result was produced which rendered the G.C. Club one of the most valuable institutions in the country—a safety-valve, without which the Social Boiler would infallibly burst and be shivered into atoms.

When the business was disposed of, an acolyte was summoned, the crystal vases were replenished, the censers were again swung round so that the air was heavy with aromatic fragrance, and the members relaxed into High Jinks. First it was proposed that they should play at "*les petits jeux innocens*!"

Mr. Josiah Meek entertained the company with a chaste imitation of the manner in which he was commonly received within his own castle when the period of his absence had not been sufficiently accounted for. It was beautiful to see the look of contemptuous surprise with which he was greeted and to hear the intimation given by Mrs. M. that she had not expected him till 3 A.M., and had given orders accordingly to the servants to retire, as she herself would sit up for their master, to comfort him on his arrival. Then there was a gentleman, a certain Mr. Ambrose Goodbody, whose domestic tortures appeared to be of a peculiar kind. Mrs. G. was a lady of a literary turn, and amused her leisure, and, as she asserted, added to the family income by writing works upon the social condition of England; and it appeared that when she was in want of a chapter, she was in the habit of practising upon poor G. as a *corpus vile*. She would bait him into a frenzy, and, when she had got matter enough, retire quietly to her writing case and record his struggles—always introducing the British Wife, Sister, &c., as his soother and keeper during these maniacal exertitions. Goodbody told the G.C.s that he was now so well accustomed to be used as a conjugal Helot that he did not mind it much—but



A GLIMPSE AT THE G. C. CLUB.

there was one point to which he never could reconcile himself, and that was that Mrs. G. invariably required him to correct her proofs.

Then the G. C.s formed themselves into a committee of matrons, and discussed their servants, their nurseries, the latest improvements in dress. Each explained in turns to her fellows the little difficulties she encountered in keeping down her "incumbrancer;" and each in turn received comfort and counsel from her friends. If this representation was indeed a true one, these little arrangements are formed and welded into a diabolical cold-blooded system, from which men would in vain endeavor to escape. It was suggested by one inconsiderate and youthful G. C. that it was a man's own fault if he was enmeshed into the matrimonial web; for, after all, the forms of proposal rested with himself. This thoughtless suggestion was received with a shout of derision, and the larger experience of the collective assembly was brought to bear upon a demonstration of its absurdity.

A member was selected, Mr. Martin Wiggles, and he was held out as an ingenious youth, with life before him, and the world as a meadow in which he was to take his pasture. The fast young lady, the sentimental young lady, the serious young lady, the intellectual young lady, made successive attacks upon him; but Wiggles was a man of strong mind, and held out. All his female friends took part against him, though each abused her rivals in a quiet depreciatory way, which furnished abundant food for reflection to any person of well-regulated mind. An experienced widow of forty-two took him in hand, but without effect: W. at the moment happened to be under the influence of a fit of ambition, and was getting up Adam Smith as a step towards the premiership. The widow pronounced him to be a fool without "soul;" but Wiggles, three months afterwards, was caught by the rosy-cheeked penniless daughter of a consul in one of the Baltic ports. What he wanted was unsophisticated nature. Mrs. W. is now given up to sentiment and spirit-rapping, and suffers tortures from the coarse vulgarity of that brute W.; whose only gleams of happiness occur during occasional visits to the G. C. *Ocasio facit maritum*.

When these little matters were disposed of much amusement was afforded to the club by Brown the Avenger, who entertained them for a time by reading out the letters which he had written during the period of his courtship to Mrs. S. B., the Queen-Regnant, being the fourth of that dynasty. It was clear enough that it was not all a joke to poor B., who emphasised certain passages, and informed his sympathising friends how the realities had tallied with his anticipations. Indeed, so much instruction as well as amusement was afforded by his lecture, that it was proposed and carried *nem. con.*, that at a future meeting of the club all members should produce the luscious correspondence which had preceded the fall of each poor bee into the honey-pot; and that the results should be carefully recorded for the warning of the rising generation.

One member had scarcely taken any share in the proceedings, although he had been laughed at by his fellows, but with that kindness of spirit which invariably distinguishes the little personalities of the G. C.s towards each other. This gentleman was known amongst his fellows as "Gloomy Bob." There was nothing so very peculiar about his case—Mrs. R. Bircham had only taken to physicking herself, her husband and her household; but the process had so weighed upon his spirits that he had sought for an antidote against the present evils of existence in a philosophic investigation of mesmeric phenomena. Gloomy Bob—as had been evident of late to the anxious eyes of his friends—had been in a deeper state of despondency than usual, and this was not sufficiently accounted for by the fact that Mrs. B. had recently put him through a searching course of *digitalis*. There was more in it than this. He had, at last, sunk to a point at which he could scarcely distinguish between his thick-coming fancies and the actual facts of his life. When pressed, again and again, he said at length:

"Yes! my friends, I will tell you all. Ring for Charles. Was it a vision? Was it a fact? Oh, no! it can never be! Charles—three penn'orth of brandy! Yes! you shall hear the tale of my chief and latest sorrow, and assist me in instituting investigations which may lead us to certainties. I had thought that my bonds must needs be broken in a few years—

is it true, indeed, that they are for all time—for ever—for ever thus?

"You are well aware," so Gloomy Bob began his awful disclosures, "that it is currently reported in the club that I had taken refuge in the study of magnetic phenomena, as a refuge from the miseries to which my actual life is exposed in consequence of my having, in an unguarded moment, strolled home from a picnic, by moonlight, with the then lovely and tender Caroline Downy, now the stern and implacable Mrs. Robert Bircham—first on, and then in, my arm.

"We were married, my friends, we were married; but within the first week of our marriage my wife began to govern me by her health. Her head was always aching—she required medical advice.

"Our honeymoon was spent at an establishment for the cold-water cure—not quite what I had anticipated. We passed through a course of allopathy, homoeopathy, kinopathy and various other systems; but at length my wife became thoroughly imbued with the principles of magnetism, and from these she has never since departed. In an evil hour I consented to act as her medium; I have never known a happy moment since.

"With a few passes Mrs. B. can at any time throw me into the magnetic state. She then applies the *Morning Post* to the pit of my stomach, and becomes aware of its contents instantaneously through my instrumentality. The sensation to me, however, is most distressing. Even when I am away from her presence she can, by a mere effort of her iron will, constitute me her active medium, and, when I am in this condition, all her own sensations find their counterpart in mine. If Mrs. B. were to take a dose—but enough of this—be it sufficient for you to know that, though twenty miles distant from her, I should feel the effects.

"Her power is enormous. You vainly imagine, I dare say, that those inscriptions you see on the walls of London and the neighborhood, with futile inquiries as to 'Whether you bruise your oats?' 'Have you tried the Eureka shirts?' &c., really bear reference to the trivial subjects with which they profess to deal. Bah! they appear so to your eyes; but to me they are luminous inscriptions pregnant with my fate and indicative of Mrs. Robert Bircham's commands. I have passed through the six magnetic states, having lingered for six months at that of clairvoyance; but now, unfortunately for myself, I am greatly favored and greatly miserable. I have won my way, or been forced, to the condition of *allegemeine klarheit*, in which all things hidden in the past, in futurity and in distance of space are subjected to my survey. I think it right to tell you this much, that you may be able to form your own opinions upon the reality or unreality of the facts I am about to relate to you.

"THE STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW."

"A few months back—nay, I will fix the exact date, as it may, perhaps, prove of importance to the solution of the question—it was on the afternoon of the last Saturday of last November, I had strayed away from my prison-home and felt in unusual spirits. I walked in the direction of the eastern districts of London—a portion of the town not much known to Londoners of the West-end, but which has always possessed for me unusual interest—was it by a secret anticipation that there I was to meet with the last and direst blow of my unhappy life? There is something very picturesque in this portion of the town to those who are in the habit of pacing round the monotonous circle of the more usual and fashionable strolling ground.

"I finally found myself in the Jewish quarter—too commonly known, I believe, as Houndsditch. On every side inscriptions greeted my eye to the effect that 'Pine-apple rum was sold here by permission of Dr. Adler!' or, 'Here's your only unleavened bread, patronised by Dr. Adler!' or a corn extracted from the venerable foot of Dr. Adler was exhibited in a window, with a Hebrew inscription around it, which might possibly be in eulogy of the extractor's skill. Dr. Adler was evidently the Sir Watkin of this Hebrew Llangollen. The Jewish population had re-opened their various establishments for the despatch of business, and I was assailed on all sides with questions as to whether I was willing 'to buy or sell.' 'Vood I shtep in? de beest prices given for old clo.' 'Vood dey wait upon me a,

moine own housh?" Turning a deaf ear to all these commercial offers, I strolled on up the three or four steps and through the little halfpenny turnpike into Phil's Buildings, forgetful of my sufferings and amused with the ingenuous manner in which the population, of all ages and of both sexes, worked out their manifest destiny. The little yellow-skinned children in the gutters tried to take advantage of each other in innocent bargains for toffy and brandy-balls; while the tawny Esther in the serene and yellow bloom of her lovely maidenhood examined the nap on the hat of her beloved Benjamin and risked a guess at its probable price; whilst Benjamin, evading her question, glared out of his keen Jewish eyes—luminous beads set in yellow plaster of Paris—counter inquiries as to the worth of the ponderous rings which gave to the ears of his beloved a commercial value. At this moment, and whilst I was in the principal street of this interesting quarter, there was a great air and commotion. Fat, flabby matrons—old hook-nosed men—Jewish youths and maidens—Jewish boys and girls rushed out from their pavilions of old and renovated clothes—threw up the windows and appeared upon the roofs. The whole street was walled and paved with what is called by sentimentalists the monumental face. There was a shout and a cry of—

"De Old One! De Old One!"

"I saw him coming down the street; I saw him as clearly as I now see Mr. Brown. He was very tall, very old, very bent. Upon his shoulders there was a sack and in his hand a staff; but he walked on looking directly before him and heedless of the inquiries which were addressed to him on every side of 'How much for his hat?' 'A noo pair for de old shoes, and five and shiksh!' 'Would he sell anyting?' It was unnecessary for me to ask questions. I knew who the old man was who was advancing towards me at a pace which would have puzzled the late Captain Barclay. I knew but too well that I saw before me the WANDERING JEW.

"I drew back as he was about to pass me, but what was my astonishment to find that when he came to where I stood he paused in the monotonous impetuosity of his career, and glaring at me with a horrid glassy stare which froze the very marrow in my bones, groaned out in a voice deep and hollow as the moan of the sea in a subterranean cave—

"Klo! Klo! Any Old Klo?"

"I stood amazed and silent; my feet were rooted to the ground. Again he addressed me, but this time there was mockery in his tone:

"Klo! Klo! Any Old Klo?"

"Fain, fain would I have declined to hold any dealings with him, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Even thought seemed paralyzed in my brain. Again he addressed me, but this time not, as I fancied, wholly without menace:

"Klo! Klo! Any Old Klo?"

"What had I to do with garments, old or new? Could I but understand the meaning of the mysterious apparition. The old Jew, after a moment's pause, added:

"Komm mit me!"

"In an instant I was inspired with superhuman force, and followed my grim conductor without a word of remonstrance. The spell was on me, and I must needs obey. I believe the crowd shouted at us as we passed along; but I was in no humor to notice their outcry, nor to take advantage of the offers for commercial intercourse with which my ears were greeted on all sides.

"We passed out from the busier quarters, and soon found ourselves involved in those solitary streets of tall warehouses with bridges passing from side to side, which run along the river banks, and at length reached the water's edge. The full moon gave splendor even to the waters of the Thames—and the tiers of shipping threw up their delicate traceries of spars and rigging between us and the sky.

"When is this walk to end?" I said, at length.

"For me—never!"

"But why this speed? Why this mad haste?"

"Why this speed? Why this haste? I vill tell you whoy, ma tear. My wife ish behind!"

"Your wife?"

"Yesh! my wotfe, de WANDERING JEWESS. She have been chasing me for well-nigh nineteen hundred year. Undershtand you now why I run?"

"I do! I do!"

"Sometime my Shalome catch me; sometime she catch me not—but I know when she is at hand. Shalome is very shtout, and heavy to move—but she run me down at last. I have a few hours before me yet. We will shmake a pipe together and have a little talk. Will you say seven and nine for your coat? No—not buy, neither shell? Very coot, but you come mit me to the Jews' Ball, here hard by, to-night. Shalome was at Amshterdam tree day back. I may eschape her yet. I have a word for your private ear. I am de only man in de world who have been married two hundred and sixty six toime. Ha! ha! to say nothing of my good Shalome, who is always after me for pigamy. Ha! ha! Would you make friendsh mit de poor old WANDERING JEW?"

"Awful and mysterious being! Bestower of two hundred and sixty-six plain gold rings! What unfathomable depths of conjugal experience must lie behind those dim orbs, which although opaque when the old man gazed listlessly up at the moon, which gazed down as listlessly upon him, yet, when he was under excitement, emitted a glare such as that which would proceed from two bull's eyes held in the firm grasp of two guardians of the public peace. Two hundred and sixty-six other men might know the story piecemeal, but here was one human intelligence which contained it all. They might form a tessellated pavement of knowledge—here was the perfect slab. At length, I said,

"Two hundred and sixty-six wives—awful!"

"Beshides Shalome!" murmured the ancient man, who by this time had seated himself on his sack and lighted a pipe. The river was steadily flowing on, as it had flowed while as yet the wealth and power of the world were concentrated on the vast starlit plains of Assyria; or by the banks of the yellow Nile, when the fourth Psammetichus had taken his pastime in his golden galley on its turbid stream; or when by Tiber's edge the great Roman fell beneath the daggers of Freedom's Masquerade; even so it flowed now—now when the Watermen's Steamers were in the habit of conveying the ephemeral lords of the human race from London Bridge to Cheyne Walk during the pleasant summer months; and I sat gazing on it as it ebbed down to the sea.

"Jew," at length I gasped out, my curiosity overpowering my fears, "Jew, didst thou ever love?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I am always in love, that is my cursh, but always mit the wrong party. See here my two hundred and sixty-shiksh ringsh. I did love them all a little while, and then they vexsh de poor old Jew, and he love them no more. See there two hundred and sixty-shiksh ringsh, say at ten shilling a pish—dirt sheap for de monish—dat is one hundred and thirty-three poundsh shterling. I have got dem all, and I vood not, part mit dem for two hundred and sixty-shiksh millions shterling. All—I have got them all—but ma tear wotfe Shalome's; when he get that one, de poor old Jew will be at resht; but Shalome's finger is very fat. Love! Has de poor old Jew ever loved? Ha! ha!"

"With these words this mysterious being rose from his seat, and, to my amazement, began pacing round in a circle at a rapid walk—sometimes looking down to his own feet—sometimes casting a worn and wizard look upwards at the moon. For some time he continued this exercise in a monotonous way. Still the river flowed on, and then, in sepulchral tone, he chanted rather than sang, the following words. Never!—no, never, whilst reason maintains its hold, will they be effaced from my burning brain!

'Ikey come from Down Easht,
A long time ago!

And every time he veel about
He call—old clo!

Clo! clo! any old clo!

Every time he veel about

He call—old clo!"

When he arrived at the words which may, without much impropriety be designated as the chorus, the ancient man executed a strange shuffling dance, not very dissimilar from the one in which the British mariner in moments of unusual hilarity is wont to shadow forth his soul's emotions. He continued:

'He love the sheksh mit all his shoul,
De brown, de black, the fair,
But of dem all, from pole to pole,
De gal mit shaudy hair—'



THE WANDERING JEW DANCES ON THE STRAND OF THE SILVER TUAMES.

He paused, and added, in shrill recitative, 'Whoop! makes the poor old Jew to call—

'Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—Old clo!'

"A change had come over his mood. There was somewhat of despondency tinged with defiance about the tone in which he delivered the next strophe. The river flowed on:

'Of all de ladiash in de land,
His woife's de one he fearsh;
Shalome chase him up and down
For eighteen hundred yearsh.
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—Old clo!'

'Husbandsh all—vot appenash next
Ven the pair ish gone to ped?
Shalome she is werry wexed,
And voshes Ikey's 'ed!
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veel about
He call—Old clo!'

"Forbear, Jew, forbear! Not even your age—your wanderings—your woe—give you a right thus to torture a human heart. But is not your punishment exceptionable as your crime? Are we all destined to equal sorrow?

'Ikey can't de shecrets shing
Of dose eternal hallelah;
But when you've bought de vedding-ring.
Ma tear look out for squallsh!
Clo! clo! any old clo!
Every time he veels about
He calls—Old clo!'

"But is there no help, Jew, no relief? Will Mrs. Robert

Bircham be either by my tortured side throughout eternity, or chasing me—her panting victim—from star to s'ar!'

"She vill! exshept you teal mit poor old Ikey. De shecret is in the buzhum of de Wandering Jew. Vot vill you shay now? Or shall ve teal after te pall to-night? Moin heart is light. I vill dance and shing. You must come mit me to de pall.'

"Impose your own conditions, awful being—I accept them at once.'

"Ve shall shee. Ve shall shee.'

"Nay! trifle with me not. Have you such a secret? Husbandsh will erect statues to you wherever men live together in human habitations. Have you such a secret?"

"Yesh.'

"The November moon floated sadly over the grim human suffering and the eternal woe. Notice, oh, reader, the river still flowed on. Tremendous thought!

"At length I roused myself from my despondency, and looking at the old man, who had again filled his pipe, and was smoking moodily by the river's bank, said:

"But how is it, mysterious being, that you are able to exercise so terrible a fascination over the minds of successive generations of young and beautiful females? Pardon me for the abruptness of my observation, but to my eyes, Jew, you are somewhat unlovely, and destitute of those personal attractions which in all ages have been supposed—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" replied the wanderer.

"—which have been always supposed, I say, to exercise a certain influence over the hearts of ladies. Is it not so?"

"The Jew cast a heavy purse up in the air, and catching it once, twice and thrice, pronounced the word 'Shettlementsh!' and relapsed into his tobacco dream.

"Jew!" I said, somewhat sternly, 'whatever my own sufferings may have been, I will not sit here and hear the sex so maligned. I draw a broad line of distinction between the

young girl and the grim matron concessions of her awful powers.

What is the meaning of novels in three volumes, illustrative of the tender passion, if the scenes so eloquently described by the authors do not touch some responsive chord in the human heart? What is the use of poetry!

"Don't know and can't shay," replied the Jew, "exshept it acts like gin. Werry likely so. But, ma tear, you've no notion of the amount of good bottled-up proshe in de female bresht. It's de men—worsk luck—who do the potry part of the bizaesh. Do you suppose now, ma friend, that when you have been sitting up at nights writin' of verses and that short of ting, that the young 'ooman they are meant for is doing' the same?—not a bit of it. She's having a tidy bit of slupper, or putting away her tings, or trying the new ponnet on before the glass—and a thinkin that plue becomes her sweet pretty face petter than pink. And when Penjamin is valking up and down shnivelling in de shnow, to catch a look of his shveetheart's shadow upon the vinda-blind, think you Sarah would like to join him in the shlop? She put her little feet on the fender—she wrap her fat white shoulders up in a silken gown—she purr into the red fire like a little kitten, and shay, 'Ah, Penjamin catch such a cold—he'll wan't so many pocket-ankerchers to-morrow, Penjamin will. How funny are de men!' That is the thought of the Hidden One."

"Even so, Jew; but would you deprive men of the one small grain of consolation in their long and unhappy lives? Better to be self-deceived—better the terrible awakening—than not to have known the generous frenzy, the divine folly—if you will—of first love!"

"Ach!" replied the wanderer. "So shays Ikey, even after the shad experiensh of two hundred and sixty-six wives besides his tear Shalome!"

"As I hesitated what to reply, I was surprised to see the marks of deep feeling evinced by my strange companion. Hot tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks—he removed his pipe—and sang, whilst his thoughts were busy with the past:

'Oh! for the good old time
When Ikey in his prime

Sang a song of true love at his shveetart's toor?
Love's fever ran so high,
He thought that he must die

Unless his sorrow's burden on her buzzim he could pour!

He vos so shad,
But yet so glad,

The Jew vos!

Oh, for the good old time?"

"Wanderer," I replied, "I respect your sufferings, but your verses are not werth much. Mean you then to tell me, as the result of an experience now spread over well-nigh nineteen centuries, that women are invariably, or even as a general rule, admitting but of few exceptions—mercenary?"

"You can gammon de young 'uns if dey have not been well prought up—but between twenty and forty, ma tear, which is a woman's real life, look to yourself in the pargain. They know the value of every yellow hair in their shweet heads to a fraction. Now you try it on; now just try. It's what you can give them—where you can place them—they care for—not you. De hushband, ma tear, is just the fifth wheel in the hackney coach. Mind you musht never say this—it is one of the Jew's shecrets, else they will call out: Oh! de nashty, nashty man, and kickle at you—so."

"But, Jew, I know of exceptions."

"Aha! and I know of little shildren mit six legs and three heads in spirits of wine. Dere are some at Leyden."

"Is it then a delusion from first to last? Why are our mortal frames impregnated with such a passion if it is destined but to lead us off from deception to deception, and terminate—as you give me cause, Jew, to apprehend—in eternal woe? For I would not have you ignorant of the fact—and I suppose that here I may breathe my secret in safety—that if I am destined to a more lasting union with my Caroline—I allude to Mrs. Robert Bircham—the prospect is not agreeable. Perhaps you can tell me, wanderer, is suicide possible beyond the grave?"

"Don't know, and can't shay. I've tried it often enough, even here. I've chewed strychnine like sailors chaw 'bacco; I've quenched ma thirst with a cool pint of prussic acid; I've let off revolvers at my head—tied myself up to lamp-posts—thrown myself from de Monument at de foot of London Bridge—and skiffed over Niagara; but it was no use, ma tear, I always found a fresh woife avaitin for me at te pottom—for my punishment was not to cease."



THE WANDERING JEW SURPRISED BY HIS WIFE.

"Unhappy being! But has not your long experience of the sex helped you to such knowledge as may enable you to live with them at least—in peace? The serpent-charmers of India handle the gilded but deadly snakes with impunity. Van Amburgh passed a tolerably peaceful existence amongst royal Bengal tigers and hunting leopards. The untameable Cruiser in Mr. Rarey's hands became gentle as a Quakeress. Surely eighteen centuries of continuous husbandry might have suggested some means of handling even such a sorrow as this!"

"Yesh—ma tear—if I could practise what I could teach. I have a shecret which could make all husbands comfortable."

"Oh! Jew, Jew—and will you let the knowledge die with you?"

"Tie mit me! Tie mit me! Ikey cannot tie—but if I gave it out at Charing Cross nobody would ever use it, ma tear. I cannot use it maself. I have made two hundred and sixty-six mistakes besides Shalome—and I shall make another yet to-night. Dat is my cursh. Most husbandsh, I can tell you, have settled the question for life within a month of the ring day. But see the moon is high—the pall is pegun—we must pe off, or the fairest partners will be engaged!"

"Partners, Jew! Partners!" I yelled, rather than spoke. "Before I request the honor—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! May my hand be withered if I ever put on straw-colored glove again! Let us rather go to the reptile-house in the Zoological Gardens, and have the pythons and boas and cobras out for a lark. Let us spend the night safely at least. Partners, Jew!—Partners!"

"Yesh! Partners—de pretty little tears is waiting for de Old Jew. I feel again ma purple youth bubbling in my veins. How they glide about the floor, like sunpeams which have sucked the violet peds dry—glancing here and glancing there. How their soft white dresses fan my heart as they whirl by in the frenzy of the tance. How the touch of the yellow-haired Miriam drives the blood like a cataract back upon my heart!"

"By George! Ikey," I remarked, in amazement at the altered tone of my companion, "that's rather strong. I think the best service I can do you, as a friend, is to get you locked up for the night at the nearest station-house on a charge of being drunk and disorderly."

"No, no! To de pall—let us go to de pall. Miriam is there—Miriam, whose yellow hair floats around her like a sunrise. This time there is no mistake. She will be my comfort and my choy. She will make the old man amends for all his sorrows. I have made two hundred and shixty-shikah mistakes (besides Shalome), but I have found my tove at last. The thought of her is pleasant to me as the thought of water in the desert, or of the vine upon his cottage to the storm-tossed seaman off the Cape. To de pall!"

"It was clear to me that this hapless being was again under the influence of the curse. He was preparing for himself a fresh disappointment, and to add yet another to the two hundred and sixty-six rings which marked his previous failures in this direction. It was, however, idle to reason with him—perhaps the terrible thought of his lawful wife might yet avail."

"Jew!" I said, "think of Salome! You have told me yourself that it was written in your destiny that she should join you to-night."

"That for Shalome!" replied the wanderer, striking his staff violently upon the pavement, "I will tear her hag's limbs asunder! I will put her between two feather-beds and cast her into the Thames mud by the mouth of the great sewer! I will tie her to the screw of an outward-bound steamer for New York! I vill—"

"But, said you not that there was a way by which you could get rid of her without resorting to measures which even I—husband as I am—must admit to be extreme?"

The Jew paused in his frenzied demonstrations, and as he gazed at me his venerable but passionate lineaments were steeped in the moonlight. He then gave me two slow, deliberate winks, one with his left, the other with his right eye (not a feat easy of accomplishment), and added in his old way,

"Yesh, ma tear, I have de shecret which will free you from your eternal Caroline; but ve vos to teal after the pall, yes, to teal! Would you trick de poor old Jew out of his secret?"

Even in the very midst of his storm of passionate excitement the poor old Hebrew's cautious and bargaining spirit had

not deserted him. I was again baffled and foiled. Before I had time to push the discussion any further, the old man had shouldered his pack, and moved away rapidly, with a yell rather than a cry of

"Klo! klo! any old klo!"

"I was still under the influence of the fatal spell, and was constrained to follow where he led. Through dull, monotonous piles of brickwork we passed along. We glided rapidly through streets where shellfish appeared to be the sole sustenance of the inhabitants; indeed, as far as they were concerned, and from what I saw, I should be apt to name periwinkles as the staff of life. We passed out into more lighted quarters, where the inhabitants dealt in nautical instruments and glass beads. I could now comprehend how it was that the soft desires of the dwellers in the Polynesian Archipelago were satisfied. Establishments of considerable importance were devoted to the sale of barley-sugar—yellow and red; and a thriving business was evidently driven in mutton pies and cranberry tarts. We passed the establishment of Moses and Son—the Taj Mahal of the quarter. It was indeed a glorious vision, resplendent in floods of gaslight, while a banner from the top floated in defiance of all opposition. The strange thing was—as far as I could gather from a hasty glance which I cast that way, as I followed the Jew in his swift career—that there were no customers in the shop, although the fact is undoubted that the firm drive a thriving trade. Along other nameless streets we passed, sometimes in the gaslight, sometimes in the dark, until I became aware that we had become members of a gradually-increasing crowd, all advancing in one direction, and evidently intent rather upon thoughts of pleasure than of business. We came at last to the establishment where the Jews' ball was to be held. I had supposed that the beautiful beings who were the chief attraction of the place would have been mainly dark-haired, slim as palm-trees, and of appearance generally suggestive of an Eastern origin. It was not so. The prevailing figure was dumpy; the hair of the Jewish maidens most commonly light, and their complexion rather fair than dark. However much the eye might be satiated with Hebrew beauty, I cannot say that all senses were gratified as we entered the dazzling halls where dancing had already been kept up for a time with considerable spirit. It seemed to me also to be a somewhat unfortunate arrangement that Jewish matrons in such numbers were present at the scene of enchantment—for who would care to pluck a rosebud of Sharon if these were the full-blown flowers in their pride of bloom? I had not been long in the room before I noticed that, as of the fairer sex, so of the men, there were three or four types—and upon one or other of these few types they seemed to have been made by the dozen. There might be shades of difference distinguishable by more practised eyes than mine, but I could not make them out. The company, of both sexes, were for the most part decidedly of short stature. Another of the noticeable features of this entertainment was, that everybody danced and talked and pranced and laughed with everybody—there was no exclusiveness in Houndsditch."

"It was not, however, to describe the ball that I went there. My other object is known to you all. Although I had darkly speculated on such an issue before as a possibility, yet I had now been absolutely informed by the mysterious Jew that unless I could obtain possession of a secret known to him alone, the tortures which I had endured, and was still enduring, upon earth, would be continued for ever. Eternal Caroline was before me, behind me, around me, above me, beneath me—everywhere Caroline! The being who could deliver me was actually in the room—willing, as he said, to deal—in a few minutes I might be delivered from my burden, but my deliverer seemed to be given up to the very toils from which I sought to escape. Yes! there he is, executing a dance, which bears to a common polka the relation which a hurricane bears to an ordinary breeze, and floating round him there is a net of yellow hair. In its silken meshes the wanderer has been caught for the two hundred and sixty-seventh time. Hapless being! his case is beyond the reach of art. I see it in the vulture-like look with which he devours the charms of the yellow-haired Miriam. It is an awful sight to see all that suffering and experience and wisdom subjugated—though but for an hour—by a foolish puppet, whom I or any bystander, not being in love with her, can easily enough perceive to be the ordinary mixture of coquetry

and commonplace. Ah, Ikey, Ikey! when the dream has passed away and you see her again with your pulse at sixty-three degrees, you would as soon think of writing verses upon the slit in a Post-office, as upon what you now call her ruby lips; the silken tresses which delight you now will seem to you then but as a pound of tow; the accents which now fall upon your ear soft as the laughter of the angels, you will then deem senseless and irrelevant babble; and you will become painfully aware that her tiny feet would be better employed by the horticulturist for the purpose of keeping his gravel-walks in order, and for the destruction of insect life, than in trampling upon your poor old heart!

"I thought I would yet endeavor to save him for his own sake, and followed the pair about the room, trying to catch the eye of my aged friend. In vain: the wanderer either would not brook interruption, or was in reality so entranced with the charms of his captivator, that he did not notice my well-intended attempts. By this time a change had come over the spirit of the music; in place of the mincing and mopping polka, with its emphatic beats, the orchestra struck up a galop, and poured forth a wild strain which seemed to rouse the dancers to madness. It went ill with the Jew, it went ill! The yellow-haired Miriam threw her head back upon her shoulder, whilst with nervous grasp he swept her through the crowd, pouring forth, as I conceived, wild protestations of affection the while. The lady was as cool as if she had been partaking of early shrimps at Gravesend, and could, I am very confident, have instantly named the result arising from the arithmetical espousals of seven and nine. What is this? She becomes more attentive. As they pass me by, I hear him hissing into her ear:

"'Sixty—sheventy—a hundred thousand pounds? Would you have rupies? Would you have emeralds? Would you have tiamonts, Miriam of my shoul?'

"'No tiamonts, tear, but you. I hate de foolish young men.'

"'I will cover you with gold, beautiful lily of the valley.'

"'Ven you are mine, Ikey, life will be gold to me—but vere is your broderly?'

"'In government shecurities, my wild kazelle. I am teep in Intian sbtock.'

"'Ikey of my heart? It shtands at thirty-five premium.'

"'It does! it does! my matting turtle-dove! Miriam of my poozum, you will be tenter mit the old man. I feel like a leetel child. I would weep and pour out gold in your lap, my yellow putter-cup.'

"'Do not weep, my Ikey—but ish it not funny, now? I vood have dat leetel ring—because, you know, it would come from you! Are the shtones real, Ikey; you would not tesheive your trusting Miriam?'

"These sentences had, of course, only fallen on my ear in a fragmentary way, as the enamored couple swept past me in the dance. With the last words they stopped just in front of me, and the wanderer drew from his gnarled finger a diamond ring, which he handed to the fair-haired Miriam, with the remark that it was worth eight hundred pounds. The lady put it to her lips in, as I supposed, graceful acknowledgment of the generosity of her aged lover. It was not so. I found that, by the application of her tongue to the gems, this invaluable young person was able in a moment to make a shrewd guess whether the diamonds were real or fictitious. The result of the test seemed to be satisfactory, for the tender Miriam's eyes shone with affection whilst she pronounced the jewels to be 'all right,' adding that she doted on the dear old man with all the fresh warmth of her ingenuous and virgin heart. The wanderer, overwhelmed with this proof of the young lady's disinterested affection, blubbered like a child, and I almost feared that he would proceed to bless her in true patriarchal fashion. It was high time for me to interfere, so I tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"'Wanderer! what was it you told me by the river's edge to-night whilst the stream flowed on? Such folly as yours might be excusable in ordinary men, but you have had two hundred and sixty-six warnings. Wretched man, is all experience thrown away? There will be a terrible to-morrow to the frenzy of to-night.'

"In place of evincing any gratitude for my well-timed interference, the Jew turned on me with the fury of a wild beast at

bay, and poured forth on my devoted head all the choicest vituperations of his picturesque vocabulary. The gentle Miriam called me 'a nashty man,' adding that I was but as dirt in the highway—indeed, I am not sure that she did not make use of a still more forcible expression. She would stamp upon me—she would tear my eyes out and carry them to the ravens in Leadenhall Market. The angel had become a fury; but the wanderer did not draw from the fact the necessary inference for his own security. At last he turned round in an emphatic way and whispered some words, which I could not catch, in the ears of the bystanders. Was he giving instruction to have me conducted to the nearest pump? For the anticipated ducking I cared but little; but if I was forcibly torn away from his presence, what became of my chances of solving the great Carolina enigma—the sole object of my life? Well, if they attack me I suppose I must defend myself; but I am sadly outnumbered, and it seems just possible that some of the hook-nosed, beetle-browed, glass-eyed men around me are honorary members of the Prize Ring.

"To my great surprise I found, that in place of the anticipated attack, a greeting from the crowd, who had gathered round me with so warm an interest that I was at a loss to comprehend its meaning. Every one would shake hands with me; the ladies claimed me as their partner for the ensuing dance; the gentlemen thrust upon me offers of liquor to an unlimited amount. Whatever may have been the words pronounced by the wanderer, he had evidently succeeded in investing me with the character of an illustrious stranger—unless, indeed, all this seeming kindness was a mere mockery and a prelude to violence. I knew not what to say; but at length threw myself on the protection of a portly Jewess covered with gold ornaments, who seemed to exercise some kind of authority amongst the crowd. I offered her my arm, which she accepted, and led me away to a distant part of the room, where six young ladies were standing together, of various degrees of corpulence, but all showily dressed—all covered with gold rings and collars, and all with the same keen, eager, Jewish look. To them, after a preliminary whisper from their mother, I was successively presented—Leah, Salome, Esther, Miriam, Sarah, and the little Keziah. How yellow and luscious they were! how they fawned upon me and flattered me—and pawed me? It was a similar scene to that which occurs in a West-End ball-room when a young baronet, with a well-ascertained £20,000 per annum and family diamonds, trusts himself amidst its fascinations—but in a grosser and more natural form. It was clear to me that there was some mistake, and the more so when the amiable lady who had contributed these six fair creatures to the common stock of humanity informed me, with a fat smile, 'that her coot man Ephraim—Ephraim Moss—who was in my line, was eager to make my acquaintance and to admit me to the joys of his family circle. There were besides her three sons, Aaron and Joseph and Benjamin, who were panting to be friends with me! Whatever doubts I might have entertained as to the pursuits or amusements of many of the gentlemen present, there could be none that these three young gentlemen, either professionally or for their diversion, entertained habitual relations with the P. R. The gristle of Aaron's portentous nose had been well smashed on to his face; Joseph Moss had lost one eye in his martial struggles, and so many of Benjamin's teeth had been knocked down his throat, that his speech amounted to little more than a kind of slobbering whistle. The three brothers were short and bow-legged, and the biceps muscle in each was most formidably developed. I received from them three friendly but terrible grasps, as the result of which my right arm was actually paralysed. What could it all mean? In vain I protested that, however gratified I felt by the attention of this amiable family, I was quite unconscious of doing or being anything which gave me a right to their kindness. It was of no use. Joseph winked at me with his one eye, Aaron put his finger to his broken nose, and Benjamin standing in the attitude of a bulldog ready for work, whistled out 'I was shly, werry shly—but it was always coot to be shly in pizzines.' So far from losing in his esteem, the young gentleman actually assured me that I was the gainer by my reserve. I was forced into a seat between the fat Leah and the fatter Esther—Salome and Miriam toyed with my watch-chain, and asked me "what prishe these coots fetched at Vienna?" whilst sweet Sarah (I can state, with some confidence, that the young lady must have weighed

at least fourteen stone) asked me 'if I had a shveethart in Germany?' and the little Keziah pulled my hair, as she thought, playfully, but the tears started into my eyes with pain. Aaron stood on guard behind me on one side, and Joseph on the other, whilst young Benjamin was in front, and had effectually cut off my retreat. Mrs. Moss meanwhile leered lovingly at this touching family scene. Where was it all to end? Alas! I was soon to receive information upon the point.

"An old Jew—a thin Jew—a small Jew—a Jew with spectacles—a most ill-looking and abominable Jew, was seen hurrying to the corner of the room where I was toying in silken dalliance with this galaxy of Hebrew fair ones. No sooner had he cast his eyes upon me than he called out:

"'An imposhtor! An imposhtor! ma tears. That ish not Ishaak, de son of my old friend Ishaacar Grunne, de great rag-merchant of Vienna, who is coming to England to take him a woiife. An imposhtor, ma tears, a very apominable imposhtor intect. Away mit him, poys!'

"It was idle for me to protest my innocence of all complicity with the deception in which I had borne so prominent and innocent a part. The young ladies in chorus protested that I had told them jointly and severally that I was Isaac Grunne, and when I ventured to controvert or contest the statement in the most delicate manner, Aaron hit me a blow behind which sent me staggering into Benjamin's arms. 'Did I call his shisters liars—a low peasht!' Benjamin hit me back! 'What did I mean by tumbling up against a shentleman?' Joseph hit at me right and left, without wasting any time in preliminary observations. In the twinkling of an eye I was hustled and pummelled to the head of the staircase. I saw there seated on a bench the wanderer with the fair-haired Miriam reclining on his breast, and playfully counting the contents of a purse with which, as I presumed, he had just presented her. I had not, however, much time for observation. There had been a pause, during which Aaron held me by the collar, Joseph had taken up a position a little below on the first landing, his brother Benjamin had descended to the second, which was only divided by a straight flight of steps from the street. When these preparations were completed, there was a cry,

"'Go a'ed, Haaron!'

"—and a kick. I flew into space, and then a kick; I flew further into space, a third kick, and yet further; but this time I was landed in the street, and there were no more kicks. Three such indeed, were enough for the lifetime of any man.

"Even in the midst of my unmerited sufferings I resolved not to lose sight of the great object of my visit to the hall. What were these kicks, after all, so that I procured for myself immunity from the presence of Mrs. Robert, when I had shuffled off this mortal coil?

"I took up my station in an archway which commanded a view of the entrance of the scene of festivity, for surely at length the wanderer would come forth with his 267th bride, and I would summon him to keep his word, and reveal the secret.

"I watched for hours, and at length my patience was rewarded. I saw the ancient man step forth into the light with the fair-haired Miriam on his arm. He was bending over and arranging her shawl round the delicate form of the Hebrew maiden, lest the night-wind should blow on it too roughly. They paused in expectation, and the wanderer looked down the street. It was borne in on my mind that he was waiting for a cab. There followed the rumble of wheels which announced the approach of the vehicle in question. Now, or never, was my time. I advanced to where the mysterious being was standing. He regarded me with a benevolent smile, a contrast to his behavior during the ball when I had endeavored to save him—but in vain—from the talons of the hunting leopard who was now bearing him off to her den.

"'Young man,' he said at length, in solemn tone, 'you meant me well—and perhaps I vosh hard upon you. Never you meddle mit true-love knotsh again—but now I vill tell you the shecret vithout reward. Yesh! It ish true—vunsh married—alwaysh married. The fatal ring binds you to all time, and throughout eternity—flesh—but I vill put you, my love, first into de cab.'

"It was strange. The top of the cab was piled high with luggage, and as the wanderer was about to open the door, the

fattest and oldest Jewess—as I think the world ever saw—put her face to the window, and said:

"'Ikey, don't be a fool! Come along home mit me!'

"'Shalome, ma tear, Shalome!'

"'Don't be a fool, Ikey, come along!'

"Never shall I forget the look of horror in the wanderer's face, whilst he continued to pour forth the expressions of welcome, and winked at me—the traitor!—to offer my arm to the yellow-haired Miriam.

"'Shall I take a sheat by de triver, ma tear? You are shtout, and in good case; there may not be room for both inside.'

"The lady threw open the door, and beckoned the wanderer in. He obeyed with a passive frozen obedience. The eyes of the ancient Jewess were indeed awful as she glared at us in the moonlight. But when the wanderer had squeezed into the cab, and the lady had pronounced the terrible word—'Homs!' driven to despair, I rushed to the window, and, clasping my hands in wild entreaty, exclaimed:

"'The secret, Jew, the secret!'

"Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when I became aware that a portentous female hand and arm were thrust from the window of the cab, and I received a box on the ear worthy of such an instrument. I fell senseless to the ground.

"When I recovered my senses it was gray morning, and I was lying indeed on the pavement in a remote street near the river; but of the wandering Jew, or his awful consort, I have never been able to recover a trace.

"Was it reality? Was it a dream? Is Caroline my fate for ever?—for ever?"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR does not seem to have been a model of conjugal virtue, or Matilda his wife a pattern of submission and meekness; for a report that the Norman tyrant had dishonored the fair niece of Marleswent, a Kentish noble, who was the daughter of one of the canons of Canterbury, having come to the queen's ears, it caused the first conjugal difference that had arisen between her and her lord. She was by no means of a temper to take any affront of the kind patiently, and it is said she caused the unfortunate damsel to be put to death with circumstances of great cruelty. Hearne, in his notes to Robert of Gloucester, furnishes us with a curious sequel to this tale, extracted from a very ancient chronicle, which, after relating "that the priest's daughter was privily slain by a confidential servant of Matilda, the Queen," adds, "that the Conqueror was so enraged at the barbarous revenge taken by his queen, that, on his return to Normandy, he beat her with his bridle so severely, that she soon after died."

A DEAD CALM IN THE PACIFIC.—We were once, for ten days in so complete a calm, that the animalculæ died, and the ocean exhaled from its bosom on all sides a most insufferable stench. Instances of this kind illustrate the utility and necessity of winds and the agitation of the seas; absolute calms, continued for any considerable period, in the winds or waves, would prove equally fatal to all manner of animal life. The respiration of all animals, whether this function be carried on by lungs or gills, or other organs, is essential to their being. Those living on land breathe the atmosphere, and rob it, at each inspiration, of a portion of oxygen, which principle is necessary to existence; those inhabiting the deep derive the same principle from the waters, though by different means; and in both cases, the air, or water, thus deprived of its vital principle, must be replaced by fresh supplies, or in a very short time all the oxygen in their vicinity is exhausted, and the animals, whether of sea or land, must perish.—*Voyage Round the World.*

ADVANCE OF TIME.—The age of man, we are told, is three score years and ten. From twenty-five to forty, if the health be good, no material alteration is observed. From thence to fifty, the change is greater. Fifty-five to sixty, the alteration startles; still we are not bowed down. In the earliest periods of our life the body strengthens and keeps up the mind; in the latter stages of it the reverse takes place, and the mind keeps up the body; a formidable duty this, and keenly felt by both. Such is Time's progress.



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

A VIRGIN AND CHILD, BY MURILLO.

IN no school of art were the real elements of ordinary practical life ever elevated so highly, or idealized so perfectly without quitting nature, as in the Spanish, and this was principally seen in Murillo (or Murillos). Raphael painted more exquisitely and gracefully, but in so doing he rose above humanity. His virgin mothers never *lived*—they are perfect dreams—dreams of the ideal—they never walked the market-place, or kissed mortal lips. Perhaps if the *subject* is borne in mind, it was quite right it should be so; but we of the nineteenth century, who are more practical and nearer nature, care less for the original idea. A popular vote at the present day, and that

not merely of the vulgar, would award the palm to Murillo over Raphael.

Bartolomeo Esteban (Stephen) Murillo, was born in Seville in 1618, and died there 1682. He received his first instruction in drawing from a relative, Juan del Costillo, and while young acquired that love for the Florentine school whose influence is perceptible in his earlier works. At this time he painted great numbers of little religious pictures for the American trade and for the ordinary purposes of Catholic devotion. It is not improbable that there still exist in village churches, or among family treasures in Mexico or Brazil, a number of little honored and often kissed pictures, painted by young Murillo, while as yet unknown to fame.

In 1643 this business took him to Madrid, where the great Velasquez gave him instruction, and where he copied many pictures by Titian, Rubens and Van Dyck. Returning in 1645 to Seville, his extraordinary progress and remarkable genius shown in his first work, the paintings in the Franciscan Cloister, awakened enthusiastic admiration. He entered upon a highly prosperous career, the most brilliant period of which was from 1670 to 1680. During this time he painted the celebrated eight great pictures, representing the Works of Mercy, for the Church of the Hospital of San Jorge de la Caridad, and many others for the Church de los Venerables and the Capuchin Cloister, twenty-eight of which latter were subsequently brought to this country. He died while engaged on a painting of the Wedding of St. Catherine.

"The works of Murillo," says a German critic, from whom we translate, "indicate the highest stage which Naturalism is capable of assuming—namely, that where the Characteristic becomes Beauty. He was therefore able to make his Madonnas almost as fascinating as those of Raphael, though the elevated purity of the latter is wanting. He therefore succeeded in giving to his life-size *genre* paintings a poetic effect which was altogether beyond the horizon of the great Italians. He was aided in this by a *color* and a *chiaroscuro* such as few of the latter possessed."

Murillo founded the Academy of Madrid, and was its president from the year 1680. His pictures are widely scattered. Many were collected by Marshal Soult and by Baron Taylor. A very fine picture by him of the Roman Daughter was destroyed by fire in Philadelphia, at the destruction of the Academy of Fine Arts in 1845. There are forty in the Louvre, and some of his most celebrated works in the Pinacothek of Munich.

In our engraving, which literally reproduces a Murillo which has grown dark by time and neglect, the observer can still trace much of the peculiar beauty of the artist's design.

BURIED ALIVE.

"A SITTING-ROOM and bedroom to let, with board and attendance. A gentleman of scientific or literary pursuits, to whom absolute quiet is the first essential, would find this an opportunity rarely to be met with. Address, Mrs. Toomey, Glider's Villa, Holloway."

I had read of watch-spring saws covertly conveyed in the bowels of hot loaves to desperate prisoners, between whom and liberty there stood but a row of iron bars, and had wondered what could have been their sensations as they gazed on the opportune present, and felt the tiny teeth that promised to bite them a path to freedom. Now I wondered no longer. I knew all about it. Aha! Mrs. Maulaboy! little did you imagine when you so spitefully handed me my *Times*, at the same time stigmatizing me the "archest and most fidgetest" person who ever occupied your first floor, simply because I mildly suggested that your son Joseph might possibly find some other chamber than that contiguous to mine wherein to practise on the concertina; little, I say, did you dream that enfolded in that very paper I should find a means of escape from my long endured torture. As the prisoner would hide his precious saw from his jailor, so did I cut out Mrs. Toomey's advertisement, and hid it in the innermost recess of my pocket-book.

Then came the sickening reflection—perhaps I should be too late! perhaps, indeed, some one of the host of my suffering literary brethren—some early bird—had already pounced on this rare worm, and was at that very moment discussing it at his ease. The thought was unbearable. I rang the bell with reckless violence; fiercely demanded my boots of Mrs. Maulaboy's astonished maid-of-all-work; and, leaving my coffee and roll untasted, hurried off.

I had delightful difficulty in discovering Glider's Villa—delightful, because it furnished convincing proof of its seclusion. At last an intelligent butcher lad, whom I consulted, furnished me with a clue.

"Go down the first turnin', which is Glider's-lane," said he, "and keep on goin' down it till you come to a row of elm trees. Arter that you comes to a wall, and then to a gate with the name of Toomey writ on it. That's Glider's Willer."

In another minute I was deep in Glider's-lane. Such a sweet place! A dense hawthorn hedge skirted it on either side, and it was so narrow as to preclude the possibility of any lumbering wagon or omnibus—of any vehicle, indeed, broader than a wheelbarrow, traversing it. On I went, in the midst of a stillness so profound that the ticking of my watch was audible, and the crashing of my feet among the fallen leaves (it was October) was tremendous, while at the same time, to a man of my light weight (bare ten stone), it was satisfying. And this was but a foretaste of the repose—the delightful seclusion—that awaited me! This was but a breeze-borne perfume from the Eden I was approaching! My poetic soul fluttered within me at the thought—pitched and tossed and strained at the withes that fettered it to the drossy earth, like an inflated but rope-moored balloon. So anxious was I to get a glimpse of the Toomey haven, that I climbed a convenient tree stump and looked about me. Ha! ha! There it was, almost hidden behind the sober elms, and not a hundred yards off.

I had, however, barely made the discovery, when I was conscious of approaching footsteps, and presently I saw hurrying toward me a young man, whose massive brow and haggard air bespoke the author. My heart sank within me, for I at once divined that he too sought the Toomey paradise. I was not mistaken. He approached and addressed me.

"I beg your pardon, sir, can you inform me if a person named Toomey resides hereabout?"

Deceit is not my habit. Lying I abhor as I do the third Napoleon. Yet, having so nearly reached the goal, it was hard to surrender without a struggle; so my very fingers blush upon my penholder as I record—I was guilty of—well, of evasion.

"Sir," I replied, "I am now on my way to the house of that lady. Poor creature! I hope her case is not so bad as is represented. Yet, for a person of her years to be afflicted with malignant typhus—"

"Confound it!" interrupted the young man, savagely, "just like my infer—I beg your pardon, doctor; good morning."

He turned about, and, rapidly retracing his steps, left me again master of the field. I hurried on till I came to a blank wall, and then to a gate, on one of the posts of which was a zinc plate bearing the name of Toomey.

On my third application to the bell, the gate was noiselessly opened by a female—evidently a servant of the establishment. Not a pert giggling minx of eighteen; but a sober and sedate woman of at least forty. She was tall, stout, wore list shoes on her feet, and a cap of the good old doxy school on her head. If there was anything that detracted from her personal appearance, it was the growth of a slight whitey-brown moustache.

In a sepulchral whisper she inquired my business, and when informed of it at once turned her muffled feet towards the house, signing me to follow. With an amiable gesture she signified the scraper, and then ascending the beautifully whitened steps tapped at the parlor door.

The tap was responded to by a tall, slim lady, of dark complexion, who wore spectacles and a black bombazine dress. In the same apartment there was a middle-aged gentleman, whose appearance was rather singular. He was portly; rosy, and of that cast of features that generally distinguishes the lover of good living. Yet about his eyes there was an expression that completely negated the notion that he was a jocular person. He looked awe-stricken, he looked astonished, he looked like a jolly dog at a funeral of a cousin six times removed.

"Here's a gentleman about the first-floor, ma'am," said she of the list shoes, in a subdued voice.

"Very well, Goss," responded the lady of the house; "show it."

Goss nodded, and then proceeded to ascend the stairs as noiselessly as though they were covered with satin and stuffed with eiderdown. Influenced by Goss's example, I too stepped as gingerly as I knew how, but, amid the delicious silence that prevailed, the clatter of my double soles must have been audible in the kitchen.

As though she wore skates, and the floor were of ice, my guide slid leisurely through the apartments, indicating the various excellencies therein contained, not verbally, but by graphic little nods and pattings. I was delighted. Everything

was so handsome, so massive, and, above all, so quiet, that I resolved to secure so desirable an abode, cost what it might.

Inquiring with her eyebrows if I had completed my survey, and receiving in reply an affirmative nod, Mrs. Goss descended the stairs, and after giving a tap at Mrs. Toomey's door vanished into the kitchen.

"Walk in, please," whispered the monosyllabic lady.

I walked in. There was the mysterious florid gentleman, with his back to the fire and his coat tails under his arms, looking more astonished than ever. It occurred to me, however, that there was something of beseeching as well of surprise in the expression of his countenance, and that he looked as though he wished me to address him. I did so in a way least likely to commit myself.

"Delightful weather, sir!"

"Splendid, sir! magnificent!" replied he, in a voice, at once so hearty and loud and boisterous, as to be quite startling; "as you say, sir, it is a lovely morning—it is a long time since I knew such a morning. Ha! ha! How do you do, sir?"

"Hush," said Mrs. Toomey, in a solemn whisper, "the gentleman is not deaf, sir."

"I beg pardon, my love," replied the robust gentleman, with an excruciating attempt to pare his round and sound voice to a whisper; "it came out before I was aware of it."

If he was sorry he had spoken, I wasn't—he looked so much better for it. He looked less astonished, and was evidently as much refreshed as a diver who comes to the surface after a long sojourn under water.

"Will they suit you, sir?" whispered Mrs. Toomey to me.

"Admirably, my dear madam," replied I, rightly guessing that by "they" the lady alluded to her apartments.

"For board and attendance my terms are thirty shillings a week—in advance."

"Very good, ma'am."

"When do you wish to take possession?"

Attracted by a slight noise, I turned my gaze towards Mr. Toomey to find him making for my edification the most dreadful grimaces, and dumbly making the word "never" with his lips. This was perplexing; but it suddenly flashed to my mind that the mysterious gentleman had interested motives for his behavior—that he himself had a dear friend for whom he wished to secure the desirable lodgings; so, not heeding the dumb warning, I at once replied to Mrs. Toomey's question,

"I will take possession to day, ma'am. Indeed, if you can recommend me a trusty messenger who will go to Camden-town and fetch my luggage, I will commence my occupancy at once."

Mrs. Toomey nodded and left the room.

"I say," said her husband, as soon as we were alone, "what do you think of Mrs. Goss?"

"Well," I replied, "she seems a very proper person."

"She does," sighed Mr. Toomey dismally; "frightfully proper both of 'em are. As proper as undertakers."

"You seem nice and snug here," said I, for the sake of breaking the oppressive silence that followed his last observation.

"I know only one place that is snugger," replied he, shaking his head gravely; "listen to me, my young friend, if you will persist in your rash intention of staying here; beware of Mrs. Goss! If you don't, mark my words—she'll have you! It is she who sends the advertisements to the *Times*. She it was, sir, who inveigled me into the—ahem!"

What Mrs. Goss had inveigled Mr. Toomey into did not transpire, in consequence of the inopportune and inaudible entrance of that gentleman's wife; instead of continuing the conversation, he looked innocently up at the ceiling, and assumed an expression of countenance meant to convey an idea that he had not spoken a word for some time past.

In as few words as possible, Mrs. T. informed me that a trusty messenger should be despatched to Camden-town forthwith, so (devoutly hoping that the individual who undertook the job was sturdy of will and limb) I wrote a little note, enclosing an equivalent for a week's warning to Mrs. Maulaboy, and at once installed myself in my new house.

The recollection of my first day at Glider's Villa will never be effaced from my memory. Such blissful quiet! Not a sight, not a sound to disturb the current of my meditations. Everything about me was suggestive of repose. The paper on the

walls was of a dull ground color figured over with poppy flowers. The mantel ornaments were simply a skeleton clock and two tall bronze urns. Above were two prints in deep black frames—one representing Cromwell gazing on the body of Charles I., and the other, Wellington gazing on the body of Napoleon. There were two oil-paintings on the wall—the Murder of the Princes in the Tower, and (effectively hung between the heavy purple window-curtains) the Raising of Lazarus.

The furniture of the room was all that could be desired. No slop-made, creaking chairs and tables were there; all was of heavy Spanish mahogany, and mounted on castors. The bedroom arrangements were unexceptionable. The windows were sand-bagged, the door was listed, a soft-piled carpet was spread upon the floor, while as for the bedstead, it might have been built after a design by Morpheus himself. Each of its four carved posts would have furnished sufficient timber for an entire bedstead of the modern school, and it was hung about with great drooping curtains of red moreen.

The domestic arrangement of the Toomeys were equally conducive to that "first essential to a gentleman," &c. In the course of the afternoon a single tap came at my door, and then floated in Mrs. Goss, laden with a capital dinner. A wave could not have delivered a dead fish on to a sandy beach with less noise than Mrs. Goss spread the tablecloth, arranged the dining implements and then vanished, before I could help myself to mustard.

My luggage (and a derisive message) having arrived from Mrs. Maulaboy's by the time I had finished my dinner, I sat down to my great novel, "The Cheak of Bois." Good heavens! the "copy" I manufactured that afternoon! My inventive stream, hitherto choked and dammed by muffin-men and milk-men, now flowed boundless and brilliant, filling folio after folio full to the brim, with marvellous celerity. So I kept on till the evening fell and twilight began to fill the room.

Now, of all parts of the day, twilight is the part I like least. It is indefinite and undecided, and, to my thinking, unpleasant. What are you to do? To sit down and quietly wait for night is absurd; to ramble about your garden and to allow the evening dews to sow rheumatism in your bones, is ridiculous; and to shut out ever so little sunlight and ignite your lamp, is, to my thinking, much the same sort of sin as burning bread.

It had hitherto been my invariable custom to regard twilight as a time to indulge in any covert pleasure to which you may be addicted, but which you would rather neither daylight nor lamplight should see. Playing battledore, for instance, or acting the part of a horse, cow or other quadruped, for the edification of your little son or brother. I frankly admit that, for want of a better, I have rode the youngest Maulaboy round and round my room through many a twilight.

As it was, I knew not what to do. I yearned for something, and knew not what. Was it for Georgy Maulaboy! Certainly not. Ha! ha! No more Maulaboy's, thank you! Having once tasted the fruits of an abode so quiet! so secluded! so retired! as my present, the mere sight of a Maulaboy would, I was sure, be to me a serious and lasting injury.

I wandered to the window and looked out. Nothing was to be seen but palings and hedges and market-garden stuff. Yes, there was something else. That ghastly row of elm-trees which waved their arms and nodded their heads, though not a breath of wind was blowing—at least as far as I knew; but then the windows were sand-bagged and listed.

How secluded! How delightfully quiet! As the night deepened I found myself eulogising my new lodgings more and more frequently.

I left the window and took to walking about the room, whistling the last good tune. Falling on the high-piled carpet, however, my footsteps were inaudible, and I seemed to move from one end to the other of the room in an unaccountable manner. Then my whistling. Although I pitched it at the lowest whisper, it sounded through the apartment like the braying of a trombone. I sank into a chair and sat looking into the fire, that burnt luridly and without the shadow of a flame or crackle. The place seemed full of gloom and melancholy, which fell upon me, as I sat, like snow, benumbing me as snow might, and suffocating me with its weight. All was so still, that had Mrs. Goss smote my head instead of the door with that single

tap of hers, I could not have been more startled. She was welcome, however, for she brought in tea and lights. Their cheery flame dispelled the gloom; the tea was capital, the toast was done to a shade—my melancholy fled and I was a man again.

While the tea and toast lasted. After that, when Mrs. Goss, without a word, had slid in and out again with the tea-tray, and I was left alone with the silent, glowing fire, and with those abominable candles, which, in spite of the maker's assertion, did require snuffing, and there were no snuffers to snuff them with, the snow began to fall again heavier than ever. Not the least sound was to be heard but the ticking of the skeleton timepiece. That was to be heard with a vengeance! Each "tick" was clear and distinct as the crack of a whip; while the long, spiderish minute-hand leapt round the clock's face in long, one-sided jerks, as a raven skips along the ground. I sat and watched it till I dozed and dreamt it was a raven—a monstrous raven, big as an ostrich, but retaining all the devilish peculiarities for which the former bird is remarkable. I dreamt that I was in a lonely forest and up a slender tree, and that the monstrous raven was at the foot thereof—pecking, pecking at the trunk with his bill, that he might bring me down, tree and all, for the purpose of breakfasting off my visual organs. Down came the tree with a crash, while I gave a great cry, seeing that the raven had so placed himself as to spear me as I fell on his bayonet beak.

"Ho!"

I started to my feet and rubbed my eyes; but, although by this process I got rid of the forest and the monstrous raven, I did not get rid of the cry, "Ho! ho!" It seemed to come from the chimney. It was unmistakably a stifled voice, and sounded as though its owner were in the last extreme of agony.

I am by no means a timid man, yet I am bound to confess that this supernatural voice, coming as it did immediately atop of the unpleasant raven dreams, affected me agueishly, and had my legs been equal to the task I certainly should have left the room. It was fortunate it was so; for the next instant came another, "Ho! ho!" and, my eyes being turned at the moment in that direction, I discovered that the mysterious sounds emanated from a small orifice by the side of the chimney jamb. A moment's examination convinced me that it was the mouthpiece of a speaking-tube leading to the kitchen, and was in that quiet house a substitute for a noisy bell.

"Did any one call?" I inquired, putting my lips to the mouthpiece.

"Yes, several times," came up the pipe: "it's me."

"Who are you?"

"You saw me in the parlor this morning. How are you getting on?"

"Nicely, thank you. Why do you inquire?"

"Because I haven't the heart to see you going like a sheep to slaughter. Let me implore you to—Hist! I hear 'em coming. Good-night."

What did it all mean? What was it Mr. Toomey would have implored me to do had he not been scared from the speaking-tube by those dreadful women? Anything was preferable to such horrid suspense, so I at once firmly applied my lips to the orifice and called Mr. Toomey.

Mrs. Goss made her appearance.

"I wish to speak with the master of the house," said I.

"The mistress, I presume you mean, sir. I'll tell her," whispered Mrs. Goss, and was moving stealthily off.

"Stay," said I; "why not the master? He has his senses and the use of his limbs, has he not?"

"Limbs, yes, sir; senses, certainly not," replied Goss.

"Will you have him up, sir?"

I felt immensely relieved by her reply, and at once told her that I would not trouble either her master or mistress. How narrowly had I escaped doing a silly thing! Ashamed that I had allowed myself to be scared by the empty babble of a poor witless creature, I retired to my bedroom.

But the oppressive atmosphere that had encompassed me all the evening was not to be got rid of. The back room as well as the front was choke full and foggy with it. There seemed hardly room for me in the mysterious gloom, and it came pressing heavily on me on all sides, as though to let me know it. Quiet as was the sitting-room, here was the silence intensified tenfold. It was death himself dead; and as for the four-poster

—the bedstead that had so charmed me in the morning—there it stood, grim and funereal, a proper bier for death himself to recline on. As I pulled back the bedcurtains, the rings, made of some vegetable material, slid dumbly along; as I planted one foot on the edge of the bedstead, and, grasping a post thereof, not a creak responded. When I slid into bed, I was at least half a minute "finding bottom;" and there I lay with a mound on either side of me, interred in a grave of down, the desert stillness remaining unbroken, save by the eternal "tick-tickings" of the skeleton clock that now came so sharply on mine ear, one might almost have fancied it had walked off the mantel-shelf and was now beating the door to get in.

The horrid dreams that haunted me that night I will never reveal. I will only say that the skeleton timepiece transformed into a skeleton of Time himself—scythe and hourglass included—and my mad landlord and legions of sepulchral voices had considerably to do with them. Five several times I woke, damp with perspiration, and each time vowed that I would depart from Glider's Villa on the morrow.

The morning's light, however, brought me fresh courage, and I began calmly to question myself as to the causes of complaint I had against the Toomeys. There were none. I had bargained especially for quiet; did not I get it without stint? Were not the apartments handsomely furnished? Were not the attendance and the victuals unimpeachable?

Such was the gist of my musing as I partook of Mrs. Toomey's superlative coffee, and arrived at the conclusion that I should indeed be a donkey if I allowed myself to be driven from my snug quarters through an evening with the blues and a bad night's rest.

But it was not the least use. With a firm determination to do a good day's work, I sat down at my writing-table and cut a fresh pen and renewed my blotting-pad, and took out the middle sheets from a fresh quire of foolscap and otherwise tempted my muse, as poultry wives spread abroad barley for their truant chickens. All to no purpose. My thoughts would not flow novelward. One moment they would branch off toward the speaking apparatus that led to the kitchen and set me puzzling about poor Mr. Toomey; the next they would meander to the dismal bed-room, bringing back my dreadful dream and the fierce fight I had had with my mad—(but no, I will not relate that dream). Then flying off at a tangent, my thoughts would ripple towards the skeleton timepiece and the raven and the rest of it, and I found myself making a sketch of the gigantic and dreadful bird with the bayonet beak and myself clinging to the toppling tree.

I thought a walk might possibly do me good, so, putting on my hat, I strolled to Hornsey. But, somehow, I had brought away from Glider's Villa my lungs full of its stifling air, and though I tried the parlor of a convenient hostel—the billiard-room—the skittle-ground even, and played two games with the oster (losing both in the most shameful way)—I could not get rid of it.

By a roundabout route I made my way back to the villa in the course of the afternoon, dined, and for the remainder of the day looked out at the window. It was not such a forlorn look-out as yesterday's, for a few fields distant there was a woman weeding onions. For a good two hours I anchored to the onion-weeder (she wore a man's coat, ankle-jacks, and was probably Irish), and when, at the expiration of that time, she buttoned herself up, lit her pipe and set her face homeward, I could not have felt more dejected had she been my affianced bride suddenly obliged to emigrate.

Then the night set in. The only way in which it differed from its predecessor was that I stopped the skeleton ticker and held no converse with my landlord through the tube. I kept lonely vigil till a distant church clock chimed ten, and then I skulked to my funereal bed—dreamed that all the world, save myself, were stricken deaf and dumb—woke to hear the neighboring belfries give a receipt for midnight—and then lay awake all in the quiet darkness till cockcrow.

I could stand it no longer. By the time Mrs. Goss appeared with my breakfast I was dressed and had packed my luggage. I expected that my suddenly-expressed determination to quit the premises would have occasioned astonishment. Nothing of the sort! Mrs. Toomey blandly whispered, "Very well, sir; as you please;" and when I had settled her little account and

bade her good-bye, she returned the salutation courteously, though under her breath.

Half way up Glider's lane I encountered Mr. Toomey, swinging on a gate and whistling.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, shaking me warmly by the hand; "so you have found it out in time, eh? I congratulate you, my dear sir!"

"Found what out?" I asked.

"Why, that if you had stayed much longer in that house its grave-like quiet would have driven you mad. It took two months to do my business. Dreadful case, wasn't it? Hearty and well in May—melancholy mad and Mrs. Toomey's husband in July! Ha! ha! Good-morning, my fortunate young friend." He leapt from the gate, and once more wringing my hand hurried off.

I slept that night in that snug four-poster at Mrs. Maula-boy's, and was lulled to sleep by the band outside the adjacent public playing "Rule Britannia." JAMES GREENWOOD.

A SOIREE ARTISTIQUE.

BY LIEUT.-COL. H. R. ADDISON.

THE foreigner or the country cousin, who arrives in London for the first time, instantly seeks to mingle with the higher classes. For this purpose he brings with him certain letters of introduction, which secure him a series of invitations to the best salons of the aristocracy as soon as the season arrives. Delighted with the idea of personally associating with those magnates of whom he has heard and read, he revels in a dream of delight, and at eleven o'clock eagerly drives off to St. James's square, or Piccadilly, or Park lane, as the case may be—Apsley House, Devonshire House, Holderness House, or Lord Derby's being equally the havens of his ambition. But, alas! how little satisfaction attends his triumph. Jostled amidst a densely-packed crowd, his ear wearies as it continually dwells on "Good evening, my lord;" "Was your ladyship at the opera last night?" "Is it true that your grace has condescended to become a lady patroness of the Kensington Bazaar?" "Oh, my dear Sir John, why were you not at Lady K.'s—is it true you are about to retire from society?" or, "We were all disappointed at not seeing your excellency at the Private Theatricals; her Majesty was in high spirits and we passed a delightful evening."

Tired of this eternal chattering—for to talk rationally in an aristocratic ballroom would be a sad mistake—the tyro looks around, determined, since his ears have disappointed him, to feast his eyes. The women are superb, and certainly bear the impress of high nobility. No race in the world are so handsome as English females; and the higher you go the more beautiful they are; they certainly do show, in the most unmistakable manner, the *pur sang* that flows in their veins. But where are your statesmen, your orators, your heroes? That shabby, sneaking little old man is a Secretary of State; that oily-looking person is an orator unequalled; and that very common-looking personage is the representative of one who, many years ago, shook Europe with his mighty thunders. Here a gray-headed Jew represents England's highest classes; there a black-haired one shadows forth her wealth. That vulgar-looking man is an earl; that foolish-looking giant an Asiatic legislator. In a word, were it not for an occasional star or a blue ribbon, which half hides itself as if ashamed of its wearer, none would ever discover that they were nibbling skirts with those who, by their good conduct and splendid talent, may fairly be styled the pride of Europe.

An hour's unmeaning interchange of salutations, an hour's suffocation, and the visitor returns home disappointed and *déshabillé*. He had expected to behold kings, queens and nobles in all the pomp and glittering grandeur of the stage. He had only seen them in their true colors—as different as the trussed pheasant from the same bird upon the tree. A scene of this kind is a painful disenchantment.

Having undergone this ordeal, and still determined to look through every phase of society, I was determined to take a domestic peep "behind the curtain," and for that purpose I was fortunate enough to obtain, through a talented friend of mine, an invitation to Mlle. T——'s Sunday reception. To give the

name would not be delicate; but, as I am proud of the evening I spent, I will at once designate her as the first singer in the world, and leave my reader to conjure up her appellation.

Arrived at about eight, I entered the artiste's *salon*. Everything around breathed the air of that social familiarity which at once speaks good taste and high breeding; which, without degenerating into vulgar intimacy, at once places the visitor at his ease.

The fair *prima donna* rose as I entered, and, tendering her hand, cordially welcomed me, pointed to a chair, and in ten minutes we were chatting away in the most delightful manner.

I confess I never felt more gratified. Here was I conversing at my ease with one whom crowned heads had travelled miles to see and hear. Here was I talking of balls, flower-shows and a thousand nothings with one who had awed me by her queen-like denunciations and melted me to tears by her pathos. Here was I in presence of the often-crowned and petted favorite of the Muses, stripped of her bright flowers, yet ten thousand times more charming than when bedecked in their lustre.

Mlle. T—— is a remarkably fine woman; her brilliant smile, her speaking eyes and her charming manner, far more than compensate for a regularity of features. To sum up, she is a fascinating and an unaffected creature.

Here were no stars, no ribbons, no insignia of office; though ministers, ambassadors, and even sovereigns had sought these *soirées*, yet none were present on the evening I speak of. But here was an aristocracy of talent around me, certified by the intelligent glances of the assembled *artistes*, which outweighed the unmeaning emblems of the Garter or the Golden Fleece.

Here sat the winning Madame W——, whose quiet smile told a tale which went straight to the heart. There sat the talented and lively Mlle. L——, whose *piquante* acting and charming singing have turned many a grave head in this vast metropolis. Beside me was the lovely American, Madame A——; while a host of other charming female celebrities clustered around me.

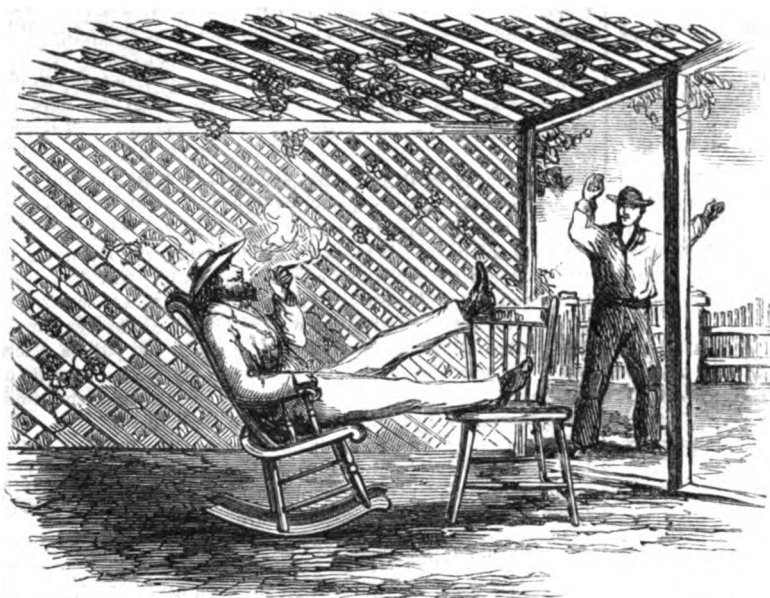
Before me stood the great German buffo; and beside him —, who has since made such an impression at the Opera House; that quiet-looking little man plays like a Thalberg; and that tall gentleman seems the pet of the green-room. German, French, Italian and English are equally heard—none in the room are unacquainted with those four languages—*calambours* and witticisms are uttered in every European tongue, and songs and *scenas* poured forth in their original words.

Never did I regret the steady march of time more sincerely than when eleven o'clock arrived, and with it the parting sentences of *Addio*, *Bon soir*, "good night," which, with every kind and—I am convinced—sincere wish, were offered and accepted as the visitors retired.

If nobility stripped of its robes disappointed my expectations, talent deprived of its tinsel array rose in my estimation.

The rank of mere birth may well envy the rank of genuine talent.

THE PONTINE MARSHES.—And these, then, are the fearful swamps that looked to us, as we descended last evening from Vallettri, so dismal under their gray haze, the dark cloud-like headland in the farthest distance lowering above the mist like a huge incubus. What a most living and translucent emerald is all around! Throughout the entire road are double lines, on either hand, of tall and slender trees, that seem to have sprung up, rejoicing in the abundant irrigation; on each hand, too, innumerable droves of horses and their colts, mingled with herds of oxen, corpulent in shape, and with broad horns of commensurate expansion, bask in the teeming pastures. Corn waves in the distance, beneath the Volscian mountains, that sweep through the marshes in semicircle on the land side; while, towards the sea, forests of amazing foliage grow and perish almost unmarked of human eye. A canal, all clearness, glides with swift current by the roadside, along whose green brink, even from whose very wave, the living shrubs are springing—shrubs, and long grass, and numberless water-flowers. The whole is a scene of the richest, the profusest vegetation—the most English-looking spot, in fact, in Italy. The air, perhaps, has something clammy and cave-like in its influence, and a sort of ghostly exhalation hangs about the Apennines, and we used to see it at Pisa, but no worse than there that I know of.—*Roman Scenery*.



WINKLE ROUSED FROM HIS REVERIE BY WHISTLING BEN.

INCIDENTS OF FRONTIER LIFE; OR, PERRY WINKLE'S ADVENTURES ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER I.—THE REVERIE, THE WOLF-CHASE AND A ROMANCE.

PERRY WINKLE is one of those impulsive, enthusiastic fellows who love both fun and friends alike—ever enchanted with the sublime beauties of nature; and it is easy to detect a wild enthusiasm in his manner whenever an object of grandeur or magnificence is presented either real or imaginary.

Having laid aside the morning papers Perry was leisurely puffing a mild Havana, as he sat upon the balcony at the residence of a Western friend whose kind hospitality he had for a short time enjoyed, and listlessly gazed upon the wild flowers that were entwined among the lattice, whilst the soft zephyrs of early June wafted their fragrance abroad. Mr. Winkle's meditations were not with the flowers. Old memories were thronging the avenues of his thoughts in all the earnest vividness of reality. Again he was a child, and rambled the enchanted rounds of loveliness and pleasure at the old homestead. Then he was with friends, kind-hearted and true, of maturer years. Once more he wandered amidst the orange groves of the Sunny South, from whence he was transported to the wild grandeur of the Alleghanies, that rear their proud summits in the Old Keystone, where the music of the silver-toned rivulet, mingling with the notes of the wild warblers, filled the rapt soul with delight. Again he stood upon the peaks of Otter in the Old Dominion, admiring the loveliness of the charming landscape, when suddenly his reverie was disturbed by the cry "A wolf! a wolf!" and the appearance of Whistling Ben in a flurry of excitement, who hurriedly exclaimed, "As sure as shakes, Mr. Winkle, a couple of them ar' peaky thievin' wolves have killed the finest shoat on the plantation, an' are eatin' him jest around the hill yonder. Let's git the dogs and go arter 'em, Mr. Winkle, quick!"

"All right, Ben; out with the dogs and ponies, and I will be after you in a moment," replied Perry, enthusiastically.

True to time Ben was on hand with a fine black pony and Winkle's sure-footed mule, Sleepy Bet, and the dogs. Perry came with his "invigorators" and "marking irons," and knife and belt in hand, which were quickly adjusted, whilst Ben trimmed a stout club from the wood-pile. Just as the pair were about starting for the chase they were joined by Wild Bill, an Indian, mounted upon the bare back of a snow-white pony, without bridle or other "tackle," save a long lariat or leathern rope, which was tied to the pony's neck. The destination of each was quickly understood and the chase commenced. Whistling Ben went directly upon the game, while Wild Bill passed around the grove towards the east, and Perry took the inter-

mediate course, up the valley, through the timber. Fifteen minutes had scarcely elapsed ere the wolves were rapidly making for the timber, which being fully anticipated by the parties, who appeared at the moment, were forced to take the open prairie with a wood about two miles distant, towards which they fled for dear life. Wild Bill, with his pony, White Cloud, now gained the lead, whilst Perry, with Sleepy Bet and the mastiff, brought up the rear. Away! dashing over the green prairie, across the valley, up the hillside, over the ridge, down the hill, scrambled the dogs after the game, with men and animals hugging closely behind, the long hair of the Indian streaming in the breeze, while the wide-brimmed hat of Perry was being left far behind its owner.

The hounds had neared their victim, and were already making sundry grimaces and motions quite distasteful to the pursued. Bill had neared the hindmost, and was just ready to close in, when the wolf turned quickly to the right and was followed by Ben and the rest of the dogs, except Dash, who, never changing his course, soon came up to the foremost, a huge specimen of

his kind. A mile had already been passed, yet White Cloud and Sleepy Bet had abated not a whit in the excitement, and on, on they bore their riders, Bill quietly flourishing the end of his lariat, and Perry eagerly shouting and urging on the dogs. The wood was neared, and every nerve was strained by the pursuers and pursued. Forward—on, on they pressed, and even Sleepy Bet seemed awakened fully to the excitement. White Cloud had approached very near the wolf, and Bill instinctively put his hand to the hilt of his knife. Every bound brought him nearer, and Dash was already snapping at his side, but an occasional show of wolfish ivory started streams of blood from the faithful hound, who justly seemed to fear so unequal a combat.

On! on! Wild Bill gives a wild whoop, and White Cloud strikes his fore feet fiercely upon the back of the panting wolf, and, losing his foothold, rolls to the ground. The gleaming knife of the Indian descends, and in an instant is withdrawn reeking with the hot blood, yet the wounded animal is up and away, but Bet is close upon him, and, fearing the contact, closes up at his side; but, alas! the dignity of her muleship is overcome by the hasty application of the fangs of the infuriated wolf to her breast. It was too much for poor mule-nature to bear. She rears, and the unfortunate Perry descends upon the pursued, all unprepared for the encounter. Alas! his time had come—but not to perish; for the fleet Indian was at his side in an instant, and this time his knife made sure its victim. Perry sprang up and shouted for real joy, firing his revolver at the poor unconscious animal as a trophy of his valorous arms, and took the bleeding scalp of the fallen, which he quickly appended to his girdle. For a moment Wild Bill gazed upon the glassy eye of the wolf, snatched a curious glance at Perry and his lariat at the same time, reached the back of White Cloud at one bound, pointed to the south, shouted "See!" and away he sped.

Near by, upon the divide that joins the timber, Ben, in close pursuit of the other wolf, came sweeping around a ridge. Wild Bill knew his game and struck into the chase in a manner to head him from the timber. The Indian gave a fierce yell, and the wolf, amazed, changed his course. Perry now had the lead and a slight advantage in the ground, and counted the wolf his game. Close—close—aye, he is upon him—his pistol was drawn, discharged. Once, twice, and again—still the pace is unabated. Perry is desperate. A steep declivity is approached—he drives his spurs deep into the flank of the mule, and down they plunge, wolf, dogs, rider and mule, poor Perry's heels describing a semicircle over the head of the long-eared animal, as he rolled down the steep side of the hill. The Indian, safely upon his pony, glided down the steep bank, only ejaculating "ugh!" as his pony bounded over a small creek. Ben followed closely,

and before the fallen Perry had regained his feet, arms and the back of the unfortunate Ben, the club of Ben and the knife of Bill had done their work upon the pursued victim.

Wild Bill raised a whoop long and loud, the signal of victory, and, with one dash of his bloody knife, severed the scalp, and a moment after threw the soft, warm skin of the wolf over the back of White Cloud. In their return the pelt of the first captured wolf was taken, and the party cantered back to the farmhouse, where a smoking dinner of hot coffee, corn cakes, fresh eggs, broiled, and boiled prairie chicken awaited them.

Wild Bill accepted the invitation to refresh himself at the farmhouse, and Perry insisted that his young Indian friend should stop and spend a day in a hunt; but the "Red Son of the Forest," in broken English, explained that he must be away with his tribe in the West within "three suns," but would meet him at some future time to hunt deer.

Perry was highly delighted with his morning excursion, and ate his dinner with a better relish than ever. Ben amused him with stories, incidents and hunting scenes of frontier life. Perry was excited and undetermined. Ben saw the advantage he had gained and kept it, suggesting that the artist would find a "world of fun and fancy in a summer upon the prairies." Perry said he would remain if Ben would accompany him on a trip northward, through Western Iowa and Nebraska. Ben promised to be with him soon as his "corn was laid by" and his "buckwheat put in," and thus it was settled—a summer upon the prairies instead of retiring to the Sunny South.

Perry had determined, and now went to work to be ready for the morrow's sun, to start out for adventure. His wardrobe assorted, portfolio ransacked and prepared, his arms cleaned and ammunition replenished, Whistling Ben generously rendering all the assistance that a clear head and long frontier experience could suggest, all was finally arranged, and the two sat down, one with a long pipe and the other a cigar. Ben was first to break the silence:

"Well, Colonel Winkle, ef you're goin' to take any picters of your trip an' the things you see, s'pose you begin with the wolf-chase this morning. I should raly kind o' like to see how it would look on paper, anyhow."

Glorious idea! Why hadn't Winkle thought of that before? Aye! happy thought! Ben was a trump! sure enough. And then, ha! ha! ha! whoop!—"Colonel"—that was a clincher. The work should be commenced upon Ben's suggestion at once.

Let's see:—the balcony—the preparation—Ben, dogs, Indian, ponies—the chase—the scramble—the unwilling sommersault! "Ben, that was a fine performance, truly," said Perry.

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, that chase was a fine one; but the fight was no great shakes arter all. I've seed a heap finer ones in my day amongst the bar, buffalo and wild cats, an' you'll see more fun yourself afore you are six months' older, or my name isn't Whistling Ben, that's all. It'll do you a mighty sight o' good, too, Mr. Winkle, these scrambles over the prairies, and that's why I want you to stay. As I think, nuthin' sets off character so well as these little finishing accomplishments on the frontiers. I kinder hate to have you go off alone, Mr. Winkle, I do raly; an', besides, when you're gone we shant have anybody to play eucker with Miss Mattie, and turn up the Jacks from the bottom of the pack. You do that mighty cute, Mr. Winkle, indeed you do."

"That is all very easily explained, Uncle Ben; and if you will tell me why you are called Whistling Ben, I will show you all about that trick."

Ben slightly colored, and a curious glance from his bright gray eye convinced Perry that he had touched a forbidden note in life's merry music. Ben rallied and seemed ashamed of the weakness, and replied,

"Colonel Winkle, there aint many in these parts know why I answer to so odd a name. In fact, I never told the story but once in my life, but as I have taken a kinder curious liking to you, I'll tell you all about it to-night, arter you have made the picters and I get my work done."

Ben laid down his pipe and strode to his work. Perry, deeply absorbed with his pencil, was only aroused to the consciousness of an outside world by the ringing laugh of Mattie, who, after standing some time behind him unnoticed, rubbed his ears smartly for a minute, and shouted "Supper!"

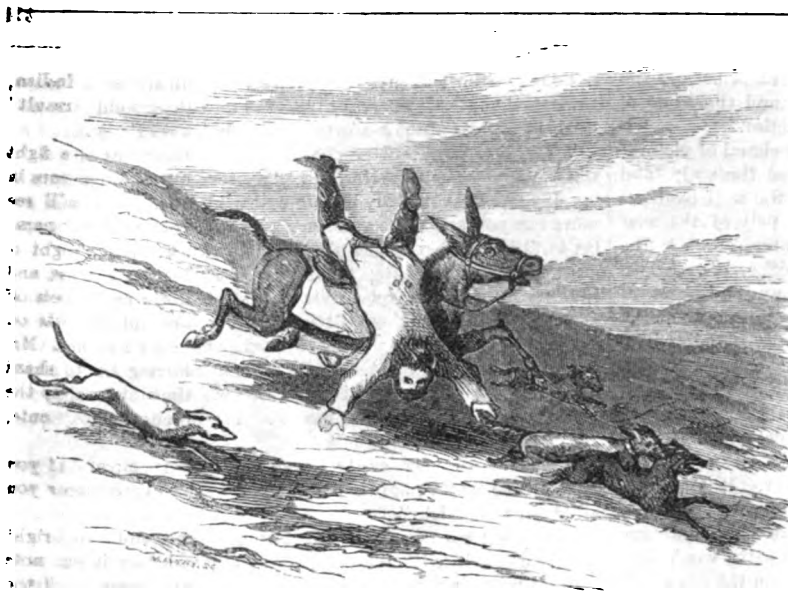
It was a clear beautiful twilight. Perry, having his "picters" completed, was enjoying the soft flower-scented breeze in a ramble through the luxuriant foliage of an elevation near, when the clear, peculiar notes of Uncle Ben's music fell upon his ear. The—whistle—music was clear, precise and bold, and seemed almost to pronounce each syllable as the echo from the hillside tripled the sound, and the words

"Some love to roam
O'er the dark sea foam,"

passed rapidly through the mind of the performer. In a mo-



PERRY WINKLE, WHISTLING BEN AND THE INDIAN, IN FULL CHASE OF THE WOLF.



WINKLE DISMOUNTING SUDDENLY FROM HIS HUNTER.

ment the music ceased, and Uncle Ben and Perry stood together. The latter reminded the other of his promise the morning previous. The two sat quietly down upon the grass, and Perry listened attentively to

WHISTLING BEN'S STORY.

I am not, as people suppose, a native of the South, nor was I born on the frontier, but away on the shores of the Atlantic, in old Massachusetts, I first drew my breath. My mother lost her life when she gave me birth, and father, deeply sensitive to the loss, followed her soon after, leaving me, a lone infant orphan, in the care of a grasping, miserly uncle, who worshipped devoutly at the shrine of the "Almighty Dollar," and had but little feeling in his bosom not akin to the acquirement of wealth. The snug little property acquired and left for me by my parents was soon absorbed by my guardian uncle, and too soon I realized the depth and breadth of the cold charities of a Christian world.

The poor-house, with its labor, school and church service, are amongst my earliest recollections, where for years my caged ambition was confined. I became quiet, thoughtful and morose, and my chief amusement was that of whistling the few fragments of tunes I could gather from my associates. At twelve years old I stealthily left the parish poor-house, and asked my uncle for an asylum beneath his roof, and was grudgingly permitted to tarry a while with him. I was now more than ever reserved. The propensity for whistling increased upon me, and soon I was known as Whistling Ben. The ill-treatment I received under the roof of my heartless relative soon drove me away; but, go where I would, my peculiarities and singular name followed me. I labored at everything—tried every means to gain a livelihood, but at every turn would come up that obnoxious Whistling Ben, until I became so accustomed to it that I knew myself by no other.

I now arrived at the age of nineteen, and one day while I was alone in a retired place, brooding over my sorrow and hardships, and repining at the want of one friend in the world, and, as usual, whistling a melancholy air, footsteps approached, and in a moment a rustic miss of some seventeen summers stood before me, looking more in wonder than in fright. Her plain though tasty attire and noble air commanded my admiration, and her dark eyes, with their long lashes, enchanted me. A basket of ripe berries hung upon her arm, and, without speaking, she started hurriedly down the path. My earnest appeal arrested her steps. I hastily gave her my name, assuring her again and again of her safety, and begged that I might be permitted to accompany her home, which was reluctantly assented to.

In our conversation I learned her name and residence, and that she too was an orphan, and had felt much of the coldness of the world. Suffice it to say, when we parted we were warm friends, and I obtained, to my great joy, her consent to visit her again—a pleasure which I soon improved. But never shall

I forget the cutting sneer with which I was dismissed by her maiden aunt, when I asked to see Bessie. "Whistling Ben!" she screamed, "never let your impudent, beggarly shadow darken this door again!" Oh! how those words rang in my ears for days, and months, and long years! I was frantic and nearly beside myself. I begged to see her but for one moment, but my prayers were of no avail. I was thrust rudely from the house. My pride and determination were fully aroused. I would be a man, and win the hand and heart of the only one I ever cared for in the world. For days I lingered near the house, and finally we met. I told her all—my repulse, my love, my determination. She admitted a reciprocal affection, and, with her face covered with burning blushes, we vowed eternal love and constancy, and the first kiss I ever knew was there given and received. We parted with moist eyes—aye, a long parting.

In a few days the ship in which I sailed left the shores of my native land in the dim distance. For two years I struggled

with hardships, poverty and misfortune, my hopes clinging alone to the one idea—of wealth and Bessie. One year longer, and the appointed time for my return would arrive, and still poverty and that fatal name would pursue me. I was almost reckless of consequences, so I might but obtain either fame or wealth. I embarked in the most hazardous of enterprises, and meantime I strove to make myself expert in the most intricate knowledge of nautical life.

Alas, for flattering hope! our vessel was foundered on the coast of Africa, and many of our brave officers and crew were swallowed up by the angry waters. I was rescued by some African wreckers, only to become their slave, which to me seemed worse than death. For a long while I traversed the burning sands, performing the most painful servitude. Hope and life had nearly fled, and I often prayed for a resting-place beside my noble comrades, who were sleeping far down in the dark waters of the ocean. Joy! joy unspeakable! a trading vessel hove in sight, and anchored in a little cove or harbor near the place of my captivity, and amidst the darkness of a tempestuous night I escaped from the filthy hut of my oppressors; and while the storm-driven waves lashed the rocky shore, I embarked in a small boat, and by the red flashes of lightning that shot across the fearful clouds, I started for the ship.

The wind was blowing off shore, and should the man on watch fail to see my hail, or hearing me, neglect to assist me promptly, I knew I would be driven out at sea, far beyond the aid of any human being. A vivid flash lit up the angry waves over which my little boat danced before the wind, and I saw the ship a few fathoms ahead of me, and another gleam from the blackened heavens showed me that my course was unchanged, and I was drifting directly toward the vessel. Every exertion was made to keep the boat in its course. I knew I must be near the ship, but no mortal eye could penetrate the darkness. "Ship ahoy!" I cried out with all the strength of voice I had, and repeated it again and again, but heard no sound in return, save the walling of the wind, the deep-toned, distant thunder, and the roaring of the waves around me. A moment of awful suspense was passed, and the welcome gleam of electric fire again illumined the roaring tide. "Ship ahoy!" I again shouted at the top of my voice. "Ay! ay!" responded a voice directly above me. I was under the bow of the vessel; a boat was lowered, manned with six fearless seamen. In another moment I was carried on deck, fainting from fatigue and the effects of intense excitement.

I soon recovered, and the next day the vessel left the shores of my oppressors for the Sandwich Islands, and I received new life and vigor as the rocky coast faded from the horizon, and I realized that I was saved from the miseries of servitude so base. A little while, and I would again be with the being I so passionately loved.

The three years had passed, and almost another, and my



SLEEPY BET WISES TO TAKE PASSAGE WITH WINNIE.

C. CULLEN, S.

heart beat tremulously as I neared those old familiar scenes. I asked for Bessie of a person in the neighborhood, and was answered with astonishment,

"Why, don't you know that her cruel old uncle almost broke her heart by forcing her to marry that rich old curmudgeon 'Squire Todd'?"

I stood aghast and speechless. My heart sank within me, and I could not ask how it was with my Bessie. I knew her heart was true, and that she had endured much for me. I waited a moment, and my talkative companion continued:

"But she wouldn't marry him, though they thought she had consented; so, when the time came she was missing, and no one ever knew for certain what became of her. She always seemed to be sorrowing about some one she expected to come for her, and folks say she was in love with a wild sailor, and has gone off crazy about him."

When he ceased speaking I was greatly excited and nearly frantic. I asked him a score of questions in as many seconds without waiting for reply. The man thought me crazy and ran away in alarm. By strict inquiry through the neighborhood I learned all I could of my Bessie and left the region for ever.

Two long years I travelled almost constantly, caring little for food or raiment, only sufficient to make me comfortable, and finally despairing of ever finding the lost one, again entered as seaman on board

a ship bound for the East Indies. We were upon the broad ocean. Away in the distance an object appeared like a speck upon the horizon, with our vessel bearing directly upon it. "Sail ho!" exclaimed the man at the masthead. We soon approached the vessel and found it to be in a sinking condition, with the signal of distress flying. The unfortunate half-famished beings on board were soon rescued. The excitement over, I became sad and dejected. I withdrew from the group of sailors who were listening to the story of the wreck detailed by one of the rescued, and as I sat alone unconsciously began to whistle an old air, sad and low, when a sailor belonging to the crew of the wrecked ship sprang to my side and gazed full and ardently into my face. It was Bessie.

For years she had sought me. Her sailor garb had concealed her identity and sex. Our meeting was a happy one. We returned to New York, where we were married; from there we went to the South, from whence we moved a few years since to make a permanent home in the prairies, where our children may be free from the sorrowful vicissitudes that have befallen their parents. Call me Whistling Ben; the name has become dear to me, since through it I gained one of the most excellent of women.

Whistling Ben did not complete his story with dry eyes, nor could Perry refrain from the luxury of a few congenial tears. So the two returned, and soon to their beds for the night, Uncle Ben to sleep, but Perry to dream of the wolf-chase, mermaids, and the dark, roguish eyes of another Bessie.

CHAPTER II.



EARLY on the morning the household breakfasted, and Perry, accounted for the trip, bade adieu to the ladies and hospitable host, pressed the hand of Uncle Ben, who gained a promise of his returning in a few weeks, and away for the prairies.

The day was warm and pleasant, and the cool springs along the bluffs often refreshed our traveler and his mule as they pressed forward. At midday Sleepy Bet was allowed to crop the luxuriant grass, while her master enjoyed the cold meats and pastry provided by his friends at the farm-house, and regaled himself with a fragrant Havana under the shade of a large tree. Hearing a slight noise, he turned in the direction and beheld an impudent wolf upon a jutting rock at a little distance. Creeping stealthily around a little hill, he gained a position quite close to the wolf, and, unperceived, took aim and fired. The wolf sprang up with a howl and ran away limping from sight. A shower seemed to be approaching, and after a moment's preparation Perry was

again in the saddle and pressing on towards Glenwood, a pleasant town in Mills county, in the "Hawkeye" State, where he stopped before a neat hotel just in time to escape the shower, which, however, lasted but a short time. In search of incident, Winkle took a stroll about the village, and was fortunate in meeting Captain English, who, for many years before the country was settled by white men, resided in what is now Western Iowa and Nebraska. The captain was very communicative and a most social fellow, and entertained our traveller with many exciting and interesting incidents of Western life till a late hour.

Passing on in the morning, with the weather delightful and the atmosphere pure and invigorating, our tourist came upon a camp of emigrants near a creek, their cattle and horses grazing, and the women were busy packing the breakfast dishes in a greasy box, while the men were smoking cob pipes and arranging the gearing. While making a momentary halt for a little

conversation, two of the party came up with a score of prairie chickens they had brought down with a "fine steel and twist." Perry was kindly offered a brace of the fine fowls, which he accepted, and after securing them to his saddle rode on toward a curve of the bluff, from which he was much surprised to see a town of no mean appearance on a beautiful sloping plain before him. Riding up to a fine brick edifice bearing evidence of a public-house, he handed the reins of his animal to the waiting hostler, and, taking his brace of prairie chickens from the saddle, passed in. This was Pacific City, a young town of a year old, containing about four or five hundred of a population. Several large buildings graced the sight, and the place gave full evidence of its prosperity and the enterprising character of its inhabitants. This is the terminus of the Burlington and Missouri railroad. Our adventurer was warmly received by several old settlers, and his short stay made very pleasant.

Plattsmouth, in Nebraska, being in sight, Perry left the hospitable Pacific City to seek wilder scenes in the Territory. A few miles over a smooth, dry bottom, adorned with myriads of wild flowers, was soon made. A ferry-boat was ready at the shore, and in a few minutes Perry Winkle and Sleepy Bet landed upon the soil of Nebraska. Plattsmouth is a town of near a thousand inhabitants, situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, just below the mouth of the Platte, and is a lively, bustling place. This was the old rendezvous of the trains of Mormons for Utah, in 1850, before the lands were purchased from the Indians. Just below this place, six years ago, four men were lynched by the settlers, and summarily and mysteriously disappeared, and even to this day the public have no positive knowledge of their fate. Yet it is currently talked of in whispers that they were quietly dropped into the Missouri river with large stones fastened to their necks. It was asserted that they had broken the squatter law by taking, unjustly, from settlers their rightful claims. They were admonished, but would not desist, neither make restitution for the wrongs they had committed. The "regulators" assembled on a dark night, numbering about fifty mysterious-looking men. The house of the accused was surrounded and its occupants made prisoners. They were secretly tried, convicted, sentenced and disposed of accordingly. Nothing has been heard of them since that dark and dismal night when the "regulators" returned to their homes. Public opinion, however, sustains the action of that august tribunal, and thus the matter with its mystery rests.

Perry spent several days delightfully at Plattsmouth in rambling over the hills, driving over the prairies, and in catching fish from the boiling current of the Missouri. But away across the Platte our voyager sought new scenes. The stream was reached, but no boatman stood ready to carry them over. Winkle searched up and down the bank, and finally in a little cove a canoe was espied. A small splinter from a lightning-riven tree served as a paddle; the mule was tied to the stern with the lariat, and he was soon out in the stream. Perry had a stout heart in him, but imagine his dismay when Sleepy Bet, awakened probably by the unfathomable mystery of so much water, attempted to rear into the "dug-out." In the momentary excitement Perry lost his paddle, and was now left at the mercy of the mule and the rapid current that swept them downward. Bet would not thus be dragged along, and with a will peculiar to her obstinate disposition displayed her maternal care over our artist, and struck out boldly for the shore, towing the "frail bark" with the trembling Perry, who leaped upon the soft sand and secured the boat. Another trial, however, awaited him. A steep bank rose abruptly from the water's edge which effectually prevented egress. So, securing a stout pole, a second embarkation was attempted, but was resolutely persisted against by Bet, who clung to the shore, while Perry, pushing the canoe, half dragged the mule, and finally made a successful landing, and was again on the prairies.

The town of Bellevue was reached in a couple of hours' ride across a beautiful and fertile valley, and at the Old Mission House, now the Bellevue House, an abundance of good cheer was enjoyed, nor was Sleepy Bet forgotten.

Bellevue is built upon a beautiful and commanding eminence, immediately upon the west bank of the Mission River, and is a place of considerable interest, being the site of the Omaha, Otoe and Pawnee Missions and Indian School, which was established in 1846, and was continued up to the removal of the

tribes to their reservation at Blackbird Hills, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman possessing all the requisite qualities for the position he filled. Here was also located the trading post and warehouses of the American Fur Company, which was established and buildings erected in A. D. 1808. The buildings are still standing, and are in a fine state of preservation. In 1808 the United States Government established an Indian agency at this place, and it was here that the treaty with the Omaha Indians for the purchase of their lands took place, in January, 1854. Soon after treaties for the same purpose were made by Mayor Gatewood with the Iowas and Otoes. Col. Peter A. Sarpy, an intelligent and shrewdly enterprising Frenchman, resides at Bellevue, where he has lived and had charge of the Fur Company's business since 1824. Peter A. is withal a comic genius, a gentleman and a character. Inured to Indian life and habits, to every grade of hardships, and the wiles, tricks and cunning of the white, brown and red races, his senses are wakefully acute and ever "on guard." Perry made an early call upon old Peter, who received him with a rude though hearty shake of the hand and a generous welcome to his cabin. Winkle suggested that his host must have "seen some sights" in his long residence among the Indians. With a volubility peculiar to himself, the "old colonel" gave a rapid account of some of the exciting incidents in the history of that region. Of his travels, hunting and traffic and hairbreadth escapes, and warming in the excitement of momentarily living over these old scenes, he exclaimed, "The Lord has been kind to me, very kind, Mr. Winkle, by G—d, sir! Many a time I have faced death, sir, and thought I was called for; but the Lord has been good to me, by Jove! and 'the old horse down on the sand bar' is all right, thank the Lord." Once pursued by a dozen angry savages, he saved his life by swimming the Missouri. Once, in an encounter with a grizzly bear, his life was saved by cutting the "bar's" throat "right afore his face." Again he "saved his flesh" from a pack of hungry wolves by sitting upon the limb of a tree all night; and at another time he eluded his pursuers by turning his moccasins heels foremost, leaving the impression that he had gone the other way. Old Peter, of course, has a good-looking squaw for a wife, and a fine stock of little Peters, all of whom are provided for and the children educated. Incidents in the life of Col. Sarpy alone would make an interesting volume. He has now a fine residence and several stores, and is one of the principal proprietors of Bellevue.

Northward from Bellevue the country is rolling, with groves of timber and streams of pure water at short distances. Fine farms were beginning to dot the landscape, and huge piles of rails, building logs and lumber, in readiness for improvement, were scattered over the face of the country. A few miles onward several conical piles of earth attracted Perry's curiosity, and a short ride brought him to the spot; and what was his surprise to behold beside these little mounds five blackened and nearly naked savages, who seemed to take no notice of his presence, but continued a hideous and dismal wail, in which they all joined. Considering discretion the better part of valor, and ripe for adventure, our hero dismounted, and without waiting for the termination of their screeching chant, accosted an old-looking savage with "Cuggy how?" (how are you, friend?) The Indian replied with a repetition of the sentence, at the same time extending his hand toward Perry, who grasped it with the familiarity of an old friend. He then, in broken English and by signs, informed his auditor that he was an Omaha—that himself and friends had come to perform the annual rite of lamentation for the dead, and that his father, his squaw and two sons were buried under the largest mound, and it was their custom to visit the burial-place of their dead every year, to mourn and heap more dirt upon the pile. He feared the pale-faced brothers would not let their dead remain undisturbed. Perry listened to the sorrowing words of the old savage, and gazed upon the dejected group with sadness. Hastily sketching the scene, he left the spot, and in an hour came in sight of the capital, and a few minutes later halted before the Herndon House, in Omaha City, which is located upon a beautiful elevation on the Missouri, and is the most populous and wealthy city in the Territory; it has a population of near four thousand souls. The city was laid out and in the summer of 1854 the first house erected, a rude log cabin of 18 x 24 and dubbed the St. Nicho-

las, is still standing. The city is directly opposite Council Bluffs, in Iowa, holds a commanding commercial position, and contains many extensive and elegant public buildings and private residences, amongst which are the Capitol Building, Herndon House, Pioneer Block, Post Office, &c. Meeting here an acquaintance who resided at Council Bluffs, our artist determined to spend a short time in the place, so widely known as the greatest commercial city on the Upper Missouri. Crossing the river of nearly half a mile in width on a steam ferry-boat, he emerged upon a piece of high wood bottom land as beautiful as the fancy could picture. Council Bluffs was nestled away in the hills, three miles distant, still in plain view. Sleepy Bet seemed to snuff the comforts in store for her in the distance, pricked up her ears, and with the assistance of the "invigorators" at the pendant extremities of the rider managed to reach the city in double quick time, where "man and beast" were soon comfortably provided for. Perry was not long in drumming up "the oldest inhabitant," a tall, gaunt-looking individual of middle age, with a profusion of frizzly hair, whiskers and a moustache—full of good humor and quite talkative. He readily consented to spend the coming day with Perry in a fishing excursion, when the latter hoped to gain much information in regard to the early history of that region.

Though the morning was gloomy, with clouds and rain, Mr. B— was on hand with his rifle and fishing-tackle; and the two started on foot to a lake near by. For a time there seemed but little opportunity for conversation on account of the wind and rain, which, however, did not prevent the fish from biting, and rare sport was enjoyed in drawing the large plump finny fellows from their aqueous element. The rain increasing caused the pedestrians to make a hasty retreat to a deserted cabin close by, where an excellent opportunity was afforded to commence conversation. Perry drew from his pocket a pair of long-nine cigars, handed one to his companion, who after having fairly moistened it all over with saliva, with his teeth removed half an inch from the small end, drew a match and lighted it. The former considering this the auspicious moment, began:

"Well, Mr. B—, you having been in this part of the country from its earliest settlement, must have witnessed many scenes of border life that were full of interest and excitement."

"You're right, Mr. Winkle; I've been in these diggings for ten years, and have seen something in my time, that's a fact," replied B—, as he drew from his pocket a dark vessel of ominous dimensions. "Now, Mr. Winkle, I don't know how it is with you people at the South, but out here we moisten occasionally; and, as you have a pretty good-looking outside, I would recommend you to take a gill or such a matter of this old rye. 'Tis a rare ginowine article—none of your sad corn whiskey that'll kill eighty rods off hand through a cane-brake, but a rare, pure, healthy beverage. I got it this mornin' at Charley's purpose for the 'casion.'"

Perry was not generally in the habit of indulging in such luxuries, but being over-persuaded, sipped lightly of an article so highly esteemed by the natives. The old settler drank freely, replaced the bottle in his pocket, took a pull or two at his cigar, and continued:

"Well, Mr. Winkle, I s'pose you know that the Mormons settled this neck of timber thirteen years ago, before Uncle Sam took the Ingins away. Well, they were a curious sort of folks, and their old fields, fences and cabins are still to be seen all over the country. I don't think they're so mighty bad a set of people; but they had a fashion of taking a heap of wives more'n the law allows; but that's nuthin' here nor there, they never did me any harm."

"Come, B—, let's have a little something more of your experience amongst the Mormons and how you happened to be here with them," said Winkle.

"Well," continued B—, "you must know I had been a few years in employ of the Fur Company, selling traps and trinkets to the Ingins, and in 1847 I come down from the Yellow Stone country on a fur boat, got swamped in the Missouri alone here, and come to the Mormon settlement for help and supplies. I liked the country first-rate, and, before I went back, liked a pretty little Mormon gal an almighty sight better. The next spring they broke up, most of them going off to Salt Lake, and the others coming here into Pottawattamie county, and started this place, which was called Kanessville, where



A MURDERER LYNCHED BY CALIFORNIAN EMIGRANTS.

Orson Hyde printed a newspaper called the *Frontier Guardian*, and was high-priest, judge and lawgiver to the Mormons, and ruled them politically, religiously and otherwise. Though he was shrewd and arbitrary, he was a clever, social kind of fellow, and the people around him were nearly all Mormons; and they had a quiet, pleasant time in singing, dancing and frolicking in the winter, and hunting, fishing and raising crops in the summer, the only lack of comfort being a little old rye to moisten with. These luxuries soon came about and were brought into general use, for the gold fever just then started up, and thousands came on this way for California; so that whiskey shops and stores and every other kind of business began to thicken in, and the Mormons to hurry off to headquarters at Salt Lake. I went into business; the town increased, and another paper was started called the *Bugle*, and Kaneshville had become a great place for making outfits for California emigrants, and every spring the country was alive with people bound across the plains for the gold diggings. I mind all them times mighty well, Mr. Winkle. I think it was in '52 that a man was murdered right in town for his money. The man they suspected for killing him was tracked, taken, and tried by a band of emigrants and condemned to be hung. They took him out close to the spot where the murder had been committed, put a rope round his neck, stood him upon a mule, and then led the animal away. He strangled to death after hanging about thirty minutes."

"But," interrupted Perry, excitedly, "why didn't the authorities put a stop to this brutal outrage?"

"They couldn't," replied the narrator; "the officers, backed by the citizens, did make an attempt to prevent the lynching and allow the prisoner a legal chance for his life; but they were not strong enough, the emigrants outnumbered them two to one. The poor fellow was a young and fine-looking man, and hated to die mightily, and denied having committed the murder to the very last minute; but he said he had been a bad man and deserved death. He was strung up in that grove near the little cottage I pointed out to you as Dr. Lowe's residence. There were hundreds of people to witness the hanging. Two preachers talked and prayed for the poor fellow, who was guarded on all sides by an armed company of emigrants to prevent his rescue. After that I left the country, went to California, made considerable money and determined to come back as far as Salt Lake, and, if I could marry the gal I tuck such a likin to, would settle down among the Mormons and live there. But bad luck never comes single handed. I was overtaken and robbed by the Indians, barely saving my life by flight into the mountains, and I arrived in the settlement nearly naked and almost famished, only to learn that the gal I loved was dead. I stayed but a short time, and, with some returning Californians, I came back to my old place, the cabin on the hill. The place, in less than two years, had greatly changed, as well in name as in appearance. It was now called Council Bluffs City. A great fire had swept away the business portion of the town, and many new and elegant buildings had been put up, property much advanced, and my little farm had become sufficiently valuable to make me well off, and now I have concluded to spend my days here, for in all my travels I haven't found a better place to make a living. When the railroad is made to this place I intend to go back to see my old father and brothers, as I have a plenty more for us all."

As the old man finished, he again drew out the dark bottle, observing that "'twas quite chill," and, inviting Perry to "downen inside" a little, took a draught, put up his bottle, lit a fresh cigar, remarking,

"Wal, ef we haven't staid here till it's all cleared off," and, sure enough, the sunlight was streaming through the crevices between the logs, and outside the weather was again cheerful and pleasant.

Perry was successful in catching several fine pickerel, while B— went around a small cove and shot a brace of wild-ducks.

Gathering up the tackle and the result of their sport, the two returned to town, from whence the hum of business and the clattering of builders' tools were distinctly heard. As they passed along, Perry's attention was directed to the fields, fences, deserted cabins, mills and other relics of the early settlement of the Mormons. An old cabin southward, with grass and

weeds growing upon the roof, was pointed out as the place, at an early day, where the Mormons broke up a gang of counterfeit coiners, and under the floor was found their bogus dies, press, &c., which were destroyed. On a sloping eminence a cabin was pointed out as having been the residence of one of the wives of Orson Hyde, the Mormon high-priest, and farther to the north, on an eminence, the old Mormon graveyard, with its white slabs and numerous mounds, was in full view. In passing up the busy street, Perry was shown the spot on which once stood the "Tabernacle," where on the Sabbath many thousands of devotees assembled to listen to the harangues of the Mormon Elders; and in the winter evenings the young and light-hearted joined in the mazes of the dance, which was always opened and closed by prayer, and presided over by the elders or high-priest. A little farther up the valley once stood the old Catholic Mission House, now razed to give place to more imposing buildings.

Perry accompanied his companion to his cabin, where everything was kept neat and tidy by the industry of a younger sister. The latest newspapers were found upon the table in a spare room, and a decanter of native wine and fresh bottle of old rye, and cigars, were placed before his guest. Indian implements, with other curiosities, hung upon the walls, while an old violin case peeped out from beneath the sofa, and a melodeon and sewing machine adorned the room. Tea was announced, and a hearty meal enjoyed, which was sweetened by the enlivening conversation of the intelligent hostess. In the evening the old violin was tuned, and as its merry tunes, mingling with those of the melodeon, rang out on the flower-scented air, they called up many pleasant recollections in the mind of our hero of the happy past.

Voices outside admonished the inmates that there was "something up;" the quickly-opening door revealed a pleasant, "storming party," which entered without ceremony, and seemed determined to enjoy the surprise. In a twinkling the furniture was all removed from the room, the violin again brought into requisition, and the whole party went in for a regular western dance, inviting Winkle to join them in the fun—a suggestion that required no repetition. The party was in its highest glee, when a roguish, rosy-cheeked miss, with a winning smile, proposed a "Mormon dance." The gentlemen who were fortunate in securing the requisite number of partners had a merry time, while the remainder consoled themselves with a game of euchre or old sledge in the adjoining room. Time passed on rosy wing, and at a late hour the company departed, and our hero retired to rest—"to sleep, perchance to dream" of the elfin beauties of the prairies and that Mormon dance. Ay, "there's the rub." Why not go to Salt Lake, and have a genuine dance amongst the regular "saints?"

He would do it. Accoutres his mule and starts—passes rapidly across the plains—arrives in the mountains—is captured and carried away by the Indians—council is held over him—is condemned to be cut up alive—the savages brandish their knives, and are about to commence to dismember him! Oh, horror! is there no rescue—no alternative? Must he die?—and such a death! Hope is gone—he gives up in despair, and submits to fate. The execution begins. He is saved! Three Indian maidens have come to his rescue. Happy deliverance! He is spirited away, his eyes open; his deliverers are transformed into three of Brigham's pretty Mormon girls, who, with laughter and smiles, win him to the dance. Brigham appears with a frown, and, with a scornful curl of the lip, hisses, "Faithless!" The girls scream and faint. He endeavors to sustain them, and in the wild excitement of the moment awakens to find himself grasping the arm of his kind host, and the sunlight streaming through the window. "Breakfast is waiting."

The drenching of the previous day, the exercise of the evening, the dream, all conspired to leave Winkle in rather low spirits, yet he went to breakfast without a regret of having being initiated into some of the festivities of frontier life.

Perry took leave of his hospitable host and hostess, and in a short time was again on the road.

(To be continued.)

A SNAIL SUPPER.

It was one cold night in December last, when the mercury was almost frozen in the bulb of the thermometer, and when only repeated applications of the mittened hand to the nose could save that valuable organ from the fate of an exposed carrot on a greengrocer's stall, that I found myself in the company of my friend Wagstaff on the Boulevard Poissonnière, on our return from the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, whither some novelty had tempted us to spend the evening. There is nothing like cold to stimulate the appetite, unless it may be a drama of horrors and a rattling farce afterwards. Sorrow and mirth are both exhaustive, and there is something in the very atmosphere of a theatre that disposes the gastric juice to flow into the stomach.

In England we have known a person to commence an attack on a packet of ham-sandwiches as soon as the curtain was raised—to feed through a five act tragedy, and to retire, when the curtain was dropped, unsatisfied by additional apples, oranges and ginger-beer.

By one of those instincts which Edgar Poe attributes to one of his characters, I knew what my friend Wagstaff's thoughts were running upon. He was thinking of the Adelphi, the Olympic, and a lobster supper. Not that he is either a fast man or a gourmand, by any means; but he has lived long enough to associate the stomach of the brain with the stomach lodged under the ribs, and is alive to the fact that, when the former is full the latter is fasting. Of a sudden I felt that the current of his thoughts had entered a particular channel, but all my prescience did not prepare me for the proposition he placed before me suddenly:

"What say you to a snail supper?"

"With all my heart," I replied; which, on my part, was a piece of unsophisticated bounce, as my heart rather heaved at the notion; but my vanity of knowingness would not allow me to appear ignorant, and I should have made the same answer, probably, had he proposed a dish of grilled Salamander.

"Here we are, then, at the Faubourg St. Martin, and no one serves the dainty dish better than the *rotisseur* on the left."

We entered; he boldly and as one knowing the world and its contents; I timidly, as one on the point of making a doubtful experiment in gastronomy.

"*A la poulette* or *à la bourguignonne*, shall it be?" inquired Wagstaff of me.

"By all means *à la poulette*," I answered. The gods help me; I did not know the drift of the question, but the one word was easier to pronounce than the other.

The dish was ordered. There was some preliminary deglutition, and I did not dislike the Chablis.

Not long had I enjoyed the prologue of the feast, which was intelligible enough, especially the fancy roll of bread, when the waiter placed the dishes before us.

"Now settle to!" said Wagstaff, in a manner which, then and there, I thought especially cold-blooded.

"Capital; now for it!" I rejoined, as one to whom the dish was perfectly familiar; but I played with my fork and made various little delays, in order to see how Wagstaff commenced his snail supper. Certainly the dish looked very tempting. Wagstaff went to work with what is termed a hearty good will. I watched him for a few seconds. He evidently enjoyed, and no doubt with a heart grateful to Providence, the dainty placed before him. He did not turn black in the face, his hand did not tremble from the effects of a limaceous poison; his eye perhaps was a little brighter; but then that might be owing to the Chablis. I took heart of grace, and for the first time in my life a limace found its way into my stomach.

"Capital!" said Wagstaff, wiping his moustache, "done to the *millimetre* of a turn."

"Excellent!" I added hypocritically.

Mouthful number one had done me no harm, and I used my fork bravely to consign another snail into the human laboratory. Strange to tell I enjoyed the repast, and when my plate was empty, felt myself in the condition of one Oliver, wishing for more.

He must have been a man in desperate plight who first swallowed an oyster—no doubt a shipwrecked mariner on a

desert island, who made the bold experiment in ostraphagy before attempting anthropophagy on the person of the black cook or cabin-boy who had been wrecked along with him. But a more desperate man must have been he who first swallowed a snail—a frozen-out gardener, perhaps.

"Strange are the prejudices in food?" remarked Wagstaff, and thereupon he commenced an oral disquisition on the merits of mule-flesh, edible birds'-nests, hedgehogs, guinea-pigs and toadstools. "How we suffer through our ignorance and unreasonable dislike," he continued. "How often has the world proclaimed famine in the very presence of dainty abundance! Locusts for instance. They destroy square leagues of herbage; but they remain famous morsels for distressed agriculturists; and, dipped in wild honey, are luscious. Snails prey on our vines and cabbages. Why should we not prey on the snail? Now you have been eating *escargots*. You don't find them amiss, do you?"

"Never better fare," I assented.

"*Escargot* is his French name; naturalists call him *Helix pomatia*, and now," pursued Wagstaff, pouring out another tumbler of Chablis, and warming with his subject, "and now I shall tell you all about him, over a cigar and *demi-tasse* at the next café."

The amount of Wagstaff's conchological information respecting the *escargot*, I sum up in what follows:

The *escargot* feeds principally upon the vine, and it is those only which feed upon this plant which are brought to market. The animal, however has a whim occasionally, and feeds upon hemlock, which does not disagree with it, but which renders it prudent to place him in quarantine before he is admitted into the kitchen. The *escargots* when gathered are put into casks, and these are put into a cool place, where they fast two months at least, to cleanse themselves before they are brought to market. In the Halls, at the commencement of the season, heaps of them may be seen upon the stalls, all alive, gliding over one another, and sometimes falling inadvertently upon the claws of craw-fish and lobsters, when they find it judicious to retreat into the spiral of their shells.

The vine-growers have a double interest in the *escargot*. They would rather he did not make selection of this plant for his meals, which he injures, but since Nature will have it so, they avenge themselves on the animal, and capture them in hosts to send to market. For many years the *escargot* has been an article of commerce for food. In former times it was only herbalists and druggists who dealt in snails, or *escargots*. The snail pounded in a mortar, and then boiled with milk, was regarded as a remedy in phthisical diseases. Now, as already said, the *escargot* has its place in the Halls, along with craw-fish and fresh-water fish, and there are few restaurateurs upon whose bill of fare they do not figure. In 1854, the consumption of this mollusc was valued at half a million francs in Paris. The consumption since then has considerably augmented. In the market of Dijon there is sold, monthly, six thousand francs' worth of *escargots*, at the rate of one franc fifty centimes the hundred.

Dr. Ebrard has calculated that these helices, each of which weighs about twenty to twenty-two grammes (two-thirds of an ounce), lose in cooking some aqueous elements, and contain only, deprived of the shell, about ten grammes (or rather better than a quarter of an ounce) of alimentary substance. The shell weighs from four to four and a half grammes. It follows that the *escargots* sold in the Dijon market represent more than sixteen thousand pounds weight of alimentary food, equivalent to that furnished by the flesh of one hundred and fifty ordinary calves.

In Algiers may be seen in the markets enormous heaps of these snails, which are sold by the bushel and the hundred, and which are consumed chiefly by the Spaniards and the Provençals. In several countries the cultivators eat no other food than *escargots*, which is considered the contrary of fattening. Fisher states that this particularity has given rise, near Bordeaux, to a singular custom. Every Ash-Wednesday the people go out to the commune of Canderan to eat *escargots*, to terminate the Carnival gaily and to have a foretaste of Lent.

Formerly the town of Ulm, famous for its *escargotières*, furnished annually more than ten millions of vine *escargots*, to be consumed during Lent in the monasteries of Austria. Pliny

informs us that escargots formed a dainty dish to the inhabitants of Rome. We know to what pitch the culinary art rose amongst the conquerors of the world. We know how they relished the oysters of Albion. Apicius, in his treatise on cookery, mentions no less than three principal sauces for snails, one of which, composed of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, flour and saffron, deserves to be mentioned.

In Paris, at the present day, we are not quite so fastidious. We eat them in general cooked on the gridiron or in the oven. *Escargots à la poulette*, of which I have partaken on the sly and licked my lips after, since my memorable introduction to a snail supper by Wagstaff, are thus prepared :

It is premised that the escargots have been fasting for at least two months, to rid themselves of impurities. We boil them in a pint of water, with wood-ashes and salt, until they can be drawn easily out of the shell. To proceed to this operation they are placed in fresh water, and as fast as they are untwined from the shell they are thrown into tepid water. When we have the required number together, we boil them for ten minutes and then strain them. Next, we place them in a saucepan, with a piece of butter, and toss them well about, and afterwards add a table-spoonful of flour, and moisten them with half white-wine and half beef-soup, not forgetting to flavor the cookery with a judicious proportion of sweet herbs. In this state they are allowed to stew for two hours longer, and then they are tender ; and then would the sight of them bring water into the mouth of a Roman emperor, especially when thickened with the yolk of eggs and farther flavored with citron and verjuice. In Paris they may be bought all ready for cooking at a sou a piece. The doctors consider the escargot, properly cooked, very nutritious and digestible ; but care must be had that they have been properly purged, for, as already stated, the escargot takes a fancy to feed sometimes on the hemlock plant, and sometimes on belladonna ; and cases of poisoning have been known through ignorance of this fact, and cooking them too soon after being gathered.

"But," said Wagstaff, in conclusion, "if the escargot has its merits as an aliment, it has its demerits in another respect. It causes great damage to the vine crop. In 1856 the escargot committed more ravages than *oidium* among the vines of Charente Inférieure. Up to the present time there is no other way of getting rid of the escargot as a scourge than by catching him alive with the hand during or after the warm rains of spring. Don't squash him under your foot. Put him into a cask, and at the end of a term you will know how to love your enemy, first killing him with kindness."

By this time Wagstaff had finished his cigar. I had finished my second demi-tasse, and (why need I blush to tell it, as almost every one in a café does the same!) pocketed the remaining lumps of sugar brought with the tray. Midnight had sounded at various intervals during twenty minutes, as the manner is with the clocks of Paris ; and, thanking Wagstaff for his snail supper and discourse on conchology, varied with hints on cookery, I bade him a good-night near the Madeleine, and retired to my den in the seventh floor of the Rue du Rocher.

ARNOLD.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.--A fox and a hare were travelling together in the winter time, when no herbs were to be found in the fields nor anything visible that the poor creatures could eat. "This is hungry weather," said the fox to the hare ; "we must go a begging." "Yes, indeed it is," replied the hare, "it is hungry everywhere ; and, in fact, I could eat my own ears, if I had any means of getting them between my jaws!" But, while they were thus grumbling and trudging along, they espied at a distance a country maiden walking along with a basket in her hand, and from this basket the wind brought to the noses of the fox and the hare a pleasant smell of new bread. "Here's a chance for us!" exclaimed the fox ; "do you, Master Hare, lie down and make believe to be dead ; the girl will set down her basket and come and pick you up for the sake of your skin to make gloves of ; meanwhile, I will snatch up the basket and make off with it for my own eating." The hare followed this advice, while the fox hid himself behind a snowdrift. Presently up came the girl, and, seeing the hare stretched out all-fours, she set her basket down and stooped to

take up the dead animal. At the same moment out bolted the fox, and, catching up the basket, ran off, closely followed by the hare, who suddenly came to life again. But the latter soon perceived that the fox had no intention of sharing the contents of the basket ; but he made no remark until they came to a small fishpond. Then he said to the fox, "Would it not be a nice thing to get some fish to eat with our bread, then we should feast like great folks? Do you hang your tail down a little below the water, and then the fish will lay hold of it, for they have not much to eat at this season ; but make haste, or else the pond will freeze over!" The fox, without suspecting any trick, dipped his tail in the water, which was upon the point of freezing, and kept it there till the ice actually had formed ; and so his tail was set fast. Then the hare opened the basket and comely ate before the eyes of the fox the loaves which were in it. And as he finished each successive roll, he said to the fox, in a mocking tone, "Wait a bit and it will thaw ; wait till spring-time and it will thaw!" And when he had eaten all the bread he ran away, leaving the poor fox in a raging passion, like a dog chained to a post.

THE VAGARIES OF SCIENCE.--At a late jury trial regarding the Boghead or Torbanehill coal, various scientific men were adduced as witnesses to prove the mineral not to be coal. These gentlemen, however, arrived at totally different conclusions as to what the mineral really was. One or more of them pronounced it bitumen, "actual bitumen," and not coal. Some of them pronounced it not to be bitumen ; but also not coal. As many more pronounced it shale, "the most highly inflammable shale ever seen ;" while other scientific men on the same side as confidently pronounced it not to be shale. Some of them could name the mineral, others could not. One, more knowing than the rest, could actually have formed or made it if he had had sufficient pressure, just as Archimedes could have removed the earth if he had had a place beyond it on which to plant his levers. Curiously enough, the conclusion that it is coal is now demonstrated in a manner which the most sceptical will scarcely dispute. At a distance of about a mile and a quarter from Torbanehill, the same bed of coals has, since the trial, been found ; and there it proves to be neither more nor less than a coarse household coal, still, however, retaining the chief characteristics of the mineral found at Torbanehill. Our readers will scarcely fail to call to mind a similar instance in which antiquarian zeal built up Pretorium on equally unstable grounds, which was overthrown by the exclamation of a shrewd gaberlunzie--"Pretorian here, Pretorian there ; I mind the bigging o't."--*North British Mail*.

COLDS.--Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their own bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg. Now, if we call a slight cold "the egg," and pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, asthma, consumption, the venomous reptile, the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this "egg" may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly slightly clad from a heated to a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration--sitting or standing in a draught, however slight--it is the breath of death, reader, and laden with the vapors of the grave. Lying in damp beds, for there his cold arms shall embrace you ; continuing in wet clothing and neglecting wet feet ; these and a hundred others are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely, cherish the creature that shall at last creep inextricably inwards, and lie coiled about your vitals. Once more, again--again--I would say, attend to this, all ye who think it a small matter to neglect a slight cold.--*Dr. Yeoman*.

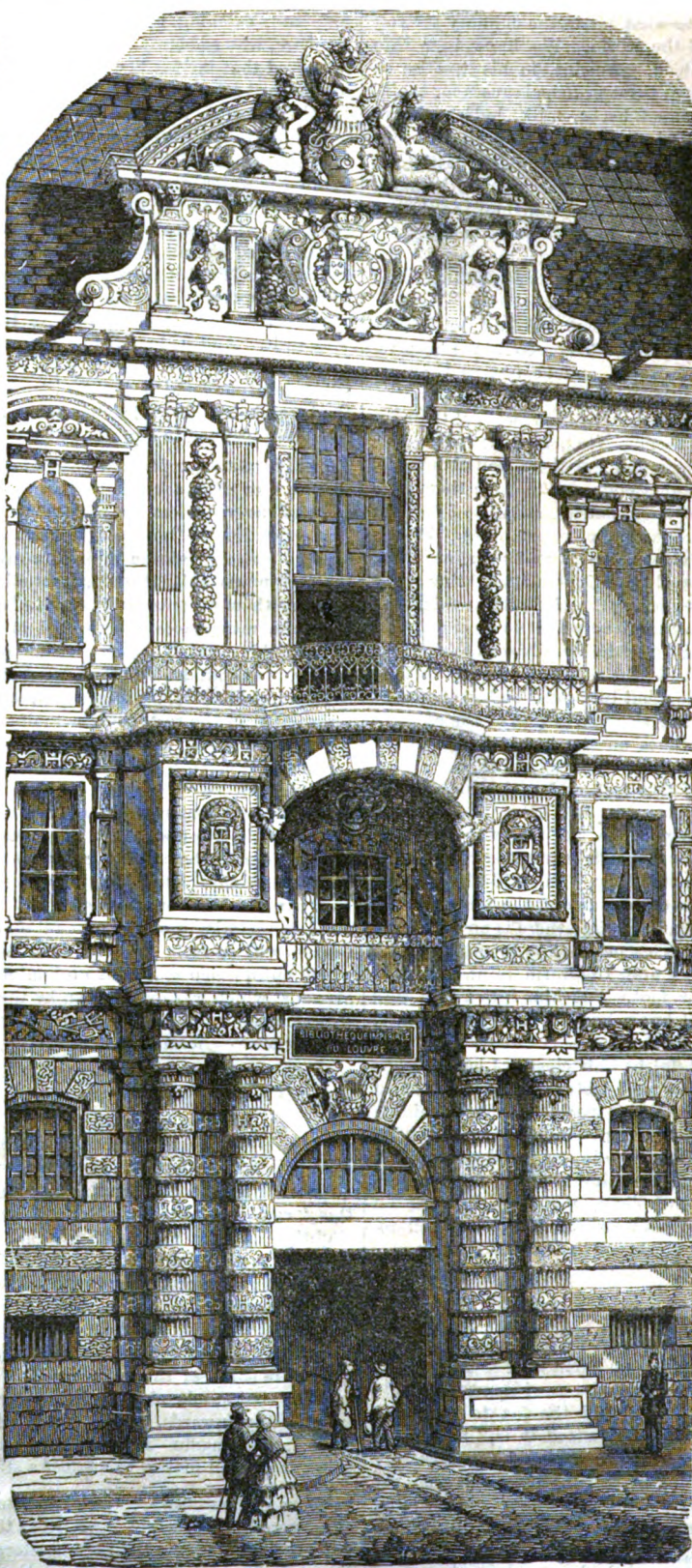
FUNERAL EXPENSES.--Funeral expenses, one hundred years ago, were very different from what they are now. I give you two accounts of some Quaker ancestors of mine buried at that time : 1. The funeral expenses of Edward Halsey, June 9, 1751, his wife executrix, as per bill, cost £87. He died in London and was buried at Wandsworth. Twelve glass coaches and six hackney coaches followed. 2. The funeral expenses of John Smith, Esq., of Stockwell House, Surrey, July 23, 1757, cost £17 11s. Five glass coaches followed, his son, Daniel Smith, executor. Mourning coaches were not allowed by Quakers, neither black habiliments, but everything new was put on at that time.--*Notes and Queries*.

GATE OF THE OLD ROYAL LIBRARY OF THE LOUVRE.

It is said that no piece of architecture in existence so closely reproduces the whole sentiment of French culture, in the year 1550, so perfectly as the gate of the old Royal Library of the Louvre, designed by Thérond. Every detail—the peculiar shape of the letters H, and the arabesque all indicate this era, and yet the work, which is a puzzle to antiquaries, was really executed under Henry IV. The lower portion was built by Marie de Medicis. Why it was so carefully finished in a style grown obsolete no one knows. Perhaps some fragment of an old building was completed; perhaps some old plan suggested it.

Twenty years ago its beauty was not appreciated, and it was suffered to become covered with swallows' nests and dirt. It has lately been cleaned and restored, and now forms one of the prominent architectural monuments of Paris.

PARAGUAY. — I soon recognised a striking difference between the character of the country in which I now was and that of any part over which I had hitherto travelled. The open pampa was exchanged for the shady grove; the pastures, protected by the trees and irrigated by abundant streams, were in most places beautifully green; the palm-tree was a frequent occupant of the plain; hills, and more gently sloping eminences, contrasted beautifully with the valley and the lake. Wooded from the base to the top, those hills and slopes exhibited now the stately forest tree and anon the less aspiring shrub, the lime and the orange, each bearing at the same time both blossom and fruit. The fig-tree spread its broad dark leaf and offered its delicious fruit to the traveller without money and without price; while the parasite plant lent all its variety of leaf and flower to adorn the scene. Pendent from the boughs of many of the trees was

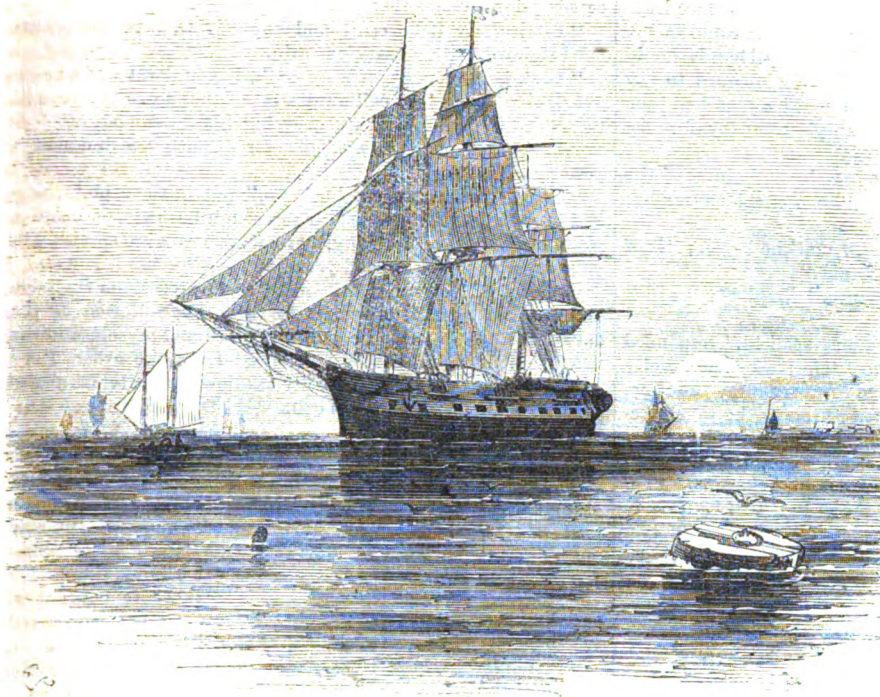


GATE OF THE OLD ROYAL LIBRARY OF THE LOUVRE.

to be seen, and yet more distinctly known by its fragrance, the air-plant. Squirrels leaped and monkeys chattered among the branches; the parrot and parrotet, the pheasant, the moigtu, the toocon, the humming-bird, the guacamayo, or cockatoo, and innumerable others described by Azara, inhabited, in all their grand variety of plumage, the woods through which I rode. There is one noble bird which tenants them that I never elsewhere saw, except on the lake or on its banks. That bird is the pato real, or royal duck, nearly the size of a goose, but of plumage rich and varied. The lakes are covered with wild fowl, the marshes with water-hens and snipes. On the pasture-grounds you have the large partridge, and on the cultivated enclosures, in great abundance, the small one, or quail. As I pursued my journey through a country so substantially favored and so highly adorned by nature, I was glad to meet with much more frequent traces of cultivation and industry than were to be found in the solitary tracts over which I had heretofore sped my monotonous way. White-washed cottages often peeped from among the trees, and around them were considerable fields of the cotton, yucca and tobacco plants. The Indian corn and sugarcane were also frequently to be seen in the vicinity of farm-houses of a better character than the cottages; and there was abundance of wood and of the prickly-pear. With the latter the cultivated country, as well as the potreros or paddocks, were invariably well fenced. — *Fallow's South America.*

NUTRIMENT IN APPLES.

— Chemical researches by Mr. J. Salisbury, of Albany, show that good varieties of the apple are richer in those bodies which strictly go to nourish the system than potatoes are; or, in other words, to form muscle, brain, nerve; and, in short, to assist in sustaining and building up the organic part of all the tissues of the animal body. — *Timbs's Curiosities of Science.*



MODERN BUCCANEERING; OR, FRED MANNING'S
EXPERIENCE AT PANAMA.

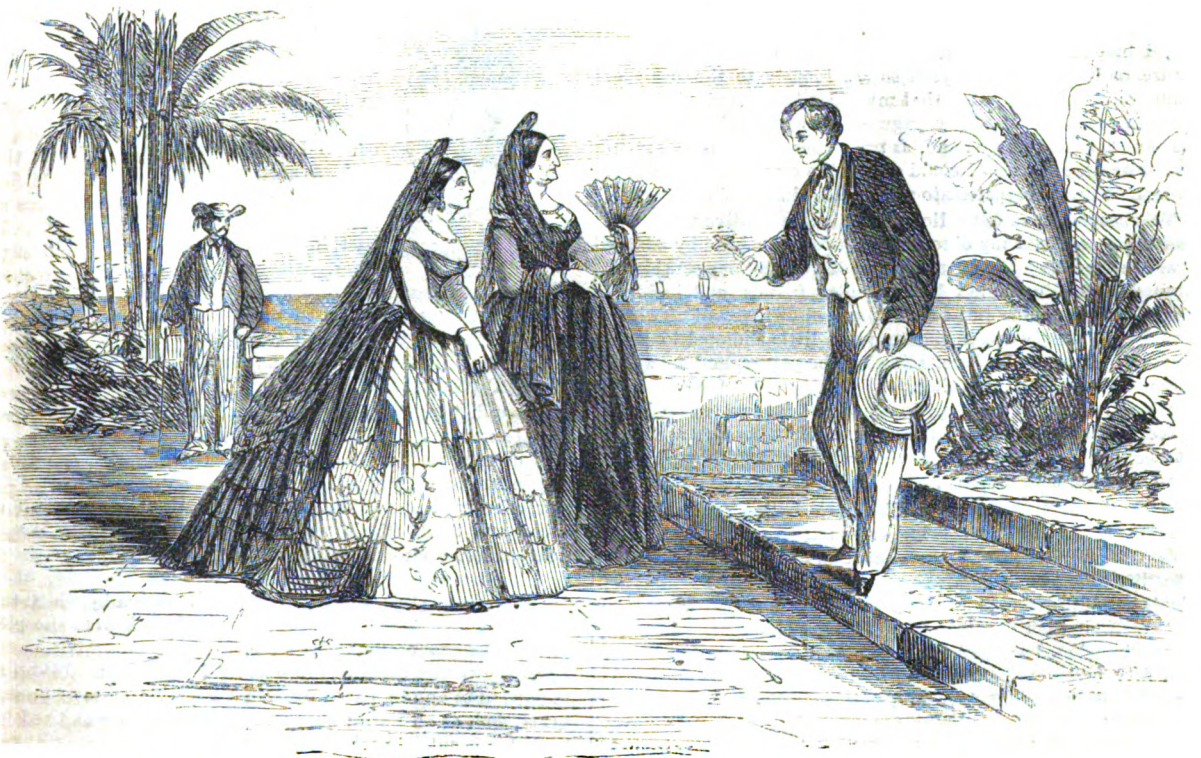
BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

"GONE seven bells, Mr. Shellback!" said the steward of the brig Southern Cross, as he thrust his head into the state-room occupied by the first officer and myself in common, "gone

little rifts, in the dense forests that lined the shores on every side, could be seen a lofty, dilapidated tower of quaint architecture, marking the site of Old Panama; to the left rose the abrupt, rugged shores of Taboga, with its plantations of pine-apples and native dwellings, whose walls of cane and thatched roofs gave them the appearance of immense bird-cages; before us Flamingo Isle sent up its lofty cone, while in the distance the old tide-battered walls and vine-covered cathedral towers of Panama stood out in bold relief against the cloudless sky.

It was a glorious prospect to one who had been rolling about



I RETAINED SUFFICIENT REASON TO POSSESS MYSELF OF THE GLITTERING JEWEL, AND APPROACHED THE OWNER.

on the calm bosom of the Pacific at the mercy of light, variable winds, for weeks. It was the first land we had seen since leaving the Sandwich Islands, and as we had some cargo to discharge there and the captain had promised that all hands should have a good turn ashore, we had been looking forward to our arrival with no little impatience, and many a plan had been formed by the younger portion of the ship's company for disposing of our anticipated liberty.

I had scarcely leisure to note the prominent features of the scene, which lay spread out before me like a great engraving, when Mr. Shellback joined me.

"Well, Fred, our cruise is pretty near up," he began; "how do you like the looks of things hereabouts?"

"It looks very pretty in the distance," I replied; "will it bear closer inspection?"

"It will answer very well to have a play-spell in," responded the old salt, "though it's a dull town I take it after the novelty wears off a bit; but you will manage to worry away the time, for there's lots of old ruins scattered through the woods between the city and that mountain you see yonder, and I expect you will come back with queer pictures enough to fill a sea-chest. But there's the breakfast bell, thank the Lord! So come along, for by the time we have disposed of the grub it will be time to shorten sail."

Mechanically I followed Mr. Shellback to the cabin, but I had little appetite for the good cheer steward had prepared for our entertainment. I was too impatient to set foot on the strange and, to me, beautiful shore, and escape from the narrow walls that had confined me so many weary weeks.

It was my first voyage, though, had I have been allowed to follow my own inclinations, I should have taken to the sea as naturally as a waterfowl as soon as I had fairly cut adrift from the maternal apron strings; but as my parents discouraged this proclivity, I had, in obedience to their wishes, remained on shore until about eighteen months previous, when my father finding it impossible to overcome the natural bent of my mind, gave his consent that I should make one voyage in a vessel of which he was part owner and which was commanded by my mother's only brother.

Of course I had shipped as a common sailor, but being rather a favorite with both my uncle and his first officer, I was allowed to live at the cabin table and occupy a berth in Mr. Shellback's state-room; consequently my experience had been less unpleasant than usually falls to the lot of a young sailor during his first voyage, and, so far from being cured of my passion for the sea, I had made up my mind decidedly to follow it for the future, and had applied myself so assiduously to the study of seamanship and navigation that my uncle had promised me the berth of second mate next voyage before we doubled the Cape on our outward passage; and, as my father was a pretty extensive shipowner, I knew I could obtain the command of a vessel as soon as I was competent to assume the duties of the station.

This much I have felt called upon to state relative to myself, and shall conclude my observations upon this head by adding that I had reached the advanced age of twenty, was considered a passable-looking fellow by particular friends, and had four sweethearts at home and several more elsewhere, all of whom I had loved madly and in silence, was a little addicted to making pencil sketches and scribbling for the papers, and answered to the name of Fred Manning.

"Well, Fred," said Captain Quadrant, as we entered the cabin, "I suppose you are in for a turn ashore as soon as we are at anchor; but look out for the señoritas, lad, they play the very mischief with a man, with their black eyes!"

"That's so," responded Mr. Shellback, with a profound sigh. "I never came so near being captured in my life as I did in this port once, and I tell you what it is, if I ever fall in with that little craft again, and she not manned, strike me blind if I don't cut adrift from single blessedness!"

"Well, if that don't beat all!" said old Duff, raising his hands in affected astonishment, "to hear a man who has logged his fifty odd years and ought to be thinking about t'other world, talking about love and getting spliced, like a boy of twenty!"

"Fifty yourself!" growled Shellback, who was extremely sensitive on the score of his years, "I am forty, and may be a year or two over, I admit, but a man of forty is just in h/

prime, Mr. Duff, and, unless he's a fool, he'll never think of settling down under that age."

"Particularly if he can't find anybody to have him," pursued steward, with a malicious grin.

"Look here, you son of a sea-cook, if you don't want me to get foul of you, just coil away a bit of that spare nonsense!" responded the mate, wrathfully eyeing his antagonist.

"I suppose I ought to apologize for disputing with a man of your years, but——"

"Come, come, steward, hush up," put in the captain, who had been endeavoring to appear as though he had not heard a word of the above colloquy, "remember you are speaking to your superior in station and years, and——"

"Thunder!" ejaculated the mate, as he arose from the table and beat an inglorious retreat to the deck, followed by the subdued laughter of the captain, steward and myself, and the next moment his rough voice bellowed forth the order, "All hands shorten sail!" and hastily swallowing the remainder of my coffee, I responded to the call.

Half an hour later the brig was standing under short canvas between Flaminco Island and the main land; then her topsails were settled away, clewed up and furled; then came a heavy plunge, and we were at anchor off the old city of Panama, a boat was hoisted out, and the captain, two of the forecandle gentry and myself went on shore.

CHAPTER II.



N reaching the shore, I accompanied Captain Quadrant to his consignee's, Mr. N——'s, who received us with that quiet courtesy for which he is so justly celebrated among dwellers upon the Isthmus, and then, having no more important business on hand, I took my portfolio, which I had been thoughtful enough to bring with me, and started upon a general expedition of discovery.

The city proper, that is, the part within the walls, with its narrow streets, cathedrals, whose vine-covered towers gave them a look of antiquity to which they were not entitled, crumbling ruins of what had been churches and monasteries in the palmy days of this now neglected and decaying old city, was soon exhausted, so I passed out by the western gate and was soon rambling through a wilderness of dense tropical vegetation, where I encountered at every step some relic of the past, in the shape of arches, ruined dwellings, within the enclosure of whose walls strange trees and shrubs were luxuriantly growing, wells and cisterns long since disused and overgrown by creepers, and ancient shrines, before which worshippers long ago ceased to bow and sign themselves with that sacred emblem, revered alike by Papist and Christian.

Here and there, too, peeping out from the luxuriant foliage of the banana and palm tree, were little native huts with their walls of cane and roofs of leaves, as significant a contrast to the ponderous ruins by which they were surrounded, as were their effeminate inhabitants to the bold, daring race of which Balboa and Santa Maria were specimens; but their *buenas tardes*, señor, sounded kindly, and as I returned their greeting, a feeling very like sorrow flitted through my mind, when I glanced mentally at the gradual degeneration by which the once brilliant Spanish-American power had sunk from the pinnacle to the base of the social scale.

At length the narrow bridle-path I had been following emerged into an old paved road, in a tolerable state of preservation, and, as all routes were alike new to me, I wandered on through a beautiful little valley, over which the cocoa-nut and bread-fruit were waving their heavy foliage, passed the ancient Spanish cemetery, with its high, whitewashed walls, perforated

with cavities for the reception of the wealthy dead, and paused beside a little enclosure, also sacred as the sleeping-place of mortality, beneath an immense, wide-spreading tree. A glance at the unpretending monuments that marked the one or two lonely graves told me it was the English burial ground, and as the brief tropical twilight was now fading into night, warning me that I had journeyed far enough, I sat down on the low, crumbling wall, made an elaborate sketch of the view before me, and then gave free range to the many and varied thoughts that flitted, like phosphoric lights, through my mind.

For a time all was quiet as the last glow of twilight faded and the bright constellations of the tropical sky began to make their unheralded appearance; then the broad, full moon began to climb slowly the eastern arch of the firmament, till she cast her soft but glorious light over waving foliage, sombre ruin, and all things else; and then from far down the old neglected road came the sound of voices, and presently after appeared a troop of women, returning from the washing fountains, with their newly-cleansed garments, followed by another troop of men, each driving before him a mule, laden with jars of water.

On they sped, nodding to the lone stranger as they passed, till all were gone save one, the last of the train, who stopped his mule for a moment to wish me a *buenas noches*, and to offer me a drink of some kind of native liquor from a bottle which he had slung to his shoulder. I touched my lips to the flask for the sake of courtesy, and then arose and walked with him in the direction of the city, humoring his inquisitive disposition as much as my imperfect Spanish would permit.

At the outer gate I encountered steward and Mr. Shellback, who had just come on shore.

"Ahoj there, Fred, we were looking for you," said the latter, as soon as I appeared; "we haven't taken in a drop yet, so suppose we stand down toward the nearest tippling port, and then, my lad, for a turn on the Battery, and I'll show you some specimens of the feminine gender that will make you forget all your sweethearts at home in less time than it would take to furl a royal."

"Seems to me it is rather dangerous for an old gentleman like you to expose himself to the night air," said Duff, with an air of the most friendly concern; "wouldn't it be better now to take a little brandy and water without much brandy in it and then go aboard and turn in? You know the rheumatics troubles you awful, and—"

"Hold your tongue, you chattering baboon!" roared Shellback, in a towering passion; "what do you mean by talking such nonsense, as though I was an old woman instead of your superior officer?"

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," replied the steward, gravely, "and it strikes me that's one way to thank a man for being concerned about your health!"

"Go to the devil!" growled the old salt, indignantly, as he turned on his heel and rolled off in the direction of the nearest drinking saloon, leaving us to follow, which we presently did, Duff chuckling to himself over his successful irritation of the mate's not particularly placid temper.

Neither my companions nor myself were given to excessive indulgence in the imbibing line, and on the present occasion we succeeded in moistening our clay satisfactorily with a bottle of tolerably fair claret, and were ready for our proposed promenade on the Battery; though Duff still persisted in regarding it as imprudent for Mr. Shellback to expose himself to the searching night air, which could only be safely encountered by young men like himself and me (our juvenile steward was forty-five), all of which insinuations the mate treated with silent contempt, and in due time we found ourselves at the specified place, and found it, as I had been led to anticipate from Mr. Shellback's remarks, thronged with lovely dark-eyed Spanish maidens and their attendants.

Taken collectively, the scene upon which I was gazing was very beautiful. The broad bay, with its bright green isles, which stretched away before us far out to the great Southern Ocean, seemed to have borrowed a new but very quiet beauty from the brilliant tropical moonlight and lain down to slumber; behind us was the strange old city, with its queer architecture, its tile-covered roofs and crumbling ruins, from which bright festoons of climbing plants drooped like little banners; at our feet was the ponderous sea-wall, which for so many generations

had bravely resisted the earthquake shock and the tremendous tides of the Pacific; while around us, flitting like fairies, were the dark-haired, dark-eyed señoritas, with their graceful mantillas and uncovered heads, glancing shily at the little group of strangers from that indefinite region only known among the natives as *el Norte*.

My readers will bear in mind that at the time of which I write there was no Panama Railroad to whirl passengers in a couple of hours from one ocean to the other. That stupendous work, the successful completion of which should reflect lasting honor upon the names of the brave men who took life, health and purse in their hands, and went forth to build beneath the scorching sun of the tropics a highway for the nations of the earth, was then only a possibility cherished in the minds of such men as Stephens and Aspinwall; and although some emigrants on their way to the newly-discovered land of gold had found their way across the Isthmus, and a few had taken up their residence here, still Americans were enough of a curiosity to render our little party noticeable among the evening promenaders of the Battery, particularly as we were rather an odd-looking crowd so far as dress was concerned.

As for me, I sported the only suit of "store clothes" in my possession which had survived the ups and downs of an eighteen months' cruise—rather a foppish costume, I confess; but remember my age, reader.

Duff was in his ordinary rig, except that he had disguised himself in a clean checked shirt; but Mr. Shellback was wonderfully got up: white pantaloons, with cloth enough in them for a mainsail; a blue dress-coat with brass buttons; ruffled shirt; a collar faced with blue; a black beaver hat, and pumps about half as large as a jollyboat, and a pair of light kid-gloves which must have been manufactured to order. In fact Shellback was a good deal of an old beau, very susceptible and very complacent in regard to his own powers of fascination, which were more truthfully estimated by Duff, who was invariably with him, invariably teaching him; and yet, after a very queer fashion, the two were capital friends, though generally quarrelling when together.

The sight of so much dark beauty touched Mr. Shellback in his vulnerable point, and he at once began to practice his most winning graces, moving up and down the promenade as jauntily as possible, notwithstanding sundry hints from Duff of the impropriety of "a man with one foot in the grave putting on airs before the girls," till I became weary of following them, and seated myself by the side of an old time-worn gun on a preposterous wooden carriage, which alone kept guard upon the sea-beaten battlements; and gazing down, I watched the waves as they chased each other in over the reefs, and dashing sadly, wearily, it seemed to me, against the stern, unyielding rampart.

It was a spot for musing, and as I gave myself up to the delicious reverie of the hour, in fancy I saw Panama as it was in the days of its glory, when the untold wealth of the rich coast of South America flowed through its gates over the old road to Porto Bello en route for Spain. I almost fancied I could see the richly-freighted barges stealing along where Flaminio Isle cast its deep shadow over the quiet bay, and the long train of mules with their precious burdens bounding out through the gates and away through the now trackless wilds of the Isthmus; gay cavaliers with their gallant steeds, and fair women intended by nature and education to be the mates of brave men: and then away sped my dreams of the past, and I was brought back to the living present by the most musical little laugh that ever fell on mortal ear, and on looking up my glance rested on the most bewitching face that ever turned the head and captured the heart of a young gentleman of twenty. I will not attempt to describe it. The reader must take my unsupported testimony that she was very beautiful; and then if they please to imagine me standing hat in hand gazing after the retreating divinity, looking bewildered, astonished and perhaps a little foolish, they are very welcome to do so.

"In the name of all the gods at once, who is she?" I exclaimed, after partially satisfying myself by a moment's reflection that it was a woman, and not, as I was at first inclined to think, an angel.

"Don't know; but strike me blind if she aint a stunner," responded the harsh voice of Mr. Shellback at my side. "By thunder! Fred, what a lovely little craft! clipper-built and



VIEW OF PANAMA FROM THE BATTERY.

full-rigged fore and aft. If we only dared speak her now, I believe I could make a favorable impression."

"Mr. Shellback, you are disgusting!" I said, after ransacking my brain for a less objectionable word which would express my state of mind, and without waiting to see the effect of my left-handed compliment I started in pursuit of my enslaver; and I remember I felt a little relieved by hearing Duff croaking in the ears of my elderly rival, "You see, Mr. Shellback, what insults old men lay themselves liable to when they try to act like boys. Now do be persuaded to go aboard and turn in with a draft to your feet."

I did not pause to hear the rejoinder to this friendly suggestion, but hurried on, wishing most devoutly that there would be an earthquake, an insurrection or anything else to place the lady in imminent danger, that I might show my devotion by rescuing her or dying in her service; but the earth kept on the even tenor of her ways without any unusual oscillations, the natives scattered about the streets and on the promenade looked decidedly too mild to be harboring revolutionary sentiments, and the young lady didn't even lean over the low parapet, thereby running a risk of tumbling into the sea, but walked leisurely along, chatting gaily with a middle-aged woman, whom, by contrast, I thought a very monstrosity of female ugliness, but who was, I am happy in being able to state from subsequent observation, a very respectable-looking lady, with the exception of being slightly cross-eyed.

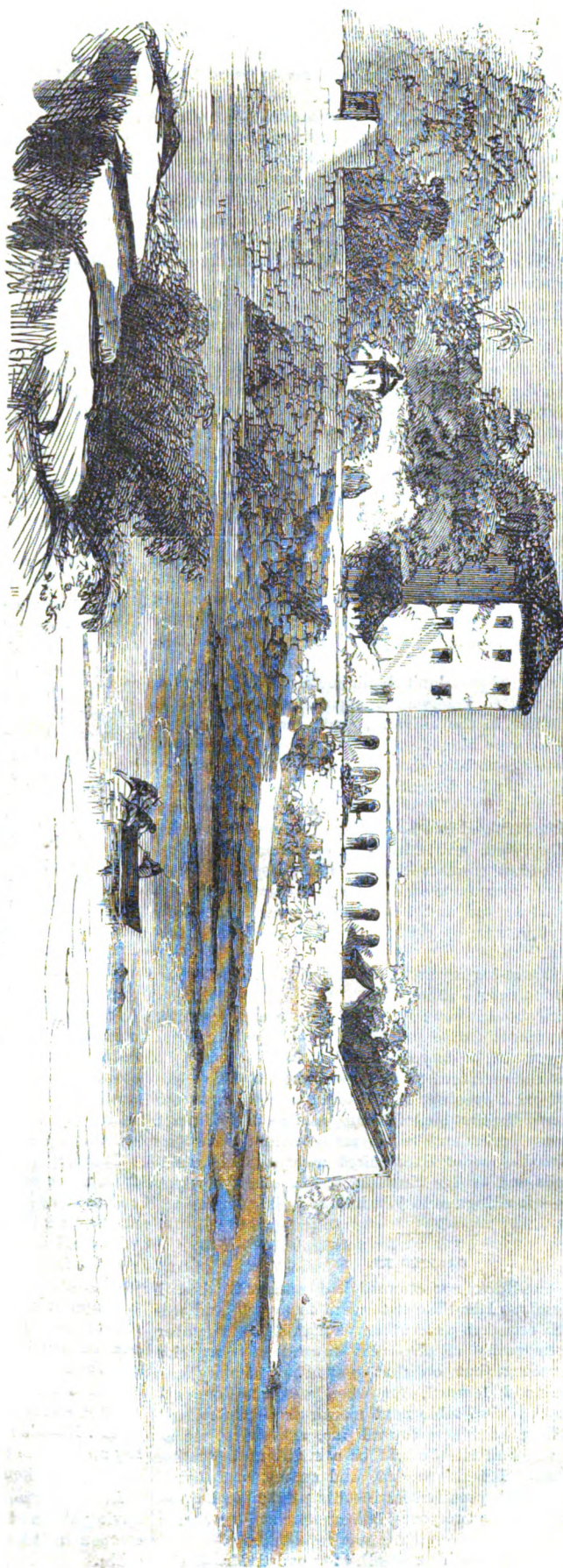
Things were becoming desperate. The evening was wearing on, and I felt convinced I should never be able to keep my small amount of faculties in their normal state for another night unless I found the means of introducing myself to my new flame; but terrible as was such a fate in the prospective, I saw no means of averting it, and I think I had just begun to entertain some ideas of offering myself to some misanthrope shark who hadn't had his supper, when my eye, by the merest accident, rested on a glittering object in the path before me.

A second glance showed me that it was a massive gold crucifix, which I had observed suspended from the lady's neck as she passed me.

I could have screamed, danced and done a variety of absurd things, but I retained sufficient reason to possess myself of the glittering jewel, approach the owner, who was but a few steps in advance of me, hold it up to view, and inquire in very bad Spanish, but with a bow which would have been worth photographing, if she had lost it.

A look of blank consternation swept over the fair young face before me as she recognized the jewel, which was followed by the exclamation, as she clasped it, "*Mi bella cruz! mi bella cruz! Muchas gracias, senor, muchas gracias.*"

VIEW OF THE OLD BATTERY OF PANAMA.



Of course I made fitting response to this, assuring the lady that, so far from considering myself entitled to her thanks, I felt myself under a few thousand obligations to the fates for the accident that had enabled me to serve her in so trifling a manner.

"Ah! it was no trifling service," my new acquaintance replied, with a look of comic seriousness on her pretty face which I am persuaded was never intended by Nature to look serious. The cross was an old family jewel, which had come down through more generations than she could count, and there was even a tradition that it had been bestowed upon one of her ancestors by Queen Isabel, as a testimonial of her appreciation of his services in the New World. Her father would never have forgiven her she was sure, had she lost it.

Would el señor have the kindness to favor her with his address, that her father might do himself the pleasure of calling upon him, and thanking him in person.

"Let me help along this very pretty little drama, by making the principal actors formally acquainted," said a voice at my side which I recognized as Mr. N——'s. "I have overheard it thus far, and I am really surprised that my presence has not been noticed before; but never mind, Señorita Clara, this is Señor Manning, from the United States, a nephew of an old friend of mine, Captain Quadrant."

I felt like embracing Mr. N——, but concluded not to upon reflection, and solaced myself by looking unutterable things at Señorita Clara, who, with a charming frankness, expressed herself pleased with having an opportunity of making the acquaintance of some one from the States, was sure her father would be happy to see me, and then with a graceful inclination of her head and an "Adios, señor," she passed on, leaving me alone with Mr. N——.

"Now, Manning, if you don't thank me for introducing you to the prettiest girl in Panama, so opportunely, you are the most ungrateful dog in the universe," said Mr. N—— laughing, as soon as we were alone.

"Your arrival was nothing short of a special interposition of Providence," I responded fervently. "Heavens! she is beautiful!"

My companion indulged in a hearty laugh at my enthusiasm, and continued, "Well, well, Manning, you seem to be hopelessly smitten, and as I rather like you, I feel disposed to help the affair along. Your uncle dines with me to-morrow, so suppose you come along too, and I will invite your inamorata's father, and give you an opportunity to make a favorable impression on him."

I was about expressing my gratitude in various absurd ways, but my companion cut me short.

"Say no more about it now, Manning, for I see your sanity is in danger, besides it's time to go home. Will you accept a hammock at my ranch, or do you go on board?"

I replied that I must return to the vessel that night, so bidding my friend good evening, I walked slowly down to the landing, chartered the first boat I found, and an hour later I was tossing in my berth, and before my excited imagination floated a confused array of dark-haired maidens, gold crucifixes, bridal veils and orange blossoms, in the midst of which was Mr. N—— inviting me to join him in a glass of ale.

CHAPTER III.

NEITHER Mr. Shellback nor steward had returned when I reached the vessel, so I had the state-room to myself, and was quite too much occupied with other thoughts to remember that I had been guilty of disrespect toward my superior during the evening, but on that point his memory was better than mine I learned, for when we made our appearance at the breakfast table next morning, he maintained the most chilling politeness toward me, addressing me as Mr. Manning, which of itself would be a sufficient indication that in something I had offended, and as my uncle well understood his officer's peculiarities in this particular, he presently inquired what we two young fellows were at loggerheads about.

"Oh! nothing, sir, nothing at all," responded Mr. Shellback, not a little mollified by the captain's judicious application of the term, "young fellows." Mr. Man—Fred I

mean, and I had a little misunderstanding last night, but it was of no consequence, not the least."

"Mr. Shellback thought Fred treated him disrespectfully," observed Duff, affecting to look daggers and marlinspikes at me, "and begging your pardon, I think so too."

"Indeed," said the captain, who foresaw fun in Duff's account of the affair, whatever it might be. "That is a serious charge. How was it, steward?"

"Oh! never mind it now," said the mate, beginning to sit uneasily. "It was nothing after all."

"Don't let your forgiving disposition screen Fred if he has been guilty, Mr. Shellback," responded the captain gravely. "Heave ahead, steward."

"Why you know," began Duff, with an expressive wink, "that Mr. Shellback, notwithstanding his advanced years, is rather given to falling in love at first sight, and—"

"Mr. Duff, you wish to insult me!" cried the mate, turning fiercely toward the steward.

"Do be quiet, Shellback," said the captain, "and let steward explain this affair. He meant nothing wrong, I am sure, by the remark at which you took offence."

"To be sure not," replied Duff; "but as I was saying, you know Mr. Shellback is given to falling in love at first sight. Well, last night, while we were ashore, we came across a taut rigged little craft that just played the devil with the mate and Fred. They were both as crazy as bedbugs, and upon Mr. Shellback's remarking that he thought he could capture the gal, if he could speak her, Fred called him disgusting."

"This is a very grave charge, Fred," said my uncle, with difficulty retaining his gravity. "What have you to say to it?"

"Nothing, sir," I replied, "except that I beg pardon."

"Granted, of course," said the mate, looking a little red and foolish, and then as if to avoid a further discussion of the subject, he arose and sauntered out on deck, leaving us to enjoy a quiet but hearty laugh.

"So you have picked up a new sweetheart, have you?" said my uncle, after a brief pause. "Is she deuced pretty, Fred?"

"Faith, she is," I answered; "and by the way, uncle, Mr. N—— invited me to dine with him and you to-day, and promised to introduce me to her father."

"The dickens he has! Well, you can go, of course. I'll send a boat on board for you at four. They don't dine till five in Panama, and in the meantime I wish you would return to the realities of life enough to lend a hand in getting new ratlins on the main rigging, for it's got to be done, you know, while we are in this port."

"Aye, aye, sir," I responded, as I walked off not in the best humor in the world, for think, dear reader, of a lover being obliged to lay aside his blissful dreams and set himself to work with tar-bucket and marlinspike, but there was no help for it, so with a sigh I slipped into my ordinary dress, and was presently perched in the main rigging hard at work with my hands while my thoughts were far more pleasantly engaged elsewhere.

It might have been ten o'clock, when chancing to look up from my work, I saw a boat approaching us from the shore, and as it neared us I recognised Mr. N—— sitting in the stern sheets, and by his side a dark handsome-looking gentleman, with a splendid beard and moustache, whom I felt instinctively was the father of my acquaintance of the Battery, and a feeling of absolute horror came over me as I reflected on my unrepresentable appearance. What would the haughty Spaniard think of a hard-handed, tar-besmeared sailor aspiring to the hand of his peerless daughter? I was too young and foolish to know that dress and any honest occupation, however menial, never lower a man in the estimation of any one whose good opinion is worth having, and actually trembled when I reflected on the possibility of Mr. N——'s asking for me, and even had some idea of creeping up into the top and concealing myself until our unwelcome guests had taken their departure.

In a few moments the boat was alongside, and the captain having observed it, received his guests as they stepped from the companion-ladder to the deck, and conducted them to the cabin.

"Where's that nephew of yours, Captain Quadrant?" I heard Mr. N—— ask presently.

"He is at work aloft; I will call him if you wish to see him."

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I should like to see him for a few moments; I rather like the boy, and should like to introduce him to our friend here."

"To be sure," replied my uncle. "Steward, tell Fred he's wanted."

There was no use contending with the fates. My worst fears were realized, and there was nothing left but to face the music; so I reluctantly descended to the deck, wiped the tar from my hands with a wad of ropeyarn, presented myself at the cabin-door, and was introduced to Señor Cascaro, who received me with the ceremonious politeness peculiar to the thorough-bred Spanish gentlemen, though I was sure he eyed my tar-stained appearance almost contemptuously; and I fancied how his lip would curl did he know the youth before him entertained serious designs upon the heart of his daughter.

"You will permit me to thank you, señor, for the service you rendered my daughter last evening," began my new acquaintance; "the jewel, insignificant as its intrinsic value may appear, was very highly prized for association. I trust that the acquaintance, which was the result of accident, may not immediately terminate. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you at my house this evening?"

"Certainly; I should only be too happy;" and then followed a few common-place but eminently polite remarks, after which, at a sign from my uncle that he had some business to transact with his visitors, I withdrew, receiving from Mr. N—as I passed out an encouraging smile and nod.

In the course of an hour the gentlemen took their departure, my uncle accompanying them, leaving me to wear away the time as best I might. Four o'clock came and found me prepared for the dinner-party, and very soon Mr. N—'s boat made its appearance, into which I stepped and was pulled ashore.

The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, although I was too much occupied with anticipations of my promised evening at Señor Cascaro's to enjoy it much, and was rallied a little by Mr. N— upon my absent-mindedness, when I attempted to season my coffee with pepper and olive oil.

But I got through with it somehow, and with the two or three succeeding hours that intervened before the arrival of the proper one for an evening call.

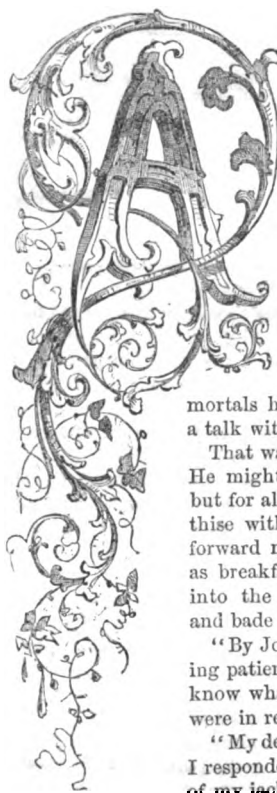
Of course I shall not be expected to give an account of that first call, which was prolonged to a most preposterous length, and to speak with perfect candor, I doubt whether I could do so, being slightly insane, as young men are apt to be when laboring under a severe attack of love. I remember that the young lady was very gracious, and chatted with great vivacity on a variety of subjects; also that she played the guitar for my especial benefit, and in brief, was so very entertaining that the evening sped away, and Mr. N—, who accompanied me, was obliged to remind me as mildly as possible that it was scarcely proper to stay all night without an invitation, and I compelled myself to retire.

I shall spare my readers a very minute description of my doings for the succeeding fortnight. Being very much in love, I of course visited the house of Señor Cascaro as often as possible without awakening in the mind of the old Spaniard too strong suspicions relative to my object, which I was still fearful might not meet with his most cordial approval. Then too, by the merest accident in the world, we used to meet frequently on the Battery in the evening and enjoy a delightful chat and ramble by moonlight, and at such times my companion would entertain me with stories and legends connected with the early history of the Spanish-American possessions, of which it appeared she had been an enthusiastic student. To be sure she was invariably accompanied on these occasions by the cross-eyed lady, who was a sort of governess I learned; consequently our *tête-à-têtes* were scarcely private enough to suit a lover's fancy till I hit upon an expedient for remedying the evil. I invited Mr. Shellback to accompany me one evening, without of course stating my object, and introduced him to my new acquaintance. He had already forgotten his passion for Clara, and as the cross-eyed lady was affable and disposed for a flirtation, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing him desperately in love with her, and only too happy to relieve us of her company.

I say us, for vanity aside, I began to entertain something more than a suspicion that my new passion was not altogether *ex-parte*, and that Clara was far from feeling displeased with the marked preference I evinced for her; and one glorious night as we sat side by side on the parapet of the old crumbling fortress, gazing off over the quiet moonlit bay, over which gigantic shadows were floating so ethereal and spirit-like, and listening to the deep solemn music of the sea dashing over the rugged reef, I wound my arm around her slender waist and told her of the love I cherished for her—of my far away home—of my gentle mother and sweet sisters, who would have a mother's and a sisters' love to bestow upon the bride of the son and brother; and when I ceased speaking a tiny hand crept into mine tremulously but confidently, a timid loving glance met my own, and I knew I was loved, though she said no word, made no promise.

Late that night I lay in my narrow berth, revolving my new and great happiness, and wondering at that strange attribute in woman's heart which leads her to trust her all to the one who has gained her love, stranger though he be.

CHAPTER IV.



ND what's to be done now?" I said to myself as I lay in my berth next morning, lazily waiting for steward to commence "seven bells," the signal for turning out. "You have gone too far in this affair to retract now, if you had the disposition; and it's clear, Fred Manning, that you must regard your bachelor days as well nigh numbered. But it's not a hard fate that awaits you, my boy, on the contrary, you must regard yourself as a great deal more happy and fortunate than

mortals have any business to be. But have a talk with your uncle."

That was it. Have a talk with my uncle. He might laugh at me a little, to be sure; but for all that I felt sure he would sympathize with me and do all in his power to forward my reasonable wishes; so as soon as breakfast was concluded I followed him into the state-room, unlocked my heart, and bade him overhaul its contents.

"By Jove! Fred," he began, after listening patiently to my story, "I vow I don't know what to advise. If I were sure you were in real solemn earnest——"

"My dear uncle, how can you doubt me?" I responded, with my hand on the left breast of my jacket.

"Why, you are always falling in love, Fred. To my certain knowledge you have three or four sweethearts in New York, a couple more in Rio, another in Lima, and I expect a dozen in the Sandwich Islands, we were there so long."

"But, my dear sir, these were mere youthful fancies, formed and forgotten in an hour."

"Exactly; and how in thunder do I know that this is not another of the same sort?"

I could only assure my relative that I had at last formed a permanent attachment, that I had every reason to suppose it was returned, and consequently was determined to marry the girl before I left Panama.

"Well, I believe you are in earnest this time," said my uncle, after a few moments' reflection; "and as you have sufficient allowance from your governor to enable you to take care of a wife till you get a little further aft, I don't know as I see any objection aside from your being confounded young—that is, if the girl is all right, and Mr. N. tells me she is."

I could only warmly shake my good uncle's hand, by way of response; and after another pause he continued:

"Of course, Fred, you mean to do everything open and



MR. SHELLBACK DISCOVERED MAKING LOVE TO THE DUENNA UPON THE PARAPET.

above board; so the next item on the programme is to have a chat with the girl's father, let him know what you've been about, and have all the arrangements settled, for you know we sail next week, and there's not much time to lose. I am going ashore this morning, and you might as well come along and have the affair disposed of at once. If you wish I will go with you to see your future father-in-law."

"I should be exceedingly glad of your company," I replied, as I turned away to make the necessary arrangements in my toilette; and half an hour later Captain Quadrant and myself were in the gig gliding toward the shore.

It was about two o'clock when we reached the residence of Señor Cascaro, and found that gentleman lazily swinging in his hammock in the balcony, puffing a cigarita and sipping coffee; but he arose when we were announced, and received us with the ceremonious politeness with which a Spanish gentleman always receives a guest in his own house.

"Had we taken coffee that morning?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, some time before."

"Ah! then you were just in time to taste a glass of wine with him. He was on the point of ordering it when we entered, and it was so very unpleasant to drink alone."

"We shall be only too happy to keep Señor Cascaro company," my uncle responded, while I ventured to inquire, with, I fear, a most blooming blush, if la señorita was well.

"Very well," replied my Spanish friend, with a queer quizzical expression, which I in vain attempted to interpret. "By the way, Señor Manning, permit me to observe that my daughter advised me of the interview between you and herself last evening, and if your call has reference to that, let me beg you to proceed, as I expect company soon, and we may be interrupted."

I was no less surprised than pleased at this speech, which I could not construe otherwise than as a most favorable omen, and so without further ceremony I proceeded to state as coherently as possible that I had formed an attachment for his daughter, which I believed was reciprocated, and I wished to ask his consent to our union, after satisfying him of my ability to maintain a wife in becoming style, character, social standing, &c.

"Our mutual friend, Señor N., has already satisfied me as to your character, position and ability to maintain a wife," replied

my companion, with the same quizzical expression; "and I regret I must say that other circumstances compel me to withhold my consent to the proposed alliance."

"May I be permitted to ask the nature of these circumstances?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Certainly, señor, you are entitled to that information by all the rules of politeness. You must know, then, that some years ago I promised my daughter's hand to an old friend of mine. It was a rash promise, for he is many years her senior, and, between us, I do not think she will ever love him as a wife should love a husband in order to insure her happiness; whereas, I must admit that I am convinced she fully reciprocates Señor Manning's passion; and as I before intimated, were it not for this unfortunate promise, I could offer no objection to the union."

"And will you compel your daughter to marry a man she cannot love?" I said, impatiently.

"Señor could not counsel me to break my word with an old friend, though I admit the promise was made at a time when I think we were both a little the worse for a bottle or two of this identical wine. Gentlemen, let me fill your glasses again. Your healths, gentlemen."

"Who is this rival of mine?" I exclaimed, passionately.

"I will see him, and appeal to his honor to release you from a promise which should not be binding on Señorita Clara, or, for that matter, upon you either; for dearly as I love your daughter, I would not counsel her to disobey her father."

"Your sentiments do you honor, señor. How much I regret that hasty promise. Your rival is Don Pablo Gracio. He will be here presently I expect, and if you choose you can mention the matter, although, I must tell you, he will never resign his claim. Indeed he already knows of the new attachment Clara has formed, and is very jealous and incensed against yourself. In short, I do not know as I do wrong to state that he calls this morning to consult with me relative to the best means of preventing my daughter from eloping with her lover, should she perchance entertain such an idea. By the way, when do you sail, Captain Quadrant?"

"A week from to-day, perhaps a trifle sooner," replied my uncle, with a significant grin, which I thought very heartless under the circumstances.

"Indeed! so soon. Well, of course I must assist my friend

in preventing an elopement between these young people, and for the future must object to my daughter's walking in the evening, and only allow her to go out to mass in the morning. Are you acquainted with my friend the bishop?"

"I have met him once at N.'s," said the captain.

"Very like; he is often there after mass in the morning."

"Just so. Come Fred, it's time to be getting under weigh," said my uncle, rising and moving toward the door, exhibiting on his face anything but the sympathy I fancied he ought to feel for me under these distressing circumstances. Indeed he seemed mightily tickled with some idea which was evidently working in his brain, and shook Señor Cascaro's hand at parting as warmly as though he had graciously accepted instead of declined my proposals upon such a shallow pretext.

As for me, I was too indignant to respond to the señor's *adios* with anything beyond the most chilling politeness, and after gaining the street, I walked by my uncle's side in dignified silence, until he suddenly burst into a fit of the most immoderate laughter.

I stopped short. "Uncle," I said, "this is, to say the least, deuced unkind."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared my uncle. "Fred you are as flat as a pancake."

"What do you mean?" I replied, while the hot blood rushed to my face in torrents.

"I mean that you must be almost an idiot, or else partially deranged by love, not to have understood old Cascaro this morning."

"I did understand that he refused to consent to my marriage with his daughter."

"I know it, but you didn't understand that he told you as plainly as he could without saying so in so many words, to run away with her."

"Are you serious, uncle?" I said, a light beginning to break in upon my intellect, which I am persuaded must have been rather more obtuse than usual.

"Serious! bless your stupid soul! of course I am. What the deuce did he mean, do you fancy, by telling us that he promised his daughter to his friend when he was tight, that she might feel disposed to elope, which of course he must take good care to prevent, in order to act in good faith toward his friend,

that she would only be permitted to go out to mass, and that his friend the bishop (a very convenient article a bishop is when two young simpletons want to get spliced) could generally be found at N.'s after morning service!"

"I rather think you are right," I said, not a little nettled at my own obtuseness.

"You rather think I am, do you? Well, by thunder! if I ain't half a mind to go in for the girl myself! I swear you are a confounded sight stupider than I ever took you to be before, and don't deserve such a pretty sweetheart."

How much longer my uncle might have felt disposed to rally me in this strain I know not, but as I was getting decidedly uncomfortable under the free application of his left-handed compliments, notwithstanding the weight they had helped off from my mind, I was well pleased when we reached Mr. N.'s, and the captain announced his intention of calling, and giving him a chance to laugh over my dullness, and as I had no great anxiety to hear the story, I declined accompanying him, saying I was going on board presently.

This, however, I had no intention of doing. A few moments of calm reflection showed me that my uncle was correct in his interpretation of Señor Cascaro's meaning, and nothing remained but to settle upon some method of effecting an elopement in such a manner that the father would seem in no way privy to it, and for this purpose I resolved to remain on shore, and trust to the chapter of accidents for an opportunity of conferring with Clara.

But the day passed without bringing the desired opportunity, and as evening drew on I turned my steps toward the Battery, half hoping she would escape from what I conjectured was not a very close captivity, and come out as usual.

My plans were already matured. If she would consent to an elopement, I would be beneath her window the night we were ready for sea, with the means to enable her to escape from the upper balcony, in case she found the less romantic but decidedly more agreeable mode of egress, per via the door, respectably unsafe, for I was determined to do nothing which should occasion a suspicion even that Señor Cascaro favored the plot; then, of course, I would have a boat waiting off the sea gate to convey us to the vessel, which would be in readiness to get under weigh, as soon as the marriage ceremony was hurried



FRED AND CLARA FLYING FROM THE PURSUIT OF THE ENRAGED DON PABLO.

through with, and for this contingency I resolved to leave it to my uncle to have the bishop spending the evening with him by the merest accident, and as he was a particular friend of Cascaro's, I presumed he would receive from some quarter a hint to perform the ceremony without asking questions.

But the evening wore on, and still she came not, and I was about abandoning my vigil, when two figures partially concealed by the large shawls they wore over their heads, made their appearance, which, as they approached, I recognized as Clara and the cross-eyed lady.

In a moment I was beside them, and the cross-eyed lady most considerably passed on, leaving me alone with my divinity.

"You saw my father to-day?" said Clara, as soon as the other was out of hearing.

"Yes, and he refuses to sanction our marriage," I answered, resolving not to betray him to his child, even though I suspected she knew as much as I did relative to his sentiments.

"Ah me, how cruel!" continued my companion, with an arch glance and an expressive gesture, that convinced me she had received a hint as well as myself.

"Will you run away with me, Clara?"

"Alas! what else is left for us to do, *mi querido amigo*?" responded the little witch, while her eyes fairly danced with mischief. "Such a cruel, cruel father!"

"Then listen to me, sweetest," I replied. "One week from to-night I shall be under your window at eleven o'clock precisely, with a brace of pistols and a rope-ladder, and—"

"Ah, that is so like the stories," said Clara, interrupting me; "but shall I really climb down the ladder of ropes, and in the night too?"

"To be sure, unless you find it just as convenient to walk out through the door way."

"Not for the world," said Clara, again interrupting me. "I must escape by the ladder, and you must be standing on the pavement with your pistol, just as if you expected to encounter my other admirer, and very like you will, for he is very jealous of you, and professes to love me vastly, though he is so very ugly and old and cross I am certain I can never do otherwise than hate him. Ah me! there he is now!" she exclaimed, pointing toward a solitary figure, moving cautiously down the street in the direction of the Battery. "Away, Federico! if he sees you he will be certain to frustrate our plans in some way."

An instant's reflection showed me that this was true, so handing Clara a few lines in pencil, which I had written in the course of the evening, explaining my plans in detail, I darted away round an angle of the wall, and came plump upon the cross-eyed lady seated demurely upon the parapet, while kneeling before her, his huge hand clasping hers, was Mr. Shellback.

The cross-eyed lady uttered a little scream, and Shellback rose to his feet with an exclamation which sounded decidedly profane.

"I beg pardon for this unintentional interruption," I began; "really, Mr. Shellback, I had no idea you were on shore."

"Oh! is that you, Fred? Quite excusable under the circumstances, I should have let you know that I was here, but you can understand the shrinking modesty of youth in these matters; but as we have been friends from boyhood, I feel that I may confide to you that this lovely creature has consented to bless me with her hand."

"Indeed! then permit me to be the first to congratulate you," I said; "and, madam, it gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to assure you, that so far as I know, you have gained a fresh heart, one that is for the first time experiencing emotions of love. Good night, God bless you! Shall I wait for you at the gate?"

Half an hour later Mr. Shellback and I were sweeping over the bay in the direction of the vessel, and I must say the mate was the most distressingly happy man I ever saw.

"Fred," said he, as we stepped on deck, "you have a mighty neat way of expressing your interest in an old shipmate. You did it up handsome and gentlemanlike; but, between you and I and the chest, do you really believe what you told her about her being my first love?"

"Certainly, Mr. Shellback," I replied, gravely.

"Well, perhaps you are right; but, I vow, I never looked at the subject in that light before."

CHAPTER V.

"This way, Fred; I suppose this is what you call coming on board presently?" said my uncle, who, contrary to his custom, sat reading by the cabin table, apparently awaiting my return.

"I beg pardon, sir," I began; "but I remained on shore for the purpose of—"

"Of seeing your sweetheart, I suppose," the captain said interrupting me. "Well, did you see her?"

"Yes, sir."

"And made all the arrangements for the runaway?"

I nodded assent.

"Give us the particulars."

I did as desired. My uncle listened, reflected a moment, and then replied,

"Rather romantic; but it will do. I will undertake to have the bishop in attendance. I saw him this afternoon and satisfied myself that he has his lesson. Now, off with you, I can't waste any more time with your confounded love affair!"

The succeeding week was, I think, without exception, the longest I ever experienced. Of course I was in a perfect fever of excitement, spending nearly the whole of my time in the city watching for opportunities to exchange a word or two with Clara. My excitement was helped along by observing that my steps were dogged constantly by a dark, swarthy, middle-aged man, of a forbidding aspect, whom I learned was none other than my rival; not that I feared personal violence, having a very good opinion of my own ability to take care of myself; but it was another romantic feature of the romantic little drama in which I was engaged, and, consequently, vastly interesting.

Slowly the time wore on till it brought the day decided upon for sailing. We were quite ready for sea, and as evening advanced the excitement under which I was laboring seemed to have infected our entire ship's company, who were by this time advised of what was in the wind. Captain Quadrant moved about the deck, striving to appear unconcerned; but I saw he cast restless, impatient glances toward the advancing evening shadows, which seemed unusually tardy in their movements, while the men were busily engaged about the deck in various little antics, which would have told an experienced eye that they anticipated the necessity of getting under weigh in a hurry.

As evening closed around us, a whaleboat of the most airy construction, and whose sharp bows cut through the quiet waters without a ripple, shot alongside, and Mr. N—— and another gentleman, whom he introduced to me as Señor Obispo, sprang on board.

"We thought we would slip out and have one more look at you, captain," said N——, as my uncle advanced to receive them; "you have a splendid breeze for running down the bay. How goes it, Manning—from fair to middling, eh?"

"I shall be better able to answer that question by-and-bye," I answered, nervously.

"Very like; and if you have any business on shore to-night I can lend you my boat and *hombres*. It has a wonderful faculty for getting over the water."

I waited to hear no more, but sprang into the boat, followed by Mr. Shellback and Duff, whom I had selected for my companions.

"Have you got your Derringers?" said my uncle, leaning over the bulwarks.

"Aye, aye, sir, all right. Give way, boys, with a will."

"Very well. Keep cool, Fred, and don't get into a muss if you can help it; but, if you can't help it, fight like the devil! Good-bye."

"Never fear, sir. Good-bye," and away we went.

As it was still early, we proceeded leisurely, as soon as we were fairly away from the brig, and just as the cathedral bell sounded a quarter to eleven we landed our boat upon the beach, a short distance from the sea gate, where it was pretty effectually concealed by the heavy shadow of the wall, and

leaving Duff and the natives to keep guard, Mr. Shellback and myself took our way in the direction of Señor Cascaro's dwelling, and in due time found ourselves at the appointed place beneath the back balcony.

Presently a face peeped over the railing, and a suppressed voice said,

"Are you there, Frederico?"

"Yes; come down as quickly and silently as possible."

"Throw me up the ladder, then."

"I fear you cannot fasten it securely. Everything is still. No one will interrupt you if you steal out by the door."

"No, no, that will never do; I must escape by the ladder."

"There it is, then," I replied, tossing the light coil up to her.

"Ah, what a beautiful ladder! Help me fasten it, Marie. There, that will do. Are you waiting for me, *mi amigo*?"

"Yes, sweetest, haste," and the next moment her light form came tripping down the impromptu stairway, and, of course, landed in my arms.

"Ah, how amusingly romantic!" said the little lady; "come, Marie."

There was another descent from the regions above, two of them in fact, and the cross-eyed lady, and a dusky female attendant bearing numerous large packages of lady's gear, reached terra firma in safety.

"Stop!" yelled a hoarse voice from aloft, and the next moment the prepossessing countenance of Don Pablo was thrust through the air-port of a door opening upon the balcony, preceded by a sinister-looking horse-pistol; "stop, or I fire!" he repeated; and, without waiting to see whether his order was obeyed or not, he blazed away, apparently at the group collectively.

"Blast his eyes! if he aint spiled a new five dollar beaver for me!" growled Shellback, as he picked up his *sombrero*, perforated unpleasantly near that part usually occupied by the mate's skull, by an ounce ball; "what the devil did he shoot at me for? I aint running away with his sweetheart!"

"Don't stand there growling about your hat," I exclaimed, "unless you want the mate to that ball through your head! We must run for it. Forward!" and seizing Clara in my arms I darted away, closely followed by the balance of the party and ounce ball No. 2, which whizzed by my ear and flattened itself against the solid wall of the courtyard.

Fortunately, it was but a short distance to the landing; but the pistol shots had aroused the police; but, being like the police of other localities, they did not make their appearance till the disturbance had subsided, and by that time we were in the boat and out of danger; but, as we shoved off with a hearty cheer, Don Pablo came tearing through the gate, closely followed by Señor Cascaro and two or three policemen.

"Stop them! Fire! Bring a boat!" screamed the desperate lover, gesticulating wildly.

The first order was rather difficult to obey just then, as was also the second, it appeared, after the dusky keepers of the peace had once or twice snapped their old flint locks; but the third was, after a considerable delay, executed, and just as we swept alongside the brig, our pursuers pushed off from the shore.

"All hands make sail, ahoy!" shouted the captain as we gained the deck; and in an almost inconceivably brief space of time we were clear of the ground and standing down the bay under a very moderate spread of canvas, but so rapidly, that the boat gained on us but slowly.

"Now to the cabin!" said my uncle, as soon as we were fairly under weigh; "Fred, you are a trump."

The next thing of which I have any distinct recollection, the bishop, captain, Mr. N—and Shellback were saying some very complimentary things to a certain Mrs. Manning, who had suddenly made her appearance among us and kissing her some, which I didn't quite approve of, but thought best not to make a disturbance.

"There's a boat hailing us, sir," said the second mate looking into the cabin.

"Indeed!" replied the captain; "Well, heave-to and let them come alongside."

In a few moments we heard two or three persons spring upon the deck. "Where's my daughter, sir?" said a voice that I recognized as Señor Cascaro's. "Where's my affianced?" said another, that sounded very like Don Pablo's.

"Here," said I, appearing in the companion-way with my wi—Mrs. Mann—Clara I mean, upon my arm.

"And what is she doing here, pray?" said Don Pablo, becoming extremely unprepossessing in the face.

"Getting married, sir."

"Señor Obispo, how could you countenance, much less officiate in this shameful affair?" said Señor Cascaro, with well feigned indignation.

"My friend, I beg pardon. It was a terrible mistake. I came off with our friend N—to-night by special invitation from the captain to enjoy, as I understood, a quiet glass of wine. I repeated the glass too often I must admit, and when these young people came on board and solicited my services to make them one, I really was in no condition to reflect on the singularity of the proceeding, and unhappily yielded to their entreaties."

"Then it is fraudulent, and shall be set aside," said Don Pablo, savagely.

"Alas! that cannot be," replied the bishop, with affected sadness. "With us, you know, marriage is a sacrament, a thing not to be meddled with when once consummated."

"And am I to be balked at every turn?" yelled the now infuriated lover. "I will—"

"Don Pablo, a word with you," said Señor Cascaro, drawing him a little to one side. "It is clear, my esteemed friend that we have been outwitted in this affair all round; but we had better let it drop quietly, or we shall never hear the last of it in Panama. Clara is married, and entirely in the power of these people, and for that matter so are we; for were they so disposed they could run away with us all before an alarm could be given. Let us call in play our philosophy, my friend, and get out of the scrape as easily as possible."

Don Pablo said nothing, but walked towards the boat, looking more dark-complexioned than common, and Señor Cascaro turned toward his daughter,

"Wretched girl!" he began, "go and be happy if you can, after this return for all my kindness. I leave you to your abominable lover. Come, Marie."

"Can you accommodate another passenger in your boat?" said Mr. Shellback, stepping hastily forward.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Captain Quadrant, regarding his officer with unaffected surprise.

"Why you see, sir," replied Shellback with an awkward gesture, "I should like, with your permission, to resign my berth. The truth is, I fell in love with this lady," pointing to the blushing Marie; "she reciprocates my passion, but declines to leave her native land, so I will, God and Captain Quadrant willing, remain too."

"Poor old man!" sighed Duff.

"Well, I'm dead beat," said the captain; "however, if you wish to stay, Shellback, I'll discharge you. Fred fortunately understands navigation, so I can promote him to your berth."

"Yes, I will go. Good-bye, captain! good-bye, shipmates, and a pleasant cruise to you."

"The same to you," said half a dozen voices, as the mate followed his chest and the cross-eyed lady over the side into Señor Cascaro's boat, that gentleman having, after a good deal of apparent hesitation, consented to the arrangement.

"One word, Shell," said steward, leaning over the bulwark, "if you should have a son in your old age, I'd take it friendly if you'd call him Isaac Duff."

Mr. Shellback aimed a blow at the speaker's head, which didn't take effect, and turned to his affianced.

"Frederico," whispered Señor Cascaro, as he passed close beside me in the shadow, "give this little package to Clara, with my love, and tell her she may expect to see me in New York next summer. *Adios*."

The next moment the boat was gliding shoreward, and of our visitors, Mr. N—and the bishop alone remained.

"One more glass to the young couple," said his reverence, as he raised a well-filled goblet, "and then for appearance sake we must follow our friends."

The glasses were filled to the brim and drained at a draught: then came a warm grasp of the hand, and they too were gone; and as they disappeared from view our sea-bird spread her white pinions, and two hours later, Taboga was sinking in the distance.

P. S.—The little package given me by Señor Cascaro proved, on examination, to contain exchange on New York for ten thousand dollars. Dear old gentleman!

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

"I would rather go through any amount of suffering than live a cold, gray life, with no vivid event to color it," I lately heard one of my scholars say to his companions, and they all echoed the sentiment. They were right, I think, though, poor lads, they hardly understood what they said; for to the young suffering and sorrow seem full of poetry, and they have yet to learn that when the sorrow comes the poetry can give but little consolation. I am old now, and, doubtless, to other men my life has appeared dull and eventless enough, for no one has cared to know its hidden trials and consolations; and yet, how much there is for my poor, fond heart to look back to and dwell on, recollections that I now would not lose for worlds. The one great sorrow of my life has become so interwoven with every thought and feeling, I cannot imagine what I should have been without it; but the very monotony of my outward existence has had a soothing effect, and has made my lonely life and unshared grief a second nature to me. I do not understand how men can bear to wander from place to place as they do now-a-days—they cannot feel the unspoken sympathy of inanimate things as I do. I have always lived in this old town, mused in its gardens, wandered through its cloistered halls, finding such comfort and companionship in their beauty, that I have long felt towards them as I believe other men do to their friends. They have never seemed to look less kindly on me because I am poor and weakly, or weary of me because I am grave and slow of speech; and even as a little child I felt grateful for this, and learnt to love them, and they have never changed to me in these changeable times.

It seemed to me to-day, as I sat listening in Magdalen Chapel to the grand old organ and the boys' clear fresh voices singing some anthem that has been heard there these hundred years, and watching the soft evening light as it came mellowed through the painted windows, just falling on the picture over the altar, and bringing out clear the quaint carving of the oak stalls, that only I had changed through the long, long years since I first sat there a feeble child, weeping from very fullness of heart, it all seemed to me so beautiful. But it was touching to think that of all those who were there then perhaps I alone survived; what had been the fate of those who listened with me then, as full of life, as untroubled by fears of the future, as confident in their young strength as those I looked at now? I could hardly believe they were not the same faces I saw before me, so like were they in their unclouded brightness. The light shone more vividly still on the altar piece, "Christ bearing the Cross," and the choir sang louder, "Comfort ye, comfort ye," while the organ sobbed and wailed like a human voice. Aye, these too will have to bear the cross, these too will soon need comfort—God help them in this evil world.

How well I remember that day (so long past now) when I first went to the chapel. The last notes of the organ had died away, the young men had all rushed out eager to escape from the enforced quiet, but I still sat in a corner of the dark ante-chapel quietly crying; I could hardly have told why, except that the music seemed to understand my thoughts and express my feelings as I could not have done in words. I need not say much about my home, but I was not happy there; my own mother had been long dead, my father had married another wife, and it was no wonder they both cared for her handsome boy more than they could do for me. They were never unkind, only indifferent, leaving me to wander as I liked; but I knew all their love was for Hugh, a bright winning child, as unlike me as they

could wish; and the thought that no one could care for me was very bitter sometimes.

I was suddenly startled by a light hand being placed on my shoulder and a gentle voice asking "What ailed me?" I raised my eyes and saw a tall gray-haired man looking down upon me so kindly I could not feel frightened; he led me out of the chapel and made me sit by him in the cloisters outside, bidding me "tell him all about it," and I did open all my childish heart to him, for there was an earnest simplicity and gentle kindness about him that made me forget he was a stranger. He listened very patiently, asking me questions as I went on; when I told him how I loved the music because it seemed to me a friend, he smiled and told me it was he who played the organ and taught the boys to sing, and asked me if I would like to learn too; I said "yes," but it seemed as unreal a dream that I should ever do so as any of the bright joyful dreams I sometimes had. We soon separated, but good Martin Flemming did not forget me (he never did forget where there was any kindness to be done), he found I had some capacity for music, and soon, through his influence, I was one of the boys he taught so patiently and lovingly.

My father failed in his business soon after this, and left Oxford with my mother and little brother for a distant colony, willingly consenting to Martin's offer of adopting me as his own son, an offer generously made when he saw how it would half break my heart to leave him and give up my singing; so I lived on at the old gray house a tranquil, peaceful life, loving my dear master more and more daily. We were quite companions, notwithstanding the difference in our age. I was too feeble to join in the sports of my schoolfellows, and much preferred wandering about with him in the lovely college gardens, hearing all the many traditions of the timeworn buildings, reading to him the old books he loved and I learned to love too, and helping him to pet and play with his darling Jessie, a delicate pretty little child, whom he loved better than anything on earth, for her young mother had died when she was born, some four years past.

She was always fond of me, awkward boy though I was, and I, ever grateful for affection, was soon her willing slave; it was not a hard bondage, for she was gentle and tender-hearted like her father, though full of life and gaiety; dear little Jessie, how she used to flit along the cloisters to meet me when I came from school, her bright curly hair blown back from her smiling, innocent face, and her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure because "Stephen had come back to play with and take care of her!" What delicious rambles we had together by the river side; then, when she was tired, I would sit on the roots of one of the old willows pretending to read, but finding it impossible not to look at the little fairy figure, half hidden in the tall buttercups and grass, or not to listen to the eager, silvery voice, for ever proclaiming some wonderful discovery of hidden flower or bright insect. Then going home in the twilight she would be half frightened under the arches of the long avenue of the elm trees, though we both liked the mysterious light that came through their thick foliage; but when the wind sighed through the branches mournfully her little hand would clasp mine more tightly and she ceased her innocent prattle for a time. Those were very happy days, and year after year went by all too quickly. I received a good education at the choristers' school; I liked my studies, and they said I learnt easily and remembered well. Master Flemming (as he bid us boys call him) had no ambition for himself, but often said he would like to see me a scholar of the college before he died, and I felt I must not any longer be dependent on his charity, so I toiled hard and was successful. I was elected scholar of M.C. and at the end of my undergraduate's course, having obtained (to me) unexpected honors, I remained on at the old college as tutor and lecturer.

Jessie had grown up to womanhood now, though as childlike in her simplicity and trusting innocence as when I first knew her; she was very lovely, and her frailness and delicacy made her even more so. I used to fancy, as she hung about her father, cheering his age and, alas! increasing infirmities, that she was like the delicate flowers that gave such brightness to the old gray mullioned windows of the college; he always seemed younger when she was by him. I always loved her, and I cannot tell when the protecting love of an elder brother

changed to the deep passionate love of the man for one infinitely better and purer than himself; but it had so changed. I never betrayed this by look or word, it was only in my most sanguine day-dreams that I hoped to win her so to love me in return; how could she, so young, so fair, dream of linking her fate to such as I was? It was bliss enough for the present to be with her daily, to know that she cared for and trusted in me. I would not for worlds disturb her innocent confidence in "Brother Stephen," as she still called me, but I inwardly vowed that the one object of my life should be to guard her from sorrow, and, if possible, to keep her happy and peaceful as she was then—in my presumption and blindness forgetting that others might pluck my cherished flower from me.

My father had never returned to England; he had prospered greatly and was a rich man now; his letters were always full of praises of my little brother Hugh—his beauty, his wit, his popularity were a never-failing theme. I often longed to see the boy, whom I remembered a bold, imperious, yet winning little fellow, and now my wishes were to be gratified. Hugh was coming to England before finally settling in the colony, and meant to spend some time in Oxford picking up what instruction he could in an irregular way there. This news caused great excitement in our quiet household. Martin Flemming insisted upon his becoming an inmate of his house, and when the time of his coming drew near Jessie was quite in a flutter of shy expectation. Her life had been so very quiet with two grave, studious men as her only companions, the arrival of an unknown guest was a great event to her. How lovely she looked as we sat watching for him that bright summer evening, in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, the cornflowers (I had jestingly bid her wear because they matched the color of her eyes) placed in her sunny hair; how timidly she shrunk behind her father when Hugh came, and I went out first to greet and bring him in; and how prettily she forgot her shyness and came forward to welcome him as an old friend because he was my brother. I could hardly believe he was my brother, he was so unlike me in every way; he was tall and dark—his face, which was bronzed by the sun and long voyage, would have been almost stern in its regularity had it not been for his bright, laughing eyes and ready smile; his manners were frank and winning; altogether there was a pleasant mixture about him of the careless lad and the man who has seen something of the world. We were all soon like old friends together, and in a few days Jessie's shyness had vanished and she was her own gay simple self again. I could hardly believe I was only a few years older than Hugh. I never knew how little life and gaiety there was about me till I compared myself with him. I was very proud of him, yet almost envious sometimes; his active bounding step, his manly strength, his very idle mirth, and dislike to dry books had a charm about them, and he soon was a favorite with every one; from Master Flemming, who listened with the eager pleasure of a child to his description of far-off places and people, to the little bird Jessie had rescued from some cruel boys and brought home to nurse and pet, and who listened delighted to his cheery whistle. I perhaps was the only one who could see any fault in him, and I thought I discerned the old selfishness and imperiousness, though so pleasantly veiled where he chose to please, I did not wonder they remained undiscovered.

During the ensuing winter and early spring I saw very little of them. I was young and inexperienced in my various offices, and it was only by dint of hard work I could fill them as I thought worthily. It was very difficult to leave the pleasant little room, with the bright fire throwing a ruddy glow on the carved oak bookcases and cherished books; Martin Flemming in his easy chair, Jessie seated on a low stool at his feet, his hand playing with her curls, while her little fingers busied themselves over some bit of work or let it drop idly to listen better to Hugh, whose tall figure looked taller in the firelight as he leant against the mantelpiece, amused with Jessie's eager attention to the adventures he told with such spirit, seeming quite content to pass his evenings in their quiet society, unheeding the numerous invitations of his young companions. I used to hear their merry singing voices as I sat poring over my books and papers in my little den upstairs, or, harder to resist, Jessie's fresh young voice singing the grand old music her father loved or some simple ballad to please Hugh; then

Martin would move to the instrument and play fragments of Handel, Beethoven or Mozart, linking altogether in an unbroken chain of harmony as he alone could do; and though I could not see them, I knew how Jessie and Hugh talked more quietly or sat silent in the firelight, subdued, not saddened by the thrilling chords and plaintive melodies, and the music was still a friend to me as it had been long ago, and is still; and now it spoke of budding hopes and happy dreams, till the bell in the tower, tolling the rapidly-passing hours, recalled me to my books and prosaic life again.

Spring was returning again, the tall elms were budding, the meadows daily growing greener, the ivy on the gray buildings putting forth fresh sprouts. Master Flemming had been alling all the winter, and it grieved me that he did not improve with the spring. He had given up his post of organist; it was sometimes too much for him now to mount the steep stairs to the organ loft. It may have been fancy, but he never seemed to me the same afterwards; and now his strength gradually declined Jessie was not uneasy, she never doubted his perfect recovery, and often talked cheerfully of what he would do when he was quite well again. He never contradicted her, but he knew that he was failing, and would often speak to me in his simple, trustful way of death and heaven; I think his heart had been there ever since the young wife he loved so well died; it was only when he talked of Jessie that he seemed unwilling to leave this world; he reproached himself bitterly for not having thought of providing for her; he never had saved; what he did not absolutely need he gave away, "and now my little one will be left a helpless orphan with none but you to care for her;" and as he said this bitter tears ran down the old man's cheek. I could not bear this, so I told him all I felt and hoped and feared; how my love for Jessie had strengthened with my strength and grown with my growth till now it seemed a part of my nature. He was much moved; I believe he loved me more than any other human being has loved me since, and when I saw how relieved he was I was glad to have spoken so openly. He promised me faithfully not to reveal one word of this to Jessie; he had never ceased to regard her as a little child and thought it far better not to "startle her by such things yet awhile;" but he felt so sure all would be as I wished it—so perfectly sanguine of my success, I could not help being influenced by his words, and hoped more and feared less than I had hitherto done.

March and April glided away, the first of May had come. On that day the choristers of the college always assemble on the top of the chapel tower at daybreak to sing certain anthems; it has been the custom for hundreds and hundreds of years, and I hope will be so for many years to come, for the effect is very touching and beautiful. Jessie and I had never missed going since the time we were children together, and I was so proud to sing with the other boys. Master Flemming used to carry Jessie (then a tiny little thing) up the long, dark staircase, from which she was so glad to emerge on to the high tower, and whilst we sang she would stand by his side with that look of rapt happy thought one only sees in childish faces. Dear as she was to me then, and fair as I had thought her, she was still dearer now, and still more fair. She and Hugh stood together looking over the same book; her blue eyes were cast down, their long lashes resting on her soft cheek, and an ineffable smile was on her slightly parted lips. I did not wonder at Hugh's undisguised look of admiration. She did not see it. She was evidently in some happy dreamland of her own, which harmonised with the soft yet joyful music.

It was a lovely morning, warmer and brighter than May days often are. I lingered after the singing was ended to feast my eyes on the view. The morning sun shone clear on the numerous spires and towers of the city, showing their exquisite proportions and tracery; the gardens, with their glorious trees and bright flowers, relieved the sombre gray of the colleges and halls, and the river flowed still and clear, fringed with its silver willows, through the low meadows gay with the fritillary and other early flowers; beyond lay green fields and woods, and the blue hills in the far distance. I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before, it has never looked so beautiful since to me. A shadow fell on my life that day which has never quite passed away.

I had gone behind one of the buttresses to see better some

point of view, when I was startled by hearing voices near me, for I thought I had been left alone there. I listened, idly at first, but soon with only too intense an interest—it was Hugh who spoke, and he was telling of fervent love, utter devotion, pleading earnestly and eloquently—and, oh misery! it was Jessie's voice that answered him. I could not hear the broken words at first, but soon, too soon, she confessed that she returned his love. Why did I not die at that moment? words are faint to express what I felt—grief, shame, anger were all there. I could not move, I could not speak, I could not listen, I could only feel that the hope of my life was gone, my Jessie lost to me for ever. I had been so utterly blind and presumptuous, a poor dreaming fool—and yet, he could not love her as I loved her, and then came burning indignation against Hugh; why was he ever to thwart and triumph over me? what had I done that I was not to be blessed as other men were? was a mere idle boy indeed more worthy of her than I who had worked and waited so many years? They had long gone down together, the sky had overcast and the rain and wind were beating against the tower, but I still stood there brooding over my wrongs and misery, till the bell began to ring for morning prayers. Even then habit prevailed, and I went down mechanically through the cloisters and into my place in the chapel. I felt as though I were in a hateful dream, but knew that from this dream there would be no waking, and my heart was full of dark, evil thoughts, but soon the organ began a low plaintive voluntary. I tried to harden myself against its influence, but it softened me even against my will, seeming to my excited fancy as if an angel pleaded with me; and as the touching strain continued, my anger vanished, my shame lessened, my heart was melted, and I could pray, pray for help, for strength, for comfort—pray as we only can pray when our heart's idols are breaking, what we have clung to escaping our grasp, and we feel our utter inability to stand alone. At last tears relieved me, and I rose up, strengthened if not comforted. It was her happiness I had always desired, should I repine because hers was not mine too? I could bear all if Hugh proved worthy, and I would not doubt him; his love for her would make him so, and purify him from his faults; but for me! O God, how should I bear the long blank life from which it seemed to me then all the sunshine had fled for ever?

I went to my usual duties that morning, doing all mechanically, seeing through everything the fair downcast face, hearing the broken voice murmur to another words I had madly dreamt of hearing spoken to myself. I went home at night so sad and weary; it was hard to bear Hugh's radiant gladness, and almost a relief that Jessie looked pale and tearful, and was too pre-occupied to notice any change there might be in my looks or manner. She was with her father most of the evening; he was worse than usual, and had kept his room for some days. I saw she had not told him anything, for he talked cheerfully of indifferent subjects, and he never could keep anything from me; dear guileless Martin Flemming, he never could dissemble or imagine that others could; in innocence and faith and charity his heart was like a little child's.

I could not sleep much that first miserable night, wretched dreams and waking thoughts haunted me. I rose early and went into the little garden Jessie tended so carefully. It was a lovely morning, the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers I so lately delighted in oppressed me with their gay colors, everything was in such contrast to myself. I was sitting listlessly on the rude stone bench I had put up there in happier days, when light footsteps startled me and Jessie seated herself on the grass at my feet; she put her hand in mine as she always used to do in childish days, she was too shy to look up in my face with the old wistful glance, as she said, "Stephen dear, I want you to help me and tell me what to do." I knew what she would ask me; I had seen in her anxious gaze at her father and then at Hugh the night before how divided she was in her love to them both. For a moment I felt as if I could not answer her calmly, but her cold hand trembled so in mine, her half-hidden face was so agitated, I soon thought only of soothing and helping her, as I had always done in her little troubles. I told her (God heard the anguished prayer I offered up for help and courage or I never could have done it) "that I knew what she would tell me, that she and Hugh loved one another, but that she could not bear to leave her old father, even to go with

him, could hardly bear telling him she had thought of it"—the fast-falling tears and silent pressure of my hand told me I had guessed right—"but that she must not blame herself for loving Hugh as she did, it was no sin;" here Jessie raised her eyes to mine with a glance of happy pride through her tears, and said, "did I not wonder that Hugh could care for such a childish little thing as she was? I was very clever to guess at it all so well; she thought I never understood such things, and now I would make everything straight and easy as I always did." Oh, Jessie, how your gentle heart would have grieved had you known the pain your innocent words gave me. We talked long together, she told me Hugh was sure his father would gladly consent to his bringing out an English wife, but that he never would be induced to let him settle in England, indeed he had no means to make it possible; my heart sank as I thought of Jessie in a strange land among utter strangers, but she had no misgivings for herself. Hugh was everything to her, but how should she leave her father? I foresaw a speedy answer to this question, but I had not the heart to tell her how fast I thought Master Flemming was sinking. I knew that grieving for me would sadden his remaining days if he knew how things stood, so I advised Jessie not to speak, or let Hugh speak to him till my father answered the letter Hugh had written, asking for his consent to their marriage; letters were answered but slowly in those days, "and by that time—" Jessie interrupted me to say cheerfully—"he may be so much better, there will be no fear of agitating him," and she child-like wiped her tears away and sprinkled her cheeks with water from the quaint old fountain, that Hugh might not find her "looking pale and ugly," and then flitted like a butterfly amongst her flowers, gathering a nosegay for her father's room. She told me before I left her that "I had made her happier, as I always did when I talked to her," and it lightened my heavy heart to find that I could still do so, and made it more easy for me to shake hands with Hugh, whom I met coming in at the garden gate, and wish him joy. I sometimes think he must have partly guessed my feelings, he was so confused, and muttered something about my great kindness, and he always avoided being alone with me, and was silent and reserved if we were. He had never liked me; and I could not wonder at it; I had none of the qualities he most prized, and felt it natural enough that he was often ashamed of his shy, awkward, book-worm of a brother.

I studied harder than ever; I was writing a book, interesting only to scholars, more to force my thoughts from myself and to please Martin Flemming than from any hope of fame or reward. He had somewhat revived lately, and could sometimes sit for hours in the sunny little garden, where he could hear, though faintly, the organ and choristers. He hardly seemed to care for anything now but music and his old books, chief amongst them the Bible and Milton. He had unloosed his soul from earthly cares, and would talk of another life as if he had already partly entered into its peace and joy. We were sitting together in the garden one bright Sunday morning, it was a very calm day, and the music in the chapel floated to us more distinctly than I had ever heard it before. Martin's eye glistened as he sat listening; when it ceased, he told me one of the voices had sounded like his dear young wife's. "How I have pined to hear that sweet voice again, and it is one of my blessed thoughts that I shall soon hear it in heaven, never to have it taken from me. I am glad the Bible says so much about music, it seems to make it right to love it so dearly and feel it a holy thing. She made me promise before she died that I would never neglect it in my grief for her, but always love it for her sake, she knew how it would comfort me."

The organ began again, and he sat up to listen even more eagerly than before, when quite suddenly he fell back fainting; I was much alarmed, but he soon partially recovered and begged to be taken into the house. He was much better when Jessie and Hugh came in, but we all saw that a change had come over him and felt what it meant. He was quite conscious, but did not speak, except a few soothing words to Jessie, who sat by his bed, pressing her soft cheek on his withered hand, almost stunned, poor child, by the suddenness of the blow, for she knew now he was dying. Towards the evening he wandered a little, and when the chapel bell rung, begged to be allowed to go and play the organ, but a few words soon recalled him to

himself, and he smiled joyfully, saying "he would hear music no more till he heard the heavenly choir and his wife's voice singing amongst the angels." He then lay quite still and we thought he slept, for the bright smile was still on his face, but it was sleep from which he woke no more in this world, his guileless spirit passed away to heaven that calm, starry night.

I will not dwell on the mournful days that followed; it was Jessie's first real sorrow, and her grief was terrible for a time—God forgive me that even then it made mine so much more unbearable that it was Hugh who comforted her, Hugh who first won a smile by talking of brighter days to come, of a love stronger, deeper than that of a father's, and her cheek became less pale and her tears flowed more quietly as she listened.

How, at that time, I envied my dear master's quiet rest in the grave; he needed me no more, there was no one left to miss me if I died—the only one who had ever really prized my love was gone, and my life seemed darker than ever.

The days went by, Jessie's step was regaining its lightness and her voice its gay tone. It vexed me to see that, after a little, Hugh grew impatient of her grief, and hardly concealed that he was so, and she, woman-like, would meekly conceal all traces of it when he was by, trying to be just as she was when she first won his love. It sometimes frightened me to see the intensity of her utter devotion to him; he loved her too, but there was the old imperiousness in his very love. His father's willing consent to his marriage came all too soon, and Hugh's impatience was not to be withstood. A ship was soon going out, they were to be married immediately and sail in her. The letter was kind, and, for Hugh's sake, if not for her own, I trusted they would receive his wife lovingly. As the time drew near, Jessie needed all my powers of sympathy and consolation to soothe her mingled hopes and fears; and I would not fail her when she needed me, though none can tell what agony was in my heart to part with her, my little, tender, gentle Jessie, to part with her too probably for ever! it seemed more than I could bear. It was well the last days were hurried; had that wretched time lasted longer I should have broken down altogether; as it was I went through it all calm, unflinching, even that most miserable day of all which made her Hugh's wife, and on which he bore her away from me for ever. How she wept when we parted, and sobbed out that no one could ever be so patient and good to her as I had been, and that she would never, never forget me; and though he spoke to her gently, I saw the dark shade on Hugh's face as he led her away; her pale child-like face turned towards me, her loving eyes uplifted to mine, but even before she passed the door she tried to smile up in Hugh's face, and bid him "not think she repented going anywhere, leaving anything, with him."

I never saw her again, and never may in this world, but her every look and tone still dwells in my memory, never to be effaced from it, till I see her again in heaven.

I had a long illness after this, the exertions I had made were more than my weak frame could bear. I hoped and prayed that I might die, but God in His mercy spared me, to learn resignation and submission to His will, and in the long days and nights of pain and weary loneliness that followed, I trust I learned to submit my will to His, and know and love Him as my friend.

I recovered, though slowly. I had to leave the familiar house where all my happiest days were spent for my rooms in the college; my books were still with me, and after a time I found interest in them and in my duties, and every day my past life became more like a dream, and my sorrow less acute.

In due time a letter came from Jessie; what a strange thrill the writing gave me, and I thought of the time when I taught her little hand to trace the letters, and her merry laugh when her curls would fall on the paper and blot out the strange misshapen characters. It was a very happy letter, full of Hugh's virtues and kindness, "and how popular he was, and how proud she felt to be his wife, and how unworthy;" and there were affectionate words for me too, and promises never to forget my brotherly love and counsels, all written in her simple, child-like, loving way. I was happier for a time after that letter, and those that followed for some months, but after that it

seemed to me there was a tinge of sadness in them, deepening more and more. "She was not so strong as she had been, and Hugh was often away, and when he was at home she was much alone, because she was not able to be as gay as he was, and he would grow dull staying in alone with only her;" then there was a long pause, and I heard nothing, and when a letter did come in the dear hand, it was so unsteady and different from the usual clear writing, I hardly recognised it. "She had been very ill, and Hugh would not let her write letters, because he said it tired her; he did not know how she liked to write to me, and think and talk of the dear old home, or he would not have prevented her; she did so long to see it again, and thought she might yet get strong again if Hugh could spare time and money to bring her back there for a little, but this he could not do, and he said she was getting quite well again, but she did not think so herself."

Then she went on to say, "she feared she had not prized her old peaceful happy home, and the tenderness and care she had ever met there, as she ought to have done, and prayed me to forgive her seeming ingratitude; she understood better now how precious and rare such constant loving care was." Poor Jessie, her artless words showed but too plainly that the sorrows and trials which I would gladly have given my life to save her from had come upon her—perhaps to be borne only for a short time; and when I thought what misery every neglect or unkindness would be to her gentle, clinging heart, I almost hoped it might be so; but oh! as I sat by my lonely fireside, and pondered over what was and what might have been, it seemed hard that my cherished flower had been taken from me to droop and wither in strange land; what would I give to be near her, to help and comfort as of old—but God's ways are not as our ways, and He was preparing joy and love for her such as I could not give, for it was the perfect joy and perfect love we may only find in heaven.

I watched and waited wearily through that long, dark winter for tidings from C—, but my heart misgave me when the wished-for letter came, for it was from Hugh. I knew what he had to tell me before I read, for as I hastily opened the letter a tress of golden hair dropped at my feet. What fond memories turned round that sunny curl—the little laughing child running to meet me, her hair streaming in the wind—the fair girl resting her head on her father's knee, his hand fondly parting the drooping curls—the sad weeping orphan, her hair hanging disordered over her black dress—the proud young wife, smilingly bidding her husband notice how "she had put away all her long locks under her bonnet, because it made her look less like a child"—all her winning looks and ways came back upon me. Jessie, my own cherished darling, was this to be the end of all? Bitter tears dropped on the precious lock of hair, and for a time I could find no comfort.

Poor Hugh! if his affection for her had ever grown less, her death had revived it; his letter was written in great grief, and bitter self-reproach that he had never seen how ill she was, and had so often left her lonely—he dwelt on her meek patience through all her sufferings, and gentleness to all. She spoke of me nearly at the last, and bid them send me a lock of her hair, with her dear love. She seemed quite happy and peaceful from the time they told her that she must die, only anxious to comfort Hugh, and delighting in his tender cares for her, though they come too late to save—he said he felt now how utterly unworthy he had proved himself of the treasure that had been given to his keeping, and that he felt I never could forgive him.

When my sorrow had grown more calm, I wrote to him such words of comfort and brotherly sympathy as I thought he would like best, but the answer (which was long of coming) was constrained and short, the repentant mood had evidently left him, and I fear his misfortune only left him a colder, harder man. I did not often hear of him after this; he married again, and has grown-up sons and daughters all strangers to me.

Since that mournful winter my life has glided by calmly and uneventfully, and it has not been unhappy. All the sadness has faded from the old memories, and they have made many a solitary hour seem not lonely. I have always remained poor and weak, but I have been enabled to be of use to those poorer than myself, freely giving the instruction they could not afford

to pay for, and the gratitude (if not the affection) of many has cheered my path. I am old and failing now, and may humbly hope that soon this worn-out frame will rest under the stones of the cloister where in life I so often lingered—and my spirit join those I loved so deeply and lost so long ago, in that bright world where parting and sorrow are unknown.

THE GOVERNESS.

THE old story—I was a governess, a poor dependant in a noble house. I had many times seen the father of my two little darlings. I knew he was handsome, though I seldom raised my eyes to his. I thought him unwontedly gracious, but that was all. They told me I was beautiful. Even the stately old housekeeper, stately to all but me, used to part my long hair with her slender fingers; and once she said, in a dreamy sort of way, "It's very fine and glossy, child, it's very soft and silky. In all the wide world, child, there is nothing like a beautiful face; and the Creator made man in his image. Oh, be thankful, child, that you are lovely; but often, often think that through eyelids as white as yours, through lips as ruby, on roseate cheeks, over lofty brows, through long and golden tresses, between soft fingers, under gleamy teeth, the worms, the worms have revelled, child!"

How I shuddered at this! and once, when she spoke in her cold way, the baronet came in, saying, "Don't frighten her, good Mrs. Hunt." Even then I did not think upon his kind glances and tender interest, as some girls might. The children, fair-haired darlings, how they loved me! They were both beautiful. So lovely! Grace was a fairy, sparkling-eyed child. Gertrude had deep, dark, shining eyes. They were well named. Gertrude was calm and reflective, given to strange sayings and dreamy, mysterious thoughts; Grace was only happy when both dimpled hands were heaped with roses and kisses were showered on her round cheeks; she lived in an atmosphere of love. Gertrude, yes, even then, I think she had a being in heaven.

I was only a governess, and I took no airs upon myself. I was very humble-minded, for I had seen great trouble and poverty; very grateful, for my situation was a delightful one, and everybody was kind to me. There was a friend of the family who always affected me strangely. She was a noble lady, proud, handsome, rich and titled. She pretended to be my friend, but her cold, suspicious glances confused and made me unhappy. She gave me much advice, was always telling me how poor and lowly I had been and how humble I should be, cautioning me to beware of the baronet, and giving dark, mysterious hints that invariably frightened me into a headache and led me to shun the good baronet.

One day when my brain was hot and heavy I carried little Grace over to Lady Isabel, as she had requested me. My brow beat and burned intolerably, so that I could not lift it with ease.

"You are getting subject to these headaches," said Lady Isabel; you suffer much, don't you?"

"More than I can tell," I answered, faintly.

"I can relieve you easily," she quietly remarked.

"How? Tell me, for it is very painful," I cried.

Her look flashed through my brain. She sat close beside me; she gathered up my heavy curls. "Your hair, child," she muttered, with almost closed lips; "it will induce brain-fever—kill you, perhaps; let me cut it off," and she reached her scissors, fastened in their silver sheath.

"No—no!" I cried, for I was proud of my hair, and like a flash came the hideous thought that this grand, beautiful woman was jealous of me—of me! a poor little governess.

Her eyes flashed fire; she stood, her jewelled hand lifted, her eyes gleaming with furious passion.

"Oh! you think yourself a paragon of beauty," said she, "I can see. You wish to retain your long ringlets, that you may mesh them about the baronet's heart. Yes, you think your bright eyes will enslave him. Yes, you poor beggar; and so they may; but mark me, minion, only to your disgrace. He knows how well you love him—laughs at it—despises you for it; he told me so."

A blank came over my life. Oh, the weary time that passed! I would not look at nor speak to the baronet, till our little Gertrude died. I saw her well at evening; I was roused at midnight by the baronet himself. A deathly chill crept over me, as I cried, seeing his white face, "Leave me, sir—how dare—"

He had not heard me, I humbly hoped, for his words dispelled my terror.

"My little Gertrude is dying," he said, "and calls for you." Till she died, that dear head rested on my bosom. In the morning, I laid back her damp curls and kissed her cold lips: she was gone.

"I must go," I whispered over her clay—"I cannot stay here; it is agony."

So not long after I gathered my few clothes, and stole softly from the house that envy and jealousy had made terrible to me. I shall never forget that night. The hills were white with moonlight, and I wanted to pluck one violet to take with me. In that quiet hour I knelt sobbing over the little mound, breathed one prayer, gathered my flower and turned to go—I knew not whither. A tall form stood beside me; I could not fear him now nor dislike him, he was so pale and sorrowful as he said, "Lillian, what does this mean? Where are you going, my child?"

His voice trembled. I turned away, and the tears ran down my cheeks.

"Do we not treat you well, Lillian?" he asked, how mournfully.

"Yes, oh! yes," I murmured, "you have been only too kind."

"And my poor motherless child," said he; "would you leave her, Lillian?"

At this I lost all my self-control. "If you had not jested at me," I sobbed, "despised me, boasted that I—I—"

"Stop, Lillian, what do these words mean?" he asked, in stern tones.

"Lady Isabel," I gasped. As I grew calm, as far as my delicacy would let me, I gave her cruel language, word for word.

"It is false, false—all false," he said, taking my hand; "for so far from boasting that I knew you loved me, Lillian, I did not dare believe that one so young, so beautiful, so good and gentle, might feel other than sentiments of friendship for a man so much older and graver than herself."

His voice had grown soft and musical. I was astonished—overwhelmed. My confidence deserted me.

"Yes, Lillian, gladly would I make you my own dear wife," he added, drawing me to his side. "True, you have neither gold nor station, but the wealth of a glad young heart like yours is all I ask. Say, will you take the place of the sainted one who lies here with little Gertrude? Lillian, tell me—can you love me well enough to marry me?"

Oh, heaven knows I had long, long loved him, not daring to whisper it to myself in the darkest night; and over Gertrude's grave I answered him "Yes."

Poor Lady Isabel! She had trusted to her beauty, her gold, her power, and she had failed her. When she first saw me with my noble husband she grew white with anger, disappointment and terror, that her duplicity had been discovered. Poor Lady Isabel!—she is unmarried to this day; and she loved the baronet herself.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, for the snails to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among the poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of life, wearing the rough corners, bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite, or the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of grit a man is made of, and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are ground down to sand and mud; but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the necklace of beauty.



THE CITY OF RHODES.

RHODES.

ONE of the truly romantic theatres of history—one of the chosen homes of wonder in the ancient day and of chivalric and military renown during the knightly age, is that presented by the city of Rhodes. It is even yet a strongly fortified city, and a well-known seaport of Asiatic Turkey, capital of the island of Rhodes at its north-eastern extremity, and thirteen miles south-east of the nearest promontory of Asia Minor. Its population is about fifteen thousand, of whom eight thousand are Turks and three thousand Jews. It is enclosed by walls built by the Knights of St.

John, who gave it of old such renown, and as our picture shows, is strengthened by ravelins and a moat. On the north-east side two piers project to form a harbor of from sixteen to eighteen feet in depth, and to the north of this lies another of equal depth. Beyond the walls, on the north, lie the pacha's palace, the dockyard and the Roman Catholic quarter. To the south lies the Greek quarter, with its three thousand inhabitants and ten churches. The city itself is essentially Turkish, having nine large and twenty-four small mosques, the synagogues and Jews' quarter, and the ancient and celebrated hospital of the knights, now used as barracks.

Rhodes has three Mahometan colleges, a Turkish library of

one thousand volumes, several Greek and Turkish schools, and is celebrated for its manufactures of red leather and slippers. It is the residence of a Greek consul, a French vice-consul and several vice-consular agents.

In ancient times Rhodes boasted the far-famed Colossus—a brazen image of stupendous height, holding in one hand a cup of fire which served as a lighthouse. Either leg of this statue stood on one side of the harbor, and ships sailed in between. Anciently a republic, Rhodes passed after the downfall of its liberties into the hands of the Romans, the Greek emperors, the Genoese and the Knights of St. John, under whom it again became truly famous. These latter held it from 1308 to 1522, when, after a heroic resistance, it capitulated to the Turks under Solymán the Magnificent. Possibly after the now inevitable destruction of the Sick Man, Rhodes, in Prussian, French or English hands, may again rise to power and splendor.

DREAMLAND.

Or Dreamland ask you, love, the latest news there?
 Would I tell you,
 I must spell you
 All the nameless æthers of the summer air;
 All the world of noiseless sprites that busy tend
 Fruit and flower,
 Tree and bower,
 Or the woof and warp of tinted rainbow blend.
 Of solemn moonlight lullabies to slumber,
 Kissing whispers,
 Veil'd choristers
 Hymning—bowed heads prayerful watching sweet
 Night's slumber.
 Of silvery tree-tops, soft unresting quiver,
 Telling histories,
 Old world mysteries,
 Peace and rest assuring ever—ending never.
 Of eyes in chuckling brooks that flash so brightly,
 Or so slyly,
 Or but shyly,
 Of chaste wood-nymph or wild mermaid sprightly.
 Of whispers out the Rose's blushing bosom,
 Words to me sweet,
 Words from thee, sweet,
 In Dreamland she thy messenger, self-chosen.
 Thro' trembling raptures, on the lapt soul stealing,
 Shimmering halos,
 Changeful shadows,
 Hope her new-born future slowly revealing.
 So the answer poorly given, let it be, love,
 For thou lovest,
 And thou knowest.
 That the latest news from Dreamland is of thee, love.

OTTERBURN, THE PAINTER.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE low room, pleasant and snug, with a bay-window, and a little figure sitting in it. This figure has a book on her lap, a footstool under her feet, and in her hand a bit of the jasmine whose branches are tapping against the window-panes. Her book satisfies her; it fills her brain with pleasant fancies; and a little gesture of annoyance escapes when the door opens.

"Lewis, you are a plague."

"Sybil, you are a hypocrite! Ralph," says the boy, turning to some one in the doorway, "we are not wanted—do you hear?"

But Sybil goes on reading, quietly.

"Umph!" ejaculates Lewis, "what a pig-headed old blue-stocking I have got for a sister, Sybil! Otterburn says he is going to-morrow."

"Is he? Let my work alone, Lewis."

"Give me some thread, then. I dare say you haven't such a thing as a bit of horseshair amongst all this girl's trumpery? Here, Ralph, hold it is for me to plait."

"There are the sketches you asked for," says Ralph Otterburn, "going up to Sybil."

"Thank you!"

"Sketches—fiddlesticks! A nice sort of chap you are, to go slopping about on paper, and daubing no end of rags—just like a woman!"

Ralph drew a chair to the table silently. He had paper before him, and a pencil in one hand; but through the fingers of the other he was furtively watching the little figure in the window. She looked up suddenly.

"Are you going to-morrow, Ralph?"

"Yes."

"Why? The holidays are not over; Lewis is not going."

"Lewis begs to state that he is absolved from that sort of penance, and an awfully jolly consideration it is. I say, Sybil, what a lucky thing for me my uncle never married! I should have been a poor curate, or a poor vicar, like the governor, I suppose—dreadful fate! Old Green, the butler, has taken to call me the young squire already. He is breaking himself in. I wish Otterburn had an uncle to adopt him!"

"Wish no wishes for me," said Otterburn, a little sharply; "I have enough of relations."

"Too many, perhaps; but don't look fierce, old boy; I was always an addlepatented rattler. I can't think what made you take to me."

Ralph laughed.

"I can't think what made you take to me, Lewis! I owe you one of the happiest months of my life."

"Umph! that's better. I like to be appreciated."

Again Otterburn laughed. Perhaps he had not thought of Lewis at all in his appreciation. His pencil moved now, however, steadily. Presently Sybil rose from her seat, and looked over his shoulder. The same view which she saw from the bay-window had been growing there under his hand.

"Ralph," said Sybil, "you will be an artist."

The boy shrank a little from the touch of her finger on his arm.

"An artist! It is true my father is poor—"

"And proud—you are proud, Ralph, horribly proud?"

"It is the only heritage I have; let it alone."

"But if your pride starts at the word artist, it is low and mean; it is unworthy! If I were a man, if I had the power you have, I would call myself artist, and the noblest thing I found to boast of should be my profession."

"Loquitur Sybil Rose, aged sixteen!" said Lewis, looking up from his packthread. "What a Tartar! Take care of yourself, Otterburn."

Suddenly Sybil's hand caught at the paper on the table, which Ralph had turned over unwittingly; for on the other half she saw herself, the window, the sketch-book, and the bit of jasmine still twisting about in her fingers.

"Don't. Let me keep it," implored the boy.

"What for?"

"To remind me of the noblest thing I shall have to boast of!"

"You are making fun of me," said Sybil—but she left the paper.

Darkness over the little room; silence even to the restless tongue of Lewis Ross. The vicar enters from his study, and the evening is over.

"Good-night, Ralph."

"Good-bye," returns Ralph. "I am off too early in the morning to see you again." He stops at the door; he comes back to the bay-window—"An artist's life may be glorious," whispers Ralph; "but it must have many discouragements—wish me success."

"Good luck to your fishing; where swim we to-night?" quotes Sybil, laughing, and Ralph turns away erect and fierce.

"You should need no such stimulus—oh most cowardly!" said Sybil, putting out her hand; "you should want no goad but your own strong will; but if my wishes are worth anything, take them."

CHAPTER II.

WERE they worth anything?

In Ralph Otterburn's face is written power, on his hand strength, as he comes again into the village of Deane. He left

it a boy; he is a man now, changed and hardened. He is crossing the village with a light heart, with no misgiving.

Do not go, Ralph. The bay-window stands open to the sunlight, and jasmine taps against it; but Sybil is not there. You think, perhaps, you owe her something; you fancy, perhaps, that her wishes did you good, that her enthusiasm woke yours, and strengthened you. She stood there, where the brook and river meet—where is she now? Do not go, Ralph; your friend Lewis, of whom, however, you are not thinking, died by his own careless hand, in the woods which were to have been his own! Do not go; the vicar sleeps his last sleep in the churchyard you pass so hastily, and Sybil, your counsellor, of whom you are thinking, is wandering in the woods where Lewis died, or sitting amongst her uncle's guests, sought after, flattered and praised as his heiress.

But Ralph goes on without a misgiving. He stops at the vicarage gate; he pulls at the fastening impatiently; some one accosts him, and there is a short colloquy. With a different step he turns away and enters the churchyard. Slowly he wanders up the path; he sits down on the grass, where he has sat often before; he sits down to think; but it rings in his ears incessantly; it will not let him rest.

"Lewis is dead, and Sybil gone; the little figure in the window transplanted to Deane Hall, a great heiress!"

"I am no baby," mutters Ralph, "to cry after the moon. I will go, like my brothers of the mob, to peer through the gates of this Deane Hall, to see it again, and then be for London and my painting!"

He saw more. He saw the flutter of light dresses through the trees; he saw a face which he singled out at a glance from the others, and it turned and met his look. Then Ralph went away.

That evening Sybil Ross sat in her usual seat, silent and meditative—an absent hostess, looking out into the night as it gathered down over the park, and watching the first star blink and glimmer over the great trees.

They worried her, these visitors; and her uncle would always have his house full. They teased her to sing, to play, to be amused; they bantered her amiably about being quiet and grave, till, rousing up suddenly in desperation, her voice was heard amongst the singers, or her laugh and her jest amongst those who sat and vilified their dear friends, and dragged amusement out of scandal. But, standing before her bedroom window that night, her head sunk against the cool glass, and her lips murmured, "I have seen a ghost! I have seen a ghost!" A ghost out of the past it was; and it haunted her dreams; a reproachful, haughty face—changed, but still Ralph's. Why did he look at her so? What had she done?

In the morning Sybil stood before her uncle in his so-called study. Oh Ralph, proud, horribly proud, did you think she would not find you out? She has something to ask—does her uncle remember Ralph Otterburn?

"No."

Sybil was not surprised. She had not expected that he would.

"A school friend of my brother's," she went on. "He was very kind to Lewis and to me; I should like to show him that it is not forgotten."

"Invite him to dinner; ask him for a day's shooting."

Sybil laughed. "He's an artist, perhaps a poor one."

"A what? Oh, confound it; I beg your pardon, my dear, but really I can't afford—"

"To have your portrait taken. It would be a great ugly thing if you did, uncle; but Mr. Otterburn won't want to do it. He is not that sort of artist," added Sybil, a little gravely.

"Well, Sybil, you have but few whims, for a young lady; you want me to invite him here?"

Sybil nodded.

"I am to remember him as my nephew's friend, eh? Well, you have his address, of course?"

"I have his old one somewhere. I suppose that will do."

"Give it to me, then, and leave me to manage."

From this time Sybil is perpetually wandering amongst the uncut serials which lie for their appointed month upon the library table, and then disappear to make way for their successors. Sometimes one more interesting than the rest is smuggled off to a quiet corner, and read furtively under cover of music or chattering. She has done this, now; she has car-

ried a new magazine to the breakfast-room, and there, seated on a footstool, her head bends over the book, and she is reading with a smile on her lip; while the visitors drop in lazily one by one, and Mr. Ross grows clamorous for breakfast.

"Are you waiting for me?" asks Sybil, throwing down her book. Miss Vere remarks, with a slight curl of her aristocratic mouth, that she is "deliciously unconscious." Another lady points significantly to her dress, which is blue, and Mr. Vere quietly possesses himself of the engrossing magazine.

"Milby," calls out Mr. Ross, "there is a riding party to Deane Castle—you don't go, of course; you join the shooters. Coningsby is a lady's man, Rivers and Vere—three. Let me see—"

"Who is this new lion?" asks Mr. Vere, from his end of the table.

"What lion? where?"

"Otterburn—queer name enough. One would think no one had ever painted a landscape before."

"Otterburn," said Maude Vere. "I remember papa sending for a man named Otterburn to give me some lessons in painting; I wonder if it is the same."

"Did the man come?" asked Sybil.

Maude bit her lip.

"No, he is a conceited upstart."

"Probably it is the same then."

"I know him intimately," said the bald little gentleman, who had responded to the name of Milby. "A most gentlemanly fellow, and a genius. I have seen the landscape Vere speaks of, and a finer bit of painting I would not wish to look at. A superb morsel; went for three hundred guineas."

"You will have an opportunity of improving your acquaintance," remarked the squire, drily; "He is to be down here next week, in time for your ball, Sybil."

"My ball?"

"Yes, your birthday."

"Uncle, when people pass twenty-one, they have no birthdays."

"The anniversary of your birthday then. It is going to be, so you may as well get the invitations out."

"Did he say Otterburn, the painter, was coming?" asked Miss Vere; but her question was addressed to Mrs. Milby, who was, or chose to be for the moment, a little deaf, and did not answer.

"Otterburn, the painter!" repeated Maude, as she mounted from Mr. Milby's hand to the saddle, and caused her horse to do a little unnecessary curvetting. "Harry," she continued to her brother, "I think we had better go home."

But Mr. Vere only laughed, not feeling quite ready to go home. Just at present he was reigning in his horse impatiently, and wondering at the non-appearance of Sybil who was sitting composedly on her footstool, with the magazine.

"Sybil," said Mr. Ross, breaking in upon her, "how is this? not ready? You are keeping them waiting."

"I am very sorry, uncle; you must make my excuses."

"Well, be quick then; off with you."

"I am not going."

"Not going?"

"Sir," said Sybil, with a slight grimace, "I am worn out with doing the agreeable; may not I have one holiday? Besides, there are the invitations."

Mr. Ross looked at her, puzzled.

"I thought pleasure was the life and soul of young things like you."

"So it is."

"I don't understand thee, child."

"My dear, wise uncle, so please you it is not pleasure to keep up a running fire of sarcasm with Maude, the queenly; to hear Mr. Coningsby say how green the grass is; to hear Mr. Rivers tell how his Kicking Bull beat Biting Bet, and Black Bob took the shine out of Lucifer. Nor is it pleasure to feel Mr. Vere's breath—ugh!—on my cheek while he whispers very soft nothings, and makes believe that he never had, has or will have eyes for any other person than one Sybil Ross. The only pleasure would be a comfortable talk with dear old Mrs. Milby, and that I never can get."

"Sybil, thou art an oddity."

"Are they waiting all this time, uncle?" asks Sybil, peering

through the window. "Do put Mr. Vere out of his misery, and let me have a quiet hour for once."

"But, Sybil, I would like to see you married."

"Sir, you are perjured; did you not tell me the other day that I was the light of your eyes? Did you not confess that breakfast was an empty name and coffee a delusion until I came to pour out and sweeten it properly? And now you would give me away; base man!"

"Well, do the scribbling, send out the cardboard nonsense; I must find you a husband at the ball."

"At the ball," murmurs Sybil. "Which will you choose, my dear uncle! I think I see him—I have seen him often on tailors' advertising sheets—that is, his portrait; his lordly person wrapped in temporary mourning, his throat compressed into a white band; about him, like a cloud of grateful incense, there is an odor of Frangipanni; his whiskers glossy as the raven's wing, his hair parted like an unbroken line and coaxed into delicious curls on either side that brow of mighty intellect, and through his faultless glove the outlines of a colossal ring are squeezing themselves up into notice. When I see this great being bend himself before me, forming, with the aid of his coat-tails an imperfect isosceles, when I hear him murmur out, 'The next valse—may I be so honored?' shall I not succumb at once and lower the flag of antagonism? Come, I am tired—"

Quietly she settles down to her magazine again. It is strange what pleasure she takes in the pages of that critique. Savage enough it is, and sarcastic to some unfortunates, but she gets by heart all the details of the little landscape which is praised so much; and she believes the praise; she thinks the critic a discriminating individual; she believes firmly in his foresight when he "predicts for Mr. Otterburn a career which," &c., &c.; and she thinks that if all critics are as just and unprejudiced, then are they shamefully handled of men, a maligned and calumniated race.

CHAPTER III.

PASSING somewhat languidly from her room to the drawing-room—for this day has not been a holiday, and she is weary—Sybil becomes conscious that a dark figure is blocking up one compartment of her favorite window. The apparition turns.

"Miss Ross."

A cool bow, and nothing more. If Sybil felt any emotion, she showed none. Hearing Maude's step, she hastens to meet her.

"Miss Vere, allow me to present one whom you may have heard of in the art world—Mr. Otterburn, the painter."

She likes to see Maude's angry sneer; she likes to see the color flush over the painter's face.

"Oh, Ralph! proud, horribly proud," mutters Sybil; but she says it to the window, not to Ralph.

They might never have seen each other before, since they hold no intercourse. Day after day they meet, but rarely speak to each other. Ralph's eyes follow Sybil when they can do so unobserved; but he never addresses her, never hastens to render her small attentions and services—these things there are plenty to do. He has taken to sneer—this cynical painter; he has grown morose and snarling, it seems to Sybil; but her spirits are wonderfully bright; she joins the riding parties now, and never even asks for a holiday. But Ralph does not ride; painter she named him, painter he will be. He is always sketching somewhere, moody and alone.

One day, wandering about in a desultory manner, the pleasure-seekers came upon him in a thick wood, standing before his easel. They pause to reconnoitre.

"Come," says the hostess, "we will stop here; we will have an extemporaneous picnic. Let me see, who will bear my orders to the housekeeper—Mr. Rivers—Mr. Vere?"

There was a malicious twinkle in her eye as she looked at the last gentleman, who rose with affected alacrity and real disgust. Sybil knew him well enough.

"We will make it a *fête champêtre*," she said, gaily. "Is any one afraid of damp? Mr. Vere will ask for numerous cloaks and shawls. Here is a written bill of fare, and I hope Mrs. Brace will not keep us long. Say we are hungry, Mr. Vere, if you please. Mr. Coningsby will put together his flute to keep us in good humor."

All this time she had been glancing furtively at Ralph, meaning to make him join the party, but scarcely knowing how to set about it.

"I must inspect this painter's sketch," she said at last. "No, Mr. Rivers; alone, if you please; artists are like bulls, one can never be certain of their mood."

She walked up to Ralph and looked over his shoulder; he never stirred or acknowledged her presence in the slightest degree.

"Move a little," said Sybil; "I like that coloring, the dull yellow is very well put in. You are improved."

"Am I?"

"That is to say, in your painting, not your disposition, which remains as bad, or rather worse. Ah! that is a bad touch, your hand was unsteady. Will you sell this view?"

"No," said Ralph, fiercely.

But his tone did not seem to hurt Sybil.

"You work hard," she said.

"I do; I work for daily bread."

"Is that all? Do you never have a bit of animal food for a treat?"

No answer.

"And do you only work for yourself?"

"For myself; I have no other."

"No one! What a dreadful egotist! No one to care for!"

"My palette is my friend."

"I would wash my friend's face occasionally," said Sybil, glancing at it. "Or perhaps you mean the palate which likes bread so much?"

Ralph changed his position slightly, but did not speak.

"Mr. Otterburn," said Sybil, "I came to ask if you will lunch with us yonder—a sort of picnic; late in the year, but it is warm and genial for October. Come, if you please."

"Why should I?"

"I wish it."

Ralph followed her.

"Thanks, Mr. Vere," said Sybil, carelessly; "I see you are trustworthy. Maude, will you make room for Mr. Otterburn?"

Miss Vere gathered up her flounces with a look of intense disdain.

"There is no paint about him now," said Sybil, innocently. I saw it all on his palette. Mr. Vere, Mr. Otterburn will take a little bread."

"Meantime, does Miss Ross intend walking about like a wandering spirit, and look at the feasters?"

"Not at all. Miss Ross is hungry, she would like to eat something nice—not dry bread. Mr. Vere, what is that heap of shawls for?"

"A throne for the queen of flowers, the rose of the *parterre*," murmurs Vere, offering his hand insinuatingly to conduct her to it.

"Thanks, but I am a loyal subject," said Sybil, distributing portions of her throne, with remorseless coolness. Besides, the rose is not my favorite flower.

"Say rather the snowdrop," breathed out Coningsby the gentle, in his flute-like tones.

"A snowdrop for my bier is ominous."

"The poppy," suggested Mr. Rivers, radiant with a new idea.

"Mr. Otterburn alone is silent," sneered Maude. "Cannot he find a flower to swell this precious list?"

"The jasmine," said Ralph, quietly going on with his luncheon.

Sybil bent her head low as the color came into her cheek; but Maude's eyes were upon her.

"Harry," whispered Miss Vere drawing her brother aside as they rose, "we may as well go home. I know your plans, but we have no chance. Look there," she added, glancing in the direction of the easel, where Ralph had again taken his station, while Sybil stood near, watching him.

"Bah!" said Mr. Vere—"a painter!"

"Yes; a painter. Believe me or not, as you like, but I am *ennuyé* to death with this place, and after the ball to night, I shall go."

"So shall I," mutters the brother with a smile, "but I will take my prize with me."

Harry Vere, Esq., having a name centuries old, a person

which a prince might envy, and a rent-roll—not considerable, but who knew that?—to be pitted against a poor painter—absurd!

And the painter might have thought so too, if he had been thinking at all on the subject, but he was not. Sybil stood near; therefore with a bent forehead and compressed lips, he was working at his sketch.

"Tell me," asks Sybil, "Mr. Otterburn, are you ashamed of being an artist?"

"No."

"Would you rather be a gentleman of—of fortune, like Mr. Vere?"

"No."

"It is not courteous of you to reply to me in monosyllables, Mr. Otterburn."

No answer.

"If you will not sell this sketch, will you give it to me?"

"Why should I?"

Sybil hesitated. "For the sake of old times."

A sharp contortion passed over the painter's face.

"Sybil Ross, you are mocking me. You try me too much; I cannot bear it, I will not. Knowing you as far above my reach, I came here like a fool, with a blundering desire to look at you, to hear you speak to others, if I hoped nothing for myself. You are cruel and ungenerous to take old times upon your lips, and speak of them to me, when you know—" Ralph stopped, for Sybil was many paces away now, walking between Maude and her brother towards the house.

"So much for my foolery," muttered Ralph. "Well, after to-night I go; there shall be an end of it."

Had Sybil heard the savage painter's tirade? In the evening she is sitting with one hand supporting her cheek listlessly, and a book on her lap. It is time to dress, but she feels disinclined for exertion; she would like to sit there idle. Maude has been gone an hour or more, Miss Milby is gone, every one is gone; rising meditatively, Sybil goes too.

Emerging shortly afterwards, arrayed in white muslin, she encounters the moody painter.

Ralph did not look at her, but shrank back.

"I want some jasmine," she said, holding out a filigree bouquet holder.

"It is all gone, there is not a blossom on the tree."

"I think if you took a light and looked very hard you might find just one. At any rate there are leaves; get me some."

"Miss Ross," said Ralph, "perhaps I went a little too far just now, perhaps I was impertinent."

"I don't know," said Sybil, shaking her head, "your disposition is so very bad that perhaps you could not help it. I am afraid you will have to suffer a great deal before you are like other people."

"I can bear what is given me to bear, I suppose. As I am going to-morrow, I would not leave you under the impression that I was intentionally rude."

"Only a little bearish."

"I may not see you again, to speak to. Good-bye."

"*Bon voyage*," said Sybil, quietly; "but don't forget my leaves. I am afraid it will be necessary to see me again, when you bring them."

She had been summoned to her uncle's study, and betook herself thither, wondering somewhat at the unusual message.

"You are a cheat, sir," she said, presenting herself demurely, "a wicked impostor. You wanted to have a private view, to see how I looked."

"Like a star," said Mr. Ross, "a pale one. What ails you?"

"Ails me! When I come to him in full costume, radiant and dazzling, he asks what ails me!"

"But Sybil, you are wrong. I have weightier matter for your ear."

"Indeed! Unfold it if you please, I am anxious."

"Most young ladies would be, in such a case. I congratulate you, Sybil; Mr. Vere has announced his intention—"

"He has!" interrupted Sybil; "he has had the consummate effrontery—I mean he has deigned to think of bestowing upon me, Sybil Ross, the illustrious name which Maude boasts is a heritage in itself; for it is but a name, uncle; there is no heart with it."

"Sybil!"

"He wants your money, uncle, not your niece; he is utterly odious to me, his name is hateful, his mind deformed. I would not marry him if—"

"Child, child, hush. No one will compel thee. But, Sybil, I am troubled."

He was pacing up and down, with a restless uneasiness in his eye. "Since it is so, I must tell you something. Do you know what people think of you?"

"No."

"They think you are to be my heiress, though I never said so."

"I knew that."

"And so you might, Sybil; but the thing is, there will be nothing to leave."

"Tell Mr. Vere that."

"I have lived at such a rate, Syb. When poor Lewis was a boy I thought I might retrench and save something, but there—I never did it, no use talking of intentions. Deane itself is mortgaged heavily, and will be more so. If it lasts my lifetime, that will be all. While it does last there is a home for thee; but, knowing the state of the case, do not reproach me if I have somewhat wilfully allowed people to believe you an heiress. I have given these balls and nonsense; I have had all these people here because I hoped you might choose out of them one who would care for you when I cannot. Think over Mr. Vere again."

"Tell him what you have told me," repeated Sybil. "Then, I have nothing, uncle?"

Mr. Ross shook his head.

"Nothing but what you had before—your mother's property, a mere trifle. And you look at me as if it were good news."

"So it is, uncle—good, glorious news. You shall give no more parties; oh, if you will not care, if you will not mind it, I never was so happy in all my life. Only tell Mr. Vere, let him distinctly understand that I am no heiress; you promise that!"

"Well, I promise."

"Send him about his business, pack him off; I am tired to death of him; and mind, you are to come and dance, uncle, and be merry; you are not to think about anything so tiresome as money, or retrenching, or mortgages to-night."

Quiet, but no longer pale, Sybil stands in the ball-room, the centre of an eager, chattering group. But they don't understand her, they scarcely recognise her to-night; their sallies fall to the ground, their compliments are nipped in the bud; there is an atmosphere of repressed excitement about her, strange and unnatural; even Maude looks up, without her usual sneer, and pronounces, "You look well, Sybil; you are well dressed."

But Sybil does not answer, her glance wanders. Near the door stands Ralph Otterburn, talking to Mr. Milby. She watches; she sees the illustrious Vere enter and take Mr. Milby aside, talking and gesticulating, with a look of angry disappointment in his face. Empty-headed coxcomb—what is that? Ralph has risen and joined them; high words are passing—little Mr. Milby, passing his arm between the two, facilitates Vere's egress, and presses Ralph back into his seat. Then the little man, whispering a word in Ralph's ear, indulges in a silent laugh, and comes up to bow deferentially before Maude, and say—

"Miss Vere, your brother would be glad to speak with you. Permit me—"

"Gallant little man!" mutters Sybil. One sight of Ralph's face she catches, but he is bending down his head now, and his hand hides it.

She must dance. It will not do to keep putting off Rivers, the horse-fancier; Coningsby, the gentle, and a host of others. The exercise lends an unusual brightness to her face; one would have said that the ball-room was her natural element. At last there is a lull; she begs for a little quiet. In the embrasure of her pet window; Otterburn, the painter, makes his way to her.

"You never wished me good-bye; you never said you forgave my rough speeches!"

"I forgive."

Quiet, and almost sorrowful, the words were. There was no more jest nor trifling. He holds out the jasmine-leaves.

"There was no flower—won't you take them?"

She took them, and was moving away, but he stopped her.

"I am tired; let me go!"

"Oh, Sybil, if my own wretchedness made me misjudge you, forgive me for the sake of old times. I was wrong, perhaps—"

"Yes, you were, very wrong."

"But, within the last hour, I have seen hope face to face! Do not drive her away! To-morrow I meant to fly from temptation—must I?"

"I don't know—if you are afraid of it!"

"But I am not. Sybil, tell me to stay!"

"Ralph, you are proud, horribly. I cannot bear people to be proud and unkind to me."

"You do not fear, Sybil, you cannot—tell me to stay!"

"Stay then!"

ALPINE SCENERY.

BY DE LAMARTINE.

THE ALPS, resembling a strong and prominent knot of the muscles of the earth's granite, constitute a chain of mountains which extends over a space of three hundred leagues, from the south of the Rhone towards Marseilles to the plains of Hungary. The links of this chain become depressed towards each extremity, and gradually lose themselves in the level country. In the centre they rise to an enormous elevation, inaccessible to the steps, and scarcely perceptible to the eyes, of men. Their summits, crenellated as the battlements of a natural fortress, stand out in bold relief from the deep azure of the heavens—brilliant in dazzling whiteness under the first light of morning, warmly colored like the rose at mid-day, and softening down into the hue of the violet as evening declines. These varying tints are produced by the reflection (more or less powerful) of the sun on the sheets of eternal snow, with which the ridges of the mountains are clothed. When we first look upon them from the valleys of Italy or France, at a distance of sixty or eighty leagues, they inspire the same sentiment, arising from the infinity of height, which is produced by the sea or the firmament as regards immensity of extent. It is a spectacle which paralyzes the beholder, and from fear to terror, from astonishment to admiration, carries the thoughts of man up to the Creator, for whom alone nothing is elevated or boundless; but man feels himself reduced to nonentity under the stupendous architecture of these elevated regions, and utters an involuntary cry—that cry is a confession of his own insignificance and a hymn to the omnipotent power of the architect. It is from this cause that the heart is usually more impressed with piety on the sea or on the tops of mountains than on the level plains. The mirror of His works, in which the Divinity is represented, being on a grander scale. He is there retraced and revealed with more distinct and impressive features.

Towards the southern or Italian side the slopes of the hills are abrupt and steep as an artificial rampart, raised to protect and shelter that fertile country, the garden of Europe. On the north, stretching in the direction of France, Savoy and Germany, the Alps descend from clouds to the borders of the lakes and the level of the plains by the most gradual and gentle declivities: these may be described as immense ladders, with steps proportioned to the faculties of man. As soon as you quit the inaccessible regions of snow, frost and eternal ice, formed by the domes of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau, the slopes become gradual; the roots of these gigantic pinnacles seem to swell the soil which covers them; and they become clothed with earth, teeming with vegetation, with greensward, shrubs, flowers and pasture-land, moistened by the incessant filtration of melting glaciers, which dissolve under the heat of the sun. The eminences diverge widely on all sides as they gradually decrease in altitude; like buttresses, the foundations of which are deeply and extensively sunk, to capacitate them for bearing the incalculable weight they are constructed to carry. Thus they form and hollow out between each separate ridge narrow beds, which soon become formidable ravines, expanding rapidly into valleys, basins and extensive plains, at the extremities of which we perceive from the heights the sparkling of transparent lakes, from whence foaming rivers take their course, to seek a distant and still lower level.

Upon the flanks of these diminishing Alps the traveller encounters here and there a scattered cottage or insulated habitation resembling a tent, constructed of wood, built solely for the summer, to which the shepherds in following their flocks ascend with the spring, and from whence they depart on the approach of autumn. Below this elevation villages are found grouped together at the foot of a cascade, and sheltered from the fury of the avalanche by forests of pine. The beams and planks which form the houses of these villages are furnished by the same tree which protects them from the melting snows. These houses, covered by a wooden roof, which overhangs the walls, like the brim of a hat widened to protect the face from the rain, seem as if they were shaped and sculptured by the knife with curious and patient skill; they resemble the toys of white wood which the shepherds carve for their children while they are watching the cattle. External staircases, ornamented by balusters carved in arabesque, lead from the ground-floor to the higher storey. Doors, surmounted by hollow niches, containing statues of virgins, heroes or saints, give admission to the upper apartments, which are lighted by windows in lattice-work, with lozenge-shaped panes of glass set in leaden frames. Long galleries, with Gothic balustrades, surround the entire building, under the open air, like a festooned girdle encircling the waist of a bride. Stems of May-trees or sprigs of nutritious plants, suspended from the roof by their roots, hang over the exterior gallery, and form a ceiling of colored mosaics. Through the windows of the kitchen we perceive the reflection of a large fireplace, which emits a perpetual blaze. Branches and splinters of pine, artistically cleft and piled under the gallery (a certain sign of opulence) constitute a wood-house, well supplied to meet the exigencies of the winter. At the side of this pile are placed folding-doors, which open into extensive stables, floored with planks of pine, cleansed and shining like the table of a careful housekeeper. The lukewarm and perfumed breath of heifers issues from these doors, mingled with the piteous lowing of young bulls calling for their absent mothers. A moveable wooden bridge, thrown over the entrance to the stables, with a long and gradual descent, conducts the carts loaded with hay to the granary fodder. Dry forage and yellow straw issue from all the windows of this vegetable magazine; abundance is everywhere mingled with simplicity. In the middle of the court a hollow trunk of pine drains, through an iron pipe, water from the mountain streams into an enormous wooden trough, to satisfy the thirst of the cattle.

On whatever side you regard the flanks of the Alpine region, whether on the nearest eminences, the slope of the glacier, the roof of the dwelling-place, the walls of the building, the store of wood, the stable or the fountain, the eye encounters nothing but pine, alive or dead. The Switzer and the pine-tree are brethren. It seems as if Providence had assigned to every distinct race of human beings a special tree, which accompanies them, or which they follow throughout their terrestrial peregrinations; a tree which affords them nourishment, heat, drink, shelter; which gathers them together under its branches, forms as it were a member of the domestic circle, and becomes in fact a household god, attached to every individual hearth-stone. It is thus with the mulberry in China, the date in Africa, the fig in India, the oak in France, the orange in Italy, the vine in Spain and Burgundy, the pine in Switzerland and the palm in Oceania. The animal and vegetable worlds are bound together by invisible ties: annihilate trees, and man must perish.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.—The ancient historian of Brittany acquaints us with the opinions of John, surnamed the Good and Wise, as to the qualifications of a wife. On inquiring from the ambassadors, immediately after their return from Scotland, their opinion regarding the lady, he received for answer, that she was beautiful, elegantly formed and in the bloom of health; but so remarkably silent—not so much, as appeared to them, from discretion as from extreme simplicity. "Dear friends," said John, "return speedily and bring her to me. She is the very woman I have long been in search of. By St. Nicholas! a wife seems to my mind sufficiently acute if she can tell the difference between her husband's shirt and his shirt-ruffles."

THE WHITE SPARROW.

"Sleep, he is the worst of thieves:
He steals the half of life."

No more common complaint is to be heard now-a-days from the lips of housewives, than that of the laziness and unthrifty habits of domestic servants. Mothers and grandmothers are often wont to tell the young housekeeper that matters were otherwise in their days; and it has sometimes occurred to us, whether the fault may not lie as much in the degenerate habits of the masters and mistresses of the present generation, as in any defect peculiar to their dependents. Were the lady of the house more frequently to rise at five or six in the morning, as in the "good old days lang syne," perchance she would not so often have to complain that rooms were carelessly swept, that work was left undone or fires lighted too late.

A useful hint on this subject may, we think, be gathered from a proverbial tale, related by a favorite German writer, and entitled—

"He who would thrive
Must the white sparrow see!"

The meaning of the proverb is not at first sight so apparent as that of some others which circulate amongst us, such as "Early habits make the man," or "Honesty is the best policy," &c.; but the moral signification it is intended to convey is not the less true and important. I will, therefore, here relate the story connected with its origin, even as I received it myself from the lips of an old friend.

There was a certain farmer, with whom everything seemed to grow worse from year to year. His cattle died one by one—the product of his land was not half what it ought to be—in fact, all his property was, to use a familiar expression, "going to the dogs." Scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-gatherer or a creditor did not come to his window, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, say, "I am really very sorry, Herr Ruckwarts, to put you to inconvenience, but I am compelled to do my duty." The old friends of Herr Ruckwarts also tried their best to do their duty by him—they advised, they entreated and they helped him, but all in vain; and one after another gave him up in despair, declaring with a sigh that, "as for poor Ruckwarts, there was no use trying to help him—he was past being helped."

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very prudent and clear-sighted man. This friend thought he would not give Herr Ruckwarts up altogether, without making one more attempt to save him; so one day, as they were drinking their glass of beer together, he led the conversation, 'as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows, related many anecdotes of these birds, and observed how much they had multiplied of late and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Ruckwarts shook his head gravely in answer to this observation, and said, "They were indeed most destructive creatures; for his part, he had not the least doubt that it was entirely owing to them his harvest had been of late years so very unproductive."

To this conjecture the good friend made no rejoinder; but after a moment's pause he continued the conversation by inquiring, "Neighbor, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Ruckwarts; "the sparrows which alight in my fields are all quite gray."

"That is very probable," rejoined his friend; "the habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year, and being so different to its fellows the other sparrows take a dislike to it and peck at it when it appears amongst them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the feathered tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange," exclaimed Ruckwarts. "I must really try and get a sight at that sparrow, and if possible I will catch it too."

On the morning which followed this conversation the farmer rose with the sun and sallied forth into the fields; he walked around his farm, searched his farmyard in every corner, examined the roofs of his garners and the trees of his orchard, to see whether he could discover any traces of the wonderful

white sparrow. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself or stir from its imaginary nest. What vexed the farmer, however, still more, was, that though the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his rounds, not one of the farm hands were astir—they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests. Meanwhile the cattle in their stalls were bellowing with hunger, and not a soul near to give them their fodder.

Herr Ruckwarts was reflecting on the disadvantages of this state of things, when suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of the house, carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm; Herr Ruckwarts soon perceived that his steps were not bent towards the mill, but towards the public-house, where Casper had unhappily a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, who believed his master to be still in the enjoyment of his morning nap, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the cow-house, and peeping in to see whether the white sparrow had perchance taken refuge there, he discovered to his dismay that the milkmaid was handing a liberal portion of milk through the window to her neighbor, to mix with her morning cup of coffee.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment and roused her from her slumbers. "As sure as my name is Ruckwarts," he exclaimed, in a somewhat angry tone, "there must be an end of these lazy habits. Everything is going wrong for the want of some one to look after them! So far as I am concerned, at all events, I will rise every day at the same hour I rose this morning, and then I shall soon get my farm clear of all those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other I may succeed in catching the white sparrow?"

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer adhered to his resolution; but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after his cattle and his cornfields. Soon everything around him wore a flourishing aspect and men began to observe that "Herr Ruckwarts (Backwards) now well deserved to be called Herr Vorwarts (Forwards)." In due course of time his old friend again came to spend the day with him, and inquired in a humorous tone, "Well, my good fellow, how are you getting on now? Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile; and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said, "God bless you, Herder! you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Herr Ruckwarts was a prosperous man, respected by his neighbors and beloved by his well-ordered household, he was wont to relate this history of his early life; and thus, by degrees, the saying passed into a proverb—"He who would thrive must see the white sparrow."

LADY RALEIGH.—The gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, in daily expectation of being executed, earnestly endeavored to preserve his estate of Sherborne to his wife and child. To Car, Earl of Somerset, who had begged it for himself, and who was the rising favorite and minion of King James I., Sir Walter addressed a letter, beseeching him "not to begin his first building upon the ruins of the innocent—not to cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless." The letter produced no effect upon the parasite; and to the solicitations of the Lady Raleigh to the king, upon her knees, with her children, the vile sovereign, the first of the Stuarts, only answered, "I mun have the land—I mun have it for Car!" This excellent lady obtained permission to reside with her husband in the Tower, where, in the first year of his imprisonment, she bore him her second son, Carew, after a lapse of ten years; and shared his adversity and sorrows during a period of twelve years between his trial and his being put to death. She was very beautiful; faithfully attached to her ill-fated partner, who was eighteen years older than herself; and testified her affection for his memory by remaining unmarried until her death, which happened twenty-nine years after his execution.—*Stirling.*



CAPT. LUARD SPEAKS OF HIS SPLENDID PROSPECTS TO HIS DAUGHTER CARRY AND MRS. PARISH.

TENANTS AT NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

It was number twenty-seven of a quiet London street, the name of which it is needless to specify here. It had stood empty for a considerable time, and such of the neighbors as were of a speculative turn of mind had begun to wonder among themselves how much longer it would remain without a tenant; when one chill, misty autumn morning, shortly after daybreak, a cab drove up to the empty house, from which alighted a tall, gaunt, middle-aged gentleman, of soldier-like aspect, attired in a foraging cap and a long gray military cloak, whose face was half concealed by a thick tangle of beard and moustache, once black, but now becoming wintry with age. Beneath the shaggy gloom of his eyebrows burnt a strange, restless, fitful fire; and when he removed his cap for a moment, and the whole of his worn and rugged face became visible, the deep tracks and furrows left by care or sickness—perhaps by both—came prominently into view. He held in one hand a small leather-bound box, on the top of which was a tiny brass plate, with "Captain Luard" engraved thereon. He gazed suspiciously up and down the street as he alighted and at the still undrawn blinds of the opposite houses; nor seemed over-well pleased when he beheld a policeman, moist and red-nosed in the early morning, looking on from over the way with a calmly contemplative glance.

Having satisfied himself that no one else was a witness of his arrival, Captain Luard turned round and assisted a tall, slender young lady to alight, evidently his daughter, from the likeness which, in spite of the difference in sex and age, existed between them, who was followed out of the cab by a tall, raw-boned female of severe aspect, dressed in faded black bombazine, and who held in one hand a pair of pattens, and in the other a band-box tied up in a cotton handkerchief. Captain Luard, accom-

panied by his daughter, ascended the steps, unlocked the door and entered the house. The female in black, whom the captain addressed by the name of Parish, having paid the driver, at once followed her master, and the door was immediately closed, double-locked and bolted.

They passed on from one room to another slowly and without speaking, for there is something solemn in a large and empty house, especially if seen in the twilight of morning or evening. It was chill and damp outside; but within the walls seemed as though they held prisoner the cold, moist atmosphere of a graveyard, nipping the very marrow of those who entered, waking prolonged and hollow echoes of their footsteps, and making the loudness of ordinary conversation seem a profanation of the dim solitude.

"Surely a large house, papa?" whispered the young lady, when they had seen most of the rooms. "Would not a smaller one have satisfied our wants? Our furniture will not fill half of these large rooms."

"Not too large for the heiress of the Pinchbeck Estates," said the captain, with an extensive sweep of the arm and curl of his gray moustache. "Besides, Carry, I never could bear to live in those pottering little holes where common people contrive somehow or other to exist. Spacious and lofty rooms are one of the necessities of life to a gentleman. And then, again, you know," he added, mysteriously, laying his hand on her arm, "they will never think of looking for me here. That's the grand point—to throw them off the track till I've had time to complete my case and set them at defiance. For they will shrink from nothing—no, no!—nothing, nothing! Not even my life will be safe from them if they discover my retreat!"

His sallow cheeks flushed as he spoke and a wild will-o'-the-wisp fire burned in his eyes. He turned and left the room, and tramped heavily up the sounding stairs, still carrying the leather-bound box, till he reached a small room at the very top of the house. Opening a little closet which was built in the wall, he placed the box within it, and, having locked the door, proceeded to survey the rest of the rooms up-stairs.

The furniture arrived in the course of the morning. Captain Luard was restless and uneasy till it was all properly fixed and the men who brought it had departed. Seated on a large box, he then proceeded to give his instructions to his little household.

"You are both of you aware," he began, very gravely, "for what reason I have taken this house. It will continue to present from the street the appearance of being empty and to let. The shutters of the lower front rooms will remain closed, and the upper rooms will remain, as they are now, empty. You, Parish, will take up your quarters in the basement kitchen; you, Carry, in the room to the back immediately over it; while one of the small rooms up-stairs will serve me for a study. Once every evening, Parish, after dark, you will be allowed to go out for the purpose of buying the needful supply of provisions, at which times I will let you out and in myself, and will teach you how to knock so that I may recognise you. Oh! if we can only succeed in remaining concealed for a short time, all will go well. Time is all I want. A few short weeks—perhaps even a few short days—and everything will be clear and I shall triumph. The other day (was it the other day, though? I almost forget) I had the whole case clearly mapped out in my head; but some one interrupted me and it all slipped from me in a moment. But it must be found again; for it lies there—there, in my little box—waiting for me. To-morrow I shall begin."

The captain kept his room for the remainder of the day, except when he came down stairs to let Parish out, and again to admit her when she returned with provisions. He retired to bed at an early hour, after seeing that all the doors and windows were carefully secured.

Carry sat up for a short time after, keeping Parish company, for she did not care to sit alone after dark in that gloomy room up-stairs. At length she too retired, and Parish was left alone. That exemplary female continued for some time her occupation of darning the captain's socks, till catching herself nodding over her work, she took off her spectacles, and put it away.

"A grewsome, ghostly house this," she muttered, gently rubbing her elbows, and staring at the fire; "far too big for our little family, and I don't feel half comfortable in it. Why couldn't the captain take a cottage in the country? But that was always the way with him—big ideas and ways, and little money to keep them up with. And now his poor wits are going wool-gathering worse and worse every day. As for his chance of getting the Pinchbeck estates, I wouldn't give tuppence for all the papers he has in his box. A grewsome, lonely place, indeed; I declare I'm almost afraid to go up-stairs to bed."

She looked round with a shudder. The fire was nearly out; the unsnuffed candle shed a dim and ghostly light through the room; and the night had its own sounds, bred of darkness, such as daylight never heeds—the creaking of a distant door, the trembling of a window beneath the invisible fingers of the wind, the scampering of a mouse behind the wainscot—all sounds of omen at such an hour—and, near at hand, the loud importunate ticking of the clock in the corner, that seemed to have a demon concealed in its case, who was for ever hammering nails into the coffin of Time. The whole affair was becoming too much for Parish's nerves, when, looking up for a moment her glance rested on a row of tiny paper boxes ranged symmetrically on one of the shelves that lined the kitchen. Her face brightened at once; and, rising, she took down one of the boxes, opened it, and extracted therefrom three pills, which, after rolling them tenderly for a few seconds between her palms, she proceeded to swallow, one by one, with much apparent satisfaction. Finding herself considerably refreshed by this slight repast, Parish dived deep into her capacious pocket, and produced therefrom a small dog's-eared, not over clean book of hymns, which, with the exception of one other book, and now and then a broadsheet of ballads, or a last dying speech and confession, was the sole literature with which she was acquainted. Having read over slowly, and word by word, two or three short hymns—with which, indeed, she was so well acquainted that she had known them by heart any time these twenty years; but that made no difference, they must be read just the same—she closed the book, replaced it in her pocket, and took up her candle to go to bed. Before going up-stairs, however, she thought she would take another glance round the area, and see that the door of the coal-hole was properly secured; so, unfastening the door with as little noise as possible, she stepped out into the darkness, leaving the candle burning on the table inside. But hardly had she crossed the threshold, when a hollow, voice whispered suddenly:

"Jane Parish!"

It was all she could do to keep from screaming, as she stepped back into the house and bolted the door. A momentary glance had revealed to her a dark figure standing with folded arms, looking down at her over the area railings. Her heart was still panting with the fright, when she was again startled by hearing herself called a second time and in a louder tone.

"Who are you?" asked Parish through the keyhole, grasping the poker in one hand. "You are not known here. We are strangers, and know nobody. If you stay here another minute I'll call the police."

"Cruel fair one!" replied the voice outside. "Know that I am desperately in love with you. Oh, relieve my suspense, and say that you will be mine?"

Parish's brow grew dark and her eyes flashed as she listened to these audacious words.

"Begone, sir, or it will be worse for you! You are not known here," she exclaimed, in great wrath.

"Send me not away with such cruel words," replied the stranger, "or I shall do some desperate deed that you will read of in the penny papers."

"Who are you, sir?—who are you? What's your name?" screamed the irate Parish.

"My name is Proggins. I am a young man, and have a little money in the bank."

"You scamp!" said Parish, shaking the poker as though he could see her through the door. "Begone this instant, or I will call my master, and I warn you he'll shoot you like a dog!"

A low, peculiar laugh was the only reply, but Parish recognized it in an instant, and flung the door open the moment she heard it.

"Mr. Henry Welford, sir, for shame!" she cried. "I think you might have found some other way of letting us know of your return, without frightening an old woman like me."

"Parish, old girl, don't be angry with me," exclaimed a tall, sunburnt young man, springing nimbly over the railings, and then jumping down and grasping the housekeeper's hand.

"It was not kind of you, Harry. But you never did things like anybody else."

"Nonsense, old friend. I meant no harm, I assure you. In fact, you ought to feel highly gratified, for when you next write home to your friends, you may say with truth that you have had an advantageous offer of marriage, but that you didn't choose to accept it. And now tell me how the captain and Carry both are. I have heard no news of them for an age."

"Before I answer your question," said Parish, "tell me how you found us out. The captain thinks we are concealed from all the world."

"Oh, that's a very simple matter," replied Welford. "On landing from the vessel I found a note from Captain Luard, dated only two days ago, informing me of his change of residence. I set off as soon as I could, found the street and the house, but, seeing no light in any of the windows, was afraid of disturbing you, and was just about to retire when you opened the area door."

"And you have been away three years?" said Parish, interrogatively.

"Three years and nine days. But tell me how Carry and the captain are?"

Parish shook her head sadly; and, while she set about preparing him some coffee, opened to him a full budget of news concerning the family; how poor they were; how the captain's property had dwindled away in law expenses incurred in contesting a hopeless suit, till but a mere trifle of it remained; of the captain's present infatuation; and of the gloomy prospect before them. They sat up talking far into the night; after



WELFORD AND CARRY VISIT THE GRAVE OF CAPT. LUARD. THE SILENT LOOKER ON.

which Parish prepared a shakedown for Harry before the kitchen fire, and then bade him good night.

Welford's presence there was a glad surprise next morning both to Carry and her father, for he was dear to both. He was the son of Captain Luard's oldest friend; and when that friend died, a poor man, the captain took the lad home, educated him, and, when he was old enough, in accordance with Harry's own wish, obtained for him a situation with an eminent mercantile firm abroad. Carry and he had grown up together like brother and sister; and when the time came for them to part, although they entered into no engagement, they separated without fear, confident that neither of them would forget the other. It seemed an understood thing in the family that they two should marry as soon as the proper time should come; and though the captain had never said a word to countenance such a scheme, he could hardly have been blind to the facts; and the two people most concerned in the matter never had a doubt as to the result.

Carry and Welford went out after breakfast for a walk, and a very interesting one, doubtless, it proved, they having been so long separated, and having so much to tell one another. Harry's love, hitherto unspoken, now found winged words; and he determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to the captain on the subject of his marriage.

Captain Luard invited Welford up into his study after dinner.

"Only a poor place to receive you in, Harry, my boy," he said; "but the next time you come, I hope we shall have a better; in fact, there is no doubt of it. These are the papers that you see spread over the table. I am going through them myself. There is only one little point to lay hold of—the hidden spring, as I may term it, of the machine; and then the whole affair will be as clear as daylight, and equity cannot refuse to find a verdict in our favor; in fact, you may consider the whole matter as settled. Of course it will make a great change in Carry's prospects, as she will then be heiress to about £15,000 a year; and I think I am not going too far in saying that she will then be one of the most eligible young ladies in England; in fact, between ourselves, I intend her to marry into the aristocracy. But remember, Harry, my boy, wherever my home is, there is yours also. I hope then to have influence to get you some snug little thing under government, far better than the miserable affair you are at now. Oh never fear that I shall forget your interests!"

Here was an end to all Harry's brilliant visions, for the captain spoke with such seeming authority—with such pretension and earnestness—that the young man could hardly believe that such vast expectations had no foundation in fact. Anyway, it would not do for him to stay there any longer, stealing away the heart of his benefactor's daughter. Let the cost and pain be what they might, he must go at once. He was constrained and silent for the remainder of the day, and though Carry perceived the change in his demeanor, she was at a loss to account for it. He parted from her that night with a tenderness which he tried in vain to conceal; but next morning, when they all expected him there to breakfast, they found a note on the table, addressed to Captain Luard, in which Welford stated that sudden business had called him away to Liverpool, and that several weeks would probably elapse before his return. Carry felt hurt and grieved that he should go away so suddenly without a parting word to her, but was too proud to show how deeply her feelings were wounded. Parish was out of her temper all that day, and kept muttering under her breath something about the lad being a fool, and not knowing when he was well off.

So day after day passed away, and matters resumed their old course in the house. There was neither letter nor message from Welford, and it seemed, to Carry at least, as though he had entirely forgotten them. Day after day, from breakfast-time till midnight, the captain sat in his scantily-furnished room, poring over the documents pertaining to the great Pinchbeck suit—title-deeds, mortgages, bills of sale, genealogical tables, abstracts of counsel's opinion, deeds of transfer, extracts from parish registers, bills of costs and copies of wills, all mixed up in inextricable confusion—filling one sheet of foolscap after another with figures and remarks; striving in vain to pick out from the dismal chaos before him that hidden link, that magical Open Sesame, which, he was firmly persuaded, would banish

poverty from his hearth for ever. Every morning he set to work with renewed vigor, and every evening he retired from the contest with weary brain, with fainting heart and aching eyes. He became more gaunt and fierce-looking every day. He had been weak and suffering in health for a long time, and it was evident that he was only upheld by the strange feverish excitement in which he lived; and that had any rude hand scattered the foundations of his airy castle, both the mind and body of the builder would have gone to pieces in the wreck.

The house still continued to present from the street a shut-up, desolate and forlorn appearance; and among the children of the neighborhood it soon acquired the delightfully dreadful reputation of being haunted. For, coming home from school in the drear November afternoons, between daylight and dark, did they not sometimes hear strange noises, ghostly trappings up and down stairs, weird coughings and moanings; and if one were bold enough to peep through the keyhole, might not one sometimes discern a tall figure, dressed in black, coming slowly down-stairs with a lighted candle in his hand—a sight to make a schoolboy's flesh creep and his blood run cold!

So dull November passed away and the last month of the year was come, when one evening Captain Luard startled his daughter and Parish by bursting into the room where they were sitting—a wild flame of excitement burning in his eyes.

"I've seen him!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "I knew he would find me out wherever I might be! Something bade me go into the front room and look out of the window; and I saw him standing under the lamp-post, looking up at the house. There is no more peace for us here."

"What man is it, papa?"

"The man with the green studs."

"But you may have been mistaken, papa. How could you distinguish his studs from the place where you were standing?"

"Mistaken, girl! A man is never mistaken in the person of his bitterest enemy. What nonsense you talk! I tell you that I saw him—nay, he is probably there still. Come, let us go and look; but be careful that his sharp eyes do not find you out. *Allons!*"

They followed him up-stairs, trembling a little and hardly knowing what to think. He led them into one of the front rooms, which was faintly lighted up by a lamp on the opposite side of the street.

"Behold him!" he whispered, seizing Carry by the shoulders. "See, he is leaning with folded arms against the lamp-post. His green studs shine in the dark like serpent's eyes."

There was no one there.

Next morning Captain Luard was so ill as to be unable to rise. The doctor who was called in merely shook his head when Parish took him on one side to ask his opinion, and said, "Wait awhile; I cannot pronounce at present."

But day after day passed without much visible change in the captain's condition. He remained too weak to rise, and lay there—a feeble wreck of a man—heedless, for the most part, of what was passing around; buried in his own sad reflections, and perhaps, discerning dimly the dark issue whither he was tending. Now and always he was very anxious about his box of papers, and had it placed close to his bed, so that he could both see and feel it; but his former interest in the lawsuit seemed to have partly died away; and, though he often talked of resuming his labors, it was in a hopeless despairing way, as though he saw at last how fruitless all his efforts would be. Still the old idea never left him—that some mysterious foe was endeavoring to track him out in his retreat; and it was a source of much anxiety to him that he could no longer look after the proper security of the house and see that no strangers were, on any account, allowed to set foot across the threshold. It was not that he had any want of confidence in the discretion either of Carry or of Parish, but it was a matter that he would have preferred looking after himself; women are so easily imposed upon, as he often remarked.

What then would have been his surprise and anger had he seen Parish enter the house, as she did one evening, accompanied by a woman whom she had apparently picked up in the street; who followed her down the steps into the basement-story, stepping lightly into the echo of the housekeeper's resonant footfall!

Parish struck a light, and then turned round and confronted

her companion with a stern searching gaze, as though asking her by what right she had intruded there.

She was a woman who, years before, had probably been fair enough to look upon; and a faint shadow of the beauty of former times still clung to her. But whatever of sweet bloom and culture her life might once have shown, was now choked up, overgrown, and all but lost to view beneath the coarse growth of after years—years of despair and hopeless misery and disbelief in her better self.

"Thus, then, we meet again," said Parish, in a low, stern, concentrated voice.

"Thus again," replied the woman, "after seventeen weary years."

"It should have been seventeen more before we met. Why have you sought me?"

"Not to ask your pity; nor to make any claim on the forgiveness which you, perhaps, think yourself entitled to dispense. I come to see him."

"Madness! What is he to you, or you to him? Nothing—less than nothing—less than if he had never seen you!"

"So you think, so you preach, as ignorance ever preaches till suffering brings knowledge. Nothing to me! Oh heaven! can I ever forget that he once called me his wife; that his lips kissed me; that his arms sheltered me; that his child called me mother; that he lived but to make me happy! Nothing to me!"

"You forget," said the stern, unmoved housekeeper, "that when you left this house of your own accord, that when in one day he lost both his wife and his friend—that wife and that friend became, in point of fact, dead to him for ever; as dead as if the green sod had been laid over them both; that he wore mourning for them as if such had been the case; and that for him there are no such persons as Emily Luard and Richard Marfleet in existence."

"I forget nothing. I know everything you would say—all the reproaches you would heap upon me, and how your wrath has been gathering strength through long years. What then? I know things that you can never know; that if he has suffered, I have suffered, too—oh! how bitterly! that if I wrecked his happiness, I wrecked my own also. I make no claim on that score either on your compassion or on his. What would it avail me if he were to forgive me the great wrong I did him? If he were to pardon me a thousand times, I could never pardon myself, and there lies the sting. But let that pass. I came neither to talk about myself, nor to exchange idle words with you. The man whom I once called my husband lies ill, perhaps dying, up-stairs; and him once more I am determined to see."

"You cannot—he would not receive you."

"I do not want him to receive me. All I want is to see him again, even though he be asleep."

Parish considered for a moment.

"Wait here," she said, "while I go up-stairs and see how he is."

The woman bowed her head, and Parish took the candle and went up-stairs. In a minute or two she returned.

"Come," she said; and the woman flitted up-stairs, behind her, noiseless as a shadow.

"He is asleep," whispered Parish, when they reached the door of Captain Luard's room. "Remember that you look only, and do not speak. I would not for the world that he should awake and find you here."

"Fear not," replied the stranger. "Let me but see him, and I shall go on my way content."

Parish opened the door gently, and holding the candle aloft with one hand, shaded it with the other, so that the light should not fall too strongly on the sleeper's eyes. He lay there calmly enough, one arm thrown over the coverlid, and the other coiled beneath his head; his thin and careworn face looking more wan and ghastly still from its setting of beard and moustache.

"What a change! What a change!" muttered the woman. "Lost to me for ever!" It was all that she could say.

"Enough," said Parish, at length, turning to leave the room. But before she was aware the woman had glided from her side, and stooping over the sick man, had imprinted a light kiss on his lips. Light as it was, it was sufficient to break his feverish slumber, and he called out:

"Parish, is that you? You should not have disturbed me. Give me something to drink."

Parish was too angry at what she had just seen to venture a reply, and gave her master a drink without speaking. At that moment, Caroline, who had been out to purchase some little delicacy for her father, entered the house. The woman had disappeared from the room, and Parish was in an agony of fear lest Caroline should encounter her on the stairs. No such meeting, however, took place; for Carry entered the room as quietly as usual, and sat down by her father's side.

The captain again disposed himself for sleep; so, leaving Caroline at her post, Parish hastened down to see what had become of her strange guest.

She found her kneeling on the rug before the kitchen fire, her arms pressed tightly across her chest, rocking herself to and fro. She neither spoke nor wept, but as Parish looked down on her there was such a hard, dry, rigid agony, cut with such inefaceable lines into her face, that the words of reproach with which the housekeeper had come armed died away on her lips as she gazed. At length the woman roused herself like one trying to shake off an overwhelming dream, and stood up before the housekeeper, terrible in her misery.

"I crouched into a dark corner," she began, in a slow, measured voice, very different from her former vehement tone; "and she, my daughter, passed me, and knew not that I was there. Her dress brushed across my face and I kissed it as it passed, and for one brief moment the soft perfume of her presence was about me; and this is all of her that I may know. Sad, is it not? And yet she is my own; people may say what they will, but she is my own Carry, my own daughter. She used to call me 'mamma' and go to sleep on my breast; and now I may neither touch her nor kiss her, not even speak to her. Sad again, is it not? Oh yes, I know all about its being my own fault; but is that any comfort to me? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to intrude myself before her and shut out the happiness of her life. I have a touch of my old pride yet. But I want you to feel how sad it is that I may not speak to my own darling. It has come into my head, Jane Parish, that there is one thing you can do for me—one little kindness you can do to a poor wretched woman, once your mistress, now a beggar before you. Procure me a lock of my darling's hair. Will you?"

"I will; you may trust me."

"Then let me go; my business here is done. I will meet you to-morrow evening in the street; and after that you shall see me no more. I dare not come here again. If I did I should drown myself afterwards, and I am not fit to die."

Parish opened the door.

"Dear ones, farewell!" murmured the unhappy woman, and passing out was lost to view.

Captain Luard lingered on for some time after this, apparently neither better nor worse than before; but one morning, when Parish entered his room, she found that a dread visitor had been there in the night and that in silence and darkness her master had departed with him.

When the first burst of grief was over and the necessity of immediate action made itself felt, Parish telegraphed for Welford, who was not long in answering the summons, and all the onerous duties which must be performed at such a time he took upon himself. The events of the next few days need not be dwelt on here. It was finally arranged that Caroline, accompanied by Parish, should go and reside with a maiden aunt in Derbyshire. From the wreck of the captain's property was saved sufficient to enable them both to live in modest independence.

Whatever fleeting clouds had at one time interposed between Caroline and Welford had now vanished for ever. They could not speak of love at such a season, but they understood each other without words.

On the afternoon of the last day of the year they set off, arm-in-arm, to pay a last visit to the cemetery where all that remained of Captain Luard now lay; for Carry was to leave London on the following morning. The sky was overcast when they set out, and the weather bitter cold. A few premonitory flakes of snow fell at intervals, forerunners of what the night would bring. They passed slowly into the field of the dead, took their last look in silence, and then turned to depart.

A short distance from the path stood a woman, faded and miserable-looking, whose eyes were fixed earnestly on them as they drew near. Instinctively Welford slipped a coin out of his pocket and offered it to the woman; but she drew back with a slight wave of the hand. Welford colored up.

"I ask your pardon for the mistake," said he.

The woman did not reply, but drew her shawl more closely round her; and Caroline, looking back at the turn of the walk, saw her still standing there, with her eyes fixed earnestly on them. She did not stir till they were out of sight, and then she approached the grave they had just left, but with a more importunate grief than theirs—a grief that heeded neither darkness nor storm.

Meanwhile Caroline and Welford passed slowly on through the lighted streets of the great city, sorrowful, indeed, and mourning for their loss; but in their hearts young love sat brooding with folded wings, and all the future lay golden before them.

THOMAS SPEIGHT.

THE SEA-BIRD.

BY H. G. WRIGHT.

Soft is the down on the Sea-bird's breast,
And light its wings to fly,
Yet it knows no nest;
On the wild wave's crest
Doth it lonely rest,
Doth it lonely die.

Though its wings be slight, yet the Sea-bird's flight
Fails not though the storm be fierce.
Not the sea-wave's might
In the tempest's height
Through the down so light
On its breast can pierce.

As the down on the Sea-bird's breast, to thee
Be Love for thy fellow men;
'Twill thy safeguard be
Midst adversity;
Life's stormiest sea
Will not harm thee then.

Ever to thee, like the Sea-bird's wing,
May Hope and True Faith be given;
Then the cares that spring
On thy journeying
Through life, will but bring
Thee nearer Heaven.

THE HEAD-MASTER'S SISTER.

CHAPTER I.

HOORAY! Frank! it's all right; you are an honorable member of the first eleven now. Jones and Staveley wanted to stick in that ass, Middleton, because he is in the sixth and one of their set, and pretended they must have him for a long-stop; but Fox and I stuck up for you, and we have pulled it off. I expect you will be second bowler in our match with Harrow."

"Well, you are a brick, Herbert—a genuine Bath, and no mistake," replied Frank Ainslie to his friend's communication; and in the excitement of the moment he delivered the lexicon which he had been using, after the fashion of a round hand-ball, at a plaster cast of Homer—a recent purchase of Herbert's—on which it took fatal effect, reducing it to smithereens.

"You are an ungrateful card, and no mistake," said Herbert, holding up one smithereen, consisting of the left eye and a fragment of the nose and chin of the great bard.

"Pon my soul, I am very sorry, but I did not think my hand was in. But about the match: I hear Harrow has a strong strong team this year."

"They have two or three pretty bats, and their bowling is decidedly good; but they don't work well together in the field. Altogether, I think the odds are in our favor."

"Mr. Ainslie to Mr. Hardlines," said a servant, knocking at the door at this moment.

"What's up now, I wonder?" said Herbert.

"Haven't an idea," replied his friend, taking his departure.

"No row, that I know of."

Mr. Hardlines' countenance, always solemn in its expression, was more gloomy than usual as Ainslie entered his study.

"Ainslie," he said gently, "you must prepare yourself to hear some bad news. Your father is dangerously ill. You are to go home directly. If, as we must hope, your father should soon recover, I hope you will return to us as soon as you can leave him, for you have been doing very well lately, especially in mathematics. Mr. Angles spoke of you to me the other day as being one of his best pupils. But again, before I say good-bye, I must caution you to prepare yourself for the worst: it is even possible that you may not find your father alive. Do not stay to pack up anything, as the postchaise will be here immediately. I must go into school now. Good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

THERE are few positions which are actually more wretched than that of a traveller upon a journey which has been occasioned by the sudden illness of a friend. The reflection of how powerless man is to contend with the twin giants, Time and Space, is forced upon him in a thousand forms.

The express train may bear him on its wings, but still he ejaculates, as he watches the long line of trees rushing past him, "No further yet!" He cannot turn his attention to anything. Each train into which his thoughts fall leads to the same terminus: "How is he now?" "When shall I be there?"

When Frank Ainslie arrived at home his father was dead.

I am now about to confide a secret to my readers. Their knowledge of it, I feel certain, will not cause Frank to fall in their estimation; for I know they would not suffer the disgrace of the father to extend to the children: but as Frank now occupies a respectable position in society, I must make it a point of honor that they should communicate it to no one more prejudiced and less enlightened than themselves.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," Mr. Ainslie, senior, was a bank director.

Need I add that he died insolvent.

When the faithful biographer has the opportunity of selecting from many thousands the individual upon whom he shall confer immortality, he can scarcely be blamed if he chooses some one whom it is pleasant to write about rather than not. Acting upon this principle, I will mention at once that Frank Ainslie was as clever, agreeable and good-looking a young fellow as you could find on the fifth form at Eton; and, I can assure my readers, that is saying a great deal. In fact, he was a young man whom you would have felt great pleasure in taking to Mrs. Cranville's, if that lady hinted to you that she was likely to be short of beaux on her next Wednesday. If Jones introduced him, I know he would consider himself entitled to the reversion of a dinner for his trouble—but then a modest estimate of his own performance is not Jones's forte.

With the qualifications at which I have delicately hinted and plenty of money—for his father was liberal as well as charitable (two qualities which are not necessarily concomitants either in the hearts of bank directors or anybody else)—Frank found his way into the best set at Eton, and was looking forward to a pleasant future—Cambridge in two years, with some of his old set and the new friends the university always brings; and then chambers in the Temple and the bar.

It was some trial for the nerves of a young fellow of seventeen with these prospects when a respected uncle with a large family informed him that he had not a halfpenny in the world, and the sooner he did something to get one the better! But Frank had the pluck which enables a man to stand up against that swift and nasty bowler, Misfortune, without much padding.

So he answered his relative with a simple but appropriate interrogative, "All right. What shall I do?"

"I think I might be able to get you into Mr. Grierson's office."

"Stockbroker, isn't he?"

"Yes; a first-rate man upon 'Change.'"

"Thank you, I am very much obliged. If you will allow me, I will take a walk for an hour or two, think it over, and give you my decision when I return."

"Very good; so be it then; but I do not think there is anything better for you."

And Frank set off, and walked very fast and thought a great deal, both which operations I have found, from personal experience, have a tendency to produce thirst. Frank was by no means exempt from the weaknesses incident to humanity; so when he had just completed four miles and a quarter, an eligible inn meeting his eye, it occurred to him that some malt would be restorative, and he proceeded to have some accordingly. Perceiving a cheerful-looking sanded parlor, he thought some bread and cheese would meet his taste, and while the waitress brought him food for the body he took up the advertisement sheet of the *Times* for his own mental recreation. Under his peculiar circumstances he received that document with greater favor than it usually obtains from travellers, and he immediately began to peruse it with diligence.

He had gone through eleven columns and a half when his attention was attracted by the following:

TO GENTLEMEN READING FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.—Board, residence and tuition are offered to a gentleman who would be inclined to assist an M.A. with his junior pupils. Address, M.A., Slopcombe, Devon.

"The pink ticket!" ejaculated Frank. "I must go there, read hard for two years, go up to Cambridge, get a scholarship, and try if I cannot live upon it. It has been done before, and, by Jove, it shall be again!" And in the excitement of the moment he folded up the paper, and was putting it into his pocket, when the landlady modestly suggested that it might be wanted again. Frank, however, easily obtained permission to cut out the particular advertisement in which he was interested.

His uncle did not coincide with his views, and told him frankly he could give him no assistance except in the manner he had proposed; but Frank was determined, answered the advertisement, forwarded a testimonial from Eton, which proved perfectly satisfactory, and concluded the engagement.

Then, by disposing of his watch, his studs, rings, pins, two guns and a few other articles with which he determined to dispense, he managed to realise about eighty pounds; and with that capital he commenced the world and started for Slopcombe.

CHAPTER III.

THE Rev. H. Martin was the head-master of the Slopcombe Grammar School—a school which had been once endowed, but whose revenues had gradually disappeared under the administration of a series of dignified trustees. It still possessed a large house, which head-masters found a convenient receptacle for as many private pupils as they could get. A few boys attended from the town occasionally, in virtue of their rights as citizens of Slopcombe; but a system of judicious snubbing on the part of the master, and of bullying on the part of the private pupils or boarders, who always outnumbered them, and between whom and the town-boys a traditional feud was carefully preserved, usually brought their education to an untimely close. As these young gentlemen paid nothing, and occasionally wore corduroys, we must fear that their defection was not duly regretted either by the master or the private pupils.

"Martin," wrote Frank, in a letter to Herbert, "is a very nice fellow, good scholar, good temper, supports my authority—is, in fact, generally jolly. The only wonder is, however he could have married Mrs. M."

Ah, Frank! as you grow older, that constantly recurring problem of social life, "What could have induced Brown to marry that woman?" and its still more frequent phase, "What could Mrs. Smith have been thinking of when she accepted that brute?" will often defy your utmost efforts to supply a solution. We doubt if even Mr. Justice Creswell could invent a formula general enough to take in a tithe of its cases.

In this particular case, our own private opinion is, that Martin drifted into it, as England did into war under the ministry of Lord Aberdeen.

Mrs. Martin was a woman with a shrewish tongue, an exaggerated opinion of her own dignity, and a most painful habit of fancying things which had no existence except in her own imagination. Anything which she could not understand—and her intellectual capacity was not extensive—she construed as a personal insult. Ainslie did not at all answer to her idea

of what an usher ought to be, for in that light she persisted in looking at him, although her husband explained the peculiarity of his position, and wished that he should be treated as a gentleman; because Frank looked and acted like one, she was pleased to consider that he gave himself airs, and must be kept well down.

Her views on this subject were illustrated by a hundred petty annoyances, which for a long time rather amused Frank than otherwise; but at last, as they lost their novelty, they became rather a bore, and Frank began to think about changing his quarters, when

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream.

How strange it is, that in a house in which there are already more than twenty people, that the arrival of a little fair haired girl of seventeen should make such a wonderful difference. Yet, after Mr. Martin's youngest sister, Clara, had been there a week all Frank's ideas of departure were gone so entirely that he could scarcely conceive he had ever entertained them.

Slopcombe is situated in rather a pretty part of Devon, and there were two or three places in the neighborhood which it was absolutely necessary that Clara should see.

As Mr. Martin was discussing with his sister what day they should go to Eveleigh, which was to be their first excursion, she immediately suggested that he should give the boys a holiday and take them too.

"But you would not really like it," he replied; "I am afraid they would bore you awfully."

"Indeed I should, better than anything; it will be such fun."

Mr. Martin was pleased, and readily gave his assent. Who can refuse anything to a pretty little sister? I fear, however, that Clara was not very sorry when Mrs. Martin decided that the distance would be too great for her to accompany them, especially as there were several visits which it was absolutely necessary for her to pay.

Eveleigh was about five miles from Slopcombe, so Mr. Martin drove his sister over in the pony-chaise, and Frank Ainslie and the boys joined them there. Frank was a great favorite. When he first arrived, his youthful charges tried the series of experiments which the advent of a new master usually provokes, but almost all were failures. Fresh from Eton, there were very few dodges to which he was not up, and superior knowledge even of mischief is always respected. But the incident which perhaps tended to establish his position most was the following: a hopeless little sneak (some are always to be found even in the best regulated establishments) told Frank one day of some paltry offence which another boy had committed. "When I had found this out, as I certainly should have done," said Frank, "I should have given the offender twenty lines. You will now learn a hundred for telling tales of your school-fellow." Cricket received such an impetus from his arrival, that the grammar school challenged the town club—an invitation which that association declined with scorn, saying that they did not play with boys; a judicious evasion on their part, as they would certainly have been beaten if they had.

They had a delightful walk to Eveleigh, the elder boys roaming in twos and threes, and the younger ones crowding round Frank, with reference to a wonderful story which he related for their especial edification.

The pony-chaise passed them just as they came in sight of their destination, and they greeted its occupants with three cheers: whether the remembrance that the cold meat and apple pie were contained in the same vehicle may have given additional vigor to their shouts is a point we will not attempt to investigate.

The little church tower of Eveleigh rises from a low cliff some twenty feet above the level of the sea, and with a spring tide and a westerly wind its windows are often darkened by the showers of spray. Far on the deep it is a landmark to the hardy fishermen of that stormy coast; and many must have thought of their forefathers sleeping peacefully beneath its yew trees' shade before they found their own last resting-place in the treasure-house of the deep.

By its south side the clear waters of the Eve flow gently till

they mingle with the sea some hundred yards lower down, for it wants three hours to high water.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver,
No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever,

quoted Frank from our greatest lyric poet, whatever the hydra-headed race of Scotch reviewers may say to the contrary.

Aloud he quoted them, for it is not enough that the eye should see and the mind grasp, the ear must hear them as well, or the beauty of their rhythm is lost. He believed himself alone, or rather he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to reflect whether he was alone or not. The elder boys were wandering along the shore, the younger ones constructing castles of sea-sand, in which they might bid momentary defiance to the rising tide. So he leant over the low churchyard wall, and dropping a few wild flowers dreamily into the stream beneath, he partly said and partly sung the beautiful words, lingering fondly over each cadence as it left his lips.

"You are not applying those words to yourself, I hope," said a sweet voice behind him.

"And why do you hope so, Miss Clara?" said Frank, looking with his dark eyes steadily into her blue ones, and thereby causing the lids to be dropped over the same.

"Oh! it is so beautiful. I am sure you would like to see it again. I was just looking for a spot from which I could sketch the church."

"Then, if you will allow me, I think I can show you the exact position from which it will make the best possible picture—that is, if you do not mind crossing the river. There is a boat a little higher up; then you can have a little bit of the stream in the foreground, and as much sea and sky as you like in the distance."

"Thank you, I shall be very much obliged; for what has become of my brother I have not the remotest idea."

"Oh, he has gone with Abbott to hunt for sea anemones."

And they were ferried across the little stream; and when Clara saw the promised picture, she owned it could not be praised too highly.

"I am sure you draw," she said.

"I have had very good masters, and I am very fond of it," replied Frank; "but I have had no time since I have been in Devonshire."

For he had kept the resolution he made when he first saw the advertisement, and had been working hard at mathematics during the few hours his school duties left him.

As Frank had conducted Miss Martin to a spot at some distance from the rest of the party, of course it became absolutely necessary that he should remain there to take care of her; so he fetched her some water in a shell, arranged her colors, and even mixed her an invaluable gray for the middle distance, with which she was unacquainted, and devoted himself to fulfilling all the *petits soins* a lady artist can require from an accomplished cavalier.

Miss Clara Martin found she had made a great mistake. When she had seen Frank before, she had been led, by the silence which he always maintained in Mrs. Martin's presence, into the belief that he was very shy. Accordingly, with feminine good nature, she had determined this afternoon to draw him out, which she found very easy; also to patronise him, which she discovered to be extremely difficult. The first two or three sentences which Frank spoke shook her resolution a little; but she was a young lady who was tolerably decided in her views, and after a short interval she resumed her rôle.

"I wish you would give me your opinion upon how I am getting on. I am sure you must be a good judge."

These words were spoken in a tone which at once conveyed the impression that she thought she was paying him a compliment by making the inquiry.

If these events had happened five years later, Frank would probably have said to himself, "That's your little game, ma'am, is it?" As civilization was not sufficiently advanced to enable him to put his thoughts thus into language, he concealed them, and replied:

"Do you wish for a candid criticism?"

"Of course I do," replied the young lady, rather indignantly.

"Well, then, the trees appear to me to have rather a blue shade, whilst the green seems to have communicated itself unfairly to the water."

Clara was of an impetuous disposition, and as she heard this, and her eye convinced her there was the faintest possible ground for the criticism, her brush (filled with brown madder at the moment) went from the left hand corner of the drawing to the top in a graceful curve.

"I am sorry you did that," said Frank, "for I was only in fun; but now you have spoilt it. I will tell you what was really a fault; the church tower would have looked too new, and the moss is made too apparent for a view taken from this distance, and is green instead of gray."

"I will tell you what, Mr. Ainslie, I am quite determined upon, and that is, that you shall do me another drawing for the one you have made me spoil—directly, too—so sit down."

"You won't like it as well as your own, if I do."

"I am not sure of that," said she, laughing, for she began to feel there was some justice in the way she had been treated.

"Now begin."

And Frank took the brush and commenced a sketch, not of the elaborate character Clara had attempted, but rough in the extreme. At first she smiled, for there appeared a probability that the paper would soon be covered with a series of smudges; but by degrees a wild beauty sprang out from the chaos, and she saw the scene, not steeped in sunshine, as she looked upon it now, but wrapped in storm, the calm sea lashed to fury, the gentle river a rushing torrent, the old church alone unaltered.

"I saw it like that once," said Frank, "and I shall never forget it."

"Nor shall I," replied Clara; "thank you very much for the picture, and my lesson."

"What lesson?"

"Oh, my drawing lesson, of course," replied Clara, with an emphasis which belied her words.

And now it occurred to them that it was full time they returned to the other side of the stream,

They found the party assembled, and enjoying a game of prisoner's base, with the exception of the anemone seekers, who were still absent, as they strolled a little away along the shore to meet them, still speaking of Millais and Tennyson as they went.

Oh poetry and art, how much is owed to you even by the humble worshippers at your outer gate! How often does it fall to your lot to strike the key note which shall vibrate through two hearts, to be joined hereafter in harmony for ever.

Mr. Martin and his two companions returned at last; Ringwood had slipped from a rock and sprained his ankle, it was this which had detained them so long, for he had become very lame. Clara immediately offered him her seat in the pony chaise, saying that she could walk very well. As she declined undertaking to drive the pony, which was rather spirited, her brother agreed to the arrangement.

And a beautiful walk home they had; even the ordinary houses of Slopcombe looked pretty, when they reached the top of the hill, and saw them bathed in the light of the setting sun. Here Clara just became sufficiently tired to be glad to avail herself of the support of Frank's arm.

Before they reached the old school-house their friendship was cemented, and placed on a firm footing. Be assured, my youthful readers, that a long day in the country will do more in this way than seven evening parties, at the most moderate computation.

Clara gave a little laugh to herself, while she was taking off her bonnet, as she thought of the shy second master. Curiously enough she quite forgot to show the sketch she had admired so much to Mrs. Martin, or even to her brother, though she locked it up carefully in her little rosewood desk, and looked at it very often herself.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the next week Clara and Frank saw a great deal of each other. Mrs. Martin seldom came down to breakfast, and Clara took her place. Mr. Martin took his in his study; and the senior pupils came down at any time they liked between the

hours of eight and ten; during which period Miss Clara sat ready to pour out the tea and coffee with exemplary patience. Frank's work did not begin till ten, so he did all he could to prevent the time from passing heavily, and we are bound in justice to own, that he was generally successful. The end of the September quarter was drawing near, after which there was a week's holiday.

On the 28th there was a town-ball, to which the boarders at the grammar-school were always admitted, and Mr. Martin told Frank that as he was not going himself, he wished him to go with them. To this Frank had no objection, especially as Clara was going, so he immediately engaged her for the first two dances. When the long-looked-for night came, Mrs. Martin decided that she would honor the Slopcombe ball with her presence, in order to chaperone her sister-in-law.

When the two ladies had taken their seats at the upper end of the room, Clara immediately began to write on her engagement card.

"What! Are you engaged for any dances already?" inquired Mrs. Martin, for they were very early.

"The first two."

"May I ask, to whom?"

"To Mr. Ainslie."

"Goodness gracious, my dear Clara, surely you could not think of such a thing!"

"Why not?"

"What, dance with the usher! I am sure your brother would be very angry with me, if I allowed such a thing for a moment. I am very sorry, but I cannot hear of it."

At the word usher, poor Clara's memory reverted to the assistant in a village school, from whom she received instruction in writing, at the age of eight, and who, to the best of her recollection, had previously failed in business as a cobbler.

"But," she said, at last, "if I do not dance with Mr. Ainslie, I must sit down for the rest of the evening."

"Oh, no; you must not think of that, it would do your brother so much harm in the town; there are so many people to whom we must be civil. Stay, he comes, never mind, I will manage it for you," and she rose as Frank came, and said in her sweetest voice, "Would you be so kind as to take a little note for me to Mr. Martin? something is forgotten of great importance." And she scribbled two or three words with her pencil.

"Will you excuse me, Miss Clara," said he, "for I think the dancing is going to commence?"

Clara bowed assent, for she was really unable to speak.

Frank made his way with some difficulty through the crowd of amateurs at the door, who were occupied with criticising the ball dresses as they issued from the carriages, and with rapid step he hastened to the school-house and then to Mr. Martin's study.

During the absence of the rest of the household in "the halls of dazzling light," that gentleman was making himself as comfortable as existing circumstances would permit.

The room was already hazy with the fumes of Cavendish, a decanter of port was conveniently placed on a little table by his side, and he was carefully cutting the leaves of a new novel. Frank felt grieved at disturbing him by presenting the ominous missive. To his surprise, however, it only had the effect of provoking a shout of laughter, for it ran as follows: "That wretched boy Johnson has forgotten his gloves. Perhaps as you have had the trouble of bringing it, you would not mind giving it to the housekeeper."

That lady was not to be found, so Frank had to hunt through all the drawers himself, the contents of which soon became a confused mass under his manipulation, as Mrs. Snuffles the housekeeper found to her cost the next morning. At last he found a pair, guided to them principally by a faint smell of turpentine "which hung round them still," which he thought might be near the size. When he returned to the ball-room he found the much-maligned Johnson in bran new kids, radiant as his own, and Clara just commencing the second dance with a young man in a yeomanry uniform.

At the end of this, he asked her for the third, but she was engaged for several dances—she did not know how many. Clara was so disgusted with everything at the moment that she could not find the words she wished to soften her refusal. Frank

only saw that she did not mean to dance with him, and the intention of the pretended message. Frank sat down thoroughly wretched—he felt that he was despised, and by one—now, for the first time, he owned it to his heart—whom he fondly loved.

He cared not so much for the insult of the moment; it was the insight he fancied it gave him into the inner recesses of a heart of which he had thought so differently. How long he sat, heedless of everything as the dancers whirled past him, he never knew; but, at last, as the rooms filled, a lady sat down so close to him, that he started, and became aware that he was almost the only gentleman who was sitting.

He rose and leant against the doorway, and tried to take an interest in the passers-by. It was written of old "a great city is a great solitude;" but in city or country there is no loneliness like that of the ball-room which one enters as a stranger. I know nothing so likely to foster misanthropy in a young man as remaining long, under these circumstances, without a partner. The very beauty and light-heartedness of the women seem to assume the shape of a personal injury.

What right have they to be happy when you are miserable? Why does that pretty girl in pink dance with that young donkey, who does not even know how to pilot her safely through a polka? What can that angel in blue see in a little muff, who does not seem to understand a word she utters, and who evidently has not a word to say for himself; whilst you, oh accomplished reader! who have waltzed in every capital in Europe, and have every topic of the season at the tip of your tongue, stand partnerless, because you happen to have quarreled with one steward and don't know the other?

Towards the close of the evening one of these functionaries, struck by Frank's handsome face and melancholy expression, asked if he could introduce him to a partner, but it was too late, and Frank only said,

"Thank you, I would rather not dance."

Whereon that gentleman put him down for a puppy, in which we trust he erred. The ball finished at last, and the party returned home. Clara had only sat down once. Ought she not to have been happy?

The next morning the school broke up for their short holiday. Frank had been intending to go upon a walking tour, but a letter from Herbert altered his intentions. It informed him that a competitive examination was to be held in a fortnight for twenty direct commissions in the artillery—mathematics to form the principal subject of examination. Herbert was going in—would not Frank try his fortune also? If so, his father would be happy to see him at their house in town at once. It was the commencement of the Russian war. If Clara had danced with him the night before, I think England would have lost a soldier, so that must form part of her claim to forgiveness. As it was, his decision was immediate. Fortunately his engagement with Mr. Martin had only been made for a quarter, terminable or not, according to the wishes of either party; so he informed that gentleman that circumstances had occurred which prevented his having the pleasure of remaining at Slopcombe; and then he began to pack up. He would have liked to have said good-bye to Clara, but she had gone out to spend the day, and he did not like to wait till the next; so he returned to town.

His recent devotion to mathematics did him good service, for he was third on the list of successful candidates. Herbert also obtained an appointment, but he was not so high up. A fortnight afterwards, and exactly one month from the night of the Slopcombe ball, he sailed for Varna.

CHAPTER V.

More than five years had elapsed since the end of our last chapter. "Many changes have we seen" in that period, not only in the great events of which the whole world takes note; but also in the fortunes of a single family. The easy-going, scholarly, good-tempered Martin is no more; and Clara, after having refused one or two good offers, no one could conceive why, has at the age of two-and-twenty accepted the situation of governess at Lord Morningthorpe's.

Again our curtain draws upon a ball. It is at the earl's house in Mayfair. The earl supports the ministry and has to come to town early. It is Lady Morningthorpe's first reception this

year. From a quiet corner, half-hidden by the curtains of a bay window, Clara watches the *élite* of London fashion.

But Clara was always fond of dancing, and as she watches the waiters whirl past her, she cannot help wishing to be among them.

The balls at which she had been, not a very great number, seem to pass in review before her. At last her thoughts revert to one at Slopcombe, and she sighs as she thinks of one whom she had seen there, sitting alone and friendless as she sat now. The face rises before her as clearly as if there was a mental daguerreotype of it within—never to be effaced. The face as she remembers it, she will never see again. But her reverie is interrupted by a tall, dark, bronzed officer in a splendid uniform, who stoops over her and says in a clear though deep voice :

"Miss Clara Martin, may I have the pleasure of dancing the next two dances with you?"

She looks at him with surprise. His left arm is suspended in a sling, his black hair does not quite cover the mark of a sabre-cut as well as his black beard conceals the lower part of his face; he wears five medals on his breast—but more than these he bears that which none but the brave with the brave can share, the noblest decoration the nineteenth century has seen—one beyond the reach of ordinary knights-bachelors—the Victoria Cross.

Clara tried to speak, but could not. A faint suspicion dawned upon her mind, but she was unable to give it utterance.

The officer saw her difficulty, and said, "Do you know, Miss Clara, that I consider I hold a promise of yours for two dances, which has never been performed yet?"

"Mr. Ainslie?"

"No, not Mr. Ainslie," he replied; "but"—seeing her start—"Frank Ainslie, now, as ever, very much at your service."

"And you have been wounded," she said, softly.

"About a score of times, more or less. My arm is well now, but the doctor says I must continue the sling a little longer."

"And is that the Victoria Cross?"

"Admirably guessed! Is it the first you have seen?"

"Yes; you must tell me how you won it."

"Well, I was fortunate enough to rescue a lady from some howars at Ramlehgunge. She was in the middle of a troop of about a dozen. I rode at them, sabred two, got this slash, put her in front of me, and got away. They gave chase. Fortunately, my mare was thorough bred, and carried the extra weight as if it had been nothing. I dropped five of our pursuers with my revolver, one by one; the rest gave in, after they had put a ball in my left arm."

"And as you are Mr. Ainslie no longer, what may be your present title?"

"If I must announce myself officially, then, Captain Frank Ainslie, K.-Companion of the Bath and V. C. But, you know, I am still longing for the performance of your promise. You do not know how often I have thought of it."

And so they danced together, at last.

And immediately there was a perfect *furor* about the beautiful blonde that Frank was dancing with, and much wonder as to where she had sprung from; and Lady Morningthorpe received petitions from thirteen young gentlemen for an immediate introduction; so, if Frank had not taken the precaution of engaging her for two more dances, he would not have seen any more of her that evening.

But he would have seen her the next morning, if only to tell her something about the Alma and Inkermann.

And the next, if only to tell her how he was sent to India immediately after the fall of Sebastopol.

Two more would have been the least he could have allowed himself to give an account of the relief of Lucknow.

And nothing could have prevented the next being fully occupied by his inquiry whether she would share with him any future campaign, that the wheel of fortune or the Emperor Napoleon might render necessary; and—receiving a satisfactory answer thereto.

P.S. Lady Morningthorpe insisted on being allowed to give the wedding-breakfast.

N.B. It is my private opinion that if such a campaign should take place, Frank will not fight any the worse for being married.

HERBERT VAUGHAN.

GENTILITY AND VULGARITY.

There are no epithets more constantly applied, without any precise idea of their meaning, than the words *vulgar*, *gentle*, or *respectable*. In other parts of the world mankind are divided into good and bad; we take no cognizance of such romantic distinctions; our good society knows and shuns the *vulgar* only. According to current notions a genteel man is a tall, thin person, who wears a good coat and speaks in correct terms; if he be corpulent and keep a gig and two or three servants, he merely amounts to the respectable; poor clothes or a mechanical occupation distinguish the *vulgar*.

It is an artful thing in a country where mammon-worship prevails, as it does here, to sink the moral virtues, intellectual acquirements or talent, to which men cannot forbear an internal homage as to the perfection of their nature, and to set up another standard of excellence to which *money* gives the claim. And some men of talent, but of an innate vulgarity and selfishness, have bowed down to this idol and strengthened its false pretensions in the hope of profiting. But did not Cowley, when he spoke of "the great vulgar and the small," attach a somewhat different signification to the word *vulgar* than what fashion now authorises? To him the expression "a respectable beggar" would not have been a solecism or incomprehensible. "The gentleman," with him, we imagine, was one who conformed with the usages of good society insensibly and without thinking of them; the *vulgar*, one who felt painfully deficient in forms, paid a slavish admiration to them and was uneasy to acquire them. Thus, there is a vulgarity of several grades, well and ill-dressed; though we admit that grovelling notions, added to slang and a greasy hat, are its most revolting aspect. The question is not one of silver or steel forks, or of coats new or threadbare, but of liberal and sordid views. Vulgarity is the child of fashion; there is no country where the word fashion is known but in England, and consequently in no place is vulgarity so complete and frequent.

WOMAN.—Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is there is a paradise; where she is not there is a desert. Her smile inspires love, and raises human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. Her sweet and tender heart gives life and soul to dead and senseless things. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind, and the world would be a void without her. Man is a wreck wanting her—miserable and unhappy—his daily existence a walking shadow of humanity. Man would be hard unpolished granite but for woman. In her, what a warm and loving heart, in which springs such a well of affection that no age can freeze! She is more a celestial than a terrestrial being—charming and amiable as a girl, dutiful as a wife, and glorious as a mother. She is the balsam of man's life—his faithful counsellor and pillow. She can impart all the pleasures of his cares of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life. She is the comforter and supporter of man under misfortune, and the bitter blasts of adversity.

OCCUPATION! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funereal pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.



THE MOTH.

Among the three grand divisions of the butterfly, the *Sphinx*, which flies by twilight, and the *Phalaena*, which flies by night, or, collectively, *moths*, are extremely interesting. In every age the tendency of these insects to flutter around the light has furnished poets with subjects for lyrics, and, in fact, almost the

only original poem by Thomas Carlyle is on this subject. Among the old emblematisers, such as Jacobus Cats, Quarles and others, the Moth constantly occurs as the type of any one led to destruction by temptation, and the monkish symbolists used it in the same sense. Even yet it is often found on letter seals, with some pretty motto, such as "I perish for the flame ladore."

One of the Indian nations has a mythological legend that all the meths are in love with a queen, and that she has promised her love to the one who will bring her a sparkle of light. For countless ages the enamored ones have sacrificed themselves in vain to her desire.

Among the *Sphinxes* the great *Atropos* or Death's Head is greatly valued by collectors, and sometimes brings a high price. Its caterpillar is five inches in length. Among the *Phalena* many are quite destructive to leaves and plants. Prominent among these is the silkworm, the great *Atlas*, whose outspread wings are eight inches in breadth. To this class belong the enormously devouring but useful silkworms.

WINNING CONSENT.

BY MRS. C. A. SOULV.

"Will you promise, Clara!"

"Never!" And the little maiden set her pearly teeth firmly together, compressed her rosy lips till they quite lost the line of beauty, and folded her white arms across her breast in an attitude at once defiant and queenly. "Never, father," she continued, after a moment's pause, and the words were hissed rather than spoken, "never will I become the wife of that old miserly tyrant. Sooner would I die; yes, die by own hand;" and the black eyes flashed with a fearful light.

"Pretty doings, these," muttered the angry parent. "Things have come to a fine pass, in my opinion, when a girl of eighteen thinks to fool a man of fifty, defies him to his face." Then raising his voice, he said, and emphatically too, "You will go to your room, Clara Havens, and remain there till I call you. Go," seeing that she hesitated, "go, girl!" And he stamped his foot with such energy that the china rattled in the closet.

With a quick, nervous movement the daughter crossed the room; but as she lifted the latch she turned her head and looked back, and then deliberately retraced her steps.

"Father," the voice was low, sweet and musical now; "let us not part in anger; let us forget the harsh words that have passed between us. Do, father!" And clasping his hand, she looked affectionately into his eyes.

"I sent you to your room, girl;" but here the stern tones melted into tenderness, and he continued, kindly, "you've tried your old father sorely, Clara."

"I know it," she said, meekly; "yet he will not refuse his child a pleasant good-night;" and she raised his hand and laid it on the rich auburn hair that waved about her forehead.

"Thank you dear father. I shall sleep sweetly now," and she tripped lightly up-stairs.

"This is dreadful, dreadful," she said to herself, as she stood before her little dressing-table, divesting herself of her few ornaments and preparing for bed. "Who would ever have thought that I, Clara Havens, the idol of her old father, would have talked to him in such an unfilial way; bearded him as a rough boy might have done? And yet I cannot, will not, take back one word. I will not marry that old Wiggins; no, indeed, though heaven and earth conspire against me! Who is he? A course, rough, low, ignorant ugly old fellow, whom, but for his money, my father would spurn from his fireside even as a guest, much more as a suitor for his daughter's hand. Oh, my father, my poor, dear father," and she wrung her hands and paced her chamber, "how can you be so infatuated with the love of gold? How can you sell even your daughter for a miser's hoard?"

Back and forth went her little bare feet across the floor, till at length, fairly tired out, she seated herself beside the open window, and leaning her head on the casement, looked out upon the night. It was a glorious June evening. A brilliant moonlight lay upon the landscape, making it seem like a fairy-land, while from the garden that stretched away to the south there was wafted up the breath of a thousand budding roses. The river that ran to the one side of the old mansion glistened like a broad band of silver set in emerald lines, the low ripple of its waves, as they beat upon the narrow strip of sand, stealing upon the ear like the muffled music of distant chimes. The dense old forest that lay between it and the mountains was

beautiful as a picture, with its soft, gently waving shadows and the mottled light that flickered over its fresh green mosses. The meadows, broad and lovely with their rich harvests of grass and grain, seemed like ruffled lakelets, with green-breasted billows rising and falling in the evening wind.

Clara gazed long on the familiar scene. Its quiet and its beauty soothed her disturbed spirits, and when, as the village clock struck ten, she dropped the curtain and laid her head upon the pillow, there was no trace of agitation on her fair young face.

An hour afterwards, her father stole noiselessly to her room. He knew she was a daring, resolute girl, with a good deal of his own firmness in her disposition, and he would not have been greatly surprised to have found her packing her trunk or writing him a farewell letter. But instead, as he lifted the snow-white drapery that fell about her bed, he saw her there sound asleep, and angry as he had been with her, he could hardly repress an exclamation of admiration at the sweet picture she presented as she lay there in her fair, girlish beauty, her pure wrapper falling in statue-like folds about her slender but exquisitely moulded figure. Her hair, rich and luxuriant, had escaped from the silver comb that fastened it, and rippled now over the pillow in dark, lustrous waves. Her hands were clasped above her heart, as though she had gone to sleep saying her prayers, while the quiet smile that softened about her ripe, red lips, seemed to say that her last waking thought had been one of joy and beauty.

"My darling child!" And great tears stood in the old man's eyes, and when he bent his head and kissed her they fell upon her cheeks. Starting as from a pleasant dream, she whispered in low, plaintive tones, "Don't weep, my Fred, I am all your own."

In a moment the father's brow grew stern, and as he dropped the drapery and went out again, he muttered, "It shall not be Fred, though, wilful girl. We'll see who's strongest."

But while he sat and brooded over his dark, unholy thoughts, the little maiden slept on as quietly as though no cloud had darkened her young life, no shadow fell upon her pathway. She dreamed, and her dreams were such as the spring gives to the earth in April, breezy, balmy, flowery and musical with the blended melody of birds and brooks. She awoke in the morning bright as ever, and so refreshed by her quiet night, that she felt strong enough to battle friends and fortune. Her simple toilet over, she seated herself by the window and watched the sunrise, and revelled in the glory of the morning, with its floods of amber light, its countless jewelled dewdrops, its clouds of fragrant incense, its soft pearly mists, its rich golden sky, its opening flowers, glistening meadows and singing birds.

Her father found her there as he came up the stairs and summoned her to breakfast. But when, her young heart full of joy and gladness, she bounded forth to meet him, his cold, dark look struck terror to her, and without speaking, she followed him to the table. It was a quick meal, and Clara was glad when it was over.

"Go back again," said her father, "and do not dare to leave without I say you may."

"And how long must I stay shut up there like a prisoned bird?" she asked with spirit.

"Till you promise to obey me."

"Which means, being interpreted, I suppose, till I will consent to become Mrs. Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins! Good heavens! The name is enough to scare a girl, were the owner of it a saint fresh from the better land. Mrs. Wiggins! Father, I will stay in my room for ever and ever and ever, if need be, but I will never be known by that horrid name."

"You would rather be called Mrs. Fred Ashton, I suppose!" and the old man sneered.

A brilliant blush rushed over the young girl's face, and for a moment she dropped her eyes. Then lifting them, she said, fearlessly, "Yes, sir, I should be proud to bear that name, and God willing, I shall bear it yet!" and turning, she went back to her room.

Something that was strangely like an oath trembled on her father's lips, but suppressing it, he passed to the front door, and locking it, and dropping the heavy key in his pocket and bidding his wife watch the back doors, he went out to his work.

And Clara! Did she sit down and wring her hands and tear

her hair and cry and sob and mourn? Not a bit of it. She made her bed, swept and dusted her room, arranged her toilet-table, looked over her bureau and then sat down quietly to her sewing.

Her father found her busy with it at noon when he called her down to dinner, and when, at two o'clock, he looked in again upon her, he saw her still busy with her pretty needlework.

"You must watch her close, wife, you and the boys, and don't let her know that I am gone;" and with the key of the front door yet in his pocket, he set out for a neighboring town.

For an hour or so Mrs. Havens and little Bill and Jim watched the staircase, but then, weary and sleepy, the mother dropped her knitting-work and fell into a doze, which ere long deepened into a profound nap. A butterfly with speckled wings drew Bill into the garden on a madcap chase, while a bit of string dangling from his mother's work-basket reminded Jim of the trout that gambolled in the orchard brook, and seizing his old hat and diving into his father's desk for a hook and line, the little angler started off, forgetting in his excitement that he had a sister to take care of. She, cunning as a little mouse, had been all the time watching affairs from one of the bannisters, and no sooner was the coast clear, than she came silently down, bonnet and cape on and a little bundle in her hand, and walked out of the open door and down the path and across the meadow and over the stile and up a little green lane.

A cottage, new, neat and tasty, stood at the end, embowered in climbing vines and shaded by two old maples. She paused a moment on the threshold, and her heart went pit-a-pat so strangely that she nearly fainted. Subduing her emotion by a violent effort, she opened the door and went in and passed through to its kitchen. A young man stood there in the act of nailing up a shelf.

"Fred!"

He dropped his hammer and nail, and turning quickly, exclaimed, "Clara, what made you come? You promised you would wait till it was finished. But what is the matter? You look strangely."

"Fred, I have come to bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye! Why, Clara Havens, are you crazy? What do you mean? Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune."

"Afoot and alone?" and her lover laughed.

"Yes, Fred. Can't you say, God speed me?"

"But in earnest, Clara, what do you mean?"

"What I say, Fred. My father is resolved that I shall marry old Tim Wiggins, and has me shut up in my chamber till I will promise to obey him. I have run away, and, as I said, am going to seek my fortune."

"Where?"

"In Philadelphia. My mother has many friends there, and some of them, I think, will shelter me in their home till I can earn my own support."

"It's a good idea, Clara, and you're a girl of spirit to carry it out." And then, folding her in his arms and kissing her crimson cheeks, he said, tenderly, "Good-bye, my darling, and God speed you." And picking up his hammer and nail, he pounded away.

Something very much like tears twinkled in Clara's eyes as she latched the garden gate and went on her lonely way. She had never said it to herself, she had hardly dared to think it, but down in her heart had been a something that told her she would not have to go alone upon her journey—that a strong arm would be offered her to lean upon. But instead, he, her lover, her betrothed husband, indeed, had merely said good-bye. Poor Clara! Her heart grew heavy and her eyes so misty that she could hardly see the footpath.

She went "cross lots" from the cottage to the turnpike, not only because it was nearer, but to avoid being seen by the neighbors. As she climbed one of the fences her dress caught on a rail, and an ugly tear was the result. Ever thoughtful, she had put her needle-book into her pocket, and the rent was soon repaired. But the detention worried her, and she hastened on with quickened steps. She had gained the dusty road, when suddenly, on turning a corner, she came face to face with Fred.

"I thought you might like company," he said quietly, linking one of her arms in his, "and so, packing up my Sunday clothes, I started after you."

Happy Clara! Her heart grew light at once, and smiles—beautiful, radiant ones—played over her face. Happy couple! They had loved each other ever since they had gone hand-in-hand together down to the old red school-house, and the love had widened and deepened and lengthened, until it filled their whole hearts, and they promised to live the one for the other.

Beguiling the way with pleasant reminiscences and blissful hopes, they passed rapidly on, not halting a moment until five miles lay between them and home. A friend of Fred's lived here, and entering at once into the spirit of their flight, he harnessed a fleet horse into a light buggy, and with a "God speed you," put the reins into the young man's hands. Midnight found them at a cousin of Clara's, a young wife, who, blest and happy in her own new life, was only too willing to aid the fugitives. Tarrying only till early dawn, they started once more on their way, taking the less direct and less frequented road along the Jersey shore. All went well with them till they came in sight of Burlington, but then, just as they were congratulating themselves on the good luck that had followed them, a turn in the road brought them in contact with a light wagon containing three men. A single glance satisfied them that it was Mr. Havens, and in an instant, in a tone of authority, he bade them halt, displaying at the same time a warrant and pointing to the two constables who sat beside him. Fred, instead of reining in his steed, whipped him up briskly; but it was of no use—there were three to one. The horse was seized by the officers, and Miss Clara dragged from the buggy by her incensed parent. Fred, ready to play the hero in behalf of his stolen bride, drew a pistol, but Clara, breaking from her father's clasp, or grasp rather, ran to him, and laying her lips close to his ear, whispered earnestly. Magic words they must have been, for thrusting the weapon into his pocket and gathering up his reins, he whistled to his horse, and drove on with an air that seemed to say, "It's a bad bargain, but I'll make the best of it."

Meanwhile Miss Clara, with her father beside her and the two fierce-looking constables in front, was borne rapidly back to her old home.

"There, girl," said her father, as he pushed her into the room, "I reckon you'll stay awhile this time, if bolts and bars will keep you." And closing the door, he locked it, and then fastening the key to that which secured his strong-box, he went his way. One, two, three days passed, and then one, two, three more, and Clara was yet a prisoner. Regularly as meal-time came, Mr. Havens unlocked the door and set in a plate of food, and as regularly asked her if she would marry Mr. Wiggins.

"No, sir, never, never!" was the invariable answer.

"She holds out pretty well," he said to his wife on the seventh morning; "shows more grit than I thought she could, though I always knew she was a full-blooded Havens; but I reckon bread and water and solitary confinement will conquer her soon;" and, taking up the prison fare, he went to the chamber.

She was not in her usual seat by the window, nor was she in the bed, nor were the pillows and quilts rumpled in the least. She was not in either of the closets; she was not in the room, nor in the house. Where was she—where?

Her mother's cheek turned white, and she leaned on the table for support, for there, right before the little mirror, stood two empty phials, each one labelled—*laudanum*!

"You've killed her, yes, killed her!" she screamed. "Oh, my child—my fair, sweet child!" And she fell on the floor in hysterics.

Nearly crazy himself, for he did not know how dear till then that daughter was to his old heart, Mr. Havens aroused the neighborhood and sent it all, young and old, in search of his missing child. But morning brightened into noon, that softened into evening, and no tidings were brought to him of the beautiful one.

With a last, almost despairing hope, he sent for Fred Ashton. Seizing him violently by the hand, he exclaimed, "Where is she—where is my child—my Clara?"

"It is I who should ask," said the young man, sternly. "You tore her from me, when I would have gathered her to my heart as the shepherd does his one ewe lamb. Yes, tore her from me, locked her up, fed her on bread and water, broke

her heart, and all because she would not be a traitor to herself. What wonder that she wearied of life! What wonder that she swallowed the deadly draught, and then, half-frenzied, leaped from the window and hid herself! Dying, she feared you even. O, man, man!" and his eyes glared on the trembling father, "heaven will mete out to you a terrible vengeance."

"For God's sake, do not curse me!" cried the stricken parent. "Oh, Fred, Fred, find her—find my child. Let me look again upon her face, though it be white in death. And Fred—Oh, my boy, if she be yet alive, and you can find her, she shall be all your own—your wife at once. Go, go; young eyes are keen, and if you love her as you say you do you can find her yet."

"And what surety have I, man, that you will keep your promise? You gave her to me once—yes, blessed our vows—and afterward swore she should marry that old miser. Better she should die in the forest, drown in the river, poison herself, hang herself, stab herself, than live to be his wife."

"Boy, boy, you will drive me mad. Here," and he tore a leaf from the family Bible, and catching up a pen rapidly inscribed a few words on it, "here; let this show you I am in earnest; and now go, go!"

Fred read the paper, quietly folded it, placed it in his pocket-book, and without uttering a word went out. All night long they sat and waited for his return, but he came not, nor any message. The long day passed away, and no tidings of the lost one. That terrible suspense, that awfullest ordeal of the soul, how hard it was to bear!

Just at evening a violent storm set in. The lightning flashed, the thunder boomed, the wind rose to a gale and the rain came down in torrents. The children huddled into the darkest corners of the room and hid their eyes and stopped their ears, but the two agonized parents leaned against the windows, looking eagerly out, as though each storm-flash would be a revelation.

It was over at last, that terrible cloud-strife—over entirely, and the stars came out and twinkled with pure, clear beams in the deep blue of the sky. But, alas, the star of hope, brightest of all, did not rise for the two anxious watchers, and with aching hearts they turned away.

There was a hurried footstep on the gravelled walk, a hasty knock, and ere they could answer it the front door swung open, and Fred, drenched to the skin, came in.

"Have you found her—our child?" They screamed, rather than asked the question.

"Yes, yes, I have found her. If you would see her alive, follow me!"

Father, mother and the two little boys hurried after him, scarcely daring to draw a long breath, lest it should detain them from the loved one.

Fred led the way into the little lane and up to the pretty cottage. Opening the door, he motioned them into the parlor. It was a cosy little room, and looked cheery and comfortable to the chilled group, for they had come off bareheaded, and the children barefooted, and had drabbled against the wet bushes till every garment was damp and cold. A little wood fire crackled on the hearth, flushing out a ruddy light and casting a genial warmth. Candles blazed upon the mantel, and on the little round table that stood between the mirrors. Vases of flowers stood on the window-sills, boughs of asparagus drooped over the little mirror, while a basket of scarlet strawberries on the stand in the corner scented the room with a delicious fragrance.

Slowly, for the brilliant light blinded their eyes, so long in the out-door dimness, they gathered in the picture-look of the room and its simple yet fair adornings. They marvelled at it too, for instead of funeral gloom here was bridal brightness.

"Be seated," said Fred, quietly, and left them. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and the silence of the little parlor was undisturbed save by the deep breathings of the expectant family.

Then the door opened, and radiant in girlish charms, robed in snowy muslin, with white rosebuds in her hair and on her bosom, leaning on the arm of Fred, Clara entered the room.

"If you would see her alive," said Fred, but ere he could speak more father, mother and little brothers were gathered about the dear one, and smiles and tears were strongly mingled.

"But where did you find her, my boy?" and the old man's voice was broken.

"That's a secret, my dear sir; but hereafter when you would know of her whereabouts just call on me, for Fred Ashton will always know where his wife keeps herself—eh, darling?" and he pinched the rosy cheek till it was a burning crimson.

"Outwitted!" said the old man, but his tones were far from stern. "And so, to win consent, you frightened your old father by making him believe you had swallowed poison and then jumped from the window and gone into the forest to die. Oh, Clara, Clara, do you suppose I can ever forgive you?"

"Of course I do, dear father," and she nestled her head confidently on his heart. "Only think how tired I was of living on bread and water;" and then she laughed—a merry, musical laugh it was, too, and she looked into his face with such a roguish glance in her black eyes that the old man could hold out no longer, but putting his hands upon her head—and oh, how tenderly—"God bless you, child!"

And that the prayer was heard and registered in heaven seemed evident from the after-life of that young bride and groom, for sunshine beamed ever in that cottage-home, while the only shadows cast there were those beautiful ones made by the rocking cradle.

BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP BUBBLES—A GERMAN SKETCH.

HERMANN AND ST. ANSCHARI.

"Out of nothing nothing comes." This is a true saying possibly, possibly only a quibble, but what is perfectly certain is this, that out of next to nothing a great deal comes. That these things are so, the following fable will show: so I say, as once old Phædrus said.

First we must open the doors of St. Anschari on the eve of the Pentecost festival, not to describe the church, but to prepare our first stage-scene. He who knows St. Anschari with its heaven-aspiring but nevertheless wooden steeple, or, *vice versa*, its steeple wooden indeed, but nevertheless heaven-aspiring, needs not ask for a special description here; and to him who knows it not, suffice it to say that any church he knows in Europe will do almost as well. One door of the church is open; inside, on this day, the eve of the great festival, a woman and one or two other persons are busy with sundry dustings and cleanings. The woman, who has been a little disturbed by the games and noise of her little child, a boy of eight years old, has given him a basin, some soap suds and a pipe, and actually allows the child to blow bubbles not far from the altar, but also not far from the side door which is open. The caution, however, is given that the bubbles must fly low and burst quickly on the mat near, and not ramble about in the church.

This little boy merits attention; a fair-haired boy with blue eyes, he reminds us of about some thousand other children born in this north country; but there is also in the face, although so young, a look of intelligence which would distinguish him if placed in a class of any other fifteen boys taken at random from the boy-population of the old town. He begins to blow his bubbles, and while the other folk work and clean the church, he amuses himself well.

HERMANN'S FLIGHT.

THE folk who were busy in the church were so exceedingly busy, and with what, perhaps, might be called religious gossip, in addition to their work, that they paid little attention to the boy, who, on his part, never deigned to cast a glance on their Herculean toils. Hermann blew bubble after bubble, and each was more beautiful than the last; in this he saw the altar—in the other the organ pipes and the organ-case, and almost imagined that a fairy organ was playing in his bubble; then again in another he saw the tall columns, and beyond all, and more glorious than all, the arched windows gleaming with gorgeous colors. At last he blew a bubble not so handsome as many before, but more compact and durable, and complete in itself; it attracted the attention of the boy by the bold, free and off-hand way in which it acted.

Hermann had been told that each bubble was to fall and burst on the mat near. This bubble, however, as if disdaining to fall at all, and least of all where it might be trodden under foot, made directly for the little door, and thither the boy followed it, pipe in hand and cap on head, for being a delicate child his mother made him wear his cap in the church, which was even in summer agreeably cool. The boy followed the bubble, which sometimes rose a little and sometimes fell a little, but for a long time did not venture to burst; suddenly, however, without any apparent reason, it did burst, and the boy, not knowing this decided, still for a time went on hoping to find it again. Once on the way the boy thought he might venture still further. Often on returning from school he had taken a long walk with his companions, and the chief ways and road he knew pretty well. So he marched fearlessly on for a considerable distance, soon came to the outskirts of the town, left it altogether, and trotted on manfully into the open country, which lay spread out before him. The town Hermann always understood as a sort of school, where people had to learn their lesson, and do their work; but the country was altogether a holiday place, and as it was holiday time, why should not Hermann march on and enjoy himself in the beautiful land, brightened by the sun of May?

MILA AND THE COUNTRY-SEAT.

On that very afternoon on which the boy had been blowing bubbles in the old church, a little girl, Mila by name, had been permitted by her parents about the time of coffee-drinking to play in the large garden adjoining the house, and to run down to the gate that opened on the road to see if her friend and playmate was in sight. She was expecting a playmate from a neighboring house, but no playmate was yet to be seen; the road was deserted, at least of human beings, but Mila saw a butterfly on the opposite side of the road, and ran across to look at it. The butterfly flew into the field near. Mila, who had often been in the field, followed—butterfly before, Mila behind. Now the butterfly had introduced her to other butterflies, especially to one large and handsome creature. To catch this and carry it to her parents was Mila's wish. She had passed into another field, and from that into a road which she did not know. The butterfly was gone, she missed the gate to the field, and trying to find her way, went always further from her home, and always hoping soon to find it, was always disappointed.

She was startled when at no great distance she now saw the houses and spires of old Bremen town, for she well knew she ought not to see them so near. She went on, however, for in the distance she saw some people coming. Two young men came up, laughing and smoking—Mila had no courage to speak to them. An old man came slowly on—she spoke, he was deaf. At last two women came up walking quickly—Mila told her story. "Oh!" said one of the women, "I have just lost my boy; well, this is strange that I have found a lost girl; run back, neighbor, with the little girl to our house. I will go as far as I can, then we will send to the police and tell them we have lost a child, so perhaps to-morrow it will be all right; for it is clear the child is English and cannot explain where she lives." Yes, Mila was an English girl.

THE LOST FOUND.

THE mother went on till twilight darkened, and told every one she met of the fate of her child, but was not so anxious as we might think. The boy often took short walks alone in the town, there was no danger, and he could scarcely go far without being seen by some peasant, and any one in the neighborhood would have done what he could to get the boy safe to his mother. Besides, he might already be come back. She returned, therefore, and found Mila sitting in her room waiting very patiently till some one would come and keep her company. Mila was sadly off because unable to speak much German, the Platt was quite unknown to her; she had spent a good deal of time in crying and then in wiping away the tears she had uselessly shed.

The little English family in the country had been more excited than the good woman in Bremen, but had not acted quite so reasonably. They beat the bushes all night by torch-

light, sent to the neighboring peasants, and made some very romantic expeditions. Towards morning one of the searchers, the English gentleman, stumbled over a little heap of clothes, and at first hoped he had found his daughter, but was much surprised at perceiving it was a little boy with fair hair and blue eyes, and this child, rubbing his eyes, stared with untold astonishment at the gentleman, the bushes and the rising sun. Little could be said, less explained, just then, but the child was led to the house and regaled on hot coffee and abundance of bread and butter; then the little boy recovered his senses a little and could tell his story, which the English people could understand tolerably well. "A most extraordinary circumstance," said the Englishman to his wife, "you shall keep this little boy, a bright child, to amuse you, and I will go to Bremen to-day and warn the police. Our little girl will soon be found."

VISITS.

THE English gentleman had, for affairs of business, settled at first in Bremen, but he and his wife, keeping up their old original taste for a country life, had gone out of the town, and were residing at some distance from the houses and streets to enjoy the fields, the flowers and the fresh air they so much loved.

Their little girl was found once more, but how? Why, at six o'clock in the morning all Bremen had heard of the strange event, and the father had only to inquire to be informed of the present asylum of his daughter. The woman who had taken care of her was more than thanked, and was told to come with them in their carriage. Then all drove off to the country-house, and a happy day was spent.

The children's joy was great, for a large party of friends and of children had been invited there to keep the feast-day. After this an agreement was made that Hermann should come out every week to see his new friends. The lady loved his blue eyes, the gentleman said he was a bright lad, and the little girl felt a sisterly affection for a child whose fate had been so like her own.

One day Hermann met another boy at the house of his friend, and as boys like to talk, they talked together of their sports and their tastes, while Mila sat and listened, and sometimes inclined to one side, and then to the other. Mila, however, could only in part understand German, and Heinrich, the friend, had to try and explain sometimes with a few English words he knew. Hermann had begun to like drawing with a pencil. Heinrich laughed at this amusement, and said it was not to be compared with rowing for a single instant. Hermann thought blowing bubbles a pretty game, but Heinrich laughed still more, and said that he had already learned to smoke cigars. Mila shook her head at the notion of cigars, and inclined decidedly to Hermann's view of things.

These three children, thus talking and playing, managed to spend together some happy days, and then indeed years, for now the father of Mila, taking a favorable view of Hermann's abilities, and fearing that the boy might be quite neglected, sent to a poor school, and in time, perhaps, sink to the grade of a humble workman, determined to help the boy on, and for this purpose sent him to a higher school, provided suitable clothes for him, and on making inquiries of the master, heard that Hermann was likely to become an honor to the place, and amply to repay all the care that had been taken of him.

BIRTHDAYS.

So years passed on, and Mila's fifteenth birthday was approaching. Hermann had prepared his present, Heinrich had also provided one. All the spring and all the summer through Hermann had been indefatigable in the pursuit of butterflies; what he caught he took home to his little room, for he still lived with his mother, and then prepared it, spreading its wings and placing its body on a support. Out of his pocket-money he had managed to buy a little glass case, and in this he arranged the specimens which he had collected of the gay flutterers in the Bremen fields.

Now Mila had already been as diligent, but unknown to Hermann, with her pencil, and many a plant and many a butterfly she had sketched that summer, intending to form a collection some day to be given to her friend.

Heinrich, however, had bought for Mila at a shop a gorgeous trinket—a butterfly of gold and mother-of-pearl fluttering over a flower, and the flower was of silver and held rich perfumes. This was Heinrich's present to Mila, but, much as she admired it, she liked Hermann's better, and waited only for the day when she should be able to give her drawings to Hermann.

The winter was come, and with it soon came the desired birthday. Again these three children were together, and only these three, for many of the wealthier people did not like their children to be friends with the son of the poor widow, and the children themselves would give themselves airs and speak coldly to him. Heinrich, however, though of wealthy parents, liked Hermann, and Mila liked Heinrich for liking Hermann, and so the three were the best friends in the world.

On Hermann's birthday he was with Mila and Heinrich, and when Heinrich had said all that he meant to do in the world, and how rich he intended to become, and what a grand life he should lead, Mila smiled a little and thought him conceited, but Hermann sighed and thought that his own life might be sad and very different from Heinrich's. It was then that Mila brought the pictures, and, first showing them one by one to Hermann, asked him if he would accept them, hoping to please him with her labors.

HERMANN'S PLANS.

HERMANN, too, had plans. The night after his birthday he slept but little. His early days came up before him, and he thought of that afternoon when he chased the bubble and went down the old walls, and still on till he came to the country, and far out on the road had sat down to rest, and then had been overtaken by sleep.

He blew other bubbles now. He would get knowledge. He would ask his kind friends not to leave him, but to lend him money, which in a few years he would repay. With this money he would go to some German university. There working hard, he would become a clever and very learned man. He might become himself a professor, write books, &c., &c. Then of course he should marry Mila; Mila who had taught him to love, who had taught him to speak English; Mila the queen of his affections. What a noble life he should lead! Heinrich's life was not to be compared with it. Heinrich would collect gold pieces and they would fly away like soap bubbles. Heinrich, relying on his manly form and his great wealth, would play with many ladies, and they, finding him a butterfly, would themselves, like butterflies, soon forsake him.

The future is certain for those who are good and brave. So said Hermann, and so he believed. His cheeks flushed with delight and hope. Noble names sounded involuntarily on his lips on that winter night; bright stars were shining, and he had but to lift the curtain from the window not far from his bed, when the infinite universe was unveiled before him as some sublime stage on which a glorious drama is about to be acted.

PARENTS' PLANS.

THAT same night, when Hermann and Heinrich were gone, the parents of Mila sat long talking together, and Mila was their theme.

"If Hermann should consent to enter my counting-house," said the father, "he might, as I have no son to take the business, in time make his own fortune and then marry Mila. I have no proud scruples. He is a good lad, but I fear he will not do as I wish, and then, of course, I won't have Mila married to a poor German pedant."

"And, for my part," said the wife, "if I could consent that my daughter should marry the son of a poor decrepit German widow-woman, the only compensation would be that she was marrying a clever man—a philosopher—very learned and respected. Now, perhaps, Hermann might become that if you would help him."

"Never!" exclaimed the Englishman. "If he will do as I wish him, well; if not, he is obstinate, disobedient and ungrateful. I will never speak to him again."

"And if he is mean enough to give up his studies he shall never come to this house again, or see Mila. I can now tell my friends, if they inquire about Hermann, 'Oh, that is a real genius—a lad in whom we take a deep interest; we think he

will some day be a great man.' But what could I do if he enters your counting-house? I should be obliged to say that he is a poor lad whom my husband picked up in the road one day; his mother used to clean the old church of Anschari."

"Either way he will not have Mila, it seems."

"Perhaps not. Why cannot Mila marry Heinrich? He is rich, not bad-looking—certainly is not stupid, has no bad companions, and would be by no means a bad husband."

"You describe by negatives; but what is Heinrich?—a rich man; but I much fear he will also be a spendthrift; not clever enough to be a great merchant. However, he is wealthy, and if Mila likes him——"

"Now anything will be better than to have our only child the wife of a comptorist brought up and patronized by ourselves. I never thought of danger, for children brought up together seldom fall in love with each other; but lately Mila has grown a little melancholy, and Hermann is always looking towards her when here."

"It must be seen into. To-morrow I shall speak seriously to Hermann and ask him about his plans in life."

"Say nothing about Mila," said the wife.

"No, certainly not."

And so the conversation ended.

BUTTERBROD.

"Yes," said the Englishman, next day, after he had listened to Hermann's statement of his ideas and plans, and wondered at what he called the "cheek" of the boy, "it is all very fine, but I am a man of business—I have heard you, now listen to me. Become a comptorist! Enter my counting-house and learn to make money; do this, and I shall befriend you. Do something else and we may as well say good-bye at once. I shall always think kindly of you, but our road will be apart." What went on in the boy's mind in the space of a few minutes cannot be represented in words; for all dreams and visions, plans and hopes and fears seemed to be concentrated and warring there like thunder-clouds, but the love-like reason of the boy kept the storm within bounds, and then very quietly replied, "Then, sir, I am afraid our roads must be apart." "Good-bye," said the Englishman, and shook hands rather coldly, and as Hermann was leaving he said, "Have you no message for my wife and Mila? You need not trouble to call on them." Hermann's powers of speech were fast going, but he managed to stammer out something about "Love to them both, and his everlasting thanks for all their kindness." Then with dry eyes he was able to march through the streets of the old town from the counting-house of the rich man to his poor mother's humble dwelling. To his little room we will not accompany him; most know what boundless sources and floods of relief the great mother of all mothers has at command for all her children when the business world is away and the unfortunate ones dare to open the floodgates.

The shadow of the tall steeple of St. Anschari was thrown across the whole length of the town, eastward, when Hermann again left his room and descended to his mother's apartment. A neighbor was there, and neither paid much attention to the boy as he entered, for already they were talking of a wedding that was talked of. Heinrich, the heir of a rich merchant, had that day gone to the Englishman's counting-house, and gossip gave the reason that he certainly must have asked for Mila's hand. Hermann, however, asked coldly, as if all were well, for supper, and the mother went to a cupboard, and, bringing out a couple of Bremen biscuits, set them on the table. Milk she had not been able to get, the butter was finished, but there was some good fresh water from the Anschari pump.

"What shall you do, Hermann, now that you have left school?" said the neighbor.

"I shall get a situation as a teacher in some school, and if I have time to read and a little money, shall try and get ready for the university."

"Ah, you are a brave lad," said the neighbor; "but who will take you for a teacher? you are so young."

"Nay, I am seventeen years old," said Hermann, "and when I remember some of the teachers, I do not seem to know so much less than they did."

"Oh, as for knowing," said the neighbor, "I'll trust you there."

"Yes, you may well do that," said the mother.

WHAT MUST BE.

WHAT is and what lies before us we notice, but little think of all that must be. The relations and laws of things condition all things, and there is no nook by which any individual can escape into absolute freedom. Terrible it is to have one's life depending on patrons and princes, yet equally so to have society for our patron and prince.

Hermann resigned his patron, who would only help him to follow a path for which he had no inclination, but the next helper, society itself, was still more cruel in its demands. Heinrich went on brilliantly. He had wealth, a sort of renown. He had nothing bad in him, if there was nothing in him for a philosopher to admire. Why did he not take up his old friend Hermann? He had tried once, and offered Hermann money, who disdained to accept a groat, the more so when he learned from Heinrich himself that Mila was to be his bride.

Hermann was a brave lad and valiantly he fought his way, tiring to unite many different claims. He had read the great authors and knew something of the divine bubbles they so loved to blow, presenting delicious pictures of the ideal and the immortal. The youth loved his mother, and for many years lived with her to help her and provide her with what little luxuries he could—as to necessities, old St. Anschari's descendants granted those. Then the boy had scholastic duties, and these in time increased.

Now as the days passed on, a man, whom all his friends call a fine fellow, was to be seen riding side by side with his young bride, the most beautiful woman in the neighborhood. Heinrich and Mila enjoyed their gay young life, and it matters little what follows. Much they loved life and much they enjoyed it. Hermann often saw them, but always at a distance; they would never insult him with a visit, and he always avoided them. Yet all that he was trying to conceal was doing its silent work within; soon Hermann was taken ill by overwork, and, desolate in his room, his poor old mother watched him.

So goes the way of the world. Hermann is forgotten now. Few know whether he is alive or dead—what matters it? Heinrich and Mila are still happy, and their children are each spring amusing themselves with

BUTTERFLIES AND SOAP BUBBLES.

TRIALS FOR TRAVELLERS IN WALES.—The three luxuries of travelling in Wales—a stout pony, a pleasant companion and plenty of money. Three things which, whoever visits Wales, is sure to take away with him—worn-out shoes, a shocking bad hat and a delightful recollection of the country. Three things without which no man can enjoy travelling in Wales—good health, good spirits and good humor. The three nastiest things in Wales—butter-milk, *cwrw da* and bacon and eggs. Three things that the tourist should not do—travel in the dark, wait indoors because it may be a rainy day and try and keep his feet dry. The three qualifications for properly pronouncing the Welsh language—a cold in the head, a knot in the tongue and a husk of barley in the throat. The three languages which a man may speak in Wales when he does not know Welsh—that of the Chinese, that of the Cherokees and that of the Houhnyhms. The three languages which will carry a man all over Wales without having a word of Welsh—that of the arms, that of the eyes, that of the pocket.—*Blackwood*.

A CURIOUS INN SIGN.—The transposition of Heart and Hart was never more ludicrously exemplified than by a signboard at the little village of Ufton, in Warwickshire, where there is a small inn half-way up the hill, near the church, called the White Hart, and denoted by the figure of a human heart, or rather an ace of hearts, painted in white—at least it used to be so a few years ago—and it was to this little inn that the bodies of the Rev. W. Atterbury and the coachman of the Sovereign London coach from Birmingham were carried after being killed on the spot by the overturn of the coach in the immediate neighborhood.—*Notes and Queries*.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

It may be pretty safely affirmed that Miss Fanny Birch was about as charming a young lady as any likely to be met with in a day's march. Not that she was particularly pretty; other young ladies, her friends, having been known to prove—to their own satisfaction at least—that she didn't possess a tolerably decent feature; nor was she very witty, nor very accomplished, nor very clever; nevertheless, all the items being open to criticism, the sum total was decidedly satisfactory, the resultant Fanny undeniably charming. It is a strange thing, but it is a fact not to be gainsaid, that most Fannies—is that the proper spelling of the plural?—are charming; whether this property of theirs be a cause or a consequence I can't say; whether certain infants in their cradles exhibit such admirable qualities as to render the name too appropriate to be denied them, or whether the appellation, when bestowed, exercises some benign after-influence on its possessor, remains, so far as I know, an open question; all here asserted is that, generally speaking, Fannies are charming and loveable, and that, at twenty-two years of age, Miss Fanny Birch was no exception to the rule.

So thought Matthew Arrowsmith, Esq., aged sixty, her uncle and guardian, who believed in her thoroughly, who gave in to all her numerous whims and fancies, and loved and spoiled her, with considerable energy. Uncle Matthew was a man of some importance in the town of Halton: ex-mayor, present magistrate, common councilman, churchwarden, vestryman, and all sorts of things, the duties attached to such offices gave him some pretence of occupation, he having no business to attend to, and being the possessor of a snug income, stated by those who professed to have means of judging, at two thousand per annum, or thereabouts. Miss Fanny presided over his house, tyrannised over himself in a good-humored but pretty strict way, and, being reasonably looked upon as heiress to her bachelor uncle's possessions, was much esteemed in Halton, both on this account and for her own intrinsic merits. Between her and her uncle, however, at length came that which at some time or another is not unlikely to interpose between most young ladies and their parents or guardians; and which, as being perhaps in the nature of a fate, and therefore inevitable, seems generally to be regarded with equanimity and even complacence.

The "foreign body" in the present instance was no other than a young architect settled in Halton, Charles Bingham by name; he, shortly before this history commences, had made certain tender proposals to Miss Fanny, who accepted them herself as a matter of fact, and referred him respecting them to her uncle as a matter of form. There being no reason for impeaching Charley's morals, manners or position, nor any cause for refusing Mr. Arrowsmith's consent, save his disinclination for parting with his niece to anybody, he had nothing for it left but to ratify the "provisional registration" previously effected; he did so therefore, and at once proceeded to fall into very low spirits.

"Uncle," said Fanny, one night, just before going to bed, "what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me!" said uncle Matthew, "nothing's the matter; what should be the matter with me?"

Formerly he would have been very indignant at such a question, and he now tried to speak in his old way, but it was a dead failure.

"I don't know that anything *should* be the matter with you," replied Fanny; "but most certainly there *is* something. Aren't you well? Have Dr. Pullen—do now, uncle."

"Dr. Pullen be—bothered," returned Mr. Arrowsmith, rather more briskly; "there would be something the matter if he came. I do believe you want to get rid of me—eh, Fan?"

"Don't be foolish," said Fanny; "I want to talk seriously to you. Do you think I can be comfortable, or—or anything, while you look so mopy and miserable? And then, when I ask you what's the matter, you say 'Nothing.' I'm very angry with you—very."

"Well, I don't know as to comfort," said Uncle Matthew, rather maliciously. "I thought you looked pretty comfortable when you were on the sofa there, with Charley's arm round your waist and your heads so close together."

"Don't be rude, sir," said Fanny; "besides, Charles has noticed it, too. He says you don't look like yourself."

"Oh! he's noticed it too, has he?" said Mr. Arrowsmith. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. I'd fancy he only noticed one person in this house; and I don't wonder at it either. Ah, Fan! I don't know what I'm to do without you. I'm afraid I shall have to turn that young man out of doors one of these days, after all. What should you say to that?"

"You're not going to do without me," returned Fanny, sitting down on his knee and putting her arm round his neck. "We're all going to live together; and besides, Charley can wait, and—oh, heaps of things. Don't let such ideas get into your head and put you out; you want rousing. I know what—I shall send to London for Bella Harper and we'll go all sorts of excursions and drives, and you shall be your own old self again."

"So Bella Harper's to keep me company while you and Charley—"

"Now, don't be ridiculous," interrupted Fanny, with a slight blush. "At any rate, if you are left to the care of Bella I shall expect you to be very polite and attentive to her."

"Ah!" said Uncle Matthew, "I'll keep my eyes open and take a few lessons in the meantime; I shall have plenty of opportunities. I wish I shouldn't—no, never mind; I don't mean it. I'm an old fool."

"You're an old love," said the young lady, with which amiable contradiction the dialogue concluded.

Next day, however, Fanny wrote to the before-named Bella Harper, inviting her to pay a visit to Halton; and in due time Bella Harper's affirmative answer arrived, followed shortly by Bella Harper herself.

Now, it may as well be explained here, that Miss Fanny Birch and Miss Arabella Harper had been schoolfellows at the Misses Blade's seminary, where their friendship had not been particularly close; for five or six years, therefore, after bidding farewell to each other and that institution, not the slightest communication took place between them. In pursuance, however, of a long-standing promise, Fanny, on attaining the age of twenty-one, was taken by her uncle on a visit to London, and chancing to meet Bella at a friend's house, an affection sprung up of a much more ardent character than that formerly existing between the young ladies. Having endured, with perfect equanimity and contentment, a separation of so many years, it will surprise no one acquainted with the charming habits and customs peculiar to the age and sex of these affectionate young creatures to be told of their discovery that existence would, for the future, be comparatively valueless without frequent and close intercourse; and accordingly, when Fanny returned to Halton, it was with the understanding that dearest Bella was to visit her very shortly. But a momentous event, already named, occurred, which prevented the fulfilment of this pleasing arrangement, and which, to say the truth, imperilled the very existence of the new or revived friendship—Charles, in short, was promoted, vice Bella, pretty nearly forgotten; and though, when Fanny did chance to remember her dearest friend she was always "going" to ask her immediately, it was not until after the late recorded conversation with her uncle that the important deed was done. More important, it will be seen, than Fanny wotted of, otherwise—but a story must be told by degrees.

Well, Bella arrived; was ardently affectionate towards dearest Fanny, respectfully and timidly ditto towards uncle Matthew, frankly and pleasantly friendly towards Charley, whose acquaintance she was not long in making after her arrival. When he dined there—say two or three times a week—it was astonishing how soon after dinner he managed to slip away to the drawing-room; on other evenings he somehow always happened to drop in just after the young ladies had left Mr. Arrowsmith to his customary allowance of port wine. The night of Bella's arrival there was a sort of state kept up in her honor; the lamp was lighted, then followed "a little music"—that is to say, Fanny played the piano, then Bella played, then Charley sang to Fanny's accompaniment, and so on—excessively pleasant, but possibly a thought dull. Bella yawned once or twice, there could be no doubt, though she did her best to conceal the fact; but then, you see, she had been travelling a great part of the day. As for Charley, when Fanny let him out of

the hall-door, he didn't scruple to say that Miss Harper might be a nice girl enough; but that, in his opinion, she was a nice girl too many—that, as a matter of taste, he thought two people were better company than three, and so forth. Fanny said he was talking nonsense, and the discussion ended in the ridiculously illogical manner which, I am informed, is not uncommon in such cases.

Next evening, however, the proceedings were conducted on a very different system; no light was introduced, but the three sat there together talking till, as dusk stole on, the conversation grew fitful, languid, and finally died away. Fanny and Charley sat very close together, with a book of prints wrong side up before them, so long as the least gleam remained; but when Mr. Arrowsmith at length entered, calling out, "Hallo! all in the dark here—confound that chair! why, Fanny, where are you?" it is a fact that that young lady commenced a number of voluble but rather confused excuses: "It was so much pleasanter talking in the dark, wasn't it, Bella? we were just going to ring for lights," &c., &c. But Bella gave no answer to this appeal, and when the lights were brought it became evident, to Mr. Arrowsmith's great amusement and to the confusion of the other two, that she had disappeared. Away flew Fanny to Bella's bed-room, and tapping at the door, was straightway admitted.

"What's the matter, dear; what made you run away?"

"Oh, I thought I would come and lie down for a short time, dear; I've a slight headache, and—and—"

"Now, Bella, I'm sure that's a story, and you only left us because you thought I—that is we—"

"Because I thought you and Mr. Bingham could do very well without me. Well, perhaps it was: I've not much experience in such matters yet, but possibly you may be able to do me a good turn of the same kind one of these days, who knows?"

"But we can't do very well without you," asserted Fanny: "Charles and uncle are so vexed." Who was telling stories now? "And as for me, if you do it again, I shall be very cross indeed, so rude you must think us to leave you here moping in your own solitary room."

"But you didn't leave me, dear; I came of my own free will."

"Well, don't do it again; now, say you won't, Bella, dear."

"Very well, I won't, only—"

"No, there must be no only's in the matter."

"Well, then, I won't—there."

For two or three evenings, therefore, Bella made a third in the drawing-room. But inasmuch as the game in which Fanny and Charles were engaged is one which cannot, even with the best intentions on the part of the players, be made as interesting to a looker-on as to themselves, it is not to be supposed that a young lady, by no means destitute of resources, would sit for any great length of time complacently and unprofitably contemplating the happiness of her two friends. Accordingly an evening arrived when, after a short sojourn in the drawing-room, and at a time when the conversation had merged from a trio into a duet, Bella arose and made her way to the door. At this movement Fanny, suddenly recalled to a sense of the courtesies, cried out, "Where are you going, dear?"

"Oh," said Bella, quietly, "I shall be back directly," which it will be perceived was not an answer to the question. Being a conscientious young lady, and having promised not to retire again to her own room, Miss Harper, on this occasion, betook herself quietly down stairs, and opened the door of the dining-room.

But it would appear as if she hadn't calculated on finding the apartment occupied, for on seeing uncle Matthew seated quietly before the fire, she drew back, saying timidly, "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Arrowsmith; I didn't know you were here;" which was strange, as she was perfectly aware of his custom, and had left him there not a quarter of an hour previously.

"Come in, my dear, come in," cried uncle Matthew gallantly, "don't let me drive you away; I dare say you don't find the young folk up-stairs the best of company; at least I know I don't; and I can't see why you and I shouldn't league together against them for once in a way."

Bella laughed a quiet, queer little laugh, as she replied, still holding the door in her hand, "I don't know what Fanny

would say to that in the first place, and in the next, I know you're accustomed to sit by yourself after dinner, and don't want me to disturb you."

"Quite a mistake, my dear; at least I didn't sit by myself before that young gentleman up-stairs became so regular in his attendance. Fanny used to keep me company and read the paper to me; and pour out my wine and warm my slippers and I don't know what, and here comes a—well, well, I miss her a good deal; but, I beg your pardon my dear, there's a terrible draft from that door; come in and be charitable to an old man."

So Bella came in and was charitable; informed Mr. Arrowsmith that she should try to act Fanny for once, though she knew she should be so clumsy, insisted on opening and peeling his walnuts with the whitest little fingers possible, poured out the wine, procured the slippers from their peculiar corner and put them inside the fender, read little bits of the *Times* and demanded explanations from the pleased uncle Matthew; sympathised with him on prospective events, praised Fanny, and, in a word, made herself so charming, that when at last she jumped up, declaring that she must go—what would Fanny say? she had no idea she had been so long—he absolutely begged her to stay a little bit longer.

But no, she would neither stay herself nor let him accompany her. "He must enjoy himself another quarter of an hour; she was sure he always took a nap which she prevented;" and was so prettily peremptory that he was obliged to obey. She returned to the drawing-room, whence the time of her absence had probably not been very accurately reckoned by its occupants; and as Fanny never asked her where she had been, she very likely didn't think it worth while to volunteer the information.

Next night, if Mr. Arrowsmith expected to be similarly favored by Miss Harper, he was destined to be disappointed; for she remained in the drawing-room, on the principle, perhaps, of turn about being fair play. But the following evening (and, it may as well be said, pretty regular subsequently) she again ventured to invade the dining-room, and again was uncle Matthew the object of the little delicate attentions of which he had approved so highly on their first bestowal. What with the excursions which took place by day—when Charley always managed, on some pretext, to be of the party, and when, therefore, Miss Harper and Mr. Arrowsmith were left pretty much together—and these evening meetings, there grew up quite a good understanding between that lady and gentleman.

But there must be an end to all things, however pleasant. One evening, when Miss Bella made her accustomed, and it must be confessed, eagerly expected entry into Mr. Arrowsmith's dining-room and presence, her face wore a rather curious expression of expectation and anxiety, which, however, her companion did not notice; and it was, therefore, quite unexpectedly that, after the usual programme for the evening had been gone through, rather more attentively than usual on Bella's part, Mr. Arrowsmith suddenly discovered the young lady, very decidedly and unmistakeably, in the act of "having a good cry."

Quite horrified by the suddenness of this catastrophe, uncle Matthew anxiously demanded its cause, and rose from his seat murmuring something about ringing the bell for Fanny. This however, not being precisely what Bella wished, she prevented by declaring, with a sweet, sad smile, that she was better; that she knew she was very foolish, but that she couldn't help it; that she intended to be very good for the future, and not to frighten Mr. Arrowsmith any more.

"But, my dear," said that gentleman, "I don't know whether I ought to be satisfied with that. I'm afraid something has happened to distress you. It isn't anything Fanny has—"

"Oh! no;" replied the disconsolate one; "Fanny's only too kind, and every one else here; that's it; that's the reason why I"—sobs followed. Mr. Arrowsmith looking considerably puzzled, as well he might, at so curious a provocative of tears—Bella explained, in continuation, that it was the early prospect of being torn from these endearments, which was so dreadful to contemplate; that she now began to wish she had never tasted pleasures which she should soon have to relinquish, without probable hope of their renewal; that she was conscious this

confession might lay her open to the charge of ingratitude; but she trusted her then hearer, at all events, would understand the feelings which actuated her; that she herself should, above all things, miss the pleasant evenings she had been lately in the habit of spending; though she felt it highly improbable that Mr. Arrowsmith would, in his turn, feel any loss at her departure. All this, and more did Miss Harper deliver at greater length than would be feasible here to repeat, to the great bewilderment and partial dismay of her hearer. The contemplation of that gentleman's face, in which these emotions were plainly visible, while he assured her that he should miss her very much—of which fact he had become vividly conscious while she was talking—gave great content to the young lady; which was increased as he went on to protest earnestly that there could be no possible need of her being in such a hurry to run away; that she mustn't think of going yet, and so on.

But on this point she was firm. "It was only like Mr. Arrowsmith's kindness to wish her to stay; but on that kindness she could not think of trespassing; she had stayed too long as it was, it would only be more difficult to leave at last. No! she must go, and Fanny must take her own place again."

"Fanny!" broke out Uncle Matthew, rather bitterly; "that's only poor comfort, my dear; you know how much time she has to give me now. You only make me miss you more by talking of Fanny, which surely couldn't be what Miss Harper wanted to do."

"Oh!" said she, "I am sure that must be because she knows I've been trying to supply her place for a time. Mr. Bingham isn't always here, and—"

"No, only about ninety-nine nights out of a hundred," grunted Uncle Matthew.

"Well, you can surely have them both," suggested Bella.

"Yes, to get into a corner and begin to whisper in ten minutes, so that I feel as I can fancy a man does listening at a keyhole. No, no, my dear, I don't count much on that; I must give in and bear it. I suppose it's natural that old fellows should make way for young ones. I dare say she finds me stupid, and—"

"Oh, no, I'm sure she can't do so," burst out Bella, with a gush. But having thus discharged her full heart, she suddenly became conscious, and hid her face in her pocket-handkerchief. Inasmuch, however, as that screen only covered one eye, she was able to perceive that the effect of this speech was to make Mr. Arrowsmith look keenly at her, then into the fire, then cough, look into the fire again, grow rather red in the face, and finally scratch his head. On this, Bella judged it expedient to sigh and to say, "No! you mustn't take fancies of that kind. I'm quite sure dear Fanny hasn't lost any of her affection for you; but, but—"

"But she's got a great deal more for somebody else, eh?"

No reply for a time, then, softly, "Poor Fanny, you must not blame her; she has never known what it was to be without a kind friend, and doesn't think so much of—of losing one, as those who are not accustomed to—"; and here the young lady broke down again, and a pair of dark eyes shone upon the sympathetically agitated uncle Matthew through a watery veil.

"No, no, don't now, my dear, you really mustn't," faltered the poor gentleman; "don't distress yourself, there, there," patting, as he spoke, Bella's hand, which he had seized in his flurry. Bella made a little movement to withdraw it, but finding it would not forcibly be detained, wisely left it where it was and sobbed violently. This little pantomime lasted for some time, until she felt her companion's grasp sensibly tighten, when she rose and declared she must go and write home to give notice of her approaching arrival.

But Mr. Arrowsmith didn't release her hand as before; no, he began, "Stay, my dear, I—" then stopped, looked furtively into her face, half relaxed his grasp, tightened it again, coughed, and gave evident symptoms of confusion and indecision. Perhaps Bella could have helped him if she would; at all events she didn't, save negatively; that is, she stood quite still and said nothing.

A long pause; at last Mr. Arrowsmith desperately faltered out, "I don't know, my dear, what you'll say to—; I fear

you'll be—; you see I'm so much older than you; why must you—; in short, why need you go away at all?"

Voice from behind handkerchief, "Oh! Mr. Arrowsmith!"

"My dear, I don't know if you could be happy with so old a man, but I can see very plainly that Fanny is as good as lost to me; and, in short, if you can make up your mind to marry me, my dear, I'll always do my best to make you comfortable." (There! the deed was done, and considering that Miss Harper had only been between three and four weeks in Halton, I think any one who doesn't pronounce her an uncommonly clever girl withholds from her her just due.) This last sentence is parenthetical, though somewhat expressive of her own thoughts at this supreme moment. As for her actions and words, she turned upon Mr. Arrowsmith a glance of gratitude and tenderness ineffable, and softly murmured, "Oh, sir! but what will Fanny say?"

At this, uncle Matthew's expression immediately changed to one of great trepidation, and he ejaculated, in a manner hardly complimentary to his fair companion, "Aye, by George, there's Fanny, sure enough; what shall I say to her?"

"Oh!" returned the lady, "I dare say you would rather I should tell her."

"Well, my dear," replied the craven uncle Matthew, "if you would be so kind."

"Very good," said Mrs. Matthew Arrowsmith elect, as cool as a cucumber, "I'll mention it to Fanny."

This last-named young lady, "on with the new love" in the drawing-room, was all unconscious that "the old love" was so rapidly slipping through her fingers in the dining-room; and when, after Charley's departure, Bella concisely informed her of what had taken place, all that poor Fanny could at first say was, "Oh! Bella, you're joking." But on being informed that no joke was intended, she vehemently protested that Miss Harper ought to be ashamed of herself.

"I don't see, dear," returned Bella, demurely, "why I should be ashamed of having secured the regard of so estimable a gentleman as Mr. Arrowsmith, or of taking a step so likely to conduce to our mutual happiness."

"Mutual fiddlestick," retorted Fanny, hotly; "for goodness sake don't talk in that wicked way of marrying a man old enough to be your grandfather."

"Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," said Bella, calmly.

"How you can look me in the face while you tell me of it, I don't know," cried Fanny; "you've lost no time, at all events, since you came into this house; you've undermined my uncle's affection for me, and—"

"Stop, Fanny," began Bella.

"I won't," said Fanny.

"I owe you too much happiness to be angry with you," went on Bella, with dignity; "for if it hadn't been for your forgetfulness of everybody but Mr. Bingham, all this would probably never have happened. Your neglect of me I don't complain of, but that of your uncle, I must say, with every friendly feeling for you, was inexcusable, and you can't wonder at his endeavoring to supply elsewhere the apparent loss of your affection. However, I shall always feel kindly towards you, whatever your conduct to me may be, and I'm sure Ma—Ma—"

"Bella," shrieked Fanny, "if you call him Matthew I'll smack you."

Bella laughed, as being the winner she could afford to do; but she turned rather red notwithstanding, and would, perhaps, have replied sharply, but that at this juncture the cause of the debate appeared on the scene, looking exquisitely sheepish and uncomfortable.

"We—well, my dears?" said he, piteously.

"Oh!" replied his choice, "Fanny is, of course, annoyed at what I have just told her; and I'm sure I can sympathise with her on the change of prospect which—"

"It isn't that," broke in Fanny, indignantly bursting into tears.

"No, no, my dear, of course not; I'm sure Bella didn't mean to say it was. There's enough for all of us, and I've no doubt we shall be very happy," said poor uncle Matthew, dolorously, and looking anything but certain of that contingency.

"Yes; if a clever, managing wife can make you so, you will," said Fanny, viciously, and with strong emphasis on the adjectives.

"It shall always be my study to consider Mr. Arrowsmith's happiness," retorted Bella, to which Fanny vouchsafed no reply, save turning up her pretty little nose—a reprehensible proceeding to which that feature, by reason of its shape, lent itself with remarkable facility.

The conversation was continued to a great length; and, before its close, grew so acrid in tone, that both ladies became melted to tears, and uncle Matthew was reduced to the extremity of despair. However, talking won't alter facts. When Fanny told Charley what had occurred, whatever reasonable disappointment he may have felt at the change in his lady-love's prospects, he didn't show it, but told Fanny he loved her all the better, now that there was only herself to love. And when, in continuation, he proceeded to show that the occurrence was a reason why Fanny and he should get married with as little delay as possible, though she, of course, protested that she couldn't see that, yet it is certain that she displayed much less heat subsequently in discussing the step her uncle had taken. In due time both marriages took place. Whether Fanny will ever be really reconciled to her uncle's wife remains to be seen; that lady, at all events, in default of children of her own, is excessively kind to the little Bingham, who, on their part, cherish none but the warmest feelings towards their "Aunt Bella;" so that there is no telling what may happen in the future through the medium of these young people.

A SCENE IN CHINA.—Happening one day at this time to be in a bamboo forest, I came upon two men engaged in cutting down some fine bamboo trees. Just as I came up with them, a farmer's wife made her appearance from an opposite quarter and was apparently in a state of great excitement. The men, it appeared, had bought a certain number of the trees, which at the time of sale had been duly marked. But in cutting, instead of taking those they had bargained for, they had just cut down a very fine one which was not for sale. The old lady was so excited that she either did not see me, or her anger made her disregard the presence of a stranger. She commenced first in low, short sentences to lament the loss of the bamboo, then louder and louder sentence after sentence rolled from her tongue, in which she abused without mercy the unfortunate men for their conduct. At last she seemed to have worked herself up to a frantic state of excitement; she threw off her head-dress, tore her hair, and screamed so loud that she might have been heard for more than a mile. Her passion reached the climax at last, and human nature could stand it no longer. With an unearthly yell and a sort of hysteric gulp she tumbled backward on the ground, threw her little feet in the air, gave two or three kicks, and all was still. Up to this point I had been rather amused than otherwise, but, as she lay perfectly still and foamed at the mouth, I became alarmed. The poor men had been standing all this time, hanging their heads and looking as sheepish as possible. I now looked round to see what effect this state of things had on them. They both shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and went on with their work. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I came back to the spot to see how matters stood—she was still lying on the ground, but apparently recovering. I raised her and begged her to sit up, which she did with a melancholy shake of the head; but she either could not or would not speak. In a little while afterwards I saw her rise up and walk slowly and quietly home.—*Robert Fortune.*

SNAKES AND PEAFOWLS.—The peafowl is the natural enemy not only of the adder, but of every kind of snake found in our island. A friend assures us that some years ago he witnessed the following curious scene in Gloucestershire. His attention was attracted one morning by the loud call of a peacock, which was followed by the immediate flight of its congeners to the spot whence it proceeded. Upon arriving there himself the birds were encircling an adder, and each striking it on the head in turns. The reptile was coiled up, and apparently had just died. The blows had all been given close to the orifice in the neck (the ear), which was very much lacerated.—*Notes and Queries.*

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

EVERYBODY knows that the Husband's Commandments embrace everything in general. An exchange paper sets down for us what the wife may reasonably require of her good man :

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.
Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.
Honor thy wife's father and mother.
Thou shalt not fret.
Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.
Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern ; thou shalt not covet the tavernkeeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum-seller.
Thou shalt not visit billiard halls.
Thou shalt not stay out after nine o'clock at night.
Thou shalt not grow peevish, and contort thy beautiful physiognomy because of being called on to foot store bills, which thy dear wife has made out without thy advice or consent ; for verily she knows the want of the household.
P. S.—Thou shalt not set at naught these commandments of thy wife.

A very good post scriptum.

Many beautiful women when walking in the streets seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.
Just so. Two hours at the toilette—a walk—and a long story of "those rude fellows who stared so."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The name of the gorgeous French palace of Tuileries was derived from the circumstance, that where the palace stands was the site of an old manufactory of tiles (tuilleries), as if one should say the tile-house.

Oxford, the name of the celebrated English seat of learning, has a derivation equally humble ; Oxford is only the ox-path across the river. Bosphorus is a high sounding name in the Greek language—but what is it, in the English translation, but bull-path, or ox-ford.

Jinks says that Boston's in the same kit ; 'twas only named so after some boss shoemaker.

Every one speaks of Poor Richard, but few have read him. Below we give the cream of the whole of his wisdom—that is to say of Franklin's wisdom—though they were selected—not written by him :

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

Take this remark from Richard poor and lame, whate'er begins in anger ends in shame.

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.
Law, like cobwebs, catches small flies, great ones break through before your eyes.

If pride leads the van, poverty brings up the rear.
God heals, and the doctors take the fees.
Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it but at another's expense.

He that would live at peace and at ease, must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse.
The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Against diseases here the strongest fence is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

Tart words make no friends ; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.
Beware of little expenses ; a small leak will sink a great ship.
An ounce of wit that is bought is worth a pound that is taught.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.
Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held by treaties and pack thread.

What maintains one vice will bring up two children.
A mob's a monster, head enough but no brains.

Nothing is humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.
When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and tumbled out of the saddle.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change of the moon.

He that has a trade has an office of profit and honor.
A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.
Plough deep while the sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, write something worth reading or do something worth writing.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.
Scarlet, silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.
The first mistake in public business is the going into it.

The idle man's the devil's hireling—whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

He's a fool that makes his debtor his heir.

Never take a wife till thou hast a house to put her in.

Love well, whip well.

Hunger never saw bad bread.

Great talkers, little doers.

A rich rogue is like a fat hog, who never does good till as dead as a dog.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough not one.

Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practise, the other half practise what they censure. The rest always do as they ought.

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones—the difference is only in the price.

If a man could have his wishes he would double his trouble.

Christianity commands us to pass by injuries ; policy, to let them pass by us.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy tell it not to a friend.

A TOUGH STORY.

Col. Meek, of Oregon, has rather a pompous way of talking. Some years ago, while conversing with a couple of British officers at Vancouver, he dilated largely and eloquently on the changes he had witnessed since he came to Oregon. One of the officers, thinking he saw something rather green, asked him, with deflected seriousness, whether he had seen any changes in nature itself—whether the rivers had deflected from their accustomed channels or the mountains had changed their configuration? The colonel saw that the officer had mistaken him, and resolved to follow the sage advice of answering a fool according to his folly. "Oh, certainly, sir," said the colonel. "You see that mountain!" pointing to Mount Hood, whose summit, some fourteen thousand feet above sea level, stood only some sixty miles distant. The officer replied that he did. "Well," resumed the colonel, "there's a mountain in Oregon compared to which Mount Hood is only a hole in the ground!"

Who comes next? Beat that who can.

It is odd when we realize that after all that is said of poetry's appealing to the soul, so much of it is really a matter of sound. Some of the finest and most quoted verses in existence owe their popularity to a subtle music of intonation. *Punch* found this out years ago, and it cannot be denied the following which we clip from the New Orleans *Del'a*—one of the most readable of readable papers—is really very much inspired so far as vowels and liquids go :

POEM IN THE STYLE OF NAT LEE.

Majestic squirrels leap from frenzied boughs,
And flood the world in angry chestnut brown,
While lurid insects form the tails of cows,
And weep in anguish for a graphic town.

Uncertain Folly clips the snowy mead,
And Fashion laughs behind a cloud of chairs ;
But who shall all these starving people feed,
If angels' whispers bellow down the stairs?

Bring me a boat ! and let her arrowy stern
Be built of mustard from a field of corn !
Bring forth the water-spout, and let it burn
Until a thunder-clap usurps the morn.

Fried are the azure mackerel and perch,
That erst did fly about the mountain's brow,
And should we leave to-morrow in the lurch,
Because a cat has twenty kittens now?

No ! doubly cursed are pallid bolts of ink,
Or, rather, all our thoughts grow stale in grief,
Catching the gory ashes of the pink,
And splitting fury as they take a reef !

Fly, desecrated Mammon, from thy steed,
And hang a carpet on the moon's last horn,
So all the world shall know a newer creed,
And unknown quantities of babes be born.

Rise ! whirling Athens, from the spoonbill's wing,
Before the morning spreads its starry tail ;
Let all the negro minstrels madly sing,
And blood and thunder howl along the gale !

Oh, noble truth ! be this my latest song—
Though all men rail against the gift of speech—
That mercy finds its conquest in a gong,
And love lies buried in a brandy peach !

The following moral tale illustrates the uncertainty of a popular method of acquiring information :

FINDING OUT HIS NAME.

In passing through the town of B——, Putnam County, Indiana, in 1852, in search of a place for merchandise, I stepped into the

store of B—— and C—— to make some inquiries concerning the village. It was at the time when ventilated hats were in full blast. I was invited to a seat on the counter. Mr. C—— was very talkative, and in his remarks he addressed me as Mr. Gossamer. After some conversation I notified him he was mistaken in the name.

"Smith is my name, sir."

"Ah, excuse me, sir! I thought it was Mr. Ventilated Gossamer." It is useless to say I had on one of Hayes & Cray's best, and upon the lining was inscribed in elegant gilt letters, "Ventilated Gossamer."

But there's a better one than that, out. An American gentleman was annoyed at finding himself addressed at the Prefecture as Monsieur Varanti Solezer. They had read his name from his trunk, "Warranted Sole Leather."

Being a nuisance to all the world doesn't seem to hinder some people from piling on piety very thickly. Some days since, on one of the Sundays during the past week, one of our cotema, "chanced to be in company with several eminent divines"—wasn't invited we presume—and heard the following:

"I was," said the reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago, during a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory."

"The worthy gentleman thus interrupted, immediately replied, 'Good Lord, stick it in and let her go, she's but a trouble here.' That quieted the old lady."

If something would only quiet the individuals who ostentatiously howl and grunt the responses in certain churches! How they do loud up, to be sure. Should this meet the eyes of any of these halloo-ers who cry to be heard of men, let them remember that the gentler the whisper the more distinctly is it heard above. Only give it the distinctness of sincerity and it will go further than the loudest shout, just as the little π of a real Cremona in an orchestra may be distinguished at a distance where the bassoons only yield hoarse, confused murmurs.

CONUNDRUM.

Can you tell me why
A deceitful eye
Can better descry
Than you or I,
Upon how many toes
A pussy cat goes?

ANSWER.

The eye of deceit
Can best count'er-feit,
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes.

Our readers have heard the phrase "acknowledge the corn," and it may interest them to know how it originated. Here's the tale:

TALL CORN.

We grow tall corn in America. The world is beginning to find it out. Every year brings the fact more and more to the perceptive faculties of all civilised humanity. Like all great truths, it did not gain credit at once. True, everybody sees it here with his own eyes, but not so on the other side of the water. The first accounts of the productiveness of our Western prairies were read by our Buckinghamshire farmers with about as much respect as the fish stories of the sailor Sinbad. It took even the highest dignitaries of the land a long while to get fairly up to a level with the actual fact. Even at this day there is an ear of corn in the British Museum which enjoys a very distinguished consideration as a curiosity. It divides attention, we do not say equally, but certainly fractionally, with the Nineveh bull and the great Kohinoor. It is a perfect marvel to our good cousin John Bull; and yet it is not a very extraordinary ear of corn after all. It reached its present distinction something in this wise:

In the month of January, 1856, at a certain dinner party in London, at which Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth and many other distinguished men were present, the conversation turned upon the Irish famine; and the remark was made by Lord John that he rejoiced that so good a substitute for the native breadstuff had been found as Indian corn. Turning to Mr. Bates, the American partner in the house of Baring Brothers, his lordship went on to say:

"Why, Bates, some of the cobs have twelve or fourteen rows of grain on them."

Mr. Bates coolly replied, "Yes, my lord, I have seen from twenty to twenty-four rows on a cob."

"That is a rare Yankeeism," was the pleasant retort of the premier, and the whole company shouted in approval.

The burst of merriment over, Mr. Bates bought his peace by the wager of a dinner for the company all round that he could produce such an ear.

"Done!" exclaimed Lord John, and the bet was clinched.

The dinner passed off. Mr. Bates returned home, but not entirely at ease. He had done a strange thing; for the first time in his life he had made an engagement he was not absolutely certain of his ability to fulfil. He had misgivings that he had rashly pledged the honor of his country. It had been long since he had looked upon

an American crib; and however patiently he winnowed the corn-copia of his memory, he found that the cobs of his early days had gone glimmering through the lapse of time among the things that were, and were now so far off that he couldn't count the rows. He was, as Plantus would say, *reductus ad inirita*—in Yankee parlance, "hard up." But fortune favored the brave. It happened that a friend of ours dropped in the next day at the counting-house of the Barings. Mr. Bates, with brightening face, hailed him and made known his difficulty.

"You are safe," was the response. "If I live to get home, you shall have even a bigger ear than you have promised."

Our friend G—— soon returned, and straightway wrote to Messrs. Rogers & Reynolds, Lafayette, Ind., telling the story, and begging them, for the honor of the country, to come to the rescue and turn the tables on Lord John, showing them what Yankees could do.

In the July following Mr. G—— received by express from Lafayette a nicely arranged box, containing six ears of horse-tooth corn, two of which had twenty-nine rows, two thirty-one, and two thirty-two. The box was forthwith addressed to J. Bates, Esq., care of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., shipped by the Black Ball Line. It reached its destination, and Lord John Russell (First Lord of the Treasury, third son of the late Duke of Bedford by the second daughter of George Viscount Torrington, and lineal descendant of Lord William Russell, the martyr of liberty) "acknowledged the corn."

The dinner was won, and Joshua Bates did not perpetrate a "Yankeeism," and the British Museum holds the trophy. *Vive la République!*

We clip the following from the New York *Herald*:

BIRTH.

LOCKE.—At Quarantine, Staten Island, on Wednesday evening, August 22d, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Richard B. Locke was safely delivered of a son.

When first the moon displayed her curious stock,
She chose as consul Richard Adams Locke;
The consul's generation, not to be outdone,
Has now concluded to show up the sun (son).
The moon on mortals played so many jokes,
The sun's determined this shall be no hoax.

Are you a smoker? Read the following:

EXTRAORDINARY SMOKING MATCH.

Mr. Goodman, a gentleman well known in all turf circles undertook a short time back to smoke one pound of strong foreign regalias within twelve hours for a wager of £20 a side. The conditions were that the smoker should smoke each "weed" one at a time, fairly out to within an inch, the backer of time finding the cigars. The match came off on Saturday, the 7th inst., on a steam-boat plying between London and Chelsea, the smoker taking his seat at the bow like an ordinary passenger. The cigars ran eighty-six to the pound, so that the smoker had to consume eight an hour to win his wager. The task was commenced at 10 A. M., and terminated at 7.20 P. M. In the course of nine hours and twenty minutes seventy-two cigars were fairly smoked out, the greatest number consumed being in the second hour, when the smoker disposed of no less than sixteen. At the seventy-second cigar, when fourteen only remained to be smoked, the backer of time gave in, finding that Mr. Goodwin was sure to win, and the smoker blew the remaining quantity in gentle clouds at his leisure in the course of the same evening. The smoker declares that he felt not the slightest difficulty or unpleasantness throughout his nine hours and twenty minutes work, and calculates that if the match had gone on to the end he should have won by half an hour. The only refreshment taken during the progress of the match was a chop at two o'clock, the eating of which occupied twenty minutes, and a gill and a half of brandy in cold water at intervals during the smoking. The betting, when the match was first made, was six and seven to four against the smoker; but, after a public trial at the White Bear, Piccadilly, when the smoker consumed an enormous eightpenny cigar in three minutes, offers were made to bet six to four against time. It should be mentioned that the cigars were of the first quality.

We never heard of but one case to beat this, and that was when Mynheer Niklaus Henckemysel smoked with the devil. We regret to say that Mr. H. got the worst of it.

THE IRISHMAN'S MARRIAGE.

Quite recently an Irishman met a brother Patlander who had, but a day or two previous, entered the matrimonial state, and accosted him with:

"Well, Patrick, faith an' sure, an' I heerd ye'd got married; an' is it a thrue story they're after tellin' on ye's this time?"

"Av coorse it is, Dennis."

"Be jabers, an' who, in this blissid land o' freedom, have ye made happy, that is, who'd ye git married to?"

"Och, blatherashion, to me wife, to be sure; d'ye s'pose I'd be after marryin' inn'ybody else's wife, an' committin' bigamy?"

The bystanders were much edified.

It is not often that a work appears which is really worth reading, marking and inwardly digesting. Such is, however, a volume entitled "Guesses at Truth," just published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston—a work written with singular purity, and very

capable of refining both thought and style of expression. The following extracts from it are well worth reading:

DISSIPATION.

Literary dissipation is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world than sensual dissipation. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and as heart-hardening as mere sense; and the union of the two, when uncontrolled by the conscience, and without the softening, purifying influences of the moral affections, is all that is requisite to produce the diabolical ideal of our nature. Nor is there any repugnance in either to coalesce with the other; witness Iago, Tiberius, Borgia.

UNDERLINING.

"In good prose (says Frederic Schlegel) every word should be underlined." That is, every word should be the right word; and then no word would be righter than another. There are no italics in Plato. "What?" asks Holofernes; "did Plato print his books all in Romans?" In mentioning Plato, I mentioned him whose style seems to be the summit of perfection. But if it be objected that the purpose of italics is to give force to style, which Plato, from the character of his subjects, was not solicitous about, I would reply, that there are no italics in Demosthenes. Nor are there in any of the Greek or Roman writers, though some of them were adepts in the art of putting as much meaning into words as words are well fitted to bear. Among the odd combinations which chance is ever and anon turning up, few are more whimsical than the notion that one is to gain strength by substituting italics for Romans. In Italy, one should not be surprised, if for the converse change a man were to incur a grave suspicion of designing to revive the projects of Renzi, to be expiated by half a dozen years of *carcere duro*. Nay, the very shape of the letters would rather lead to the opposite conclusion, that *morbidzza* was the quality aimed at.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide-spreading oak or elm or ash, its gray church-tower, its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest, its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayward traveller, wearied by the interminable hedge-walls with which "restless ownership"—to use an expression of Wordsworth's—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon.

RIGHTS OF THE BODY.

The body, too, has its rights; and it will have them. They cannot be trampled upon or slighted without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend and cordial, dutiful helpmate. Many of the studios, however, are neglected to make it so; whence a large part of the miseries of authorship. Some good men have treated it as an enemy; and then it has become a fiend and has plagued them as it did Antony.

BALANCES.

The balance of powers in the human constitution has been subverted by that divorce between the body and the mind which has often ensued from the seductive influences of civilization. The existence of one class of society has been rendered almost wholly corporeal, that of the other almost solely intellectual; but intellectual in the lowest sense of the word, and so that the intellect has been degraded into a caterer for the wants and pleasures of the body, instead of devoting itself to its rightful purpose—the pursuit, the enforcement and the exhibition of truth. Moreover, the pernicious, debilitating tendencies of bodily pleasure need to be counteracted by the invigorating exercises of bodily labor; whereas bodily labor without bodily pleasure converts the body into a mere machine and brutifies the soul.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and a witty one will often do very much the same. *Videlicet*—

Colonel Jones and Major Smith would occasionally get on a spree, and their frolics were often protracted until late in the night. On such occasions their pleasure was frequently damped by the thought of their wives at home, who, like Tam O'Shanter's good dame, sat nursing their wrath to keep it warm. One night, after having kept up their frolic until a late hour, they returned home, when Colonel Jones found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm. The colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the righteous indignation of his better-half. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees, with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Smith! Poor fellow!" His wife kept silence as long as possible; but at last, overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired, in a sharp tone, "What's the matter with Smith?" "Ah!" says the colonel, "his wife is in the sulks with him now." Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke, and her wrath dissolved.

THE MURDER OF JOHN LOVE.

"The mournful and pathetic ballad on the murder of John Love"—an old ditty, and thought to be lost, has been recovered and reprinted by the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. Here it is—as direct in its narrative as a Newgate Calendar Story:

In England some years ago
the sun was pleasant fair and gay
John Love on board of a ship he entered
and said in to a merica

Love was a man very perceiving
in making trades with all he see
he soon ingaged to be a sailor
to sail up and down Lake Eri

he then went into the Southern countries,
to trade for furs and other skins
but the cruel French and savage Indians
came very near of killing him.

but God did spare him a little longer
he got his logging and come down the lake
he went into the town of lockport
Where he made the grate mistake

with Nelson Thayer he made his station
thru the summer for to stay
Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Israel
Love lent them money for thare debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of money
he did befriend them every way
but the cruel creturs tha couldnt be quiet
till they had taken his sweet life away

one day as tha ware all three to gether
this dreadful murder tha did contrive
tha agreed to kill Love and keep it secret
and then to live and spend thare lives

on the fifteenth evening of last december
in eighteen hundred and twenty four
tha invited Love to go home with them
and tha killed and murdered him on the floor

first Isaac with his gun he shot him
he left his gun and went away
then Nelson with his ax he chopt him
tell he had no life that he could perceive

after tha had killed and most mortly bras'd him
tha drawd him out whare tha killed thare hogs
tha then carried him of a pease from the house
and deposited him down by a log

the next day tha ware so very bold
tha had Loves horses riding round
some asked the reason of Loves being absent
tha sed he had clered and left the town

tha sed he had forgd in the town of Erie
the sheriff was in pursuit of him
he left the place and run awa
and left his debts to collect by them

tha went and forgd a power of turney
to collect Loves notes when tha was due
tha tore and stormed to git thare pay
and seval nabors tha did sue

after tha had run to high degree
In killing Love and in forgery
tha soon were taken and put in prison
whare tha remained for thare cruelty

tha were bound in irons in the dark dunjon
for to remain for a little time
tha ware condemd by the grand jury
for this most foul and dreadful crime

then the judge pronounced thare drefdul sentence
with grate candidness to behold
you must all be hanged untill your ded
and lord have mursey on your souls.

It is said that

"Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from the closet or the cloister beams of intellectual light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon that, far removed from the ocean and shining upon it with a serene light, is yet the chief cause of all the eddyings and flowings of that world of waters."

They have, it is true—but that style of performance is becoming every day more of the "have" and less of the "are"—more of the past and less of the present. In this day and age practical familiarity with life as well as books is constantly becoming more and more essential to great results. Success in achieving great things demands, as the world advances, a stricter adherence to the middle course between active life and abstract thought—between observation and study. *Medio tutissimus ibis*.

"Personals" are a great institution, and those of the New York *Herald* are in no respect inferior to the average article as discovered in any part of the world. See!

PERSONAL.

Amare, e non essere amato, e tempo perduto.

Think of it for a moment. What is it that we poor fellows love? We love, if one may judge for himself over his cigar, gentleness,

beauty, refinement, generosity and intelligence, and far above these a returning love, made up of these qualities, and gaining upon yours, day by day, like a sunny morning on the frosts of night. W. E. D., Box No. 982, Albany.

John Green loves thee. Without you no happiness. Love him little, but love him long.

Mrs. E. M.—Don't bother poor Uncle Ned any more. He is sick. ("Sick," you know.) EUGENE.

P. T. B.—Come down. W. S.

First Lieut. Joe — Things are progressing well. Be sure to come on Thursday. The number is 74. COL. CHARLES.

Ida.—I will meet you at the same place on Thursday, at 4 P. M. GILBERT.

If the lady who took the subscriber's ambrotype will return it, she will be rewarded by seeing the original of the same. G. F.

Bertha.—Your letter is received. I will be home at 12 o'clock to-day. PHIL.

Flora T.—Yours received. I was there, but could not see you. When shall I write again? M. D.

Grapes.—Be on board the yacht *What Is It?* for South river. By order of CAPT. HOP.

T. S. T.—The young man who called on his mother last Thursday night to say he was going to see her, she (his mother) is afraid he has forgotten, as he is lost with the gigger in Hudson avenue, near the Jackson ferry.

Uncle Ned, uncle Ned,
Have you forgotten me?
Or why not, as you said,
Tuesday or Wednesday at half past three?—Mrs. E. M.

Joe.—Why did you not come back last night? Come Saturday night. I wish to see you. S.—L.—E. W.

Miss Linden will find a second letter to her address at Station B. Grand street, from C.

Minnie.—Will be at hotel this afternoon at 4 o'clock. S. P.

Rose Montague.—I will be in New York 25th August. Shall I meet you at our park on that day at two? ORSON.

Love and money, trickery and rascality—what a world we live in to be sure!

To which we may add the following from the *Tribune*:

Ye.—I. M. B. B. A., challengeth ye high cockolorum. He defieth ye Parveyor and ye Commander, and flingeth down ye gauntlet to all ye faithful Bootjacks.

There is such a thing as very delicate hits, and the *Tribune* sometimes mingles them with its trenchant slashes—vide the following example:

Mr. Charles Reade is, perhaps, the brightest example of literary magnanimity and honesty before the young writers of the day. The same just respect that he demands for his own writings he is scrupulous to accord to those of all other members of his profession. Thus, the title page of his new and trenchant work upon the Dramatic Copyright Law, when it was presented to his American publishers, was inscribed, "The Eighth Commandment; by Charles Reade." Before, however, the MS. was committed to the printers, Mr. Reade wrote to the literary member of the firm, requesting that the title-page should be changed, so as to avoid the possibility of doing injustice to Moses! But still there is a weakness somewhere in the inscription as it now stands. "The Eighth Commandment, Charles Reade." There is but one happy way of viewing the emendation. Paraphrase the title, and remove the obstruction of a single period, which is evidently out of place and uneasy, and the delicate genius of the favorite Mr. Reade most strikingly appears: "Thou shalt not steal Charles Reade."

Our excellent cotemporary the *Mobile Register* has a literary correspondent of more than ordinary, in fact, of decidedly extraordinary ability. In "D. L. C.," a critic whose wide range of erudition and observation, whose wit and fearlessness would not be out of place in the first British reviews. A late article by "D. L. C." devoted to Victor Hugo, if volumed with corresponding essays, would give a literary character worth having. Speaking in this article of the intensely real character of the much talked about but little read Norse poetry, the writer says:

And who that has ever read with his whole soul the poetry of the Scandinavians, but has lived over again in an hour of quiet and solitude the burning, fierce, untamable pride and splendor of cruelty and unconquerable will, and whole, wild strength of the Aual, whose song rang out boldly over the Northern cliffs and the Northern seas: where the ravens walked in "rivers of blood," and the "clash of the hard steel upon the helmet" was the sweetest music to Odin's sons. Poetry to the Norseman was no refining influence; it was not as Poe would have it, "the rhythmical creation of beauty," it was his tool, his spear, his sword, his wine; with it he rushed to battle, to the feast, even to the Valkyrs and the hall of Odin. Hear the death song of Regnes Lodbrog, when the serpents were eating in the "hall of his beauty:"

"Laughing I die."

Has an Englishman ever written such a line as that; from his heart too, as the Norseman did? Has a Frenchman, or an Italian, or an Arabian, or a Spaniard, ever dared so far? No, because these have never lived in the high latitudes, never knew the life of a wolf, never worshipped Odin. And yet the Norse strength, and a tinge of the Norse fierceness would be no unwelcome ingredients in the literature of the nineteenth century.

The following eccentric ballad is richly American:

THE COLONEL.

HE lay stretched out on an old pine log,
By his one-eyed horse and his bob-tail dog,
And his breeches were showing by many a rent
That their lease, though a long one, was almost spent.
And as *real estate* you might class his shirt,
For its cotton was long since buried in dirt;
And the brim of his broad-brimmed beaver was gnawed,
But it was broad-brimmed still, for the brim was *a-broad*.

The rays of the sun were pouring down
On the place where his hat should have had a crown.
With emotions of pity I drew near his bed,
And, gently to wake, I punched at his head
With the point of my fishing-rod ten feet long,
For you see the Colonel was burly and strong;
And as he turned over he slipped off the log,
And he fell on the back of his curtained dog.

The quadruped howled, the biped bawled,
Then lazily back to his bed he crawled.
"Awake, thou who sleepest—awake thee!" I cried;
"Oh, man, while thou slum'st, is passing the tide,
Which, taken when rising, will bear thee to fame—
Will lead thee to fortune—will gain thee a name."
He grunted out something—perhaps 'twas a damn,
And said, "Not so drunk as you think I am."

He winked his eye and he scratched his head,
And (omitting the oaths) this is what he said:
"Hello, Squire's, that you? Did you think I was drunk?
Because I laid here on this old pine trunk?
A greater mistake, sir, you never have made,
I was only waiting to make a horse trade;
Old Shepherd will come here, and thinking me slung,
I'll take him for fifty, or may I be hung."

I left him there on his old pine log,
By his one-eyed horse and his bobtail dog,
And I thought to myself, as I sauntered away,
How many are sleeping and losing the day
As we think. But not so, for if they do sleep
'Tis only with one eye, the other doth peep;
In a moment they're ready, with might and with main,
To seize the occasion some profit to gain.

It is very seldom that "summer letters" are worth much, but the following from the *Boston Transcript* contains several curious comments:

LETTER FROM THE JERSEYS.

August, 1860.

MY DEAR *Transcript*—Have you seen or heard, or has anybody told you, what my bad manuscript and your clear types made me say in my last? The picnic-basket was rendered "frog-basket." Think of that, Master Brooks! Think of that, running brooks!—no, not running brooks; but brooks here all walk, and especially delight the frogs. Hence there seemed high treason in my letter, and the intimation that we in Jersey eat frogs! Did you never hear of Jersey veal? And the best that can be said for frog, after all, is that he resembles feebly, when butchered and dressed, the insipid meat of a calf. Perhaps *Æsop* took the hint for his fable from this fact; for *Æsop*, you know, carried the "prog" basket. Prog is the word, not frog. Webster gives it, Burke uses it, and Swift and Congreve. Thus the latter:

While spouse, tucked up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog, like trull with budget.

So is it found in many more old writers. But don't think me setting up for a man of wide reading, emboldened by high examples to use a low word. My recollection of it was in two lines (all I can remember) of an old Yankee political ditty:

His cornstalk fiddle and his prog,
His military breeches.

Who wrote that? Who is referred to? Where did it first appear? Let some of your local antiquarians answer these questions, while I set you right on a mistake made, and of course printed by some Yankee traveller, relative to Philadelphia. He says it is the custom in that city to hang black ribbons from the windows for several months after a death, which "gives whole squares a very gloomy appearance."

Now, whole squares in primitive Philadelphia, where innovation has not crept in, have to a stranger a very dull look, with their white marble steps and sills and white warehouse blinds of shutters. These shutters are "bowed," as it is termed, to keep out the sun and admit the air. They are tied usually with white cords and tassels. When a death takes place black ribbon is substituted, except by the "Friends," who make no change, but merely keep the shutters constantly bowed for a season. Some cord or ribbon is neces-

sary; but while Philadelphians may seem to strangers as giving in this one respect too ostentatious a sign of mourning, in others they show far less. The influence of the Friends has very much prevented what is called "deep mourning" in apparel.

There is a wonderful variety of customs in our country, as must needs be expected from the great variety of the circumstances and origin of the people. This strikes me just now in the frequency of "camp meetings" among the Methodist Christians. You hardly hear of such things in New England; but if you travel in our public conveyances you are sure to meet parties *en route* to some such gathering. Those in charge have adopted the very good rule to close the grounds on Sunday, to prevent the disturbance caused by such as come to scoff. Still confusion cannot always be avoided, and is especially frequent when the camps are conducted by African Methodists. A friend of mine passing a colored camp the other day was tempted by natural curiosity to stop his horse and alight to listen. He received, from the misfortune of his pale face, a share of the rebuke which was being administered by the sable preacher. "Now," said the orator, "I no doubt you call dis a camp meetin'. P'raps it is; but judging from what I see, I calls it a *scamp* meetin'!" My friend suddenly departed, lest anything should be said to diminish the relish with which he enjoyed that best joke since "Bass" flourished, if not indeed since the time of Joseph Miller, Esq.

BOSTON BOY.

Our city contemporary, the *World*, abounds in curious learning and good reading. Among its odd paragraphs we find the following explanation of a popular term:

THE TERM "DOUGH-FACE."

[From the *Windsor (Vermont) Chronicle*.]

John Randolph is credited, by the *Baltimore American*, with the invention of the term "dough-face." It says that the true rendering is doe face, and that Randolph applied it to a class of politicians who are like the doe or female deer, which is frightened by seeing its own face reflected in a streamlet. Certainly the spelling first given seems quite as pointed, bearing, as it does, on the facility with which the faces of timid public men are moulded to express the safest view of an exciting popular issue.—*The World*.

We do not suppose it is possible to change the prevalent notion at the North about the significance of the term *dough-face*. We are not acquainted with the *thing*. As known among the young folks in Virginia it is a plantation trick—thus: You go to the kitchen and get the cook to make a little tough dough and roll it out like pie crust. Meantime you get a sheet and wrap your confederate in it, covering him from crown to toe except the face. Then apply the dough, holes having been cut for mouth, eyes and nostrils. If well made and applied, beside the dead whiteness, there is a flabbiness, a hanging down at corners where the *slits* are made, &c., that is ghastly in the extreme. The "dough-face" is now ready to meet, as you may contrive to bring it about, whoever you may have planned to *scare* with it.

Some northern members of Congress had made a showing which Randolph understood as intended to alarm the South, and then, according to his representation, had "backed out." "They were scared," he said, "at their own dough-faces." They thought they should frighten the South by a shallow trick; but instead of that were themselves scared when they saw how it was working.

By the way, young ladies have been known to wear a "dough-face" for the complexion, when getting up a good looks for a special occasion.

SHAH NORSHIRWAN, KING OF PERSIA.

In Persia, in olden time, lived a great king,
Whose name was Shah Norshirwan;
'Twas his custom, whenever he heard a good thing,
To say "Zeh!" and his treasurer then would fling
A purse to the fortunate man.

This king when out hunting on one fine day,
Saw an aged man planting trees:
He rode up, and said, "With your hay so gray,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away?
You'll never eat food from these?"

"For three-score years I have eaten sweet food
From trees that I did not sow;
And would it not be base ingratitude
If I took no thought of posterity's good,
And paid not the debt I owe?"

"Zeh, zeh!" said the king: and the treasurer straight
To the old man a purse bath thrown.

"See, see! for good works it is never too late;
God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,
Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh!" once again; ere the word was said,
Another purse flew on its way,
"Till God placed the crown on your majesty's head,
Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,
As to reap two crops in one day?"

"Zeh, zeh!" yet again, and a third full purse
To the old man's hand falls nigh;
But the king in his horse's flank drives his spurs,
Nor waits for more answers in prose or in verse,
Lest the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,
Should drain his full treasury dry.

Once a Week.

There are about four hundred and eighty nine parodies on Longfellow's "Xlcior," and the following, from the *New Orleans Delta*, makes the four hundred and ninetieth:

GE-LANG! GIT UP!

The drops of rain were falling fast,
When up through Camp street quickly passed
An omnibus, whose driver sung,
In accents of the Celtic tongue—
Ge-lang! git up!

His mules were lank, his whip was long,
He touched them with the biting thong,
And as they switched their threadbare tales
This sound the listening ear assails—
Ge-lang! git up!

Along the street, on every side,
Were damp ones waiting for a ride;
They called, they yelled, they raised a fuss,
But cried the driver of the bus—
Ge-lang! git up!

"Hold on! hold on!" an old man said,
And waved his hand above his head;
Crack went the whip, and all could hear
A sharp sound echoing on the ear—
Ge-lang! git up!

"Stop, driver, stop!" a maiden called;
"Stop, stop!" a dozen voices bawled;
The driver looked on neither side,
But still in clarion voice replied—
Ge-lang! git up!

Far up the street a sound was heard,
And through the distance came a word
That fell on many a waiting soul
Like Hope's lugubrious funeral toll—
Ge-lang! git up!

That night the driver went to bed;
All through his troubled sleep he said
The same strange words which he had flung
All day from his Jehuic tongue—
Ge-lang! git up!

The *New Orleans Sunday Delta* contains many excellent articles, rejoicing in sound reviewers, brilliant original contributors, and, as the following exquisite lyric shows, in poets of more than ordinary ability:

SPIRITISM.

I walk in the midst of the silence
Of the world's continuous roar,
But sweet voices I hear from the islands
That lie by the inner shore:

And if groans of inhuman slaughters
Resound in the human air,
I yet catch from invisible waters
A diviner echo there.

So out on the terrible stillness
Of the world's tumultuous pain
I look, and the lingering illness
Is turned into health again;

Because I have found me a measure
With which I can measure wrong,
And all sights are turned into treasure—
All sounds are turned into song.

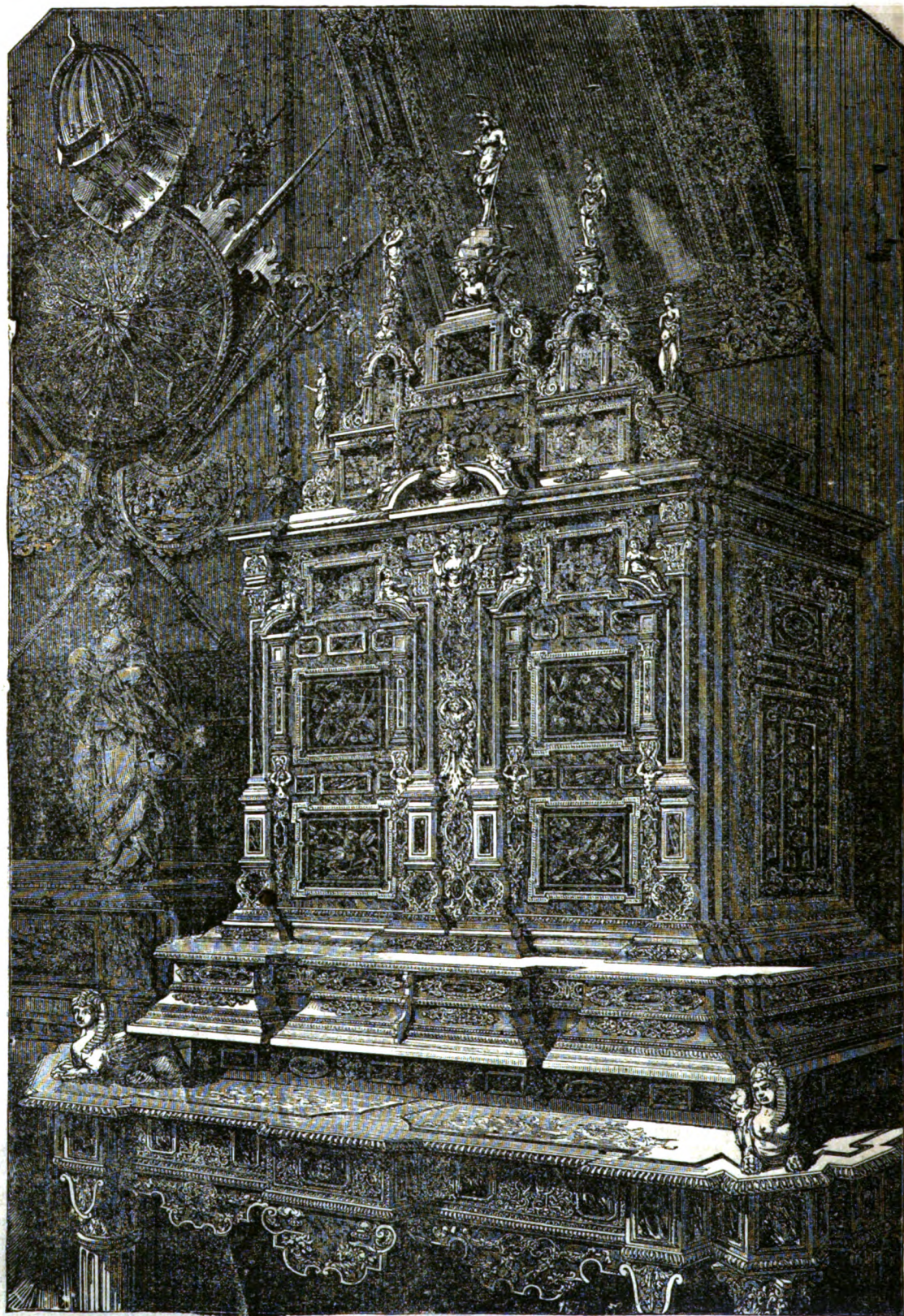
The idea that all earthly sounds heard at once would be a monotone amounting to silence is not new, but the above application of it is.

CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Few persons, even among those who have travelled in Europe, are aware of the perfection to which wood carving was carried during the middle ages. The genius and industry now devoted to thousands of channels was then confined in a vast measure to mere ornamentation. If a man had inventiveness he devoted his time to making some costly toy which would be well paid for by a king or nobleman—in this age he strives to invent some article of general utility which everybody will buy.

Still it cannot be denied that in originality of design and grace of execution the artists of those days were pre-eminent. All that a carver does now a days is to imitate their patterns or modify them. We have never seen any upholsterer's carving equal to those Gothic panels with which screens, and, indeed, whole rooms were covered during the middle ages. At a later period carving, or the art of the *ebeniste*, as the French call him, became brighter, much more florid, and finally attained full development in the style which is very accurately set forth in the exquisite cabinet in our engraving.

Since the full perfection of this Renaissance style, art has in



CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

vented no other, and its constant efforts to be original have only succeeded in producing involuntary imitation of it, or of Gothic, Romanesque, Roman, Greek or Oriental models. It is needless to say that the monuments of these styles, even in articles of furniture, are of great value, and deserve close study. In the engraving referred to, we may see reflected, as in a mirror, all those characteristics which are also reflected in

the civilization of the time—in its love of elaborate finery, its finicky imitations of the classic, its nicety, its want of inner feeling and earnestness; its wonderful elaborateness and pretty grace. It was great in small things, small in great things, and yet contributed even in its ornament, and by its very nicety much to form the human and polished standard of social life in the age succeeding it.



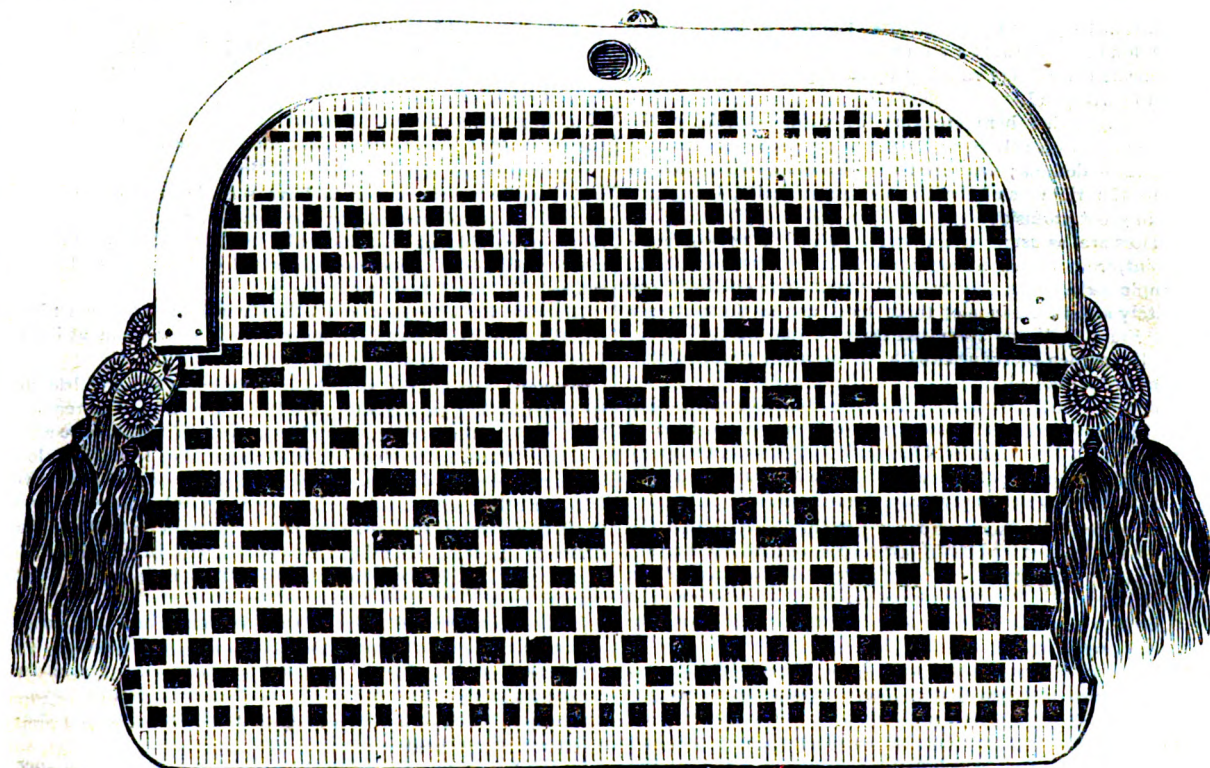
FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR OCTOBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

WHATEVER differences of opinion there may be on other subjects, there can be none on the fact that the drygoods trade is more active at this moment, despite the unseasonably hot weather, than it has been known at the same period for several years. No doubt the great influx of visitors from all parts contributes to this state of general prosperity; but the anticipation of the Prince's ball, which causes so great a demand for suitable materials for evening dresses, has no small share in keeping the

drygoods houses busy; and never were the eyes feasted with a richer display of the goods suitable for full dress.

At A. T. STEWART'S we find a fine assortment of what are called vesting silks—silks of that rich and thick texture that is appropriated generally for gentlemen's vests. The ground is for the most part black—a rich reps silk, over which golden stars are scattered profusely, whilst a delicate vine-leaf, in Magenta, petunia, or any other color, is brocaded on it at intervals. It is hard to imagine anything much more elegant for an elderly lady, whilst the same design, with a white ground, would be equally handsome and suitable for a young one.



WORK OR HANDKERCHIEF BAG. PAGE 378.

Another splendid style of robe had a hair-brown ground, with a small branch of currants in petunia, and foliage black, the foliage and fruit alike surrounded by a line of gold, throwing up the brocaded figures with fine effect. This design is also repeated in various combinations of colors, the grapes being varied to contrast with the ground, and the foliage always black. One robe of rich purple was peculiarly beautiful. All these silks are of extra width—nearly three-fourths of a yard—and four or four and a half dollars per yard.

Of what are called the brooch and jewelled patterns a full assortment will be found here; and amongst the evening robes is a magnificent white moiré, with Pompadour bouquets in velvet scattered over it; and some plain gros grains with the jewelled designs.

The extreme richness of these and other fashionable silks would make any trimming on the skirt as inelegant as undesirable. The utmost simplicity of make is essential to the effect of these dresses, which are by no means extremely dear, considering the admirable quality.

Among the moirés antiques at Stewart's are mode, ash-color and magnificent Magenta; and of the rich plain silks we find a full line in all the newest tints, amongst others a lovely ash-color, of a shade which we have not met before.

In the mantle department of Stewart's we find a great variety of the popular Zouave jackets, in velvet and cloth. Some have inner vests of the same, buttoned to the throat with jewelled buttons, which will be warmer than the embroidered vests which are also so much in vogue. They are not actual vests, but merely fronts, attached at the shoulder and arm seams, and forming one garment with the jacket. We do not find so much gold embroidery about these jackets as was seen last season; but to our fancy this is an improvement.

The colored cloth Zouaves have facings and trimmings of silk of another color, in some instances, which gives them a very showy and handsome appearance; but for general use we do not think any will obtain so much popularity as the black cloth Zouave, braided with silk braid of the same color. Our readers will remember that a proper Zouave has an ornamental figure embroidered or braided twice on the centre of the back, once between the shoulders, once the lower edge; also on the fronts and on the fore part of each sleeve.

The muslin and lace Zouave vests always have the fronts very long, so that they bag somewhat over the waist or belt. There will be found at Stewart's an extensive assortment of these, with delicate embroidery running up each plait, and cuffs and collars to correspond.

The embroideries here are very beautiful, especially the French needlework collars and cuffs, which are small and in very delicate designs; the open-work stitches, which add so much to the richness of the French embroideries, being employed in great profusion.

The laces are, as usual, magnificent. Bridal sets of combination point, from fifteen hundred up to six thousand dollars, and simple collars with sleeves, from twenty-five dollars. The exquisitely artistic designs of these laces are in themselves a study. Floral patterns seem the favorite, and we find every gem of the garden reproduced with an accuracy rivaling that in the most life-like picture.

The demand for fichus and capes of lace—black or white—has caused the importation of some very lovely specimens both of point and Chantilly. A *fichu à la Marie Antoinette* in Chantilly is especially admirable, the flowers being wrought with a delicacy and fineness which is perfectly marvellous.

In connection with laces, we must not omit to state that the bridal set still consists, as it did last season, of flounces, bertha, half-shawl veil and handkerchief. Five flounces, each about nine inches deep, are more fashionable than the deeper ones which used to be worn. Tunics of lace over the moiré or satin dresses are almost exploded.

The Parisian brides, by the way, have been introducing a fashion quite as costly as that of lace. They have, on several recent occasions, worn dresses perfectly high and plain, with no lace or ornament except cuffs and collar of exquisite point, and diamond buttons to close the corsage from the waist to the throat.

Some of the dresses at the establishment of STRANG, ADRIANS & Co are very splendid. The evening dresses deserve

particular attention, the combination of white velvet woven in delicate designs, with pink, blue or corn-colored silk, having a very rich effect. Of the damask and jewelled designs a very full assortment is to be seen here; and the cashmere morning robes are gorgeous enough to suit an Oriental beauty.

There are few firms in New York which display so tasteful an assortment of silks as that of ARNOLD & CONSTABLE, Canal street. Here will be found a great variety of ottoman silks, amongst which is a new color called the *giroflée*; not precisely crimson, nor yet exactly claret-color, but a mixture of the two, with a dash of brown, which looks very splendid, and would, we think, light up exceedingly well.

The cable cord silk—so called because an imitation of the world-renowned bits of cable cord are woven in—is a perfect novelty. The evening dresses are very superb colored, velvet designs being wrought in white silk, and white velvet on colored silks.

A large importation of Scotch shawls by this firm is worthy of particular attention, both from the fine quality of the goods and their moderate prices. Some of the fashionable bright hues are introduced into the fancy plaids with good effect; but to our taste the genuine clan tartans are always the best, especially the 42nd, the Stewart and the Campbell.

At GEORGE HEARN'S, 425 Broadway, we find a splendid stock of fashionable silks, and amongst others some *ombré* in shades of the same color, producing a sort of changeable hue which is very pleasing.

In ottoman-velours, plain and printed, there is a large and varied stock; and the cashmeres, for morning wear, printed in small Pompadour patterns on bright clear grounds, are well deserving of attention.

A magnificent reps silk in Marie Louise blue, brocaded in black in a set design forming diamonds, in each of which lies a small golden shamrock, is among the most exquisite of many beautiful designs for silks at USSELL, PIERSON & LANE'S, 471 Broadway. It is a perfect damask pattern, and would look well when made up, the design not being too large to be effective. The same may be found in other combinations, but in none, except perhaps a hair-brown, with so good an effect.

A white gros-grains silk, with narrow satin stripes running vertically at intervals, and small gem patterns or flowers set in gold scattered over the white ground, is one of the most elegant evening dresses at this establishment. Several white dresses in alternate stripes of plain and watered silks, the former with Pompadour bouquets, are very handsome, and just the sort of dresses we should select for the wear of young ladies desirous of adding to a somewhat diminutive stature, as it would make them appear at least three or four inches taller.

There are some shades of moiré antique at this establishment which we do not remember to have seen before; one of that deep bluish purple resembling the common plum, which, with rich lace, would look magnificent by gaslight. The black moirés, whose ribbon-like stripes are alternated with others of bright-colored silk, are also very numerous.

Amongst the ottomans and ottoman-velours are some nine-eighths wide, with gem patterns scattered over them at intervals—not dear, certainly, at two dollars a yard.

We gave, last month, so full a description of the novelties introduced by E. LAMBERT & Co., 581 Broadway, that little remains to be said on the subject. The black, watered and broché silks of this firm are attracting particular attention from their low prices and elegant designs. Some of the black broché silks have a leaf or other minute pattern in gray or lavender showered over the black ground, such dresses being particularly suitable for slight mourning. In others, this small pattern appears in a bright color. The popelines and veloutines here are of great beauty.

In the double-faced silks, with very small broché figures, which may be ranked among the specialties of this season, we find here a very full line in all the most desirable hues, either for ordinary or evening toilette; and the stock of dress-goods generally is marked by that taste and elegance peculiarly characteristic of this firm.

At the wholesale establishment of E. Lambert & Co., corner of White-street and Broadway, will be found one of the most extensive assortments of fashionable ribbons in the city; and in cashmeres, de laines and similar dress goods there is the same

attention to taste and style as we have remarked in the silk department.

JAMES GRAY & Co., 729 Broadway, have just opened for inspection a small but very choice stock of newly-imported dress-goods in silks, ottoman cloth and velours. Very dainty bridal robes and laces have always been among the leading articles of this firm; and this special attraction will be found in no degree diminished during the coming season.

The spacious apartments over this store have recently been taken by Madame HARRIS & SON for their new millinery establishment. Madame Harris has recently returned from Europe with a splendid assortment of bonnets, coiffures, &c., her enlarged premises enabling her to add head-dresses to her stock.

At present, although velvets are creeping into notice, black Neapolitans are more in favor than any other kind of bonnet; and, trimmed as they usually are, with bright-colored velvet capes and scarfs of the same folded across or with rich broché ribbons, the black ground of which is illuminated with wheat-ears, bouquets and berries in bright colors, they look very charming. One of the prettiest at Madame Harris's establishment is of black Neapolitan, trimmed with Magenta velvet and a handsome black ostrich plume. The interior trimmed to match and the strings embroidered by hand to correspond with the velvet.

The drygoods palace of LORD & TAYLOR, Broadway, corner of Grand, scarcely does more than afford space for the display of the splendid assortment of goods and the accommodation of the innumerable visitors. Amongst the richest novelties we find a charming reps silk, the figure of which forms a wavy line across the fabric, called by the name of Muscovite. Another heavy reps is now known as Moscow; both are obtainable in every imaginable shade and color, although, to our taste, the rich brown and clarets, of which there is a great variety, look the best.

A heavy claret gros grains, with watered stripes (inch wide) and intervals of some two inches between, is a style deserving of attention from combining, so rarely, beauty and durability; and we find here most of the *distingué* novelties which we have noticed elsewhere.

The assortment of woollen goods is exceedingly large and varied. In poplins we have many in all the leading colors, with small patterns broché on them as in the droguet silks; but of course the figure is broché on one side only. Other poplins are embroidered by hand, in small flower patterns of the natural colors or have figures broché on them; but, though handsome, there is a want of lustre about these fabrics which does not please us.

The ottoman cloths, plain and printed, both please us better and are likely to be more durable. These materials appear to be singularly good and fine this year, and as they make incomparable walking-dresses, they will certainly be generally approved.

Several new materials for mourning-dresses have recently been imported by W. JACKSON, 551 Broadway; and, besides these, we find those wide and magnificent mourning silks, armure, ottoman, &c., which are rarely to be purchased elsewhere.

The bonnets and mantles of Mrs. JACKSON are always well adapted to their purpose, there being an absence of pretension and *façon*—a combined richness and simplicity, which is just what is needed in mourning.

It is a great accommodation, also, to be able to obtain at one establishment all the *et ceteras* requisite on such occasions, including collars, sleeves, veils and jet ornaments, which last are selected with great judgment.

For mantles we rather expect to see modifications of former styles than absolute novelties; for it would be hard to invent any garment more comfortable than the old-fashioned *sacque*, or more graceful than the mantles worn last year. Accordingly, at W. D. ELLIOTT & Co.'s, 294 and 296 Canal street, we find that favorite wrap, the Chesterfield, as pretty as ever, but larger and longer, and with, if possible, more pockets than belonged to it during its former reign.

The Bedouin and Arab cloaks, made in rich black cloth and in some of the lighter full materials, promise also to be as popular as ever. The Zebra cloths, of which many are manu-

factured, are in two shades of brown or gray, the former having the preference. Indeed brown promises to be as much in vogue during the winter as gray was in the summer, dividing popular favor with black.

Some imported cloaks of Lyons velvet, superbly trimmed with crochet guipure, deserve particular attention. The shapes are well calculated to display a graceful figure, and they fall over the arm in elegant sleeves, looped up in *passementerie*. The capes may be considered as elegant pointed fichus, of that rich work; and they set close to the form, so that even a large fur cape worn over all, will not make the figure look clumsy. As usual, moderation of price is especially studied at this establishment.

BRODIE, 300 Canal street and under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has on exhibition a variety of graceful winter wraps. The favorite Bedouin mantle, of black cloth, is made less sombre than it would otherwise be by the introduction of a piping-cord of bright-colored silk above the black silk binding; a *souçon* of the same color blending in the tassels. There is also a modification of the *basquine*, by which it may be converted, at pleasure, into a loose *sacque* or a closely fitting *basque*.

Some *basquines*, of rich velvet, with heavy crochet guipure, mingled with jet, promise to be among the favorite out-door dresses of the coming season. The great advantage Mr. Brodie affords his customers, in the facilities for fitting and trying on mantles at his establishment in the Fifth avenue, cannot fail to be appreciated by his numerous clients. We may note, also, that particular attention is paid to the cutting and fitting of mantles and *basques* for little girls.

The embroidered cashmere shawls with heavy silk fringes, which we noticed at CHARLES STREET'S, 475 Broadway, continue to attract great attention. They are to be found in the leading rich colors, Magenta, brown, &c., as well as in black. The mingling of beads with embroidery is a novelty which every one seems to admire, and the style is particularly adapted for wear with the black silks which are so universally seen in the promenade. Here we were shown some velvet mantles, lined with quilted purple silk and trimmed with a sort of *bertha* cape, as well as a flounce of guipure. The corsage fitted almost closely to the figure, and the sleeves were ornamented with lace to correspond with the rest of the garment.

The India shawls here are among the best selected in New York; and we were shown some Paisley long shawls which might almost have passed, as to quality and style, for their costly Oriental originals.

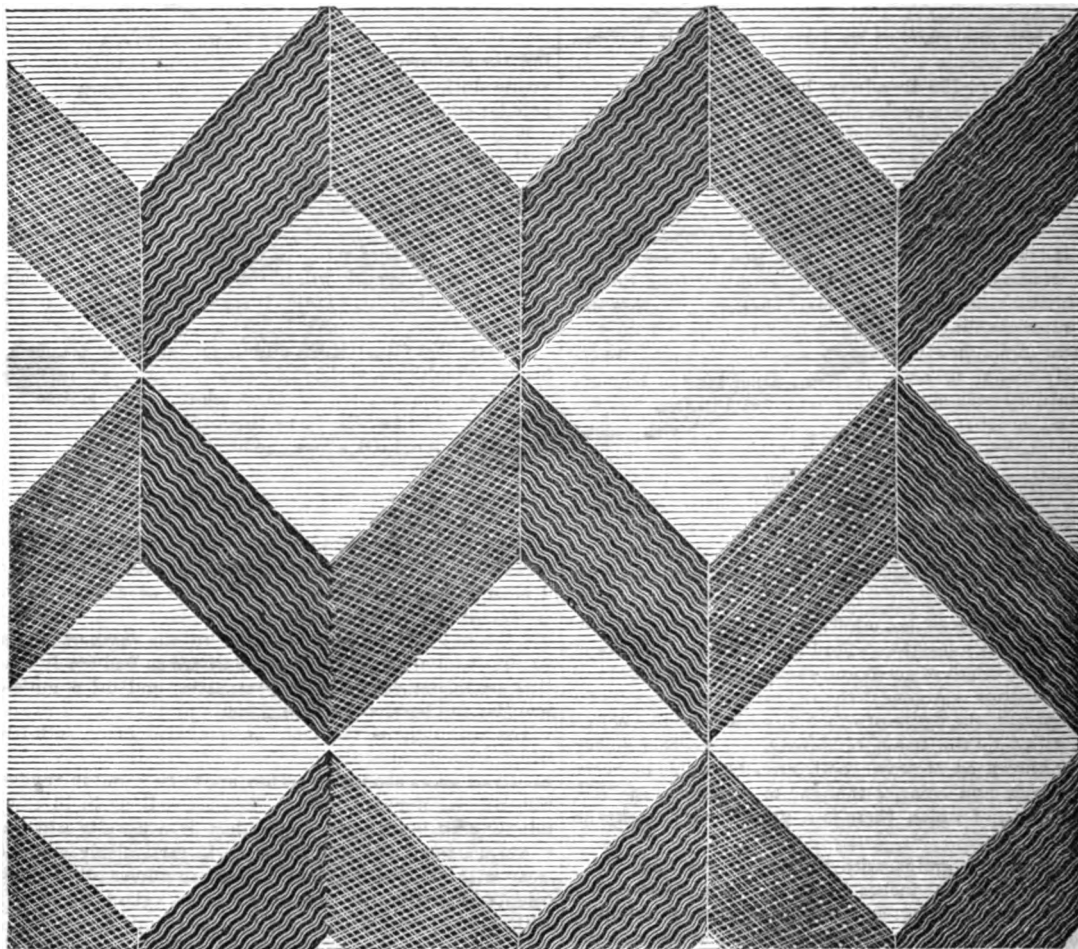
Some of Mrs. RALLINGS' Parisian bonnets are very handsome. We noticed one exceedingly pretty bonnet, made of lavender terry velvet, with a thin crown, covered with lace. Another of vert-islay velvet, of the moderate dimensions which are really fashionable, had a band of velvet in folds across the top and sides, mingled on one side with velvet flowers in vert-islay and black. The curtain was full and set in deep double plaits, and like the front, bordered with lace. Black and green velvet leaves, intermingled with black wheat-ears, formed the *bandeau*, and the barbes and broad ribbon-strings were black.

Another pretty bonnet was of black horse-hair, spotted with white, had a full plaited curtain of Magenta ribbon, a *fanchon* of Magenta silk, edged with lace, terminating in a rosette of Magenta ribbon and black velvet. The *bandeau* of Magenta flowers, mingled with a *ruche* of black lace, the favorite material, apparently, for trimmings.

More important, perhaps, even than the interior trimming of a bonnet, is the veil which protects from sun and dust the fair face over which it falls; and at E. WILLIAMS & Co.'s, 429 Broadway, we find, amongst other choice laces, some very beautiful Chantilly veils at very low prices. The designs of many of these veils are singularly beautiful, and the shapes the most fashionable, the corners not being rounded off as they have been for some time past, nor yet absolutely square; but a medium between the two.

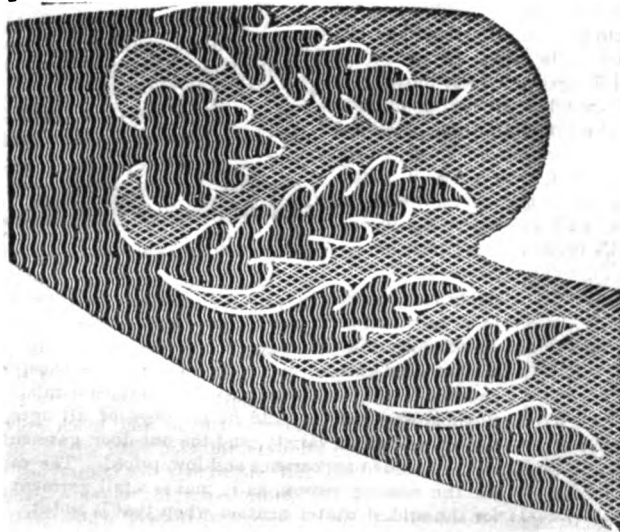
The most *exigeante* belle can desire nothing more elegant than many of the breakfast and other sets of embroidery at this establishment, and the fichus and pelerines of black lace are exceedingly pretty. E. Williams & Co. make also a speciality of their assortment of under-linen for ladies and children, many of the patterns of which are exceedingly nice and tasteful.

The new establishment of Madame DEMONZAR, for dress pat-



DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK PAGE 378.

terms of every description, is at 473 Broadway, over the dry-goods store of Bodine's. It is certainly a great convenience to the ladies of New York to be able to procure paper patterns of all the newest styles, and with imitations of suitable trimmings attached; and we do not wonder at the crowds that examined Madame Demorest's stock on the opening day. Many of the new sleeve patterns are extremely pretty. What is termed the coat-sleeve is perhaps the most popular; but there are also modifications of the bishop the puffed sleeve, and the old mandarin shape. The pattern is made up so that the exact style is represented, and a plain paper,



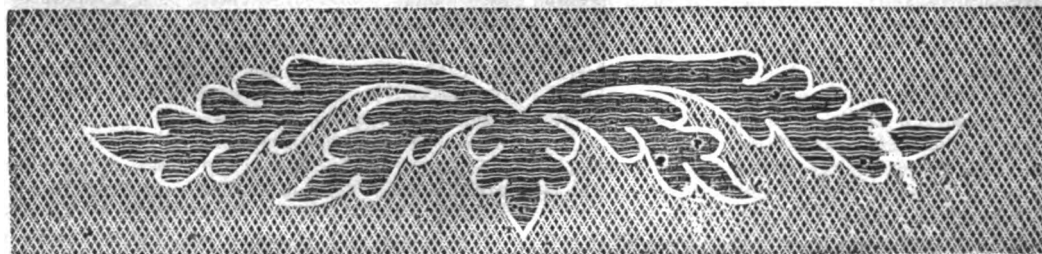
THISTLE LEAF SLIPPER, IN APPLICATION. PAGE 378.

pattern, by which to cut out, accompanies it.

Ribbons and ribbon trimmings, flowers, and charming novelties in illusion goods will be found at BLUXOM's, 925 Broadway, corner of 25th street. The head-dresses here are also very pretty, and in every new style; and excellent kid gloves can be had at sixty-five cents a pair.

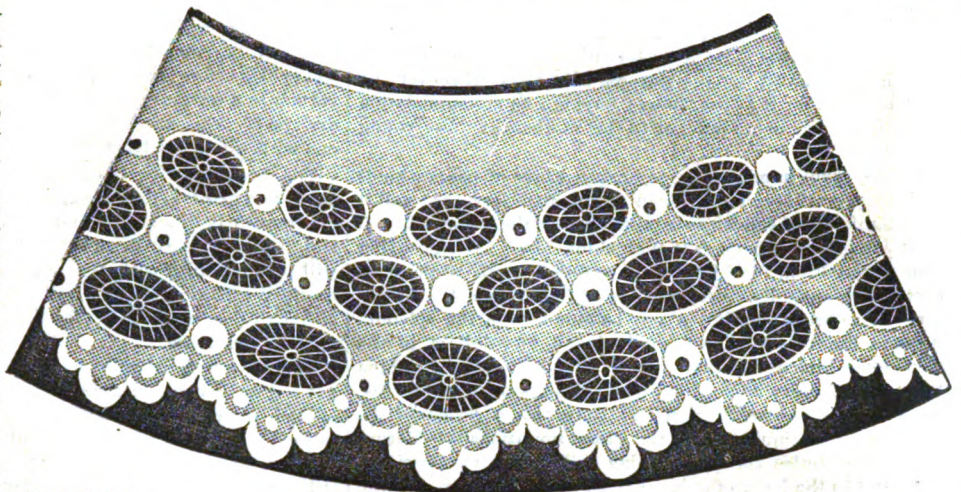
Gold belting and gold ribbons can be had here by the yard; and the fashionable clasps and ornaments in every style.

Speaking of ornaments, we must not forget the great novelty which has lately been introduced for mourning ornaments in lieu of jet. We allude to vulcanized



THISTLE LEAF SLIPPER. PAGE 378.

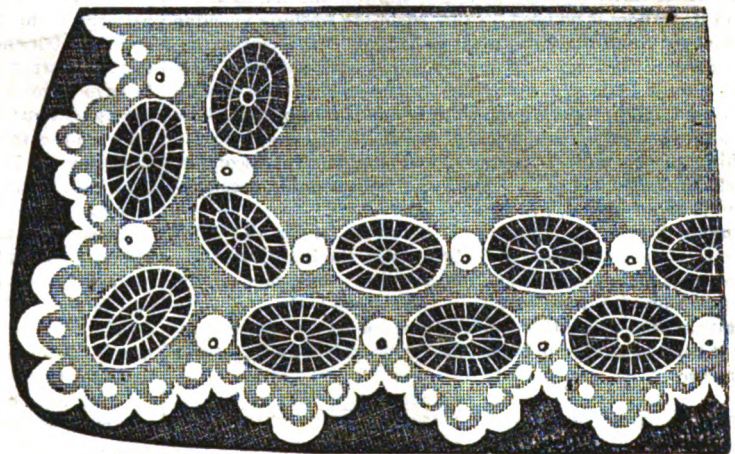
Indian rubber, made highly ornamental by being set in gold. Any one who glances in at the window of 603 Broadway (opposite the Metropolitan), may notice a profusion of earrings, brooches, chains, &c., in what appears to be jet and gold. On closer inspection, it will be noticed that the material lacks something of the black brilliance of jet; but, *en revanche*, it also lacks some of its brittleness. It really makes very beautiful ornaments, in endless designs; and we are told that the purest



COLLAR IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 378.

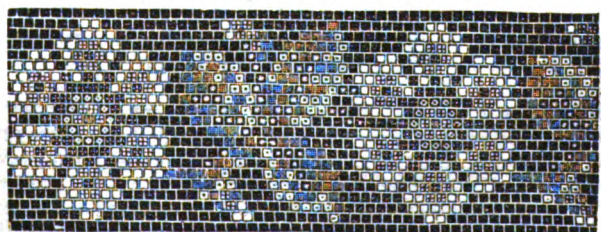
gold only can be employed, as any below 18 carats would be affected by the chemicals used in preparing the Indian rubber. We should not wonder if jet was almost or entirely superseded by this material, which seems capable of adaptation to every purpose, whether of ornament or utility.

Amongst the many shopping questions which arise to the mothers of families, one of the most tormenting and frequent is, where they are to find nicely made and inexpensive suits for their boys, whose marbles, gymnastics and other amusements make sad havoc with pants and coats. At least this is a problem we are called on to solve sufficiently often to make it a matter of some anxiety; and we have

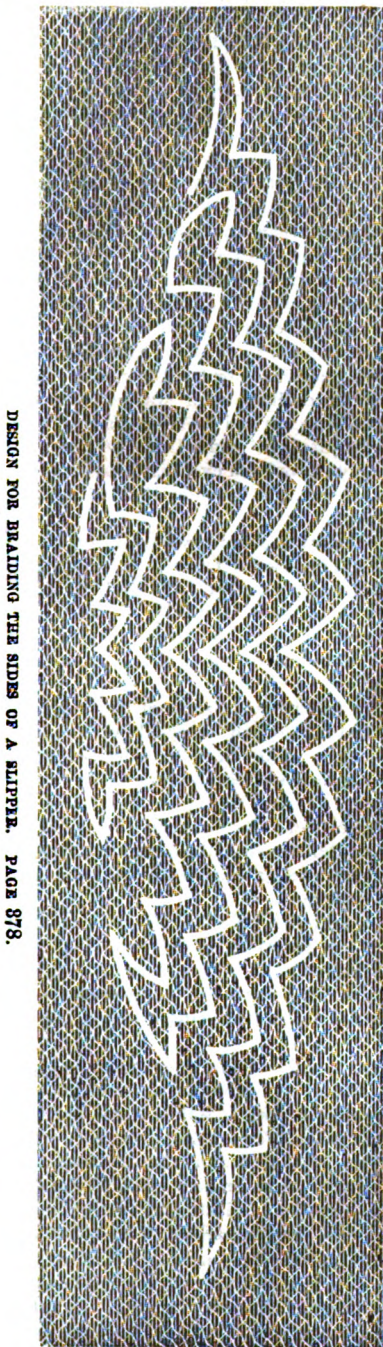


CUFF IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 378.

lately had occasion to inspect the stock of MONROE & Co., 507 Broadway (next door to Wheeler and Wilson's), and have certainly found the prices more moderate, and the style of make more tasteful than in any other establishment with which we are acquainted. We thought the suits cheaper, by a fourth, than the much vaunted low prices of some Bowery establishments, and the material and cut unquestionably superior. Suits fit for boys of all ages, from four years upwards, are kept in abundant variety, and the out-door garments—capes, raglans and coats, are equally nice in appearance and low priced. The cape raglan is a delightful garment for the coming season, as it makes a fall garment without the cape, and one suited for the coldest winter weather when that is added.



NECKLACE IN BEADWORK. PAGE 378.



DESIGN FOR BRAIDING THE SIDES OF A SHIP. PAGE 378.

Mothers who groan over the worn knees of pants, and the impossibility of matching the cloth and making a neat darn, will be glad to learn that it is the custom of this house to give a bit of cloth like the suit, for the purpose of repairs, whenever the purchaser asks for it at the time of buying; an accommodation that would save many a dollar to the mothers of these young hopefuls.

Almost equal in annoyance to broken knees of pants, stands the broken crockery of careless or unfortunate servants; and it is no slight test of temper in a lady, even in the present day, if she is "mistress of herself, though china falls." When buying china of any kind, it will certainly be found worth while to inspect the beautifully selected stock of CULLAMORE, 479 Broadway. Here every description may be found, from the splendid Etruscan dinner set, at two hundred and fifty dollars, to the plain stone china at less than a tenth part of that sum. China ornaments of every description, too, will be seen here; Sevres, Etruscan, Wedgewood, Parian; all the graceful forms of the porcelain of antiquity; all the close imitations of Nature which characterize the present day will find some specimen here; and to the lover of china it is a rare treat to inspect the contents of this store. Amongst the articles designed alike for use and ornament we find exquisite ice vases and cups, of china, Bohemian frosted glass, and other varieties of material. At present, the rage seems to be for all that is most beautiful and delicate in engraved glass; and almost every family has its crest engraved on the goblets, wine glasses, &c., which are used; a process beautifully executed by Cullamore.

For the benefit of the mistresses whose help still remain prejudiced against that very useful and labor saving article the Washing Machine, we venture to make an observation or two regarding it. One common error of the servants is not to have the water which is used sufficiently hot. In ordinary washing it must necessarily be cool enough to allow of the hands being put in it. There is no need for this when the washing machine is employed; and the water must be *boiling*, if the clothes are to be clean. Then, soap is not employed with sufficient liberality; and a little soda seems also indispensable. It is truly a labor and clothes saving machine; and in either of these items it saves ten times the cost of the additional soap: to say nothing of the wear of temper, and the family discomfort which, under the old régime, were the indispensable accompaniments of washing day at home.

Among the most attractive of the stores under the Fifth Avenue Hotel we must not fail to notice the beautiful establishment of CASWELL & MACK, the chemists; and amongst the articles to buy for those who value their teeth is the "Formulenta" of that firm; the very nicest and most convenient preparation for cleaning the teeth and gums which we have ever met with.

REVIEW OF FASHION.

ALTHOUGH, in the city, we are still suffering from the broiling heat of an almost summer sun, yet the windows of the stores in Broadway give clear evidence that we may expect the approach of winter at any moment whatever. Every dry goods house displays a rich and magnificent stock of new silks, velours de Paris, popelines, &c.; and our eyes ache with gazing at the gem-like brilliancy of many of the materials.

No wonder we see so many ladies bewildered with the variety of designs and colors displayed before their eyes, until they lose the power of selection, and rush out of the store to regain their senses and eye-sight in the fresh air. These women bent on spending a morning shopping afford, very frequently, a curious study to the spectator, whilst their conduct excites ideas in the minds of the clerks who wait upon them the reverse of what they would desire, if they gave any thought to the matter.

When, for instance, a lady goes into the silk department of an establishment, and signifies that she "wants a dress," but has no idea whether it is for morning or evening toilette—whether she can afford to give one dollar a yard for it, or five dollars, it is a fair presumption that she comes, not intending to purchase at all, but simply to get rid of a little of the idle time which hangs so heavily on her hands; and this suspicion

is frequently confirmed by her leaving the store without making any purchase, after occupying the clerk for an hour or two, merely remarking that "she guesses she will look somewhere else before she decides;" a guess which she speedily converts into a certainty by strolling into the next and the next dry goods' store, until she has fairly worn out herself, and every one with whom she has trifled away time.

The same annoying want of decision and good feeling is practised to a great extent towards milliners, whose choicest goods are frequently dragged on and off the head until their beauty and freshness have departed; whilst the thoughtless visitors will perhaps finish with the remark, "Well, what would you charge for making me up a hat like this of my own materials?" although they must be perfectly aware such things are never done by the house.

There is a want of right feeling in this proceeding which cannot fail to be very irritating to those honored by the "custom" of such ladies; and although there is, undoubtedly, cause to complain at times of the indolent indifference of clerks—and this is especially the case where young women are employed—still, as a rule, it is far more the fault of visitors themselves, if they meet with inattention in their shopping excursions. Certainly, when a purchase is really intended, a lady must know something of the style she requires, and the price she is willing to pay; and it must be needless to take up a clerk's time in showing brocades and *moiré* antiques, when a simple *poult de soie* is the only thing within her means.

But to return to fashions. The arrivals at this city of foreign goods, during the last month, fully justify our expectation of the richness and beauty of the general run of fall goods; nothing can be more magnificent than the *moirés*, ottomans and brocades which we find at the leading houses. Many of the silks are thick enough almost to stand alone; and rich enough to be preserved as curiosities, if for nothing else. The gem patterns seem decidedly the favorites; and their unique character contributes to their popularity. At the same time, as a matter of strict taste, we question how far it is really elegant to have a robe intended for ordinary wear studded over with representations of *Seigné* brooches and jewelled ear-rings; and such are the most popular designs. And therefore we think that they can be properly worn only in evening dress; and that they look better with white or light grounds, than with black, maroon or other dark colors.

As usual, at the beginning of a season, we have, besides the ordinary names for goods, a number of fancy ones which have no legitimate origin with manufacturers. We find *Muscovite* and *Moscow silks*, of which Russia is wholly innocent; and should not be at all amazed, later in the season, to find some novel fabric christened after one or other of the rival candidates for the Presidency.

There are, too, flimsy imitations of some of the handsome rich silks which we noticed last month, especially of the pretty *droguets*, with small designs alike on both sides, which we pointed out as so very elegant and economical. Now we see silks of similar design, on one side only, poor in quality, and with far too little difference of price between them and the superior originals. As a rule, however, the silks are richer and handsomer than usual; there being, comparatively, but a small quantity of trash in the market.

As to colors, we find very rich *groselle*, *Magenta* and *Marguerite des Alpes* among the favorites, always combined with black and some sprinkling of gold. Then there is a greater variety of browns than we have seen for many seasons—the hair-cord brown and a rich reddish tint being, perhaps, the predominant hues.

Of the soft colors, there is a new shade, of ash-color, which is charmingly soft and beautiful; and *groselle*, ashes of roses and mode are still seen in evening dresses. White is, however, undoubtedly the fashionable ground for evening dresses for young ladies, and black for that of their seniors; and both are rendered brilliant by gem-like designs or rich small *Pompadour* flower patterns scattered over them. Here and there, also, we find large brocaded or painted bouquets scattered at intervals.

The evening robes of colored silks—maize, *Solferino*, blue and *Magenta*—are frequently brocaded in white velvet, which by gaslight gives all the effect of showers of pearls. In anticipation of the ball to be given to the Prince, the choicest even-

ing dresses are being rapidly bought up; and should any one of our great modistes' establishments in the course of the month get on fire, as was the case in Canada, the consequences would be very disastrous, although we presume that the stores of Arnold & Constable or K. Lambert & Co. would enable them to supply the deficiency.

Of the woollen goods, we find a charming variety of ottomans, velours and poplins; many of the last-named are embroidered by hand, others have the rich gem designs broché, as we have already noticed in the silks.

The printed ottomans have, for the most part, Pompadour bouquets scattered over broad stripes, divided by plain narrow stripes of a different color. Some of the poplins have small figures—on one side only—like the droguets we have elsewhere mentioned, and they may be classed among the prettiest and most useful of promenade dresses.

Printed de laines and cashmeres are in great variety; small chintz designs being the favorites. They will make charming home dresses, especially for young ladies.

The cashmeres adapted only for dressing-gowns, in shawl patterns, are very brilliant, and will doubtless be popular with many, although not to be compared in elegance with such a dressing-gown as we have described in our notice of the styles for the month. Such a robe, even if made of any color less delicate than white, would still be far more elegant and *comme il faut* than those gorgeous shawl patterns, which combine every hue under the sun; still, they look rich and handsome enough always to command a certain popularity.

In ribbons we have little novelty to record, except the occasional introduction of hand embroidery on white or black grounds. The ribbons so embroidered are always very rich and wide; and we find Greek and other designs in maize-colored silk, worked in *point de chainette*, as well as bouquets in natural colors embroidered in the ordinary manner. Lamé ribbons—that is, with gold or silver designs woven in, are also to be met here and there; but their success seems doubtful at present. They will be very appropriate, however, for sashes to be worn with the gold-spangled tarlatan dresses that will probably be favorite ball costumes.

As to bonnets, they are decidedly not large; they are slightly pointed over the forehead, round and open at the sides, and not with soft crowns. Black Neapolitans, with a slight mixture of white straw, are greatly in favor, and are trimmed, for the most part, with black and groselle, black and Solferino, or black and Magenta. The velvet bonnets have usually trimmings of the same, continued with black lace and feathers. These graceful ornaments will be generally worn; and *plumes de coque* are likely to divide the day with marabouts and ostrich feathers.

¶ The pretty Canadian fashion of hats for young ladies is finding great favor here, and it will no longer cause remark to see a young lady above fifteen walking in Broadway with one of those coquettish head-dresses. The styles of hats are various, the newest being almost round, like a turban (the name it bears), ornamented with feathers and trimmed with velvet. The rosettes are of the same ribbon as the strings, trimmed with lace and wadded. The hair is worn in a net, lying on the neck. It requires a very pretty and stylish face to look well in one of these hats, whilst the Albanito and others which were worn during the summer are graceful enough in themselves to be becoming to almost every one.

We expect that pelisses of black silk, cloth, or perhaps velvet will become the most fashionable of out-door dresses. We have seen some Parisian designs for this garment having plain close bodies, with large pointed capes of guipure, or crochet guipure, finished with a rich fringe, and jockeys to correspond on each sleeve. The pelisse was closed down the front with double buttons of passementerie.

Gold ornaments appear to lose nothing of their attraction. We have heard, indeed, of a recent wedding at which the eight bridesmaids wore bouquets of white tulle, honey-comb pattern, with a bright gold bead in each cell. The dresses of these young ladies were of white muslin, the skirts covered by seven flounces, the bodies low with short sleeves. Over these were Zouave jackets of white muslin braided with gold, and gold bands completed the dress, which was most effective and elegant.

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The Sappho band is still much worn in the hair; and being either very plain or very ornamental, can be adapted to any occasion. Those head-dresses which are made of flowers have them generally arranged with a graceful negligence, which is more effective than the most set arrangement. Lace is largely employed as an addition to the flowers, and the pins worn are very ornamental.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THE extraordinary continuance of the heat leaves us less to say about the styles for the month than on any other subject, since there has been no change, as yet, visible in the toilette. Barèges and organdies still hold their own, and give little sign of being superseded by the heavy silks and ottoman velours which form the leading importations; and although black is the leading hue of all the bonnets, the materials are still light and semi-transparent. How unequally are the goods of this world divided; here we are broiling under a sun which might do for July instead of September, whilst our cousins over the water are shivering around their coal fires, having had scarcely one single glimpse of sunshine and fair weather.

Of course, under such circumstances, muslins and light materials have been at a discount; and heavy Valenciennes, poplins and silks have been the only wear on the continent of Europe.

We find, also, that cashmere and similar fabrics have been principally used for morning dresses; and remarked one very elegant peignoir, made at a leading Parisian house, and destined to form part of the trousseau of a noble bride, which was singularly elegant. It was of white cashmere, trimmed with mauve ribbons and silk. The corsage, full from the shoulder in front, and slightly gathered in also at the waist behind, was finished round the neck with a large collar (more like a cape), square at the fronts, and pointed between the shoulders.

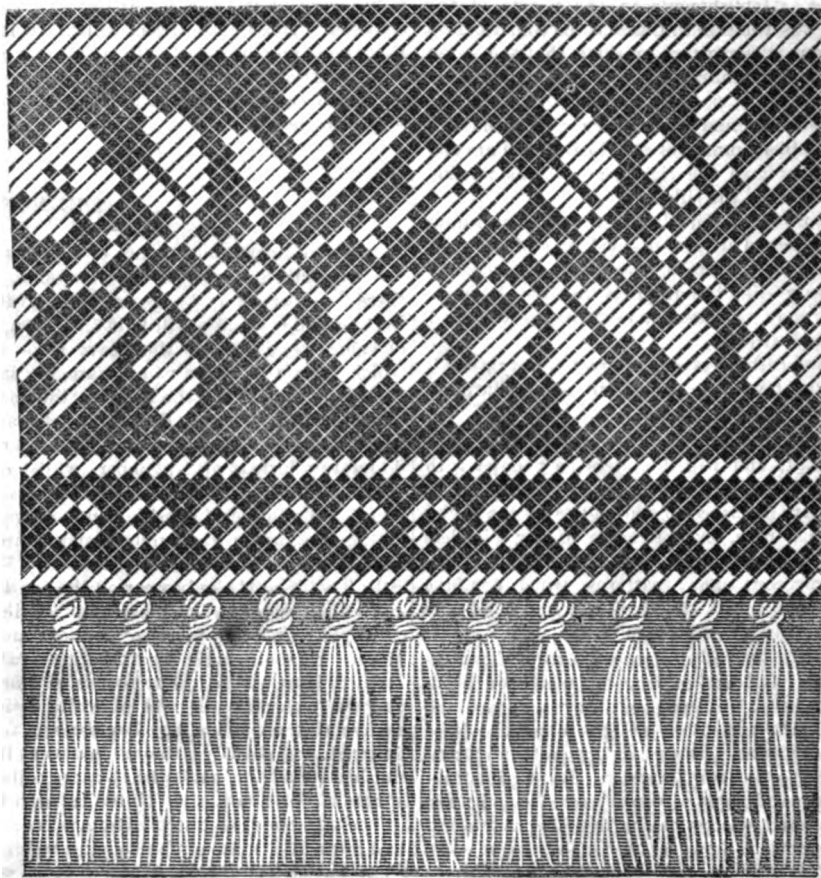
The trimming, of fluted ribbon, was carried round the collar and down the fronts of the body; a wider ribbon, fluted in the same way, trims the sides and bottom of the skirt, which is lined, or at all events, faced, with mauve-colored silk. The sleeve is a Sultana open quite to the shoulder, where it is set in in plaits perfectly square at the ends, lined and trimmed like the skirt; a knot of ribbon with long ends is placed just at the opening, on each shoulder; and a broad ceinture goes round the waist.

The sleeves worn under this Sultana are large balloons of mull muslin, with a double ruffle turned back by way of cuff. Cap of lace, with long lappets, tied under the chin, and ornamented with loops and ends of mauve ribbon. Black slippers trimmed with mauve and gold buckles.

A remarkably pretty promenade costume for the fall months is a dress of rich myrtle green silk, with a small figure on it; the skirt plain, the corsage with lapels of velvet, and reverse cuffs of the same to the sleeves, which are further ornamented with velvet jockeys finished with drop fringe. The form of the body allows a charming chemisette of white cambric, with minute tucks up the front, to be seen. The collar is tucked to match, which is easily done by the aid of the Wheeler & Wilson machine.

Over this is worn a pelisse of rich black armure silk, the plain body of which is completely covered by a pointed cape of guipure, reaching the waist before and behind, and finished with a heavy silk fringe. The sleeves (small pagodas) have reverse cuffs as well as deep capes, ornamented with guipure. The bonnet is of velvet exactly matching the hue of the dress, with a plume on the outside, and a bandeau of Magenta velvet in the interior. The pelisse reaches within a few inches of the bottom of the skirt.

Another pelisse, also of black silk, is of considerably more elaborate construction. It is trimmed with ribbon and silk of a pale Havana color. The entire front is a plain piece, narrow at the waist, and gradually widening from them to the shoulders and edge of the skirt. The sleeve, a small pagoda, is cut straight along the bottom, and the inner seam being open to the elbow; the point is turned back. A frill of fluted ribbon is carried down the shoulder seam, along the outer edge of the sleeve, and round the bottom and cuff. Another row of quilled ribbon trims each outer edge of the front, being carried *en bretelle*,



BORDER FOR COVER OF MUSIC-STOOL. PAGE 878.

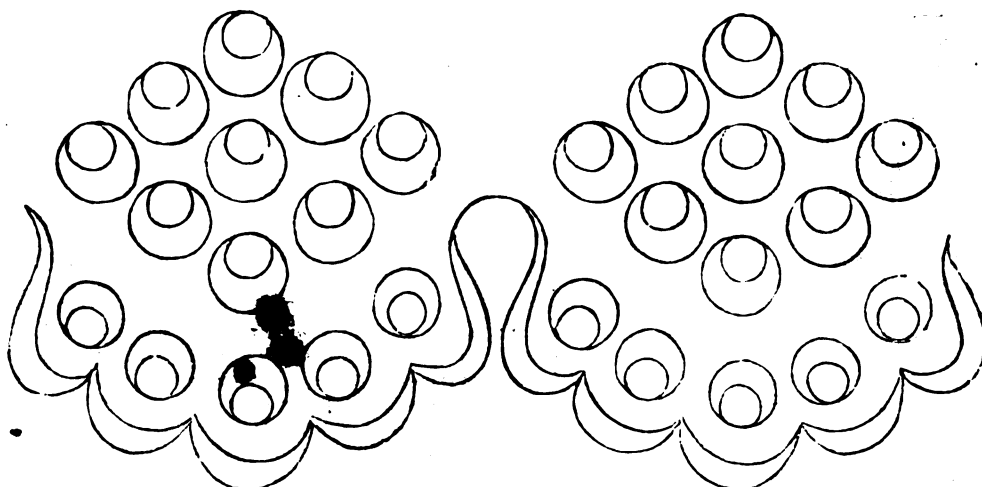
from the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt. Straps of Havana silk also graduated in size, long at the neck, decreasing to the waist and again enlarged, ornament the front, and close the dress with buttonholes and black velvet buttons all down; one button being set on every band, and another between each pair. The skirt of this pelisse is the most original part, being covered to the hip by three deep flounces, each headed by a ribbon trimming, and with the edge of the two upper ones confined by the ribbon below, so that they are, in fact, immense puffings.

One of the eccentricities of the present style consists in trimming the seams of the skirt, either with fluted ribbons or otherwise. We mentioned lately a bridal dress trimmed half way up in this manner, but now the seams are ornamented to the

very waist. Of course, it is a fashion fit only for evening dress.

In mantles, amplitude seems to be the order of the day; and whilst light cloths are mostly prepared for autumn wraps, the winter mantelets and basquines of velvet, and the richer sorts of silks, are elaborately ornamented with guipure or passementerie.

The hair is, and will continue to be worn very low on the back of the neck; but we have seen a pretty novelty in the mode of arranging it to go under the bonnet, which is particularly suitable for the *coiffé* form in vogue just now; the front being simply in bands, a rich Grecian plait is carried up behind it on each side, filling in the space within the bonnet with excellent effect.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT TRIMMINGS. PAGE 878.

A good many coiffures à l'*Imperatrice* are seen ; and the hair is worn *crêpe*, by many ; but however it may be arranged it is, as we have said, always very low indeed on the neck.

Zouave jackets will be as much worn during the coming season as they were in the last ; possibly even more so. The chemisettes which accompany them are either embroidered or ornamented with small plaits, which can so easily be done by

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

We give, in this very beautiful plate, a variety of costumes, all equally adapted to the season.

First, we have a promenade dress of purple poul de soie, and the skirt full and plain, except along the edge, where it is orna-

COVER FOR A MUSIC-STOOL OR WORK-BASKET IN DAMNED NETTING. PAGE 378.



the sewing machine that they may be said to be no trouble whatever. The sleeves are large and full, with small cuffs matching the collars. It is possible that these may, however, be almost replaced by vests like the dresses, as the cold weather sets in.

CLOTHING made of animal substances is warmer than that made of vegetable fabrics.

mented in lozenges, with a broad flat silk braid, a deep fringe being carried along the lower range of points formed by those lozenges, and just coming to the edge of the dress. The corsage (*montant*, of course), has reverse lapels, starting from the shoulder seam, very narrow, coming into a point on a line with the hollow of the neck, and gradually sloping down to the waist. Within this is worn a needleworked chemisette, which the open form displays to great advantage. The lapel is trimmed with narrow lace, and an ornamental button is placed so

as to appear to button it back. It should be of velvet, either black or of the color of the dress itself.

Instead of the habit-shirt, a sort of front or vest of the silk, may be made, closed to the throat with ornamental buttons. The sleeve fits closely to the arm, like a coat sleeve, with a small epaulette, trimmed like the skirt. A long and rich green cashmere shawl is worn with that easy grace which particularly distinguishes a Frenchwoman. Bonnet of black Neapolitan, slightly spotted with white, and trimmed and lined with amber ribbon, intermingled with black.

The second figure represents a bridal dress, of *moiré antique*, made perfectly high and plain in the corsage, and buttoned to the throat. Coat sleeve, with a plaited frill by way of cap. Collar, and deep pointed cuffs of point de Bruxelles. The sash is a very wide *moiré* ribbon (No. 80) tied in a bow in front, with floating ends reaching below the knee, and the bridal bouquet of orange flowers is fastened in the girdle, on the left side. The veil is of tulle, with a deep hem only; fastened on the head with a coronal of white roses and orange blossoms.

The third figure is arrayed in a *pelisse* of Havana-colored gros de Naples, fitting closely in the corsage, and having the skirt set in the waist in large box-plaits. A very pretty trimming of velvet and silk, in a chequer pattern, is carried down the front, being narrow at the waist, and increasing in width towards the throat and the bottom of the skirt. It is edged on both sides with black guipure lace. The sleeve a small pagoda open to the elbow, has a reverse cuff, reaching just so far as the sleeve is slit up, and taking its form. It is trimmed, of course, to correspond with the front. The bonnet, of Vert-islay corded silk, is ornamented with a full plume of white ostrich feathers, entirely covering one side. The curtain, full, and somewhat deep is set on in double box-plaits; the brides are very wide and long, and the bandeau has a bow of silk over the forehead, the ends being carried in folds over the brim. Full muslin sleeves, with lace ruffles.

The fourth figure is attired in a dress of blue cashmere, having five narrow flounces round the bottom of the skirt. The body is plain and high, buttoned up the front. The sleeve, a small pagoda, has a pointed cap or jockey, trimmed with a narrow frill; and puffings confined by bands finish the lower part. The bonnet is of Solferino terry velvet, trimmed with the same, ornamented with white blonde. Folds of these cross the top; and a full rosette is placed on one side. Bandeau of white flowers and lace.

Like all other dresses, except those for a ball, and such as may more properly be termed *pelisses*, this robe is worn with a belt round the waist.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

WORK OR HANDKERCHIEF BAG, IN CROCHET. PAGE 369.

This is to be worked in colored purse twist, according to the engraving, in which every stitch may be counted. It is to be lined with silk of a contrasting color, and a gilt or steel clasp sewed at the top. Most of the clasps have chains by which to hold them in the hand, and these bags make convenient and elegant purses.

THISTLE LEAF SLIPPER, IN APPLICATION. PAGE 372.

This slipper is intended for a young lady. It is made of colored cloth, with black velvet, or cloth *appliqué*, on it, the edges being finished with gold braid. The waved lines represent the velvet and the cross-barred part the ground.

DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK. PAGE 372.

This is one of the simplest but most effective designs for patchwork, and is particularly adapted for silk and velvet. Of either three shades are needed, two shades of one color, not too distinct from each other, and one of a contrasting color.

The engraving being of the full size of the pieces, the pattern can easily be taken from it.

COLLAR AND CUFF IN EMBROIDERY. PAGE 373.

The collar and cuff, which may be worked very easily and quickly, are done on fine jaconet muslin, with W. Evans & Co.'s Embroidery Cotton No. 40 and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton No. 60.

The oval spaces filled in with wheelwork are first buttonholed all round; then, with the Boar's Head Cotton, a row of loose buttonhole stitch is done at the distances seen in the engraving, the needle passing once round the loop after every stitch. Then carry the thread round, passing the needle twice in the top of each buttonhole stitch; after which work a rosette in the centre, and fasten off at the buttonhole edge again. The Chinese eyelets are buttonholed; the spots worked in satin stitch.

DESIGN FOR BRAIDING THE SIDES OF A SLIPPER. PAGE 378.

MATERIALS.—Cloth or velvet, with Russia silk braid, and colored crochet silk, of a contrasting hue.

We gave the front of this pretty slipper in our July number; and as this part must be done in the same way, it is unnecessary to repeat the directions.

We would remark, however, that the new style of braiding is so very much more effective than the old, that we would recommend its use for all ornamental articles, including vests, bags and children's dresses.

NAPKIN RING IN BEADWORK. PAGE 378.

The materials employed are the O. P. or Bohemian Beads; the colors employed being three shades of green, two of blue, red or purple, one of yellow, and white for the ground.

They are woven into a band, according to the engraving, Evans's Beading Cotton, No. 00, being used for this purpose. The three green shades are employed in the leaves, the darkest being that indicated by the vertical lines in the square. The flower may be of either of the other colors, as all will show well, with white for a ground. The eye, or centre of the flower, has a circle of yellow within which is a row of the darker shade of the flower itself, and a single dark green spot in the middle.

But if beads of a dark color be selected for the ground, the flower would be very pretty in white; and it is very possible to make a set of rings for a small family, all of the same design, but so varied as to the color and ground that they can readily be distinguished from each other.

To mount these rings have common ones made of tin, exactly large enough for the patterns of the beadwork to be complete in the space. Weave the work into a round and slip it over; line it with silk, turning in the edges and sewing the cover to the lining along the threads that cross from bead to bead. Small loops of bead, making a narrow fringe, may then be added at each edge.

EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT TRIMMINGS. PAGE 376.

MATERIALS.—Stout jaconet, or very fine long-cloth, with the Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 14 or 18, of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England.

This design, which is at once easy to work, and very showy and strong, is composed entirely of the spots known as Chinese eyelet-holes, the hole being worked round in graduated buttonhole stitch. Of course each is accurately traced, and the space to be afterwards covered is considerably raised, particularly in the widest part. To correspond with it, and also for the sake of increased strength, the scalloped edge ought also to be raised, and very closely and evenly overcast.

COVER FOR A MUSIC-STOOL OR WORK-BASKET IN DARNED NETTING. PAGE 377.

MATERIALS.—Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 4, and the same number of knitting cotton.

We give, in the engraving, a section only of the top of the cover, which is in six divisions. Like all similar pieces of netting, it is begun in the centre with six stitches, which are closed into a round, and then two stitches worked in each one. In all subsequent rounds two stitches are worked in each small stitch only, which will occur at regular distances, six times in every round.

When the round is completed, for which the holes up one side of a division must be counted, the band will be worked on the same, simply by continuing round and round, without any increase.

Here, also, the engraving must determine the depth to be worked.

The darning is done with knitting cotton, the netting being first slightly stiffened and tacked on *toile cirée*. A double line of holes, one on each side of the division, which will be seen in

the netting, must be filled in, and the remainder darned according to the engraving.

Finally, a fringe must be knotted into the edge at regular distances.

L.K. PAGE 380.

Initials for embroidery to be worked in very fine satin stitch with Walter Evans & Co.'s Embroidery Cotton No. 80 or 100.

MITT, IN MALTESE NETTING. PAGES 380-1.

MATERIALS.—Very fine and coarse netting silk, with a round ivory mesh, and a flat half-inch wide ditto. The round mesh must be about No. 9 or 10, small enough to make the holes the size seen in the glove itself.

On a foundation work eighty stitches; close them into a round, and do 24 rounds. Take the large flat mesh and do one round; then the small one, and do four rounds; after which begin from the thumb, by increasing every third round two stitches, with ten stitches at first between the two increased. The extra stitches must be allowed for the thumb; and by the time the depth of the hand is done up to the division for the thumb, it will be sufficiently increased. When this is the case, finish the thumb by working it round and round separately, having added on a foundation six stitches at the joining. Do the shell edging to it by working with the flat mesh five stitches in one, missing two, and then one stitch on the next. Then miss two, and do five all on the next. Two plain rounds must then be done with the small mesh.

The upper part for the hand is then continued, taking up the six stitches at the division of the thumb.

At the top is first a round of spotted netting, then one pattern of Grecian netting, and afterwards the shell border, which must be repeated also at the wrist.

The design is darned according to the section given, which is on an enlarged scale, to enable the worker to see it well.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

"Dry up those gushing tears, dear Edith," said Kate Churchill to her friend, as she sat by a window overlooking the open common.

Edith glanced at her deep mourning dress, where the tears were still visible in the crape folds on which they had dropped, and looked up into Kate's face with a mute appeal for sympathy.

"I know what you would say, Edith," continued Kate; "you think me almost cruel for urging you to moderate your grief. Believe me, it is no cruelty but kindness that prompts me to do so. There is no cure for grief and sorrow like exertion. It is painful for me to remind you that there is a necessity on your part for making some effort for the future; but it will come with a better grace from me, who have toiled so long for a subsistence, than from those who only shared your prosperous life. When once your mind is occupied you will find it easier to bear this affliction; and, believe me, there is no sorrow that will not be lightened by strong, active, healthful labor."

"I do not shrink from labor, Kate," replied Edith; "but I do shrink from meeting the eyes of those who have fluttered around me in my days of prosperity, but who look with contempt upon Edith Shirley now she is poor and dependant."

"And do you care for such false friends as those, Edith?" said Kate; "because, if you cannot overcome this fear, depend upon it, you will have trouble enough to encounter. I have long ago learned that such friends are not worth having."

Those who saw Kate Churchill's firm and independent step, as she went forth each morning to her daily task, could well believe that these might be her true sentiments. She had been thrown upon her own resources long before she was as old as Edith now was; and in addition to this, she had a younger sister who was wholly dependent on her for support.

While the friends were yet sitting together, a letter was brought for Edith. It contained a cold and formal invitation from the sister of her mother to pass the winter in her family—adding, that in that time she would be able to look about for some situation in which she could maintain herself. This letter

did more good towards rousing her from her grief than all Kate's entreaties.

"And this is the woman, Kate, whom my father brought up as a child—whose home in his family was made luxurious and easy—who never knew a want or privation, and on whom my father bestowed a rich marriage portion," said Edith. "Now she thinks to cancel the debt by offering to his child the shelter of her house for a few months!"

"I am glad you have received this letter, Edith," said Kate; "it will do you more good than all I can say. I may seem rough and harsh, but I tell you to go to work and make yourself independent of these lukewarm friends. Come and share my humble home with me, Edith—it is not what you have been accustomed to, and you will miss many luxuries; but you will find warm hearts and willing hands—and when you have roused yourself from this grief, the transition from our home to the scene of your labors will be less trying to your feelings than from one more magnificent."

"Will you indeed allow me to come?" said Edith. "Nothing could make me happier than to be with you, Kate—to borrow, if I can, some portion of that strong determined purpose, which I fear it will take me long to attain. Yes, let me come to you, and I will try to prove my gratitude by exerting myself even as you do."

The home to which Kate had now invited her friend was a humble one, as she had said. Here dwelt Kate's little sister and a widowed aunt of the two girls, who superintended their domestic affairs, while Kate pursued her daily occupation of teaching.

Edith came to them that very evening, and was duly installed in their only spare chamber, in which, however, they had contrived all the comforts which their means would permit.

Edith Shirley's history was not an uncommon one. She had been brought up in a style of splendor and magnificence which her father's means did not warrant. She was an only child, and he had built high hopes upon her making a most unexceptionable match. Edith's delicate and unsuspicious mind, however, had never lent itself to her father's ambitious schemes. Indeed it would have been difficult to make her believe that such an idea ever entered his thoughts. Had she dreamed of it, it would have embarrassed her in her intercourse with many of her male friends, for whom she entertained a sincere regard. Mr. Shirley died before his schemes could be accomplished, and after his decease his reputed wealth had melted—first into a mere competency for his wife and daughter, and then into utter and irremediable poverty. His wife sank beneath the shock, and it was a matter of curious speculation among the pretended friends of the family to note the difference between the magnificence of Mr. Shirley's funeral, as it issued from the door of his noble mansion, and the cheaper and humbler one of his widow, as it came from the small house she had occupied since his death by the sufferance of his creditors.

Edith's heart was almost broken by her mother's death. Nothing in the whole rushing tide of their misfortunes had affected her like this; and had it not been for Kate Churchill she must have sunk powerless beneath her sorrows. But Kate was an old and tried friend, whose poverty had never separated her from the hearts of Mrs. Shirley and her daughter; and it was she who had closed the eyes of the dying woman, and was now administering strength and consolation to her afflicted child.

"How I wish you could stay at home with us, sister Kate," said little Isabella, the next morning after Edith had taken up her abode with them.

Aunt Manning eagerly joined in the wish, and Edith, whose tearful eye had become more tearful while Kate was preparing to leave them, suddenly exclaimed, "Yes, stay at home, Kate, have pupils at home; turn it into a school for young ladies, and I will be your music and drawing teacher, and between us we can educate Isabella."

"It is a bright idea, Edith," said Kate, "and one by which I should like to profit; but there are many difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, and, first of all, we have not room for such an undertaking."

Aunt Manning suggested that two large airy apartments were to be let adjoining their own cottage—that a great many families in their vicinity could furnish pupils, and that she her-



INITIAL LETTERS. PAGE 379.

self, accustomed as she was to teaching in her youth, would gladly undertake the whole charge of the English branches.

Kate walked thoughtfully to her duties that morning. Such an idea had presented itself to her mind often. The more she thought of it the more favorable it appeared to her, and as she walked along she resolved several plans for its accomplishment, none of which seemed to be just the right one. She was teacher at a school, and all schooltime her mind wandered from her duties, and when the clock struck twelve it was quite a relief for her to get out into the open air. On her way she met her good friend Dr. Moreton, and in the course of the conversation she unfolded to him her thoughts on the subject.

"The very thing, my dear Miss Churchill," said the doctor. "Depend on it you may count on my advice and assistance—ay, upon my patronage, too. I can promise you three—pets of my own family, and my brother will, I know, give you two or three more. Then, among the families I visit I have lately heard eager inquiries after just such a school as I think you and Miss Shirley can manage so well together. Go and secure your rooms at once, and I will engage that other things will go as you would wish them."

Thus encouraged, Kate hastened home, obtained the key of the rooms of her own landlord. Edith joined in with more spirit than Kate had even hoped for; and aunt Manning was invaluable in her services. A woman was soon obtained to do the household work, which Isabella and her aunt had hitherto performed together, and the whole family were soon employed in fitting up the new rooms as attractively as possible. The doctor lent his kindly aid, and his wife proved a most valuable assistant; and when at length the time arrived for opening school Kate was rejoiced to find that she was to receive nearly thirty pupils. Kate's kindness to Edith was already meeting its reward. Her success enabled her to pay Edith even a larger salary than she would have obtained in any other employment. Edith rejoiced most of all that she was not obliged to go out of the house to her daily labor. Here she would live in almost entire seclusion; and her duties, so far from being hard, were pleasant and agreeable. She was an enthusiast in both drawing and music, and possessed a rare faculty of imparting both. Her youthful appearance inspired more confidence than the grave and dignified steadiness of Kate's manner, and the pupils had already learned to love her, while they lost none of that respect which belonged to her as a teacher.

School went steadily on for a year, in which the two friends realised all, and more than all they could desire. June had come round with its orchard blooms and budding lilacs, and the holidays had come at last. Mrs. Manning, Kate and Isabella had gone to visit a friend. They had unwillingly left Edith alone; but she insisted on their doing so. It was so seldom that she had time to retrace the events of the past, that it seemed like a real luxury for her to sit down and weep over old memories. It was now just a year since the time when she was homeless and friendless. And her heart swelled with affection and reverence towards Kate, to whose strong and correct judgment she owed so much. Now she was independent and could rely upon her own resources. One thought came back to her

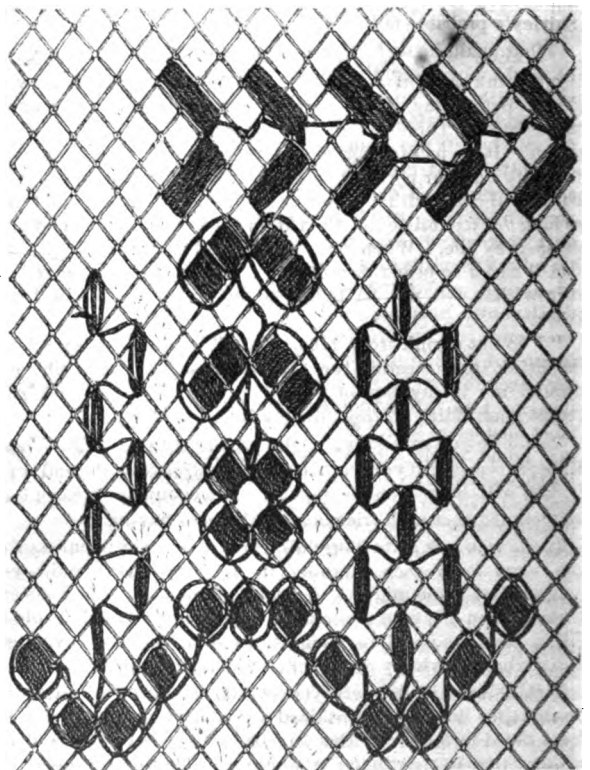
mind, which for a year she had resolutely kept out of sight. Her pride and her self-respect had alike forbidden her to cherish that remembrance; but on this day of all days it came up to her with an absorbing interest. Sometimes when our thoughts are with the absent, when perhaps we have not thought of them for a long, long time, we suddenly meet them face to face, and it would seem that their presence was about us, even before our eyes had taken in their image.

It was thus with Edith. She had been thinking of Horace Landon—of their last interview—of the words he had then spoken—so unmistakable in their import, so delightful for her to hear. Her tears were flowing fast as she recalled him to her mind. While she was yet musing and weeping she saw a gentleman tie his horse at the gate and make his way to the

house. Ashamed at her tears, she would gladly have avoided him; but that was impossible, as the family were all out but herself; and, hastily wiping her eyes, she answered his summons at the door.

"Is Miss Shirley here?" he asked. Then hesitating a moment, he exclaimed, "Do I not see Miss Shirley herself?"

It was difficult for Edith to recognise in the sunburnt face and expanded figure the once delicate features and light form of Horace Landon, and when she did, her embarrassment and confusion were such, that after several ineffectual attempts to answer him, she could only lead the way back to the room and burst into a shower of tears. Landon stood reverently in the presence of such uncontrollable grief. He remembered the time when the young beauty, Elizabeth Shirley, was basking in the sunlight of fortune, with crowds of admirers at her feet. He saw her now sad and subdued, but not less beautiful than before. He had yielded to an irresistible impulse to look upon her once more, to ask her forgiveness for the words he had spoken, and which had so miserably failed in their promise. He had come, he said, to look upon her once more, to ask her to forget, if she could, the wrong he had done to her heart and



ENLARGED PATTERN FOR MITT IN MALAYSE NETTING. PAGE 379.

his own, to tell her how severely he had been punished for all the broken vows he had uttered, and that he was going away where she would probably never hear his name mentioned again. He could not leave the country, he said, without making this slight expiation of his fault, and hearing her own lips pronounce his pardon.

Edith listened to all this, her tears arrested and dried up by the strangeness of his words. And then, with more dignity than she had ever worn in the days of her prosperity, she said, "I needed not this explanation, Mr. Landon, to convince me that the words you spoke at our last interview were false and unmeaning; your conduct has sufficiently proved that. All that I regret is that you should have thought such an explanation necessary, and that you should have forced yourself upon me at a time when I have scarcely recovered from deeper griefs than your absence has occasioned me. We will not prolong this interview, if you please, Mr. Landon. It must be painful to you, and it is certainly not pleasant to me."

How little had Horace Landon counted upon this cool dignity on the part of her whom in the days of her wealth he had found so soft and yielding. He was not prepared for this, but seeing that she awaited his departure, he moved towards the door. She turned away so decidedly that he had no excuse for lingering; but when his foot was upon the threshold he threw back to her a look which was full of agony.

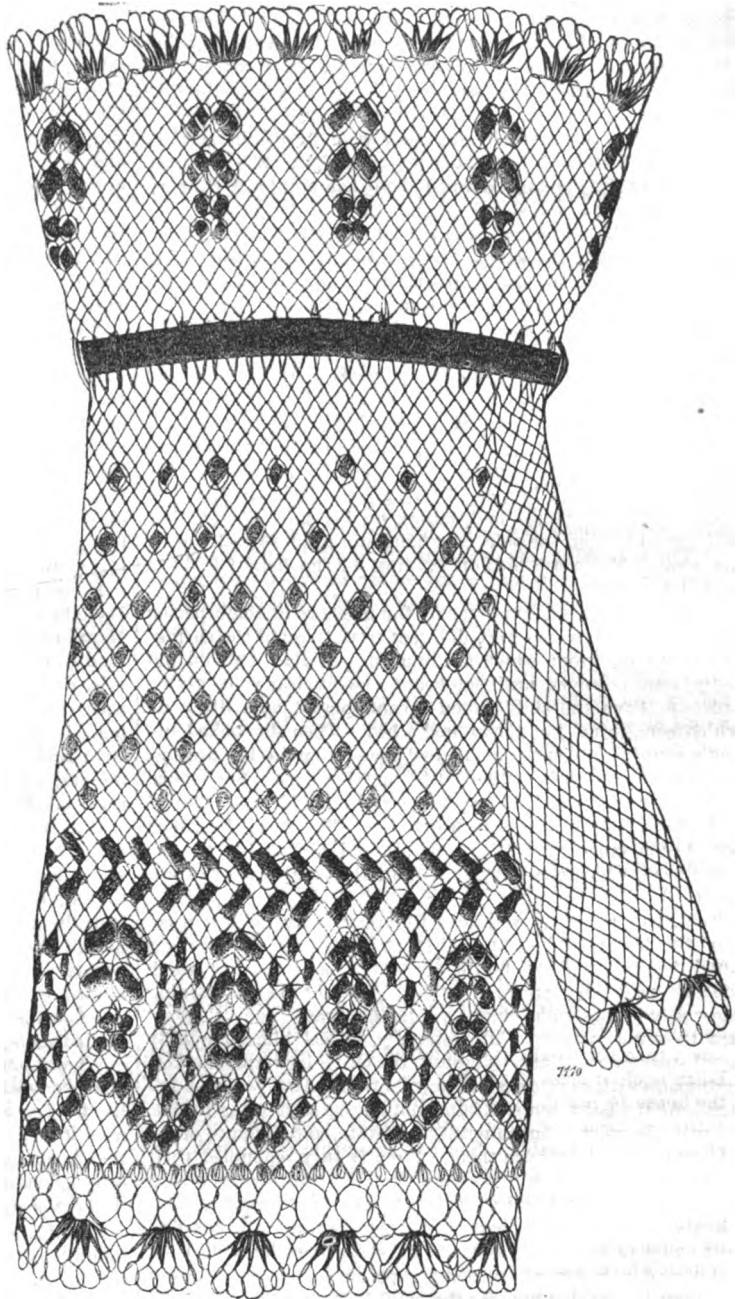
A little more than a year before Horace Landon had aspired to the hand of the rich Edith Shirley. Then her father was reported to be a rich millionaire, but Edith had never dreamed that any mercenary purpose had place within his heart. At their last interview he had spoken words of love and begged her to allow him to ask her father's consent to their union. Her blushes alone answered him. Landon mentally resolved to see Mr. Shirley and learn his fate that evening; but on leaving his own door for that purpose he encountered a friend, who announced to him the startling news of Mr. Shirley's probable failure and consequent ruin.

What could he do! It was plain to him that he could not after this meet his engagement with Edith, and he had not the courage to seek a second interview. His only resource was to fly, and he left the country in the short period that intervened between the news so obtained and Mr. Shirley's death. Wandering restlessly about from place to place, ashamed of his conduct towards Edith, and purposely avoiding travellers from his own country, he had remained abroad without hearing of Mr. Shirley's death, until, miserable and unhappy, he sought once more his native town. Here he was informed of Edith's situation, and resolved to seek her once more and test the strength of her affection for him. Her coolness repulsed—nay, almost maddened him. Before those truthful eyes his proud spirit quailed, and yet never had Edith seemed half so beautiful as now—never had he loved her half so well as when he turned from her with the conviction that his presence was unwished for. Edith wept no more that day. Her spirit was roused, and she seemed to grow at once into the firm and determined woman.

When Kate returned, she was conscious that Edith had passed through some change since she left her, although she could not guess its nature. That night they sat long together, and Edith, for the first time, spoke to her of Horace Landon. They sat down with their hands clasped in each other's, and as Edith proceeded in her story, she felt Kate clasp her closer and still closer. It was not often that Kate Churchill displayed any emotion. She had schooled herself into a calm and collected demeanor, under which no common observer could have sus-

pected that an inward fire lay smouldering. Beneath that surface lay the traces of a passion which had consumed her youth and given to her countenance the appearance of age. And he who had thus rudely broken her heart's young dream was no other than Horace Landon.

In the days of her Aunt Manning's prosperity, when Kate was her acknowledged heiress, he had bound himself to her by promises of everlasting affection—promises which he hastened to cancel as soon as her fortunes changed. Kate Churchill the



MITT IN MALTESE NETTING. PAGE 379.

heiress and Kate Churchill the governess were two distinct persons, and Horace Landon could not bend his mind to the change in her circumstances. The desire of being rich and great was his ruling passion, and Kate's mind and intellect, high as they were, could not console him for her want of wealth. From that time she had steelled her heart against all other love; but down in its inmost depth, she had still cherished the fragments of that broken idol.

She gave to Edith that night confidence for confidence, and each borrowed strength and courage from the other. This re-

vealing of Edith's experience was doing Kate a great deal of good. It was unconsciously rooting out from her heart a feeling which was barring her from any future happiness; and it brought to her a new companionship in Edith, such as she had never found before. The next day was fully occupied with preparations for the journey, which they had long decided to make during the vacation. Early as it was, they intended going to Ramsgate—better pleased that it was not the season when the watering-places were filled with company. Isabella was delighted with the freedom she enjoyed, and Kate and Edith did not disdain to join her sports on the beach, while Aunt Manning sat composedly on the rocks, and wrapped in a comfortable shawl, amused herself with watching the white sails of the fishing boats.

On the last day of their stay they were busily engaged in packing, and allowed Isabella to go by herself. She was gone so long that Kate became alarmed about her, and hastily throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she ran down to the beach. She could see nothing of her sister; but far off over the wide stretch of the long beach, she saw a crowd gathered about something they saw lying on the sand. Instinctively she ran towards the group. An unutterable dread came upon her. She dashed into the crowd, and saw Isabella lying with her long hair dragged in the sand, and fragments of the brown seaweed mingled with the heavy masses of curls that lay wet and motionless on her shoulders. For a moment Kate turned faint and sick, for even in that brief period she realised that this child was all that remained to her, and she had not the strength to bear the desolation which that thought imparted. The people made way for her, as if they guessed at once that she had a right to be there—and, falling on her knees beside Isabella, she lifted up the pale cold hand and tried to call her by her name. The words died on her lips, for the hand fell down cold and nerveless.

Presently Kate was conscious of the presence of some person near whose movements were different from those of the shrinking, trembling group which surrounded Isabella. She did not notice him, however, until she heard a sweet clear voice giving orders to have the child taken up and placed on a litter, on which some kind hand had laid a bed. Then she looked up, and a countenance such as she had seen often in her dreams, yet never met with in ordinary life, met her gaze. She looked at him earnestly, as if to see how far she could trust him to restore the life which was so dear to her. She seemed satisfied with her momentary scrutiny, and allowed him to lift the beloved head, which was lying so still in the tangled mass of seaweed.

The litter was conveyed to a fisherman's hut, a few paces from the beach, and again, softly and tenderly, the stranger lifted the child and bore her in his own arms to the bed which the good people had prepared for her. A bright fire was burning cheerfully in the rude chimney, and hot water and other restoratives were at hand. The stranger busied himself quietly in all their preparations—wrapped the child in warm blankets and made various attempts to pour hot stimulant between her lips. At the last attempt a faint motion was seen in her throat. No one observed it but himself and Kate, and a glance of intelligence passed between them. Silently they redoubled their exertions. Kate working mechanically, but the stranger as if his whole heart and soul were bound up in her recovery. Instinctively Kate moved nearer to his side, as if there were safety only in his presence. It seemed as if she had resigned Isabella to his care, as she would to some superior being, whose power was even beyond her love for the child.

Another half hour passed, in which sighs and a faint flush on either cheek were the only signs that she still lived, and Kate began to lose the strange calmness which had taken possession of her, and to become anxious and restless. A little while longer and Isabella slept—a sleep in which her soft, regular breathings were delightful for Kate to witness. She looked at the stranger, and for the first time discovered that his clothes were dripping, and it flashed upon her all at once that it was he who had drawn Isabella out of the water. She tried to thank him—tried to beg him to go away and exchange those wet clothes for dry ones. But Kate's self-possession seemed strangely to desert her. The few words she did speak were low and indistinct. He gathered enough from them, however,

to learn her wishes; and glancing down upon his wet clothes, he said, "I will leave you for half an hour, during which time she will probably sleep. I will then rejoin you, when undoubtedly she will be able to be conveyed home."

Isabella woke bright and clear, remembering all the incidents of her falling in the water, and trying to describe to Kate the handsome stranger who had been talking and laughing with the children on the beach. She saw him spring towards her, just as she felt herself sinking, and remembered holding out her arms towards him. After that all was a blank. While she was talking, the stranger drove up to the door in a carriage, and taking her in his arms, wrapped as she was in her blankets and placing Kate beside her, he carried them to their lodgings at the other side of the town. Edith and Aunt Manning were sitting composedly at their work, having scarcely missed Kate and Isabella, as they were accustomed to their long and frequent absences. Their coming roused them into bustling activity, and Kate, faint and exhausted from recent emotion, was glad to resign Isabella into such competent hands. She was now left alone with the stranger. The events of the last few hours had brought them nearer together than those of years might have done.

When they entered the house, she attempted to introduce him to her friends, but stopped short from not knowing his name. He gave it as Walter Sherwood, and described to her that on taking his customary walk upon the beach, he had come upon this little group of children—that they had recalled memories of his little brothers and sisters far away in a distant land—that he had been chatting gaily with Isabella until a moment before her fall—that she had been talking to him of sister Kate, and that he knew her from the moment she sprang into the circle on the beach, since he knew that no other would appear toward the child as she had done.

It was now evident that they must remain at Ramsgate until Isabella was sufficiently recovered to return home. But Aunt Manning and Edith determined to leave them in order to attend to the school, while Kate remained with Isabella. Kate missed them at first, but their loss was soon supplied by the active attentions of Walter Sherwood, who came each day and held Isabella in his arms, lifted her from chair to sofa, and from sofa to bed, read to her, brought her books, pictures and flowers, for July was now opening in all its beauty, and with its usual wealth of roses, so grateful to the invalid.

Isabella had never seen any mortal yet who could compare with Mr. Sherwood. She lay on her couch sounding the praises which Kate declared she was tired of hearing; although, truth to tell, they each had an echo in her own heart. But now Isabella had recovered, and Kate could no longer conceal from herself that she was prolonging her stay beyond the actual necessity. On the evening preceding the day on which she intended to return, she announced that intention to Mr. Sherwood, while Isabella lay quietly sleeping in the next room. He started with evident pain.

"I was hardly prepared for this," he said at last. "These last two weeks have flown so swiftly away, that I did not think the time so near when you would talk of parting. And why need it be parting, Miss Churchill?" he continued; "surely that is not parting where each carries away a memory of the other. Such memory I shall bear away with me. Such memory, if there is truth in your face, you will bear for me."

Kate leaned her head upon her hand. Some such dream had found place in her waking hours, but this seemed all too sweet to be real.

"What am I to judge from your silence?" he at length asked.

"Anything—everything, except indifference," said Kate, as she looked up to him, with her whole loving, tasteful soul beaming from her face.

"Heaven bless you, Kate!" said he. "You have taken a load from my heart that has been burdening it for many days. Ever since our first meeting I have thought that so good a sister could not but make as good a wife. Every interview since that has deepened that impression; and now that you speak of separation, I know that henceforth there will be no joy in my life unless you share it with me."

Long and earnest was the talk that evening. He told her of his family, his friends and his profession—of a disappointment,

too, which had once come upon his heart, and had almost made him renounce his faith in woman—that he was only restored to his former trustfulness when he awoke to a perception of her character. Kate could only return this confidence by relating to him her connection with Horace Landon, the loss of her parents and her subsequent struggles and success. She told him of Edith, of her beauty and goodness, and also her misfortunes; she talked to him of the time when she was to have been her aunt's heiress, and how that sorrow which never comes alone was followed quickly by another. She reminded him that he would have three claimants upon his hospitality beside herself; for that she could never find it in her heart to break up that quartette which had so long lived happily together. Still, she assured him neither her aunt nor Edith would ever burden him in any pecuniary way—and as for Isabella—

"Say no more of Isabella," he exclaimed, "she shall henceforth be my child, as she is yours. I shall never forget that she brought me this happiness, and as to the others, why, those whom you think it right to entertain in your home before you are married, shall be no less welcome in mine afterwards." He said this with such an earnest, straightforward, heartsome manner, that Kate could not help weeping. They were happy tears, however.

Next day saw Kate at home busy with her unpacking, busy with Isabella's new summer dresses, busy with the cares of the school, of which Edith was giving her full details—going on in the same old way, putting herself and her own concerns last—caring for every one else first.

Has the memory of Horace Landon ever yet been blotted from the mind of Edith? Perhaps not; for duly on every Wednesday evening Mr. Sherwood brings home a letter addressed to Edith, which he slyly shows to Kate, as she goes to meet him in the hall, and at the sight of which Edith blushes deeply, as he lays it down by her plate. All through the long evening she does not read the letter until she retires to her chamber at night. There she opens the cherished missive, the first of which alone may meet the reader's eye; and was as follows:

"It is far from my purpose, dear Edith, to make you think more highly of me than I deserve. I would not so wrong your candid judgment—but bear with me, dear, while I try to clear myself from an imputation which, after all, scarcely belongs to me. I was brought up, as you well know, by my uncle, a man who was distinguished for his overweening love of wealth. From my boyhood he instilled into me this one principle alone—of everlasting gain. Especially did he forbid me ever to marry, unless I could bring a rich bride to his house; for the idea of my separating myself from him was never for a moment thought of by either. I saw and admired Kate Churchill, and I knew that the circumstance of her being a prospective heiress would find favor in my uncle's sight. He approved the match, which he afterwards forbade when he learned the change in her fortunes. I would not depreciate my uncle in her eyes, and I allowed her to think I was myself the slave of avarice. So I parted from that dream, although I frankly own to you there was a bitterness in my doing so which only ceased to haunt me when I met with you.

"Again was the same scene enacted, the same exultation that I was going to marry into a wealthy family, and the same harsh refusal to sanction my union when he heard of your father's misfortune. Edith, I cannot tell you what I suffered then, and yet, as you well know, I allowed you to think me mean and mercenary, rather than to lower my uncle in your estimation. Last week my uncle died, leaving me the wealth for which he had sacrificed his heart's best gifts, and sacrificed the happiness of my youth. This wealth is valueless to me unless you share it. Now, dearest Edith, am I fully exonerated? And if so, what is to be my reward for these tedious years of waiting? Answer me."

How he was answered the reader may surmise. Their after life promises to be a happy one.

Give to a grief a little time, and it softens to a regret, and grows beautiful at last; and we cherish it as we do some old, dim picture of the dead.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.



Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent

for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.

NORWEGIAN COMPLIMENTS—On getting up from table in Norway each person goes round the whole company and shakes hands with every one, with a complimentary phrase of *Tak for mad*—thanks for meal; or, *Vel bekomme*—may it do you good. This form is universal. The infant is taught to make its bow or curtsy to its mother, and say, *Tak for mad*; the husband and wife shake hands and say *Tak for mad* to each other. In a large party it has the appearance of a dance round the table, every one going round to pay the compliment, which is paid to the smallest child at table as gravely and ceremoniously as to grown people. In the treatment of children they seem not to make that difference between the child and grown-up person which we do; the children appear to be treated with consideration and respect. *Tak for sidste* is another form of politeness still universal in Norway, the meaning of which is, "Thanks for the pleasure I had from your company the last time we met." It is a compliment of recognition, which it would be extremely rude to neglect. The common people say *Tak for sidste* to the Swedish peasants of Jemeteland, who have come across the Fjelde, and whom they have not seen since the preceding year's snow, and then, possibly only in taking a dram together. A laborer never passes another at work or at his meal without a complimentary expression, wishing him luck in his labor or good from his meal.—*Norway and the Norwegians*.

A NORWAY BRIDE.—The bride elect had on a gay-colored bodice, cloth skirt and apron, her hands being concealed in another sort of thick apron resembling a muff. The garments were decorated with silver ornaments, bugles and tinsel. She supported a large, high-crowned hat, which rested heavily upon her head; it resembled a species of chimney-top chapeau, and was intended for a nuptial coronet. The hat was decorated with pieces of cloth of several colors, some of which dangled down, suspended by threads attached to the framework, and were interwrought with numerous metallic ornaments, many inevitably intended for gift-charms. At the points of the suspended threads dangled small coins and thin pieces of metal. With the least motion of the head these pendant weights, as they came in contact, produced a musical sound by no means disagreeable. Of her two companions, one was ornamental—the other useful. The latter's chief duty was to look to the bride's garments, more especially the crown, and place it again in a proper position when it became troublesome, for not unfrequently it dropped at a rakish angle.—*Everett*.



THERE'S MANY A SUIP, ETC.—*The faithful and intelligent Bridget, while gazing admiringly upon the evolutions of the gallant Seventh, forgets the old proverb quoted above. The antique Biddy illustrates an old song and the infant a new-dit-ty.*

A POLITE JUDGE.—Mr. Justice Graham was the most polite judge that ever adorned the bench, and many amusing anecdotes are related of his courteous expressions. On one occasion it was said he had hastily sentenced a man who had been capitally convicted to transportation, when the clerk of the court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh," he exclaimed, "prisoner, I beg your pardon; come back;" and, putting on the black cap, courteously apologised for his mistake, and consigned him to the gallows to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. To one found guilty of burglary, or a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c., &c. Among other peculiarities, he had a custom of repeating the answers made to him, as illustrated in the following dialogue: "My good friend, you are charged with murder; what have you to say on the subject?" "Eh, my lord!" "Eh, how did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jem aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good; he'd knock the breath out of your body—and what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good; and then—" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up, and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open—good; and what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road; very good." This will match the best of Lord Cockburn's Stories of Scottish Justices of the Court of Sessions in his entertaining work recently published.

JERROLD was enjoying a drive one day with a jovial spendthrift. "Well, Jerrold," said the driver of a very fine pair of grays, "what do you think of my grays?" "To tell you the truth," said Jerrold, "I was just thinking of your duns!"



OFFENDED PROPRIETOR OF A LOVELY FEMALE.—*What are you staring at, fellow?—eh!*
INTELLIGENT LOAFER.—*Upon my life I don't know. "What is it?"*

A WONDERFUL CANNON.—A young man, fresh from his travels, was relating to a large company in the parlor of a fashionable hotel the wonders he had seen, particularly in Egypt. Among other wonders he had seen a cannon so large, that when it came on to rain, the coach that he was in was driven, horses and all, into the muzzle of the gun, to get out of the storm. One of his auditors (an old salt, in land toggery) smiled at the story, whereupon our traveller, in no very good humor, asked, "Well, sir, do you doubt my word?" "Oh, no, not at all," was Jack's reply, "it was the coincidence that caused me to smile. I know you are correct, for it so happened that I was inside of the gun in a curricule, and when you drove in at the muzzle I drove out at the touch-hole."

"MR. BRAGGS has gone for six months to the Mediterranean for a holiday, and his health," said one government clerk to another. "He's a lucky fellow. He is called something superintendent of gunpowder stores, but I don't think he ever saw 'em." "Oh, poor fellow!" said the other, "I know why he has been obliged to go on sick leave—I wonder you did not hear the report. He's suffering from an accidental discharge of his duty."



The Foolish Boy who puts his Finger into every (Mag) Pie!

JOSIAH DROGS is a most estimable gentleman, upright, strictly pious, and withal a staunch, thoroughgoing democrat. During the Mexican war he was called upon at a regular church meeting to pray, and he closed with this addition: "Be with our army in Mexico; whether it be right or whether it be wrong, bless it! We of the Democratic party are charged with making a war of conquest, but we believe it to be a war of defence. But we would not enter into argument of the subject, and for further particulars would refer to the President's message!"

"THAT baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family." Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun flower.



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"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME AND ——"

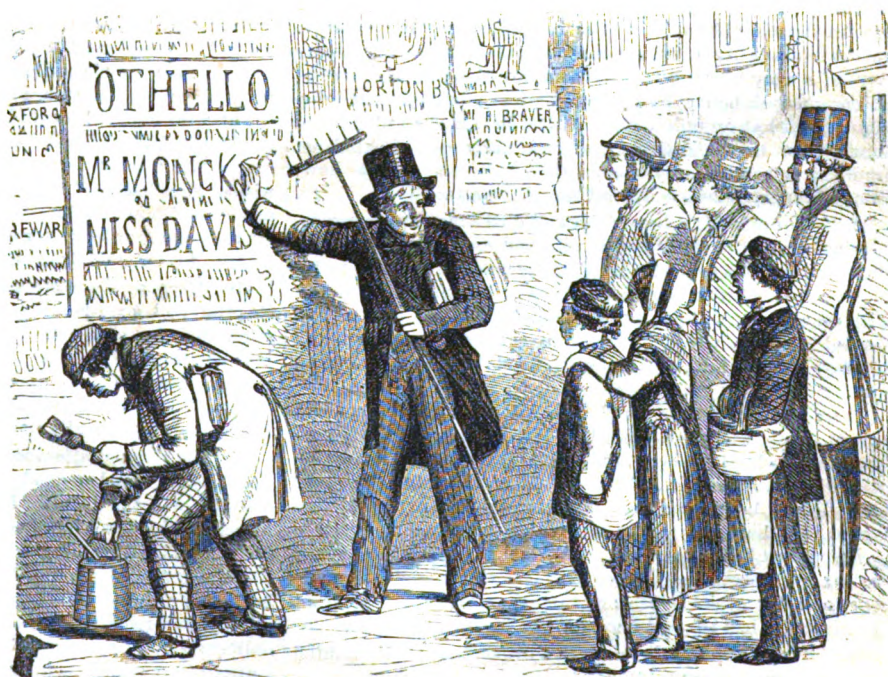
BY ALBANY FOSBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAPTER I.—JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED.

FLORENCE CLAVERING, tired and jaded after a gay London season, went down to Scarborough for quiet and sea-air. Stanley Thornton, for the same reasons, went to the same place. They met without design, and fell in love without reflection. They had nothing else to do.

Florence was a pretty, dancing, flirting, common-place girl; Stanley a handsome, gay young fellow, with a great flow of spirits and a small stock of brains. The course of true love with this interesting couple, passing, as it did, along a broad guage of three per cents., through considerable landed property, was smooth, in defiance of the old proverb. When the announcement of their marriage appeared in the papers the men cried out—"By Jove!" and the ladies—"Indeed!" They then proceeded to demonstrate that the fair one who ought really to have been Mrs. Thornton was not Florence Clavering, and that the gentleman to whom that young lady should have sworn love, honor and obedience, was not Stanley Thornton. However, it was too late to mend the matter; the knot had been tied—a bishop had sealed the matrimonial noose and an honorable and reverend had finished off the ends. An eminent firm in Lincoln's Inn, assisted by a celebrated conveyancer in the Temple, had joined the landed estate and the three per cents. in legal wedlock, and there was an end of bachelor and spinster for ever.

Florence Thornton became a mother before she was twenty. For some time she was very delicate—devoted herself to her boy, and the gay world knew her not. By and by she gained strength, thought less of her new responsibilities and more of her old amusements. So the gay world found her again, and became all the gayer for the *rencontre*; for Florence suddenly discovered after a month or two of incessant gaiety that little Cecil was a cross, unloving child, who clung to the old nurse that tended and spoilt him, whilst he would have nothing to say to the beautiful mamma, who, between her engagements, sometimes honored his nursery with her presence. Later on in his baby life he pawed her silks with his bread and butter fingers, pulled at her feathers and flowers, and was otherwise objectionable. Occasionally he cried or made a noise when mamma had a headache after a ball. So an extra green-baize



GENERAL GLAMOUR'S "BESPEAK" IS PLACARDED.

door was placed in the passage leading to the nursery, and Mrs. Thornton, silks, feathers, finery and headaches, remained undisturbed. It is wonderful how soon a passive victim to neglect is converted into an active object of aversion, and what admirable reasons can be adduced for avoiding the fulfilment of a duty when a pleasure is in the perspective.

Very soon after their marriage Stanley discovered that the society of Florence, his wife, did not quite compensate for the abandoned pleasures of his club, his theatre, his lounge and his balls; whilst Florence found out that the companionship of her liege lord was anything but an antidote to ennui. They were too well bred and too indolent to quarrel, so they adopted the give and take system—so excellent in matrimony. Only in this way—they gave each other leave to take, they were both much too selfish to concede anything else.

Thus, Mrs. Thornton had her engagements and Mr. Thornton his engagements; and Mr. and Mrs. Thornton their engagements, when neither was previously engaged. Years passed, and young Cecil Thornton was sent to school. His principal holidays began at the close of July and ended in September. His father and mother were always abroad at this time, so that he either remained at school alone or else was sent to the country house in charge of the housekeeper.

When he did join his parents, Cecil was found to be a rude, unmannered boy, with such low tastes and habits, that his mother could not endure him in the drawing-room. How could it be otherwise? He had had no motherly, gentle hand to form his disposition—no female society to elevate and purify his mind—his companions and friends had been grooms and gamekeepers—his neglected, unloved youth had grown weeds, certainly; but what else had been sown? He became a rude and ill-mannered youth. Whose fault was that? His parents might have polished him up to their standard of refinement if they had chosen to take the trouble to do so; but his little sister, five years younger than himself, was just then being tortured into a fashionable young lady, and the notion of her rough, boisterous brother being allowed to associate with her was not to be entertained for a moment. Moreover, the offender was tall and strong for his age, and his presence at home suggested certain chronological inferences highly distasteful to his lady mother's vanity. Cecil was sent, therefore, to Oxford, and suddenly, from a companionless, constrained boyhood, found himself transported into what he considered a manhood of glorious liberty and unbounded wealth.

It was the old, old story. He plunged into dissipation, and rose saturated and clogged with debt. He tried to shake it off, and only sunk deeper in the mire; then, finding struggling against it useless, he wallowed in it helplessly. There was no vice nor absurdity of which he was not guilty. His talents were of a very high class. Without exertion he won several prizes and took honors in his examinations; but order and discipline he set at open defiance. At last he was rusticated for so long a term, that his sentence was, virtually, one of expulsion from the university, only without the harsh name, which, however, his angry relations did not scruple to attach to it.

His father paid his college debts and died a month afterwards, leaving all his property to his wife and an annuity of a hundred a year to his son. Before that son was one and twenty his mother had married again, and he was left without a home, without a guide, without a profession, to fight his own way in the battle of life, where he found at every turn relations and kindred formed into squares with fixed bayonets to oppose him.

There was a girl who lived in a village near the country house, where Cecil had passed so large a portion of his boyhood, and who had been his companion during many an otherwise lonesome day. The old, old story again. He loved her. It was by no means a desirable, even a reputable connexion, but he loved fondly and truly—consequently honored and respected her. But Cecil had a rival, the warmth of whose wooing was unrestrained by such considerations. After an absence of a few weeks he learned that she had fallen, and that the man who had effected her ruin was his own stepfather.

Was it not idle to talk to such a disposition as his of filial duty and respect after this?

I am not attempting to defend Cecil's conduct. I do not wish to cast reproach upon the dead. I have no dearer friend

than Cecil Thornton, and it is only common justice to him to state his antecedents before I tell his story.

CHAPTER II.—THE "LAMB" AND ITS COMPANY.



ABOUT fifteen miles from Brecon, upon a road leading to nowhere in particular, is a little wayside inn called "The Lamb." If you are accustomed only to recognise a hostel in the dirty, uncomfortable dens which infect small provincial towns, you would pass by "The Lamb" without thinking that accommodation for man and horse could be obtained therein. The sign of "The Lamb" hangs, in a very

unpretending manner, from a tree on the opposite side of the road, and is hardly perceptible in the summer time for the thick foliage which surrounds it; the honeysuckle, too, which twines round the porch, quite overgrows the board above the door, upon which is painted the information that coffee, tobacco and snuff might be drunk on the premises—a slight error in composition, to be accounted for by the fact that the limner had been paid in advance for his work, and had left a considerable portion of his earnings and his wits in the bar-parlor before he commenced his labors.

From all this let it not be supposed that the "Lamb" was not a busy "Lamb" and prosperous in his generation. He had company of his own that never failed him and

that knew their way to his threshold blindfold—who played bowls on his lawn and skittles in his alley, or smoked pipes and drank "whiskies" in his chimney-corner by themselves and their forefathers, day after day and night after night, from a time whereof the memory of the "Lamb" runneth not to the contrary. Moreover, there was a famous trout-stream hard by; and the "Lamb" was, of course, the house of call for those who came to fish. Now, your genuine fisherman is generally a bachelor—sometimes an old bachelor, always a fidgetty bachelor, and a bachelor particular as to what he eats and drinks. The "Lamb," therefore, like all places of resort for this species of *homo*, had a simple mode of cooking simple things which is not understood, madame, in your cuisine; nor to be obtained, sir, at your club. Incredible as it may appear in these times, the bread of the "Lamb" was made of wheaten flour, and the beer of the "Lamb" was brewed from malt and hops. If you wished for a bottle of wine, the "Lamb" could produce one in prime condition and for a moderate price, which would neither make you a murderer nor a maniac, whatever Messrs. Samuel Pope and George Cruikshank might say to the contrary.

Mrs. Morgan, the mistress of the "Lamb," was always tidy, cheerful and good-looking. She could cook you a chop or a steak, and fry you a trout, to the twentieth part of a turn. Had you set Soyer against her to boil a potato for the one, or to melt the butter for the other—even giving him the run of the "Lamb" for his ingredients—where would he have been?—Nowhere—emphatically nowhere.

One fine summer afternoon a stranger took up his quarters at the "Lamb," and a good deal of excitement amongst its frequenters was the result. In the first place, nobody knew who he was, and whence he came. He did not belong to the fishing, bowling or skittle clubs; and was neither known to, nor introduced by, any member of those fraternities. He asked for a bed for one night, and had already stayed a week. He was out all day, and remained in his room all night. At last, after due deliberation, it was settled, by the cronies of the chimney-corner before mentioned, in full conclave—

Firstly. That his name was Cecil Thornton, and that he "was something to do with London."

Secondly. That he was a real gentleman, albeit he had no other luggage than a knapsack and a fishing-rod.

"Well, sir, and what sport to-day?" said Mrs. Morgan one evening to her new guest, as he was hanging up his fishing rod under the eaves of the house.

"Very bad, Mrs. Morgan," was the reply. "Nothing to speak of—the wind was dead against me—only two brace you see, and very small."

"Indeed sir! Why my little lad was out, not above two hours, and he has brought home as fine a basket of trout as one would wish to see."

"Oh! but Willie, though a small boy, is a great fisherman, you know, Mrs. Morgan, and quite takes the shine out of a poor cockney like me," said the stranger. "By-the-bye, can I have my room a day or two longer? I don't think I shall leave to-morrow after all."

"That you can, Mr. Thornton, and with pleasure, sir," said the buxom landlady. "I was only just saying how sorry—but the sorrows of his worthy hostess were lost upon Thornton, for he had entered the little inn, and was leisurely divesting himself of his fishing gear in the kitchen."

"Is there anything else that I can do for you?" said Mrs. Morgan, clearing away the remains of Thornton's dinner the same evening, about an hour after the above conversation.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Thornton, "and yet, if you could spare me a few moments—sit down, pray—to tell me something about this beautiful country, I should thank you."

Mrs. Morgan seated herself.

"I went somewhat higher up the stream to-day than I had before been," her guest resumed, "and came to a large house, in a park, upon the hill, to the right. Can you tell me who lives there?"

"Oh, yes, sir—Squire Glamour—he lives in London mostly, but he has not gone this year, on account of his lady's health; so you see Miss Fanny—but la!—how I do run on, to be sure. How are you to know who Miss Fanny is till I tell you."

"His daughter, I presume," said Thornton.

"Lor bless you, sir!—Miss Fancy—we called her Fancy, bless her heart—is his niece, and as fine a young lady as you would see in a day's march—why, I nursed her, sir!—for fifteen years my good man was her father's soldier servant—poor Colonel Glamour, sir, as was killed in the Afghan war."

"And her mother?"

"Dead, sir!—dead too—of a broken heart, nothing else. My Fanny is an orphan, though I'm sure I feel like another mother towards her."

"Poor child! one can tell that her story is a painful one, by the sad expression of her face," observed Thornton, musingly.

"Sad expression? Why, sir, Miss Fanny is as gay as a bird—her sweet, merry heart runs over with smiles and pleasant words. Miss Fanny said! Lor, sir! I never saw her sad, and I've been fifteen years—"

"Miss Fanny, then, as you call her, is fair?" suggested Cecil.

"Fair as a lily, sir; and as sweet—she will be nineteen come the 23d March next, please God."

"Then, who is her dark, pensive companion?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Glamour's own daughter," replied Mrs. Morgan; "a dear child, sir, but nothing to compare with my Fanny. You've met the young ladies, then, sir?"

"I saw two ladies by the stream, and I conclude from your description that they were Miss Glamour and her cousin. But hark! I fear that I am monopolising your society too much, Mrs. Morgan; I hear loud appeals to you from below."

"Thank you, sir. Coming, coming! Then you won't leave us to-morrow, sir?"

"No, I must stay a day or two longer—fresh air is not to be had every day."

"Good evening, then, sir."

"Good evening, Mrs. Morgan."

And the good-natured, bustling mistress of the "Lamb" forthwith took her departure.

Thornton filled a very black pipe, with very strong tobacco—lighted it carefully, and smoked it slowly—studiously, exhibiting all that care and tenderness towards it which very short and

dirty clay pipes appear to demand—gazing at it fondly, when the oil began to ooze through the stem, and polishing it lovingly, upon the sleeve of his ragged shooting-jacket—puffing, ever and anon, long thin volumes of smoke through the fragrant woodbine that laced the windows, and watching the thin, blue wreaths as they curled slowly away, and were lost in the twilight. But, after all, when night set in, and the stars were shining, when his cherished pipe went out, and, falling from his relaxed lips, lay broken to pieces upon the stones below, he did not alter his position, but stood gazing on, through the clustering woodbine, into the thoughtful twilight—thinking—thinking—thinking.

Breakfast is an important ceremony in a country-house. It is more than an ordinary occasion for eating and drinking; letters are received, newspapers arrive, and the plans for the remainder of the day are brought forward, discussed and settled. A pile of correspondence lay upon Mr. Glamour's plate as he entered the breakfast-room with his daughter and niece the day after Cecil Thornton had broken his pipe.

"Humph! what a fool the man must think me," said Mr. Glamour, as he glanced over the contents of the various epistles. "Ha! ha! let them abuse me—it's their trade—who cares? Poor fellow, I cannot help him, though—I've no interest with such a set of— Ah!—"

"Now, uncle, do put aside those stupid letters," said his pretty niece, "and take your breakfast—it's getting quite cold—come."

"If you are not quiet, Fanny, I won't tell you what this is about," said her uncle.

"Why it's the general's handwriting!" exclaimed she, trying to seize the letter.

"Yes! it is, Miss Impudence; he wants to borrow some womankind, he says; so, girls, will you go over to H— next week?"

"Oh, of course," said both young ladies, in a breath.

"He says he has to patronise some play-acting fellows, and wants some people to look pretty in the theatre, and amuse him, and that you girls will do for want of something better."

"The general" was Mr. Glamour's younger brother, a retired officer of the East India Company's Service—a jolly old bachelor of ample fortune, whose chief objects in life appeared to be to spoil his pretty nieces, and to give a helping hand to all sorts of struggling people who fell in his way. The kindly old man had had a hard struggle with life himself once upon a time, and knew the value to the recipient of an encouraging word, or an opportunity for winning it, boons which costs the donor nothing. I think we should none of us be any the poorer, and that this world of ours would be all the happier, were more of us to follow the generous old soldier's example.

"By the by, uncle," inquired Fanny Glamour, as soon as the preliminaries of the visit to H— had been settled, "have you given anybody leave to fish on our side of the river in the park?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Glamour emphatically. "Well, there was a man fishing there yesterday, was not there, Ada?"

"I don't think he was fishing, dear," replied Ada. "At least, I did not see him throw his line once."

"He was trespassing, at any rate," said Mr. Glamour.

"No one hereabout would take such a liberty, I should suppose—he must be a stranger."

"No doubt," said Ada, "from what I can judge, he is not a person who would wittingly offend. Whatever else he may be—he is a gentleman."

"Oh! oh!" said Mr. Glamour, putting down his knife and fork, and lifting his eyebrows, "has he, then, made your acquaintance?"

"It is precisely because he did not attempt to do so, under circumstances which a less well-bred person might have taken advantage of, that I venture to think, papa dear, that he is what I said—a gentleman," replied his daughter.

"Well! but what circumstances? What circumstances? What happened?" inquired Mr. Glamour, becoming somewhat excited.

"Oh, nothing that need give you the smallest annoyance. Fanny and I were sketching on the rocks, just above the second fall, and my book accidentally fell into the river below. This

person, thereupon, waded into the stream, got it out, and returned it to me without a word."

"Perhaps the fellow was only stupid," observed the squire, continuing his breakfast, "and didn't know what to say."

"I dare say you are both right," said Fanny, "he may be very gentlemanly and very stupid likewise—two things by no means incompatible. But what can it matter? Let's talk of something else."

"With all my heart," said Ada, laughing.

CHAPTER III.—BEHIND THE SCENES.



GENERAL GLAMOUR'S "playing fellows" were the company of Mr. Lawson, the manager of the "South Western Theatrical Circuit," for whose benefit the performance at H——, "under the distinguished patronage of that respected friend of the drama," was to take place, "upon which occasion the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Monckton, would appear in Shakespeare's play of 'Othello.'" This important information was impress-

ed upon the "nobility and gentry" of H—— by huge posters, of resplendent hue, pasted on every available blank wall in the town. Wonderful bills were these posters—it made you wink to look at them. Every line appeared in a different color and type, whilst the great name of "Monckton" blazed forth in the middle, like the centre of a firework. They were marvellous bills, full of pretension, and breathing defiance to all competing establishments. A striking contrast to them was the little old man who assisted in sticking them up, distributing also abstracts of their contents to the shopkeepers for exposure in their windows.

He was about sixty years of age, and wore an old frock coat buttoned up with suspicious closeness to his chin, where it was met by what had once been a very gay blue satin stock, now sadly faded, and ragged round the edges. His trousers were of seedy black, exceedingly luminous at the knees, and several inches too long for the poor shrunk shanks they encased. A well brushed hat was set jauntily upon the top of a decidedly theatrical wig, and a pair of old shrivelled black gloves, a great deal more than covered his hands. It was a kind, gentle face, that old man's; marked deeply by something rougher than time; but it wore to-day a smile, and there was in his step a lightness that had not appeared there for many a year. And why? Because upon the bills which he was anxiously having placed in the most conspicuous part of the shop windows was printed in large capitals:

OTHELLO.....MR. MONCKTON.
DESDEMONA (first time).....MISS DAVIS.

Lily Davis was his motherless and only child!

Poor Lily! had any one told her a month ago that she would ever be called upon to perform the principal female part in a tragedy, she would have smiled at the ridiculous notion. A servant girl in a farce, a fairy in a pantomime, pages, guests and village maidens, who were to look pretty and hold their tongues, were Lily's rôles, until one day by accident Monckton heard her reading Tennyson to her father; he made no comment, but a day or two afterwards, happening to arrive at the theatre a little before the time fixed for rehearsal, he asked her to read over to him some lines that were to be spoken by the lady engaged to act with him that night. Lily began with perfect indifference, merely, as she thought, to oblige one who in many little things had been kind to her; but as she proceeded her mind absorbed the poetry, she realised the situations and felt every word she uttered. The result was a genuine and unconventional conception of the part. Monckton was astonished, said nothing, but thanked her for her assistance.

After rehearsal he sought the manager in his sanctum.

"You wish me to play Othello for your benefit at H——, I believe, Mr. Lawson," said Monckton.

"Why, yes, sir, if perfectly agreeable to you, it is my intention to put up that admirable tragedy on the occasion you have named," replied the manager, majestically.

"Whom do you intend to cast as Desdemona?"

"There is but one person in my present company, Mr. Monckton, capable of enacting to my satisfaction and that of the public (whom it has always been my humble endeavor to please) the beautiful character described by our great bard as the 'gentle Desdemona.'"

"And that is—" inquired Monckton.

The manager was surprised at the question; he drew himself up to his full height (five feet two), placed one hand within his waistcoat, and prepared the air by a flourish with the other for the coming announcement—"Mrs. Lawson, sir!"

Monckton's handsome lip curled slightly.

"Now, Lawson," he said, "listen to me like a reasonable man, as I know you can be sometimes."

The manager bowed benignly.

"Mrs. Lawson, I have every reason to believe, is an excellent wife, and the exemplary mother of a very large family."

The manager winced.

"She is also—which is more to the purpose—a very fair actress in an extensive range of parts; but she has come to a time of life, and acquired a certain dignity, let us call it, of figure, which seems to me absolutely to forbid her attempting such characters as Desdemona. Desdemona was not a portly matron, she came to an untimely death in her youth, and, consequently, could not have had a son big enough to play Roderigo. I really think that if Mrs. Lawson consulted her own good sense she would much prefer playing Emilia—a part so much better suited to her talents, and, if I may venture to say so, her years."

The manager was dreadfully perplexed. He saw clearly the force of what Monckton had urged; but manager's wives of a certain age, good reader, you must know, always insist upon playing the most juvenile characters upon the stage. What was to be done? "I know very well, sir," said Lawson, "that my wife is not fitted to look the part, but," added he, ruefully, "who is to tell her so?"

"I will," said Monckton.

Mr. Lawson's face brightened. It was quite evident who managed the manager.

"Then that is settled," he proceeded, "and Miss Mortimer shall be noticed for Desdemona."

"Miss Mortimer!" exclaimed Monckton. "Miss Mortimer has no more idea of poetry and feeling than"—than you have, he was about to add, but he checked himself, and substituted "a poet."

"But there is no one else, Mr. Monckton."

"Pardon me, there is. If I am to play Othello, I must request you to cast Miss Davis as Desdemona."

"Miss Davis, sir!" replied the astonished manager, "why, she has never spoken ten lines on the stage."

"Quite time that she should undertake more."

"But Miss Mortimer—"

"Must be told to mind her own business."

"But suppose this little girl should fail?"

"She will not."

"Well, Mr. Monckton, will you undertake—"

"Mr. Lawson, you know my position here, and that I have never, till now, interfered with any of your arrangements. I ask this as a favor, and I tell you candidly that I expect you to grant it. Miss Davis has every quality to make a successful actress, and only requires an opportunity to become one. This you must give her."

"Well, sir, really, as you seem to have taken such a fancy to the girl," proceeded the manager, with a leer—

"Another such insinuation, sir," said Monckton, sternly, "and we part at once. I have discovered—no matter how—a spark of talent that you have overlooked, and perhaps might never have recognised. I give you an opportunity of fostering it for your own benefit—not mine. Take it or not, as you please; but understand that I do not play Othello with any one but Miss Davis—good morning."

Managers of theatres are autocrats, and do not generally

stand such language as this from those under their control : but Monckton was not under Mr. Lawson's control, nor anybody else's—not even under his own.

I have now accounted for the smile upon the old billsticker's haggard face.

I am bound to say that Mrs. Lawson took her dethronement much better than might have been expected. Monckton had a quiet, firm way of putting things, and she was a kind, motherly woman. She did not mind resigning her part as Desdemona to give poor Lily a chance, but would have been torn to pieces by wild horses before she would have let Miss Mortimer have it.

The evening of General Glamour's "bespeak" arrived, and it was an anxious moment for Lily when the last din of the orchestra died away and the curtain rolled up. She knew that the ordeal through which she was about to pass would make or mar her for ever. If she failed, she would lose even the poor engagement that she had, for how could she endure the sneers and taunts of the jealous Miss Mortimer and her friends? Shall I offend unpardonably, my dear madam, if I suggest that your sex—who, if you please, can make any place, however humble, a paradise—can be equally successful in producing the unpleasantness peculiar to a spot in a contrary direction if you take it into your heads to try. We have a little experience, I think, in this world that we live in, of your capabilities in both ways, and let me tell you—who, of course, know nothing about such places—that there is quite as much envy, hatred and malice—quite as much jealousy and backbiting—quite as much scheming and plotting behind the scenes of a theatre, as may be found in many a drawing-room and library you and I wot of. Yet, believe me, also, if you can (so repugnant to all the prejudices of well-regulated minds is the statement I about to make), that all the goodness, virtue and charity extant are not on your side of the curtain. The footlights shine sometimes upon honorable men and virtuous women, and oh! upon how many weary, hopeless, aye, and unselfish drudges. Do not let us be too hard upon these poor players, then, nor fling so many stones at them, lest, perchance, some day, a few of these missiles might rebound into the private boxes and stalls and do irreparable mischief.

The play has begun, and Lily is standing at the wing, book in hand, ready to go on to the stage when the cue shall be given. As the time draws near a sickening dread steals over her—her eyes grow dim and her knees tremble; the stage seems to heave up and down slowly like a ship in a storm—the scenery dances about grotesquely—somebody is speaking, but there is such a singing in her ears that she cannot make out a syllable; she knows that somebody is doing something, but a cloud of dust and a blaze of light blind her—she can see nothing. The call-boy shrieks, "Now, then, Miss Davis." She hears this, and her first impulse is to faint—her next to run away and hide. She does not remember one word of her part, and has forgotten all about the cue. The book of the play falls from her hand—the stage plunges about more tempestuously than ever—the side scenes waltz more wildly than before—the noise and dust and glare have increased twenty-fold, till, when she is almost sinking to the ground with terror and excitement, some one comes up rapidly, pushes her with much gentleness, but firmly, towards the stage. There is a great flash of light—a faint cheer—a sob, a gulp, and it is all over. She's on! Desdemona is before the senate.

CHAPTER IV.—PATRONISING THE DRAMA.

OUR LILY being "on," let us find a place, if we can, in the dress-circle, where General Glamour, his brother, his two pretty nieces and a host of friends are assembled to see the performance. The first scene has passed quietly enough. Mr. Lawson, as Iago, appears to consider that the sooner he takes the audience into his confidence and declares himself a villain the sooner will his villainy be appreciated. Acting up to this principle, his dress, manner and general conduct are such as would insure him instant dismissal from his post by the very dullest general that ever wielded a baton. He is a low transparent scoundrel, is "mine ancient," in the hands of Mr. Lawson, yet strictly conventional and theatrically correct, as Iagos go, notwithstanding. Monckton was well received, obtained much applause, and, what's more, deserved it. Like a

sensible fellow, he considered that a Moor need not be a black-a-moor, and therefore did not color his face to the hue of an Ethiopian serenader. The play of his fine expressive features, consequently, was not entirely lost.

He delivered the noble address to the senate admirably. At its close, when he advanced to the front of the stage, amidst the plaudits of the audience, his eye caught that of Ada Glamour. Both started, and Monckton for a moment lost all presence of mind and stood spellbound. The audience thought he was overcome by their loud tribute of admiration, and applauded him again to the very echo. He never had acted one quarter as well as he did that night, and he never acted again.

From the first moment that Lily Davis set her foot on the stage that evening her success was decided. Her youth and pretty face predisposed people in her favor, whilst her soft, unaffected voice (for, not having studied elocution under the best masters, she was content to use only the tones that nature had given her), her sweet young voice, I say, went straight to the hearts of all who had hearts for it to go to. Now, I am not speaking of hearts in an anatomical sense, as of a machine for pumping blood, which we all carry about with us under our waistcoat—I am taking a less practical view of it—as the abode of kindly thoughts and gentle emotions. I believe it is considered very absurd to cry at the fictitious sorrows of heroes and heroines. My young friend Sabretache, of the Heavies, would sacrifice even his incipient moustache rather than be seen with a tear upon his cheek at the theatre; but I do not know if he will ever be a more manly fellow than that yokel who is blubbering away down yonder in the pit. I know that I have blubbered at the play, and seen many a right down good fellow do the same; nor shall I be ashamed of my grandchildren, if I am ever blessed with any, seeing me guilty of such a solecism in good manners.

With the exception of the managerial Iago, the tragedy was very creditably performed, and the hearty old general was pleased with his play-acting fellow.

"Well, Miss Fan," he said, as they were rolling smoothly home in the comfortable chariot—(Fan was his favorite, for she plagued him most)—"what did you think of the play?"

"I liked it very much, dear uncle. I declare I'm quite in love with that Mr. Monckton. I think his pretty little Desdemona was quite right to elope with him. Don't you think so, Ada?"

But Ada had a headache, and was not communicative.

When the cousins had retired to their room and begun to remove their finery and to compare notes upon things in general, as I am informed and believe young ladies always do during the performance of those mystic rites that take place between the time that they go up to bed and the time that they go to sleep, Ada, who had no secret from her cousin, told her that she was perfectly convinced that the stranger who had picked her sketch-book out of the river and Mr. Monckton the tragedian were one and the same person. She had recognised him, and, more than that, he had recognised her.

"Then he is not a prince in disguise, dear, after all," said Fanny.

"Not a prince, certainly," was the reply.

There was not a single individual in Mr. Lawson's company, from the manager himself down to the call-boy, who could make out what manner of man was Monckton. He was unpretendingly gracious to them all. He had a nod and a smile and a word of greeting for the least of them; but his manner was so different from theirs—its very easiness made them feel restraint, and its quiet firmness planted a barrier between him and them that the most forward could not break down or creep under. Even Miss Mortimer failed to advance in his regard and confidence one inch further than the point to which she had been admitted at the commencement of the first half hour of their stage acquaintance. Miss Mortimer was not a person to be easily baffled when once she had determined to gain a point. It would have been absurd to have accused Monckton of haughtiness, for he was far more civil and considerate to the subordinates of the theatre than any other person in it; indeed, he was courtesy itself. When people were too familiar he did not understand them; if impertinent, he did not hear them. He would say things to any one who presumed upon him that would make the offender wince as though he had been cut with

a knife, and all this with a slow quiet voice, without a hint or even gesture of anger. His wonderful self-possession was the secret of his success as an actor on and off the stage. You could not look him in the face very long; but were you to gaze for a month you would never discover what was passing in his mind.

His interference in behalf of Lily Davis naturally gave rise to a deal of surmise and talk in the theatre, for it was very soon known that it was owing to his influence that she had been raised from her subordinate position. Had Lily failed, malice and slander would have been busy; but people on the stage are as wise in some things as their betters off it, and know when to truckle to a rising star. No one congratulated Lily more warmly than Miss Mortimer, and no one hated her more bitterly. She had supplanted this ambitious lady in two things which she had set her heart on gaining—the lead upon the stage and the regard of Monckton. Both were Lily's—both ought to have been hers. It was bad enough not to gain them when there was no rival in the field; but to see a mere child, whom she had treated as an inferior, in the enjoyment of the coveted position, and of (as she thought) the love of the man she worshipped with all the fire of her fierce, fiery nature, was too much for her. Monckton should see if her hate was as easily turned aside as her despised love. She vowed that she would have a bitter revenge upon him for the wrong he had done her; and she kept her word.

Old Davis, who had been behaving in the most insane manner whilst Lily was upon the stage on that eventful night, was nearly wild with joy. He hugged his pretty daughter till she shrieked for mercy; he danced, he sung, and—I am sorry to be obliged to record it—got uproariously tipsy, drinking long life and a brilliant career to the successful *debutante*. The next morning, accompanied by his daughter, he called at Monckton's lodgings, and, with the tears in his eyes, thanked him for all that he had done. "We have struggled hard, sir," he said, "and I have seen much sorrow; but now, thanks to you, my child is lifted out of the mire in which her poor broken-hearted old father had placed her."

Lily did not say a word.

Monckton would not be thanked. He told old Davis that his daughter's success was entirely owing to her own merits; that a chance had brought her out, but that she must depend no more on chances, but study hard to go forward, or else she would undoubtedly go back.

"And as you are here, Miss Davis," he added, "suppose we run through this melodrama that we are to act together. I see that we have to endure and rescue each other from all sorts of perils and dangers."

"Am I to act with you again—really again?" asked Lily. "I am so bewildered, I can scarcely realise what has passed."

"To be sure; the part is a poor one; but you must take the rough with the smooth, you know. By-the-bye, Mr. Davis, have you seen Mr. Lawson yet about your daughter's future salary?"

"No, sir, I am to call at the treasury this morning; and as you are engaged, I will take my leave. I will call for you, dear (to Lily), as I come back."

"You will trust me with her, then, for half an hour," said Monckton, gaily.

"I will trust her, sir," replied the old man, laying his hand upon her head and imprinting a soft kiss upon her forehead, "anywhere;" and he took his leave.

"Now, Miss Davis, we will begin with the second act, where——"

"Those who like me always call me Lily. You used to call me Lily once," she said, with her simple, inquiring gaze.

"Oh! but you were a very small person then; you are a grand one now. We must not be too familiar with our leading lady; you must try to be high and distant, like Miss Mortimer."

"I could not," replied Lily, thoughtfully, "be high and distant with—those who are kind to me. Please call me Lily again," added she, in her winning little way.

"Well, you shall," said Monckton, "and I will be—no, no—that will never do. Come, we shall never get through five acts at this rate."

"I want to ask you one question."

"Well, what is it?"

"Do not you think that Shakespeare must have loved some one very, very dearly?"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I fancy he never could have written such noble sentiments unless he had a great, deep soul; and I do not think he could have made his heroes and heroines so loved and lovable if he had not loved some one himself. If he did, his affection would have been as grand and lasting as his fame;" and Lily's bright eyes flashed again as she spoke her praises of the great magician whose spells she knew by heart. "Yet it is only a silly guess, after all," she added.

"Do you remember how I cried when you acted *Romeo*?" asked she, after a pause.

"Ah! now you are flattering my vanity, Lily; you must not do so any more—at least not in the wrong places—you will spoil the part. We shall begin with *Romeo and Juliet* at Gloucester next week."

"Do you think so? I cannot bear to be a page."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You know I always act the County Paris Page, and the dress is so—oh! I do detest it;" and Miss Lily, who, for all her quiet ways, had a spirit of her own, stamped her little foot with vexation.

"You silly child, do you think you are going back to your fairies and pages again?"

"I really had forgotten," she replied, with a pleasant laugh.

"You will be our Juliets, and our Paulines and our Rosalinds; and, if you study enough, our Lady Macbeth's and Julias."

"And shall I always act with you?"

Monckton looked steadily at her for a moment without answering, whilst a crimson flush dyed the poor girl's face and neck.

"No, Lily," he said, gravely; "not always."

"I shall never be able to act with any one else—I should not dare."

"Lily, do not say that, because it is foolish. I do not know that you will ever act with me again. I must tell you that I am upon the stage only for my amusement; acting is a pastime to me—it is daily bread to you. Persevere and study, and receive the glorious satisfaction—richer than any applause that you can ever gain—that you are placing above want, in his declining years, the good old man who has till now toiled so painfully for you. Persevere, Lily, for his sake, if not for your own. You know little of the stage as yet. You will be thrown in contact with many better actors than myself—with some few, perhaps, worse. Make up your mind to act with anybody, under any circumstances, and always to do your best, or give it up at once."

"I always thought that you were superior to any of us," said Lily, in a sad, low tone. I only wonder that you ever took any notice of poor little me; but, oh! you have been so kind!" and, on the grateful impulse of the moment, she raised Monckton's hand to her lips and kissed it.

It was a kiss, sir, such as few of our sex, I am afraid, would desire or deserve from such a giver. It was a kiss, lady, that your best loved daughter might have imprinted upon her father's hand; but Monckton shrunk from it as though an adder had bitten him.

He started and passed rapidly to the window. Lily, scared at his altered manner, buried her face in her hands, and, when Monckton turned suddenly round, he saw the great, round tears oozing between her slender fingers.

"Lily," he said, in a gentler tone than he had ever used to her before, "Lily, look up; you must not give way thus. No, I am not one bit offended—why should I be? You shall find that I am your true friend, Lily. Look here; this card contains the name and address of a gentleman in London who knows me intimately. If, when we part, as, of course, we must some day, you should need an adviser or assistance of any kind, write to me, under cover to him; do not call. Now, dry your eyes, or your father will fancy I have been scolding you."

When Lily went home she took that little piece of pasteboard

out of her bosom and kissed and cried over it. Upon it was printed :

MR. CECIL THORNTON,
4 Vine Tree Buildings,
Temple.

Mr. Lawson sate in his manager's room, paying his bills, with a satisfied air, for the benefit had been a lucrative one and his prospects at Gloucester were good. A letter lay before him, unopened, and when he had discharged his last liability and counted the surplus, which he put carefully away in his strong box, he complacently lighted a cigar, put up his legs on the sofa, and read as follows :

SIR—Before I go further, it is necessary for me to remind you of the understanding with which I entered your troupe—as an amateur for my own amusement and your profit. It was this—that it should be allowable for either of us to discontinue the connection at any time and for any reason. I shall be many miles from H— before you receive this. I am sorry to leave you thus abruptly, but circumstances have arisen that make it peremptory for me to depart without delay. Wishing you every success in your profession, I am, faithfully yours,

CHARLES MONCKTON.

Here was a blow! He had been counting upon his two stars to bring him in a rich harvest during the remainder of the summer. He had advanced Lily's salary from twelve shillings to three pounds a week. This he could afford to do, as he paid Monckton nothing; but, on the contrary, owed him money. He rushed off to his lodgings. Where had Mr. Monckton gone? The landlady did not know. Perhaps Miss Davis might; she was with him just before he packed up and started.

A horrible thought flashed across the unhappy manager's mind. They had gone together. He had lost both his stars at one fell swoop. He ran wildly into old Davis's room, and there the first thing that he saw was the astonished face of Lily.

The manager breathed again—

"Where's Mr. Monckton?"

"I dare say you will find him at home, sir," said Lily.

"At home, indeed! Do me the favor to read that," and he gave Lily the letter.

She read it, turned deadly pale, slowly and calmly refolded and returned it—then fell in a death-like faint where she stood.

The manager's coarse mind was moved to pity—"Ah! I see, poor child, poor little girl. He was a handsome fellow—too bad of him to leave her and me in the lurch like this."

He called the father and the landlady, who, by dint of doing each something entirely antagonistic to the efforts of the other (as is orthodox when a lady faints), they at length restored poor Lily to consciousness. Time rolled on, and Lily Davis became celebrated and had offers from several London managers; but the politic Mr. Lawson had induced her to sign a two years' engagement to him, and I promise you he made the most of her. It was hard work, very hard work, and our Lily was but a delicate plant. She went on bravely, though, and never once complained. But the Lily was fading—fading away.

CHAPTER V.—IN THE WORLD.

LADY HALLOWDALE was a woman of fashion *plus*. A heart—for my definition of which you will please turn to my last chapter but one—she knew perfectly well all the ins and outs, the ups and downs, the laws and rights and wrongs of that circle of three miles, which people call "the world." She was a very independent individual was Lady Hallowdale. She did what she considered "correct" because she thought it was so—not because it was "done," and she despised what was silly or mean—no matter who did it. Various was the estimation in which she was held in consequence; some said she was a prude, others declared that their daughters should never enter her doors; and they kept their word, most probably, because they were not invited within them. She entertained largely and her parties were remarkable, more for who were there than how many. Hers was not the sort of house to which Jack, who had been there once before, could obtain an invitation for Tom, who would take the liberty of bringing Harry—men of artistic or literary merits—pleasant fellows and cheerful, unaffected

girls, who would enjoy themselves and help others to do the same, were always welcome; and the kind hostess made no inquiries about their great-grandfathers, and cared little who their tailors and milliners might be. Do not suppose, however, that she was not particular in the selection of her guests. She welcomed only such as the most exclusive might have received if they could have found them out. To find nice people out was Lady Hallowdale's favorite pursuit, and she was very successful in it. I have told you all this because she was aunt to Ada and Fanny Glamour, and because they went on a visit to her, to be presented at court and to go through the London season under her chaperonage.

Towards the close of one of her pleasant balls Lady Hallowdale said to Ada,

"My love, I want to introduce you to a partner; you know they call my parties 'wild beast shows'—I wish to introduce you to one of my favorite 'wild beasts.' He is a little too fond of growling, but is agreeable, a good dancer, and, upon the whole, harmless; his name is Thornton—Cecil Thornton."

Five minutes afterwards she led up a gentleman, whom Ada instantly recognized as Mr. Monckton, the tragedian, and having performed that mystic ceremony so dear to the eyes of all true Britons, and until the performance of which they must continue to scowl at each other to the end of time, left them to find their way to the dancing-room.

"I feel that I owe you some explanation," began Thornton, who had noticed the start which Ada gave as he appeared, together with her embarrassed manner on the occasion of his introduction. "We have met before."

"Yes, twice," Ada replied; "once in the park by the river at home, and once in the theatre at H—."

Now, my belief is that a well-seasoned young lady would have pretended not to have recollected so much; but Ada was not well-seasoned.

"I was acting merely for amusement," continued Cecil. "I have a wild, restless disposition, and take great pleasure in disgracing myself and my family."

"You are not serious," said Ada, puzzled at the quiet irony of his tone.

"I am, though; I am an exceedingly improper person—at least my friends say so, and who should know one better than one's friends? Ask that young lady opposite if what I say is not true; she is my sister."

"Indeed!" said Ada; "then we shall see you on Tuesday—we are going to Mrs. Thornton's concert."

"Oh, dear, no; my family and I are not upon visiting terms. You know the old adage, 'There is a skeleton in every house.' Well, my lady mother is more politic than her neighbors. She puts her skeleton out upon board wages. Behold him here," and Cecil tapped his waistcoat and smiled bitterly.

"Pray do not speak in that way," Ada said, "you distress me."

"Then I will not. Pardon me for boring you about my own affairs. I like to have the start of my friends in detailing my wickedness—that is all. Now to talk of something else. I have amused myself all night by standing behind some of these gay young fellows that dance every dance, taking notes of what they say. Have you been to the opera lately? that is, I believe, the approved method of commencing a conversation."

Ada felt more than half inclined to request Cecil Thornton to take her back again to Lady Hallowdale, but remembering that he had been introduced as an "eccentric," overcame her feeling of anger at his flippancy, and, glancing in her quiet way at his immovable countenance to see if she could detect anything like a sneer, she replied very drily :

"I have been to the opera, lately, Mr. Thornton."

"Ah," he replied, "I see, that sort of commencement will not do—you do not talk 'small talk.'"

"Oh, yes, I do—to small people."

"Humph! Am I to take that as a compliment?"

"Mr. Thornton," said Ada, looking him full in the face. "I have often heard Lady Hallowdale speak of you. I have read your books."

"Do you like them?"

"I have neither the ability nor the inclination to be your critic; but I was about to add when you interrupted me—"

"Pardon, me, pray proceed."



GENERAL GLAMOUR'S PATRONAGE.

"That when a man who is publicly known to be able to say better things, condescends to such common places as you were about to treat me with—second hand—it must be the result either of gross affectation or of his having placed a very low estimate on the capacity of his hearer."

"I think we had better take a turn," suggested Thornton, drily.

By the time the waltz was over, he had recovered from Miss Ada's home-thrust, and began, as usual, to say spiteful things of everybody in his cynical, witty way. Poor fellow! spiteful things had been said of him, until he began to think that people cared to say and hear nothing else. But Ada had a good word and a kind thought as an anodyne for all his harsh ones, and the keen edge of his polished sarcasm was blunted ignominiously against her simple outspoken gentleness. At last, he was completely beaten. "Miss Glamour," asked he, after a pause, "have you any brothers?"

"No."

"Not one?"

"Not one."

"Oh, if I had had a sister!"

"You have one."

"She was a child when I was a man. No, I mean if I had had a sister who could have been an adviser to me; a friend who would speak as—no matter—I should be a better and a happier man."

"Most persons suppose they would be better and happier if they had something which they have not," Ada replied; "but I think if we are but true to ourselves we shall find in ourselves an adviser and friend equal to any that this world can afford us."

"Good words! good words!" exclaimed Thornton, with a suspicious glitter in his eye.

They had now returned to where Lady Hallowdale was sitting.

"Will you put them in your next book?" asked Ada, with a smile, as she released his arm.

"I will keep them here," he replied, pressing his hand to his heart, and so he left her, and immediately afterwards quitted the house.

CHAPTER VI.—THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I COULD tell you, if I chose, exactly how it was that several of my intimate friends committed matrimony; but I must profess

my utter inability to give you the details of the process under which others of them "fell in love." Can you, sir, divulge by "what spells, what charms, what conjurations and what mighty magic," your friend Jones cut you out with the rich Miss Brown? Can you tell (without consulting that amiable lady) how it was that afterwards you won the heart of the present Mrs. Smith, who had refused so many eligible offers, as your voracious father-in-law took care to inform you when you were closeted with him in that awful study and the conversation turned upon settlements? Do you know how that smooth-faced young barrister from the Temple—to whom, in an evil moment, you gave a general invitation to use his knife and fork at your hospitable board on Sundays—managed to steal away (confound him!) the affections of your only daughter and to persuade her to become his wife be-

fore you had ceased to regard her as a child? No, you cannot. Don't tell me you can. You know that these deeds were done—but how? Ah! tell me exactly how; and I will take out a patent for the process and make twenty thousand a year by letting out licenses to use it. How, then, am I, who have no experience in such matters, to say why Ada's heart fluttered when Cecil Thornton's name was mentioned? How am I to account for the thousand and one absurdities of which that usually collected individual was guilty during the greater part of this eventful summer, when he was a constant visitor at Hallowdale House? Why did he stand in the passage, imbecilely fumbling with the handle of the door of the room in which he knew Ada to be; and why, when he entered, did he pretend not to see her, and put on an affected air of surprise when her presence was declared? Simply because he was "spooney"—I use the term advisedly—spooney! If sheer downright unobtrusive devotion to a woman will make its object love you, then that was the cause of Thornton's success; for Ada loved him, and told him so one day when he arrived charged to the muzzle with fine speeches which had taken him days to prepare, and which, as a matter of course, he clean forgot at the very moment when they were most wanted—when he called himself all sorts of naughty names for presuming to address her, and her all sorts of nice ones for listening to him—when Mr. Glamour (with whom he had got on famously from the first) said he was a worthy young fellow—when Lady Hallowdale kissed him, and her liege lord (who was deep in the nation's affairs) said very wisely, that "young people would be young people" (a fact in our natural history that, I believe, has not been denied, even in Parliament)—and when Ada!—well, I am not going to tell you what Ada did to him, but you may be sure it was nothing very dreadful to bear.

I need not tell you with what a balmy blessed fragrance fell rest, perfect happy rest, upon such a restless, self-tormenting mind as Thornton's. He evinced no exultation—no vehement joy at his new bliss. He welcomed it as one would welcome the arrival of some great long-expected guest, with a deep reverence, and daintily ministered to it. He was impatient with bantering acquaintances; the subject of their mirth was a sacred one with him. No one had ever loved him till now. Affection was something entirely new to him, but he had long, long yearned to receive it. He was rather a serious lover, except when alone with Ada, and then I do not think that his bitterest enemy could have accused him of not being happy.

He wrote, as in duty bound, to his mother, apprising her of his choice and prospects, and received in return a lecture and an offer of part of the property to which he would be entitled at her death. Mrs. Thornton was glad that he was about to abandon a vicious life, and for the family credit, &c., &c., would place to his account, &c., &c. I think that it is only on the stage and in novels, which I decline taking as faithful delineations of human character, that heroes fling purses of gold at the feet of their donors, and reject with "scorn-runn" desirable offers of pecuniary assistance. Thornton was composed of flesh and blood—not paper and ink—so he pocketed the affront—and the money. Ada, indeed, being a woman, and proud of her lover, was disposed to resent the one and return the other; but Cecil had sufficiently overcome his awe of that little person to call her a goose and to take a liberty with her pouting lips, which, I am bound to say, was not savagely resented.

He forsook his old haunts and all his jolly companions (such of them at least as he could not introduce to Ada). He deserted his chambers in the Temple and took lodgings in an extremely fashionable and very dirty street close to Hallowdale House—it being arranged that when the good old Christmas time should come round he should lead his bride through the stately park of her ancestors to the little church where all the Glamuors had pledged their faith and there make her his own for ever. And a very good arrangement too, only—

CHAPTER VII.

SOME months after his acceptance as Ada's future husband, Cecil Thornton went to his chambers in the Temple for some important papers that he had to lay before her father. He found a letter, delivered long ago, addressed to C. Monckton, Esq., to his care.

It was from old Davis.

It was a poor, mis-spelt, heartbroken letter. Lily was dying. Excitement and overwork had brought on fever, and fever had induced that insidious foe—consumption. She could act no more. All their little savings were spent. He had said they were to write to him if they wanted a friend. Could he (Mr. Monckton) obtain some engagement for him (the poor old man) that he might work for his sinking child.

Cecil went at once to the address given—a back street off Covent Garden—"They's gone!" the landlady of the house replied to his inquiry, "and when people could not pay their way it was time they was gone." The good lady did not add where. Thornton's kind heart, rendered still kinder by his new happiness, was troubled. How was he to find them out? Mr. Lawson, if he could only get at him, might give him a clue. Some of the theatrical agents might know; he would go and try.

Musing as he went along, he stumbled over some furniture outside a broker's shop, and a little desk fell to the ground.

"There now, stoopid, see what you've been and done!" exclaimed the proprietor of the displaced article, picking it up.

Thornton thought he had seen that desk before; he asked to look at it. It was Lily's; it had been her mother's; it was the very last thing that they were likely to part with.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"I want twelve and six-pence for it," said the broker.

"That is no answer to my question," rejoined

Thornton, "but there is the money. Now, where or from whom did you get it?"

"Well it was an old cove as brought it here to sell; he did not want to part with it, but he was jolly hard-up; he was!" said the broker, with a laugh—the joke was such a good one!

"Where does he live?"

"Well, I don't know; not fur off, I should say. He made me promise not to sell it for six months, to give him a chance of buying it back. He's a rum un, he is; he comes every day to look at it; he'll be out-and-out vexed when he finds it gone!" and this being another good joke, the broker laughed again.

"Do you think that any one hereabouts knows where he is to be found?" inquired Cecil.

"Well, my daughter might know. Polly (shouting), where does the old gent as comes after the desk lodge?"

Polly, who was up-stairs, screamed out—"At Mrs. Pott's, over the coal-shed, next street but two to the right, opposite The George."

Thornton went his way, with the little desk under his arm.

If Lily had known that her father had written to Monckton, she would never have let him send the letter. It was only after a hard struggle with his pride that the old man (who had read the heart of his child) brought himself to post it. But to see her sinking, slowly and uncomplainingly, before his eyes—to hear the doctor say that nothing but rich, generous fare would keep her alive, and to have no means of buying it was too much for him. She was his pride—his darling—the only thing left to love him in the world.

It was a poor little dirty dwelling that in which they lodged. The splendid George, with its plate-glass windows and blazing lights, stared it out of countenance and made it look poorer and dirtier still. They had but one room, and that a small one, looking out upon black smoky tiles and blacker and smokier chimneys. A mere attic, with a couch at one end, which was Lily's bed by night and a corner curtained off at the other, where the father slept upon the ground.

"You enjoyed your sponge-cakes, darling," said old Davis, the day that Thornton brought the desk. "I thought you would."

"Oh, indeed I did," said Lily, "better than anything you have brought me for a long time."

Poor Lily! it was little that she had had to enjoy.

"I'm so glad; eat them all up now; eat them all—don't leave a crumb," said the old man cheerfully; but it was with a



CECIL AND LILY THORNTON.

hungry look that he turned away from the dainties and pushed them towards the sick girl.

"Put on your coat, dear father, you'll catch cold," said Lily.

"It is very hot."

"I do not feel it so."

"Ah, but you are ill and I am well and strong," he answered pleasantly. "I like to take it off."

"Have you been to the theatre again to-day?" Lily asked, after a pause.

"Yes."

"And would they engage you?" she demanded anxiously.

"No, they said I was too old; they actually had the audacity to say I was old; I, who could act with the best of them," said Davis, with mock indignation; and it was only to carry a flag at a pantomime, he added to himself with a sigh. "But I won't be put down. I'll try again," he muttered, between his clenched teeth.

"You will not be offended if I ask you one question, dear," said Lily.

"Of course not," said the old man, taking tenderly the thin pale hand she stretched out to him.

"And you will answer me truly."

"Truly."

"How much money have we left?"

"How much money, dear?"

"Oh, father! tell me truly—truly as you promised; and there was no escape from her earnest eyes.

"Why, none, dearie—at present," said her father in as cheerful a tone as he could assume; as though an argosy of bullion were expected in a day of two. "None at present, but—"

"When was the last spent?"

"Yesterday, to pay the rent; good Mrs. Pott's must have her rent, you know."

"Then how did you buy these?" said Lily quickly, pointing to the last of the cakes.

The old man cast an involuntary glance at his yellow shirt-sleeves.

Lily had eaten the coat, or its equivalent, from the pawnshop!

"Oh, father! father! I see it now. How could you do it. How could you make me so selfish. Oh, I would have starved first," and she burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

"Hush, Lily, hush," said the old man, bending over her. "Hush, you must not say so; you know that I would coin my heart's blood for you, if I could. I shall soon get work, and then I shall have it back again; or, better still, buy a bran new coat. Think of that, Lily—a new one!"

"God help him!" exclaimed Lily, in a choking voice.

"In his own good time he will, dear," said old Davis quietly.

Good reader! these are stage-players! This girl has worn paint and spangles—has smiled upon drunken fellows in the pit for money. This man has spent all his life with actors and actresses, and yet we find them praying to the Almighty and trusting in Him, just as sincerely as though they rented a private pew under Mr. Primtext, and invited that celebrated preacher to dinner twice a week.

I do not know what Cecil Thornton (or Monckton, as he was to these poor people) thought when he saw their woful plight—I only know what he did. He went out, promising to return in half an hour. He did so, and then it was clear what had been passing in his mind. First of all, enters a celebrated physician for Lily—finger to pulse, stethoscope to chest, prescription, tonics, generous port wine—every delicacy she might fancy. Hey Presto! enter chemist's boy with tonics, wine merchant's boy with wine, confectioner's boy with jelly-rusks and soup.

No physician was needed for old Davis—a single glance at his eyes showed his complaint—it was hunger, gnawing hunger, sir! Smack went Harlequin's wand again. Enter fizzing steak of pantomimic proportions and a pot of porter, with a head like a cauliflower, from The George. Thanks! Gratitude! Nonsense! Mr. Davis was not to talk. He was to eat, drink and be merry. Once get Lily well, Thornton said, and he would demand cent. per cent. for the outlay.

It was not enough for Cecil—Cecil the cynic, the man-hater—to provide for the wants of that one day. He set about think-

ing how he could get employment for the Davises, such as would place them above want; or devise some scheme for making them think that they were earning a subsistence and to help them himself without hurting their pride. Have I not said that real people do not reject desirable offers through this same pride, and am I not now, stupidly, contradicting myself? Not so. Be good enough to remember that I was speaking of "good society," and "good society" is not half so particular in such matters as are low persons like old Davis and his daughter.

Thornton remembered having once seen Lily making wax-flowers, so, when she became stronger, he bought her the requisite materials, bid her set to work like a good girl and see what she could do to help her father; and, when her task was accomplished he brought her back a bright new sovereign as the price of her light easy labors.

One day, about three weeks after his first visit to Mrs. Pott's lodgings opposite The George, he entered the sitting-room of the Davises—they had three rooms now—very cheerfully.

"I have just heard," he said, "that Mr. Star, of the Walworth Theatre, wants a prompter. I have seen his agent, Mr. Davis, and have mentioned to him your name as an experienced person likely to suit. The salary is two pounds a week. Will you take it?"

Would he take it? Wouldn't he!

"I think you are quite right," Morton replied. "Lily requires fresh air, and you can get that at Camberwell, where I know of a pretty little cottage that will just suit you, at an easy distance from the theatre, with a garden and all, so that Lily can make her wax-flowers from nature."

Thus matters were arranged. Old Davis became Mr. Star's prompter, and gave great satisfaction. Lily took up her abode in the pretty cottage, and was wheeled out into the fields, made her flowers in the sunshine; and, if she could have gained a little more strength, they would have been very happy.

Now, I do not think that there was anything in Cecil Thornton's conduct towards this old man and his child that you or I, or anybody else, could have been ashamed of. I own I should be pleased rather than otherwise at the lady of my love hearing of such good actions; but Cecil kept them a profound secret, even from Ada.

I should tell you that Fanny Glamour took great delight in teasing Thornton about his theatrical campaign at H——. "What has become of your Desdemona, sir?" she would inquire. "Did you really smother her that night? Don't scowl at me, Mr. Monckton. Shall I get you a piece of burnt cork to make your face its true color? There! there! look, Ada! he is clutching at the sofa-pillows! Upon my word, were I you, I would not trust him." And thus would she go on teasing him, until he either burst out laughing at her sallies, and stopped her mouth with a kiss, or else rushed out of the room in a rage.

Ada did not enjoy this raillery any more than did Thornton. Her lover had told her all that had passed between Lily and himself; and she was by no means pleased at having him continually reminded of this little person with whom he had parted under such delicate circumstances—she was a little bit, just the wee-est bit in the world, jealous of the pretty actress. What business had she to love her Cecil? and "She did love you, Cecil," she would say; "that is quite clear; and I won't have her talked about any more."

So Cecil kept his own counsel. What need was there for him to go and brag about his kind actions? Mentioning them was mere glorification of himself. Ada did not want to hear about the Davises; why, then, should he tell her? It was not keeping his promise of having perfect confidence in her, certainly; but then it would not last long. Old Davis had entered upon his duties as prompter. Lily had so improved in her flower-making now, that she could get a good price for them anywhere. There was no longer any occasion for him to call every Saturday and carry them off to that reckless trader, who paid such foolish prices for them—in other words, to take them home to his lodgings, and lock them up in a drawer. What did he know about selling wax flowers? No; he would just get his humble friends comfortably settled; then they should see his face no more, and he would never have another secret from Ada.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE new prompter at the Walworth Theatre was more surprised than charmed to find Miss Mortimer a member of the company; but to that lady, if you might believe her, the meeting was one of unalloyed satisfaction.

"And how was dear Lily?" she asked; "and was she really getting stronger? No! how very sad! She must go very often, and sit with the poor suffering darling, and nurse her. She was such a loss. Mr. Davis did not know how they all missed her."

Miss Mortimer was by no means the sort of person that the old man would have chosen as a companion for his child; but, I think I have said, that when Miss Mortimer had made up her mind to do anything, it was not so easy to baffle her. She saw Lily; came again and again; and soon wormed out all that had passed since last they met. Cecil Thornton was only known to the Davises by his stage name of Monckton, but their visitor had reasons of her own for believing that it was an assumed one; so she never rested till she found out who he really was, and all about him, including, of course, his engagement to Ada Glamour, and hated him therefore more bitterly than ever.

There was a gentleman "about town" at this time, who took great delight in collecting all the scandal that was to be swept up, by such as do not mind dirtying their fingers, in back staircases and green-rooms, and retailing it to lovers of this style of garbage, at the clubs. If you wanted to have a report speedily and widely spread, all you had to do was to breathe it, under a pledge of profound secrecy, to Mr. Trainer. So, to this reliable person—meeting him one night in the green-room—Miss Mortimer, in the most innocent way in the world, narrated just as much as she thought proper about Cecil's visits to the pleasant little cottage at Camberwell, and the position of its occupants; just enough, in fact, to give color and circumstance, to a most foul and injurious libel on Cecil's truth and Lily's honor.

How true are those lines of the laureate:

And the minister made it his text, and he said, likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
For a lie that is all a lie, may be met and battled outright;
But a lie that is half a truth, is a harder matter to fight.

In less than a week it was all over Pall Mall, and St. James's street, that Cecil Thornton, who was engaged to that charming Miss Glamour, was keeping an establishment on the sly, presided over by a certain little actress, with whom he had been performing in the country; and, was it not a shame?

A few days before this scandal was circulated, Thornton had gone into Northamptonshire, to be present at his sister's wedding. Mr. Glamour, whilst reading the newspaper at his club, overheard his intended son-in-law's name mentioned by some young fellows, chattering in a window, one of whom was Mr. Trainer.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but your conversation was so loud, that I could not fail to hear it; and, as I am the father of the young lady whom you have just named, and, as Mr. Thornton is my friend, I beg to tell you, that I fully and implicitly believe that the report to which you were alluding is a base and malicious fabrication, and I shall hold those who repeat it responsible for what they say."

Mr. Trainer was exceedingly sorry—people really did overhear such uncomfortable things—but as the accuracy of what he (Mr. Trainer) had said was impugned, he also begged to state that he was not in the habit of asserting anything that was not perfectly correct; as, in this instance, Mr. Glamour might ascertain by making the proper inquiries.

Mr. Glamour returned to Hollowdale House vexed and dispirited, and found Ada crying and wringing her hands, over a letter without date or signature, which she had just received. It was an insidious, plausible epistle, as ever the enemy of our race put it in the heart of man or woman to write. There was not a word of anger in it, from beginning to end. It was cruelly calm and to the purpose, and maliciously honest. The writer was aware that the course she (it was clearly a woman) had pursued, would cause suspicion to be fixed upon her motives; but circumstances prevented her making herself known at present. She felt great interest in Miss Glamour, and might, if her good intentions were believed, be the means of rescuing her from impending misery. If they were misjudged

—she had done her best, and what she considered to be her duty. Then followed an account of Thornton's faithlessness—how he had abandoned Lily Davis at H——; how she had pined away in consequence; how they had met again lately in London; how Thornton's old affection had revived; how their intimacy had been renewed; and how Ada's plighted husband had taken and furnished a house for this little actress, and was her constant visitor!

"I don't believe a word of it," exclaimed Mr. Glamour, indignantly. "Dry your eyes, my pet. Never fear; I'll soon hunt out this calumny to its origin. I'll go at once and trace out this actress. No, no—I'll not be a spy upon the boy, even if he be a scoundrel. Give me that letter, Ada. I'll write to Cecil immediately, and see what he will say to this scandal." He did write, and to the following effect:

DEAR CECIL—A very painful rumor is in circulation. It is said that you have renewed your intimacy with the young person with whom you were acting at H——, under circumstances which I need not detail; as, of course, the whole thing is a fabrication. Pray write by return of post, and give me a formal authority, which I can make public use of, for contradicting it.

Affectionately yours,

HARRY GLAMOUR.

To this letter came the following answer, by return of post:

DEAR SIR—It is perfectly true that I encountered Miss Davis this summer, and that I have frequently visited her father and herself at their house, under circumstances which, as you know them (poor Cecil thought he knew the truth), I need not attempt to excuse. I was wrong, of course, to keep it secret, but a too tender regard for dear Ada's little prejudices made me do so. It only remains for me to say, that the person to whom you have alluded is now, I hope, provided for; and, consequently, there will be no occasion for us to meet again. Give my love to Ada, and believe me, most sincerely yours,

CECIL THORNTON.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Glamour, as he finished this unlucky epistle, "he acknowledges it all. He has been backwards and forwards, from my child to this—this creature of his. 'Little prejudices,' indeed! the man must be mad. Was ever such audacity? He tires of his mistress—pensions her off, and then sends his love to Ada. 'There is no occasion to see her again.' I should think not, indeed! My poor—poor darling!" and the tears came full and fast into the kind father's eyes; "it will break her heart; but," he added, between his clenched teeth, "there shall be an end to this."

The following morning a thunderbolt fell upon Cecil Thornton, in the shape of a second letter from Mr. Glamour, in the following words:

SIR—The confession contained in your letter yesterday leaves but one course open to me. In the name of my daughter, and in my own, I declare that, from this hour, the engagement between you, is at an end for ever. I am bitterly disappointed. Miss Glamour has requested me to enclose your letters to her, and I desire that you will forward to me any writings that you may possess of hers. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

HARRY GLAMOUR.

It was some time before Cecil could believe his senses. Of what had he been guilty to deserve this? he asked himself. He had done a kind action, and not boasted about it—that was all! He had kept Ada in the dark respecting the affairs of a person whose name she had often said she disliked to hear mentioned—nothing more! Was he to be expected to harden his heart against all good feeling, because there happened to be a woman in the case, and he was engaged? Because Ada was jealous, was he to be brutal? No; it was an excuse—a paltry quibble, upon which to break off the engagement. She had never loved him—fickle, cold-hearted girl! She should never have acted thus. "Why should she," he exclaimed, fiercely dashing away the tears that were blinding him; "why should she love me?—what is there in me to be loved? Idiot that I was ever to expect it! But she should not triumph over him—no, no. He would go straight back to London—he would make a point of meeting her—he would pass her with a cheerful countenance—he would chatter, dance and flirt with the emptiest of her sex, in her presence; no one should say that he wore his hand upon his heart. But then—she had loved him once—a little, a

very little, perhaps, but enough to make her sad. It might distress her to see him again, after what had passed. No, he would not persecute her; she wished to part with him, and she should have her will. He would go back to his old life, and his old companions. What was the use of leading a steady life, when this was his reward? He would be the *roué*, the rake, the gambler, over again. He would do what he had never done before—he would drink. Memory was a curse, and he would get rid of it as quickly as possible, and hey for a short life and a merry one! Was he to give up all for a girl?—not a bit of it. But was not she one worth the whole world to him? She had plucked the canker from his heart, that had been gnawing that heart away, and had planted in its stead the first happiness and peace that he had ever known. She was all purity and goodness; too good, too pure for him. Her love was too priceless a treasure for him to gain; but though not his, he would not become less worthy to have won it. She might not, did not, love him, but she should never despise him.

Such were the wild, tender, contradictory emotions which filled this poor fellow's stricken and undisciplined heart. There was another letter for him this sad morning, which might have given him some consolation, had he opened it; but he was too full of sorrow to notice it. It was from Lady Hallowdale, and ran as follows:

DEAR CECIL—I am convinced there is some miserable misunderstanding. You have a bitter enemy somewhere. Remain where you are. On no account come to town, leave him or her to me, and if I can but get a clue to this mystery, believe me it shall not long remain one. Your old friend,

MARY HALLOWDALE.

Mr. Glamour's first impulse was to take his daughter home; but Lady Hallowdale said "No, do not make more fuss than can be helped about this matter. She need not go out anywhere; let her stay quietly with me."

It was sad to see the poor girl—the more so, for she was so cheerful, so considerate to all around her, so anxious to help them in their endeavors to divert her mind from grief, without letting them suppose that she knew their motives. They could not carry out their kind intentions, but why should they not be happy in the idea that they were succeeding? There was a worn look upon the pretty gentle face, but the old kind smile upon it was unaltered. The sorrow of a woman who has raised a mortal into something little less than a god, and has showered upon him the whole strength of an unalterable love, and then has found that her idol is clay, is a sacred and a fearful thing. It made her dearest friends mourn to see how calmly Ada bore it. All noticed that her silent grief was wearing her away, yet no one but her cousin Fanny was aware how much she suffered, and even she did not know the worst. "Her pillow is never dry," said Fanny to Lady Hallowdale; "and it almost breaks my heart to hear the poor darling sobbing in her sleep." Ah! how bitterly did Fanny now repent her pleasantries with Cecil about Lily Davis; she could account for all now—his black looks, endeavors to change the subject.

"I would never give him another thought, Ada," said Fanny, one day; "the base, ungrateful——" But Ada's eyes flashed fire as she laid her hands upon the speaker's lips, and the sentence was never completed. "Hush! hush! Fanny. Not even you shall dare to revile him in my hearing;" and the poor child's momentary indignation having passed away, she fell weeping upon her cousin's bosom. "Ah! Fanny dear," she murmured, "don't judge him too harshly; think of his unloved youth, of his undisciplined heart, and pray with me to God to forgive and help him."

Weeks passed away sadly enough at Hallowdale House. Its once cheerful hostess grew silent and reserved. She had not heard from Cecil, and no one could tell what had become of him. Something was preying upon Lady Hallowdale's mind. There was a mystery about her movements, too; strange-looking men called, were shown into her boudoir, and remained closeted with her for hours. The butler was confident he had seen one of them before at a trial, and that he was a detective officer. Lady Hallowdale was evidently occupied in trying to find out somebody or something. She would be absent sometimes for a whole day; would leave home alone on foot, and return in a hack-cab, although the horses wanted exercise and

there were half a dozen sorts of carriages for them to be put to. She had a curious way of gazing at Ada and laying the poor child's head upon her kind motherly bosom, kissing softly the pale throbbing temples; and whenever Mr. Glamour said that really they must think of getting back home again she would say, "Wait awhile; wait awhile for Ada's sake."

One day Lady Hallowdale returned, after a whole day's absence, looking very pale and stern. The next morning she asked Ada if she could come out for a long drive with her. Ada was charmed to do so, she had seen so little of her kind aunt and hostess lately. Should she tell Fanny to get ready? No, Fanny was not wanted.

Through the grand squares and terraces, where England's aristocracy delight to dwell—through the gay wealthy streets, over the turgid pestilential Thames, into crowded dirty thoroughfares, and again into a pleasant suburb, rolled smoothly and fast that handsome quiet carriage, and neither of its occupants had as yet spoken a word. Ada was waiting for Lady Hallowdale to begin, and Lady Hallowdale was too full of anxious thoughts to speak. At last, taking her niece's poor wan little hand tenderly in her own, she said:

"I am taking you, dear, to visit a young girl who is dying."

Ada made a gesture of surprise.

"Her story is a strange one, and no less sad than strange. I want you to hear it from her own lips. You will come with me?"

"Oh, yes. Have I ever seen the lady?"

"No, she is a stranger; quite a stranger to you, though you have heard of her."

Lady Hallowdale pulled the checkstring at a little cottage. There were flowers in the garden, flowers in the porch, flowers in the windows—sweet flowers everywhere. The door was opened by an old man, with a sad face, who led the way to a pleasant fragrant little room, where, upon a couch overlooking the garden and the flowers, was lying a young girl, clothed in that awful beauty with which death sometimes endues his early victims. It was with holy awe that Ada gazed upon one so full of this world's beauty and so near eternity.

"This is the young lady of whom I spoke to you yesterday, Miss Davis," said Lady Hallowdale, after the first recognition and inquiries had been made. "Do you think you have strength to repeat to her all you told me?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lily, with a smile. "I ask no greater pleasure than to tell it, for it makes others respect and love one who has been so good to me."

And Lily told her simple story, from the day when first she saw Thornton, under his assumed name, down to that on which he last took his leave, and, she knew not why, never came again. When she first mentioned Thornton's name a burning flush suffused Ada's face; she recoiled, trembling, from the speaker, and cast a reproachful glance at Lady Hallowdale, who was closely watching her; but, as Lily proceeded, the averted eyes of her auditor began to meet her own. Contempt and aversion slowly vanished from her countenance and gave place to pity and affection. Closer and closer did she draw to the dying girl, and, before her narrative was half concluded, Ada was upon her knees by her side, clasping her hands in her own and eagerly drinking in every word she said. When the tale was told, and Lily's sorrows and innocence fully made known, she covered up her face and wept bitterly.

"Oh! how I have wronged——"

"Hush!" said Lady Hallowdale, checking the wild burst of grief that was impending. "Hush, pray! she knows nothing," she added, in a whisper; "the poison has not reached her."

"Do not think me presuming or unkind, dear," said Ada, after a pause, "but may I ask you one question?"

"Oh, yes."

"I am sure you loved your benefactor, did——" and there was some difficulty in getting the words out; did he love you?"

"No," replied Lily, quite calmly, "no; his noble, great heart, was another's."

"How do you know?" asked Ada, quickly.

"He has told me so, often and often. He has spoken of her—oh, so tenderly! No one was so good, so beautiful, so true, as his dear Ada. Oh, if I could but see her once, if it were only for a moment, before I——" and her uplifted gaze showed where her greatest hope was set.

"You see her now," said Lady Hallowdale; "this is Miss Ada Glamour."

A crimson wave flowed over Lily's face and bosom, and ebbed, leaving a deadlier paleness than before.

"You are very, very lovely," said she, gazing earnestly at Ada's downcast countenance; "may I kiss your hand?"

Ada stooped down and kissed her lips.

"And so kind; God bless you! he will be very happy." And Lily, exhausted by all that she had said and heard, sunk back upon her couch, with clasped hands and closed eyes.

"Happy!" repeated Ada, bitterly. "I have broken his heart! I have wronged his noble nature! I have thrown away the truest love that ever woman was blessed with! Oh! would that he could hear me confess my fault—would that he could ever forgive it."

"He both hears and forgives, dear," said Lady Hallowdale, opening the glass-door that led to the garden; and in another moment the lovers were locked in each other's arms.

And Lily!

Aye, weep—weep over all that is left of her. But a few minutes ago, and her gentle bosom would have ached when she saw your tears. Her busy little gentle hand would not have rested till it had stannched them.

You may weep on now.

Lead away her poor old father and leave him alone with his great sorrow; you cannot comfort him.

Mr. Trainer still frequents the clubs, and has choice anecdotes, more or less scandalous, to retail for the delectation of his audience. The last time I saw him he was telling of a body that had been dragged out of one of the canals. It was recognised as that of an actress, who had long been in a half-crazed state of mind, and at last had committed suicide. Her name was Mortimer!

Down in pleasant Breconshire, in that stately park near where first Ada saw Cecil Thornton, beneath the shadow of a giant oak, two children are playing; the eldest is a boy, and he is called Cecil, after his father. They wished to give her mother's name, Ada, to the girl; but her mother said, "No! let us call her Lily."

Under God's grace, I think there is little fear of this Lily's withering in her beauty and her youth.

A PATRIOTIC GIRL.—During the Seven Years' War, the exertions of the Prussians at some critical periods to support the sinking fortunes of their enterprising monarch were of a nature truly astonishing; but they were far outdone by the public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals to resist the invasion of the French in 1813. An anecdote of a Silesian girl is recorded which serves in a striking manner to show the general feeling which pervaded the country. Whilst her neighbors and family were contributing in different ways to the expenses of the war, she was for some time in the greatest distress at her inability to manifest her patriotism, as she possessed nothing which she could dispose of for that purpose. At length the idea struck her that her hair, which was of great beauty and the pride of her parents, might be of some value; and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Brealau and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars. The hairdresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments; and as the story became public, he in the end sold so many, that he was enabled by this maiden's locks alone to subscribe a hundred dollars to the exigencies of the state.

BRAVERY.—When Solymán, emperor of the Turks, took the castle of Buda, in 1529, he found in one of the dungeons of the castle Nadasti, the governor of the place. He was curious to know the cause of so extraordinary a circumstance, and the Germans confessed to him, that Nadasti having reproached them as cowards and traitors because they pressed him to come to a capitulation, they had thrown him into a dungeon, in order to free themselves from his control. The sultan loaded him with presents and commendations of his conduct, granted him his liberty, and condemned to death all those who had violated the laws of military subordination.

OUR TRAVELLING INSPECTOR—A KEY TO POVERTY'S CUPBOARD.

I HAVE tough work before me. I have signed articles at head quarters, and, as travelling inspector to this periodical, am bound to ramble in regions unknown to the sun, to invade the deeps of social life, and make known the mysteries of the under-currents. The Fleet-street authorities magnanimously offered me the assistance of picked men of their staff. "No!" said I; "nobody shall accompany me but Sergeant Fact."

Grim is the sergeant, and of unfashionable exterior. Nobody has been "pooh-poohed" and "pished" so much as the veteran in question, but he possesses a wonderfully strong constitution, and doesn't mind it a bit. He is just as sturdy and firm on his legs as when first outraged by Madame Eve in the Garden of Eden. It is a wonder, too, considering the treatment he has received—considering that for more than five thousand years, and backed by a mere handful of adherents, the old soldier has been at war with the whole world. He has been racked and pilloried and gibbeted and torn to shreds by wild beasts; he has been burnt and his ashes tossed to the winds. What of it? Where the ashes fell, there they rooted, and Fact sprang up again. There is no such thing as killing him—you might as well attempt to drown an eel.

I humbly hope that in our past dealings with the public, Fact and I have agreed tolerably well. We have been several excursions together: to Greenwich Fair, to bird-singing matches, to a meeting of harmonic thieves, to pigeon-flies, to Hyde Park to see a volunteer army reviewed, and to several other places, and have never once quarrelled. (The public would certainly have known it if we had, for the sergeant has an alarmingly loud voice.) That happy state of things has, I trust, not abated; so Fact and I join hands and start on our journey in the best of spirits.

My legs, left to their own devices, as unbiased legs will, took the easiest road, which was the straight one, and which led to Westminster. "Now I am here," thought I, "I may as well look up that curious and unique affair—the second-hand victual shop, and make it the starting-point of an exploration of the mysteries of poverty's cuisine."

I discovered the establishment in question in the vicinity of Little Peter-street; and a more singular sight than that presented by the queer little place, cannot be well conceived. As are all the old-fashioned shops in that quarter, it was low and narrow, glazed with dwarfish window-panes and arrived at by a flight of steps; unlike the neighboring shops, however, it possessed the virtue of cleanliness. The window was clean and bright, the steps evinced symptoms of an acquaintance with hearthstone, and the deal counter was nearly as white as it could be made.

Shelving down from the counter to the glazed front, was a spacious board covered with newspaper, and bearing great dishes full of joints of meat, all more or less ravaged. There were roast joints and boiled joints and baked joints and stewed joints of every eatable animal, from the ox to the rabbit. There were dismembered and closely-shaven carcasses of geese and wings, and drumsticks and giblets of all sorts of fowl. There were all sorts of shaped pieces of cheese and substantial blocks of pudding. There were vestiges of custard and remnants of pies, both meat and fruit. In one corner was a big washing-pan full of all the above-mentioned viands, crumbs, corner-bits and discarded little pieces; and in the opposite corner there was a mound of broken bread sufficient to fill a potato-sack. A motherly-looking woman was behind the counter, and it being dinner-time, the little shop was filled with customers.

Closely pressing against the outer side of the shop window, were as many eager hungry faces as there were panes of glass in the two bottom sashes. Considerable comfort, too, the ravenous little mob appeared to derive from their close proximity to the meat; especially one flaming-haired boy of twelve or thereabout, who leaned his bare teeth against a corner pane, against which reposed part of a plump loin of roast pork. The crackling side of the joint was toward the boy, and, by the sleepy expression of his eyes, and the spasmodic twitching of his jaws, he had—only, alas! mentally!—devoured full a pound of it.

Whenever a bargain was consummated within, the wary watchers without delivered themselves of critical and pertinent remarks concerning the same; this, coupled with the visual information I obtained by peering above the double row of ragged heads, served to initiate me tolerably well in the mysteries of the second-hand victual business.

Directed by a ten-year-old charwoman, the shop-woman plunged her big fork among a heap of meat, withdrew a remnant of pickled pork, and held it aloft like a trophy, for her customer's inspection.

"Cheap enough, too, for fippence, I should say," observed a young woman near me to another young woman (long practice alone could have enabled her thus immediately to translate the movements of the shopkeeper's lips); "there's a good picking on that bladebone—a pound and a quarter, I'll lay a farden."

By the expression of the young woman's eye, I would have ventured to have staked an equal amount that she was no more than an ounce out in her estimation of the weight. However, the shrewd little hag, in the shop seemed to have her own private views of the matter. She shrugged her tiny shoulders, and assumed a look of astonishment that meat should be so dear. She pointed at the protruding bone, and winked at the shopwoman the wink of a person who had had a life-long experience in the bladebone of pork line, and, according to the outside critics, she boldly bid threepence-halfpenny for the fag; which was declined. Nothing daunted, however, the little party proceeded to make overtures for a knuckle of veal, which she finally secured, at the small price of threepence.

I saw an old woman put three-halfpence on the counter, and point at the hill of broken bread; in exchange she received as much as, moulded into shape, would nearly have equalled in size a quatern loaf.

Said a youth (about as tall as my walking-stick and not vastly stouter) to his companion, who was diligently kneading his nose against the glass, that alone parted it from a handy cube of plum-pudding, "My eyes, Jerry! if there ain't Billy Cook a buying a penorth of all sorts! We'll wait on it when he brings it out, won't we, Jerry?"

I kept my eye on Billy Cook. I saw him put down his penny, and I saw the woman behind the counter dig a scoopful from the big washing-pan, before mentioned, and shed the heterogeneous mass into that young gentleman's cap, which he held convenient for its reception. Billy Cook's head was not a small one, and the cap fitted it; yet was it three parts filled for a penny.

How was it managed? How was it that the proprietor of the shop could dispense food at such a ridiculously cheap rate, and still make a profit? I fixed on a youth with the carcass of an ill-grown boy of fourteen and the face of the father of a large family, for an elucidation of the mystery.

"Is there always such an abundance of food on sale here, my friend?"

"Allwis."

"Have you any idea where it comes from?"

"Klecshuns."

"Oh. Pray what, or where, or whom may 'Klecshuns' be?"

"What or where ain't nothing to do with it. It's klecshuns from 'otels and private cribs in Belgravy and up that quarter. It's e'ther the flunkies' perks (perquisites) or else, which is all the same, they collars (appropriate) it; so, you see, being all bunce (profit), they can afford to let it go for next to nothing, and we gets it for next to that."

"Ah, it doesn't all come from 'otels, nayther," broke in another youth, who, without my having the least suspicion, had been all the while listening to our conversation. "Some of it comes from horsepitals and from lunatic cribs. If a loony leaves his wittles, you know, guv'ner" (this to me softly and in confidence), "if he ain't so much as touched a tater on his plate, there's an end on it—down it goes to the tub. That's why I never buys 'all sorts.' I don't want to kitch hydro-fever, through eating of a loony's leavings, thank yer!" And the young man turned away with a sneer on his expressive countenance, as though such a proposition had emanated from me.

Thinking that further information concerning the subject of second-hand victuals was not to be obtained from the worthy young couple, I presented them each with the price of a knuckle of veal and took my way to Strutton-ground, poverty's market

at Westminster; from that place direct to Whitecross street, the pauper market of St. Luke's; thence to Cable street, the resort of the Whitechapel poor; and, finally, to the poorest of all poor markets, Lower Marsh, Lambeth; arriving there as the dusk began to deepen and the gas was lit.

My chief object in visiting so many places was to discover one that might be fairly taken and described as a type of the whole. In this I was only in part successful, owing to the singular fact that each market had its peculiar characteristic—its distinct "leading article." For instance: while Strutton-ground betrays a violent predilection for celery and shell-fish, you might explore Cable street thoroughly without finding a trace of either; while the latter has an affection for cow-beef and baked sheeps' heads, to which the former is a total stranger. Again, the poor inhabitants of Lambeth have evidently a rooted attachment to eggs; they are retailed from premises solely devoted to the purpose; chests full of them repose in stacks outside cheesemongers; the fishmongers sell them, as does a hair-cutter and news-vender; whereas in the eastern and other markets ovarious diet is at a discount—a score of experienced hens would keep the egg trade there as brisk as need be.

There are fleshy districts and fishy districts. Drury-lane is a fishy district; so is Paddington; so is Whitecross street; the latter, indeed, is by far the fishiest I know of. It is a matter for careful calculation to decide which is most prevalent in that ill-savored locality—fish shops or gin shops. But the former has an advantage over the latter in the way of stalls—platforms rather, for in most cases the fishboards are nearly as broad and deep as a parlor floor. Less space would not do; for it must be understood that, in this fish-eating region, the vendor does not stand passively aside and wait till a passer-by fancies to stop and examine his ware. No; the Whitecross coster-fishmonger goes in the wholesale, and sells his fish by auction. He brings his "traps" in a big cart—his tressles and board, and may be a dozen "pads" of place. A pad is a wicker hamper, and contains on an average two dozen fish. The auctioneer takes his stand behind his board, and in a very few moments quite a little mob has collected around him. A "pad" is opened, and the business begins. Not a word does the auctioneer speak (it is the popular belief in Whitecross street that he daren't without an auctioneer's licence), he takes out a fish and proceeds to trim it, and the people begin to bid. "Three halfpence," "twopence," "two'n'arf." "It's yours, marm," says the auctioneer, handing the fish, neatly threaded on a willow twig, to the last bidder. And so it goes on till pad after pad is emptied and a heap of silver and copper grows in the middle of the big board.

Wonderfully cheap the fish was sold. I saw handsome plaice, such as a West-end fishmonger would charge a shilling for, sold for three-halfpence; and such ones as would amply satisfy a family numbering six or eight "knocked down" at a groat. I hope whenever I read in the market quotations "fish is dear" not to pass it over with the indifference I have hitherto. I was not before aware that the ragtag and bobtail of the city were absolutely dependent for their suppers on the luck of the far-away fisherman.

Another prominent feature of Whitecross street is a disgusting sort of shambles; it isn't a shop, it isn't a shed, but a square gateway, about twenty feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep; and when I saw it, it was chokeful of meat to be bought and people to buy it. I am unaware whether the concern is owned by one individual or by a dozen, but this I do know, he or they are madly intent on bankruptcy, or else they are cheats and rogues, and should be indicted as such. I am no good judge of butchers' meat, but I have an instinctive notion that yellow, skinny, bloodshot meat (and the shambles in question exhibited nothing else) must be decidedly unwholesome. If the inspector of nuisances should be strolling that way any Saturday evening, it would be but charitable to the inhabitants if he were to halt at that gateway and note the kind of business doing.

To return, however, to the Lower Marsh. To have strolled through the long sinuous thoroughfare on this or any another Saturday evening after the vendors had completed their arrangements and before the mob of customers began to arrive, you might imagine it the provision depot of an invested town, and, as one of the besieged, reckon on being pretty sure of

prog for a good month to come. For meat; for the spacious butchers' shops were brimming with joints, from the massive hinder quarter of bullock to the lamb's dainty leg, and peeping within the shops you got a view of the passage that led to the rearward slaughter-house, and along each side of the passage-walls hung rows of sheep so recently slain that their heads had not yet ceased wagging. For bread; for not only the shelves round the bakers' shops, but the space before the window and the counters were teeming with newly-baked and steaming "plains," and "coburgs," and "cottages." For potatoes; for the marts for the sale of them—square commodious places, with tremendous bins fitted all round, bright copper scales over each bin, and a cashier's rostrum in the centre—were brimming over and the potatoe merchants' vans stood at their doors with a supplementary ton or so. For green stuff; for there was—ah! how much green stuff was there? The springs of hand and donkey-barrows croaked beneath it; parapets of it were erected along the curb that edged the pavement; it hung in heavy festoons from greengrocers' side-walls and stood in hills at their doorposts.

It was not food alone that could here be purchased. You could buy boots. Second-hand shoe-mongers astonished you by setting out their stocks of men and women and children's shoes in the middle of the public road, and commencing business with the most perfect coolness; but you soon discovered it to be all right, for customers came, took seat on the stool the shoe-monger brought with him, and sorted the rickety Wellingtons and Bluchers till they were suited. You could buy hats. Peripatetic hatters, bearing renovated headgear, wormed through the mob and made overtures of purchase or exchange. You could buy doormats, and side-combs, and toweling, and children's chairs, and props and clothes'-line, and second-hand pots and saucepans, and dog-kennels (it is a doggy neighborhood), and clothes'-pegs, and flashy bonnets of wandering milliners, and Brummagem jewellery from Mr. Levy.

When it had grown quite dark, when sprouts of gas came jutting out from the shops, and those hucksters who had lamps had them filled from the naphtha-cart, that as usual made its appearance, and those who had no lamps contrived torches by wrapping brown paper round candles and setting them on fire bodily, then began the business. Butchers clashed their steel weapons and commenced their bewildering jargon of figures relative to the price of their meat; leather-lunged barrow-men roared out their gooseberries, and their rhubarb and the turnip-tops; the man at the door of the "Royal Circus" took to banging his gong and informing the heedless throng that they were "just in time;" petty chapmen clamored the price and quality of their wares; the woman began to sing the last new song, and the people, crowded and jostled as they were, made a ring and stayed to listen; while hosts of poor little ragged Jacks, ranging in age from six to twelve and shoeless all of them, struggled through the press, with onions and potherbs and cabbage-plants, entrusted to them, on commission, by senior "costers."

LARGE OAKS.

THE ancient oak now standing in the little village of Marton, near Congleton, is described as being finer than the Cowthorpe Oak, of which the present dimensions are said to be: Circumference at the ground, 50 feet; at a yard from the ground, 45 feet; girth of the largest limb, 10 feet. The Marton Oak is described as having a circumference at the root of 58 feet; at a yard from the ground of 47 feet; and at 5 feet from ditto of 42 feet; the girth of the largest limb was stated to be 11 feet 6 inches; and the diameter of the hollow inside 5 feet.

Why this tree is not generally known is a marvel. Perhaps because no one expects to find great trees in Cheshire; at any rate a traveller through the county would see none. There should be accurate measurements and photographs taken of the largest oaks in England. How many are now standing of 40 feet girth at a man's height from the ground? How long will they stand? "Mr. Blackshaw, of the Big Oak," as he is called in the neighborhood, said that pieces had often fallen out of the tree within a few years as large as a man could carry. This oak, most probably the largest in England, is within an easy

walk of Congleton, on the North Staffordshire Railway. The suggestion that photographers should at once lend the assistance of their marvellous art to the preservation of a faithful record of such noble ruins as still remain in Great Britain is one that will, we trust, be powerfully seconded. To nothing could photography be better applied, for it alone is capable of representing with unerring accuracy the features of those mighty relics of former ages which are now rapidly passing into annihilation.

An oak was felled at Morley, in Cheshire, which produced upwards of 1,000 feet of measurable timber. It girthed 45 feet. Its existence could be traced back for 800 years, and it was supposed to be one of the largest trees in England. The hollow trunk had, for some years before it was cut down, been used for housing cattle. When I visited the Marton Oak, some years ago, it was fast hastening to decay, and had been converted to the useful purpose of a pigsty. The "brave old oak" at Marton is situated in quite an out-of-the-way place, at no great distance from the antique little church, which is built of timber and plaster, and is one of the few ecclesiastical structures of that description remaining in England. Cowthorpe is in the Upper Claro wapentake, West Riding of Yorkshire, three miles north-east of Wetherby, on the river Nidd.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SALAMANDER.—Has the belief which formerly prevailed respecting the incombustibility of this creature any foundation in fact? I have always looked upon the statement as a myth, and should not have thought of propounding a query on the subject had I not found, in turning over the pages of that charming book, "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," the following extraordinary passage. The old metallurgist says: "When I was about five years of age my father happened to be in a little room in which they had been washing and where there was a good fire burning; with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold. Looking into the fire he saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which lived and enjoyed itself in the hottest flames. Instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear; I fell a crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, said, 'My dear child, I don't give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you may remember that the little lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander; a creature which no one that I have ever heard of ever beheld before.' So saying, he embraced me and gave me some money." In that erudite and entertaining work, "The Academy of Armory and Blazon," by Randle Holme, we have the following statement respecting the salamander: "The salamander is a creature with four short feet like the lizard, without ears, with a pale, white belly, one part of their skin exceeding black, the other yellowish green, both very splendid and glittering, with a black line going all along the back, having upon it little spots like eyes (and from hence it cometh to be called a stellion, a creature full of stars); the skin is rough and bald; they are said to be so cold that they go through the fire, nay, abide in it, and extinguish it, rather than burn. I have some of the hair or down of the salamander, which I have several times put in the fire and made it red hot, and after taken it out, which being cold, yet remained perfect wool or fine downy hair." Unfortunately for the marvellous statement of Randle Holme, modern chemistry tells us that the terms "salamander's wool" were applied to fibrous asbestos, from its incombustibility.—*Notes and Queries.*

AN HEROIC NURSE.—A servant-maid at Munich signalled herself by her singular presence of mind. She was in a garden with a child of nine months old, and had set it down on the ground, when suddenly an eagle darted from the air to seize upon it as a prey. This young woman, who was fortunately close by, with extraordinary courage and presence of mind threw a shawl at the bird, which covering its eyes, not only prevented it from seizing the infant, but even from escaping. She boldly caught hold of the robber, and in spite of his struggles held him fast till some persons came to her assistance. The king amply rewarded the heroine, who received some wounds in the contest, and sent the prisoner to the menagerie at Nymphenberg.

DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

[BY B. S. MONTGOMERY.]

YOUNG Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banish'd be,
For Gordon, chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the wooer's knee.

She wildly vows to the heavens above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whate'er betide;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after days they have met: far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When one is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
O, but his smile was dark to see:
"What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot, as the sun was sinking,
Both lover and husband frowning stood,
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
With, "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She pluck'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
She buried it deep in her breast so white—
With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over—
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good night!"



So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold:
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger!
Fatal to sigh for the days of old!

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side,
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter
When vowing to be his faithful bride!"

"What, Nevill! can'st thou be cruel-hearted?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted—
But, O, I have wept for that deadly sin!"

"Vowing to honor, I scorned and hated,
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost,
But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
That ever again our paths have cross'd!"

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair—
Hark to that curse! May heaven defend her!
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

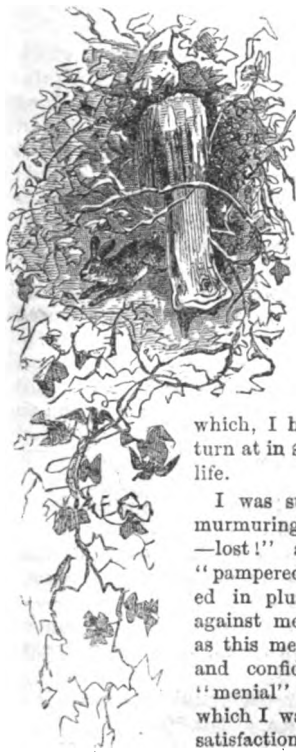
The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—
O, but his frown was dark to see;
"I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
On the trampled heather he bent the knee;
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
For one soft smile of love from thee!"

NATURAL BAROMETER.—The spider's web is a natural barometer. When it is about to rain and be windy, the spider shortens considerably the last threads to which the web is suspended, and leaves it in this state while the weather remains variable. If the insect lengthens its threads, it will be fine, and the fineness may be guessed by the length they attain to. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain; if, on the contrary, it begins to work while it rains, it betokens a speedy change for the better. The spider alters his web every twenty-four hours; and if these alterations are made a little before sunset, the night will be fine.

MYSELF AND ALICE FULTON; OR, HOW I "CAME TO GRIEF" AND GOT OVER IT.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.



THINK I must have staggered out blindly into the broad sunshine with those withering words uttered by Alice Fulton ringing in my ears, after having on that morning "told me a bit of her mind," in a cool and shady drawing-room looking over the Green Park.

I might with very reasonable grounds have been suspected of having taken something much stronger than a young lady's reply to certain words and queries put to her. I believe I was groaning in that wordless, unutterable anguish,

which, I have no doubt, every one has a turn at in some such momentous era of his life.

I was striding into St. James's street, murmuring, "Alice! oh my Alice!—lost—lost!" and meaning it, too, when a "pampered menial," gorgeously emblazoned in plush and worsted, came plump against me—the worst luck for him—and as this menial, being in my mother's pay and confidence, had contributed in his "menial" way to the annoyance under which I was suffering, it was with no little satisfaction that, by an application after the fashion of a catapult and a sudden rigidity

of the muscles of the shoulder, that he was projected some feet along the pavement, while from between my grinding teeth a monosyllable was breaking forth.

"Da——," and there it stopped.

"What the devil do you mean by quoting people about the street in this manner?" exclaimed the rich and racy voice of one who had arrested the progress of the luckless footman. It was that of Jack Brady, lieutenant in the "fighting"—th, to which I had just been appointed ensign.

"Mr. Philip Barton, sir," here said the footman, gathering himself together, "your m'r, sir, will carpet you 'bout this, see hif she don't. I 'specs as Miss Halice is mixed in it, too. Blest hif I don't see her at Lady Toppingtower's drawing-room winder, and you've a come from there, you 'ave."

"You miscreant!" I shrieked; "I'll strangle and mangle you——"

"Don't be a fool, Phil," interposed Jack Brady, calmly; "give him a crown and let him know how much better it'll be for him to keep a wise tongue in his head. There, be off," added Jack, with a significant nod and a stern look. "What you know, my big shaver, keep to yourself, or, be my soul, you'll find it only one inconvenient step out of Lady Barton's balcony into the street. Come Phil, my boy,

VOL. VII., No. 1—25

he's all right, and now tell me what all this purty promise of a shindy can be about."

We were presently seated in a retired room of the — Club with sherry and seltzer before us, and ere I could understand how I had got there and had confided that which was the one great and cherished secret of my existence, Jack Brady knew all about it.

Jack Brady was a frank and warm-hearted fellow, as brave as Bayard, and the very soul of honor. But, under any other circumstances than those arising out of the events of the moment, I should have dreaded his raillery, his wit, his marvellous power of repartee and his almost diabolical capacity of giving prominence to the ridiculous and absurd side of anything. And a young swell, something under five-foot ten, and wearing the dashing uniform of the —th, madly in love with a poor governess, was something ludicrous enough, thought I, with a savage pang.

"Poor Phil!" he said, almost tenderly, "the cut's a little deep, I can see, and the wound rankles. But it won't do, my lad; I expect the 'route' every day, and in pounding at the Russians you'll forget all this."

Would I? Ha! ha! ha! How little did he know me. Forget her!—never! But that the reader may know as much of the matter as Jack Brady did, I will give him the whole of it in the following condensed summary:

Alice Fulton was a governess to my sister Carry Barton, a pretty, pouting, petulant young lady, of about sixteen. I, Phil Barton, was a fine young fellow not quite twenty, with plenty of money, an air *distingué*, a very fair proportion of limbs, chest, physique and inches, and was indubitably the pride (as also the only son) of my lady mother, who was a widow upon a majestic scale, and whose household in Mount street, Grosvenor square, was carried on in a style of splendor commensurate with the jointure of several successive units, tens, hundreds, thous— and so on, which my father, a distinguished diplomatist, had bequeathed to her.

Alice Fulton was something marvellous to look upon; she was fair, she had brown hair, and sweet sunny eyes, and a mouth wearing a smile upon it, rarely seen among the daughters of men. Her manners were quiet; her tranquil dignity at times used to puzzle "mamma;" and her voice was "soft, gentle and low." She was the most lovely creature I had ever seen, and I had seen thousands everywhere, and of every class of beauty; and I loved her with such a strength and intensity of passion, that I despair of making you understand its fierce and fervid fanaticism. Of course, it was a first love. Of course,



THE RESCUE.

also, it was a last and final one; though, "by your smiling, you seem to doubt it." I don't deny that I might have something of the overgrown and lubberly boy about me; but drill and "mess," my new uniform and commission in the —th, were supplanting the raw look and manners of the mere lad, and perhaps, on that melancholy morning, I thought myself a lady killer. I was, to tell the truth—ahem!—handsome, and certainly a match for all the objections, real or pretended, a "governess" might raise. But I soon found out what a mistake I labored under—soon I felt how "very small" indeed I became.

But not to ramble from the direct narrative, let me return.

She sang like Malibran; she played like Arabella Goddard; she painted like a female pre-Raphaelite—each—either—any, without the slightest fuss or bother. My impulsive sister Carry loved her with a generous warmth, and when I happened to let fall (to the little *intriguan's* great delight) how deeply I was smitten, she promptly proposed an elopement—a clandestine marriage—a trip to Gretna; that would be so delightful; and offered to manage it for me, all by herself. I confess, however, I stood in considerable awe of my magnificent mamma.

The moment of the explosion came; the train was laid; and, one morning, I was down on my knees before her in the drawing-room, pouring out of the very fulness of a very foolish—let me add, also, a very honest—heart, the devouring passion I felt for her. I told Alice Fulton that I loved her; and she frightened me almost out of my wits, at the deadly pallor that overspread her face.

"Oh, Mr. Barton!" she said, "I had thought you too good-natured—too generous—to insult me by such foolish words and conduct!"

My mother came into the room at the moment, and I was still on my knees. This time, however, a horrible idea of the absurd was mingling with the positive pain of her cold words and her icy looks, and I know not how I scrambled to my feet, as my lady closed the door, and looked unutterable amusement.

"Why, good gracious!" gasped my radiant mamma, sinking upon a chair, "what does this mean? Tell me directly."

"It means, madam, that I must conclude my engagement with you without another hour's delay!" said Miss Fulton, in her low, steady voice.

"Indeed!" returned the lady, sarcastically. "But, guessing from what I see, perhaps it is as well, and that it will be very good taste on your part to do so."

Alice Fulton, with her white face, glided in a ghostly manner out of the room.

"The treacherous, designing minx!" exclaimed the lady, with bitter emphasis.

"Mamma, please don't; I can't—I won't bear it," I said, hotly; "she is all that's good and virtuous, by George! she is," I went on, and in effect somewhat tamed down that impetuous lady by my protestations.

So Alice Fulton left that afternoon. My sister Carry went about the house fuming like a little "termagant;" and I was frantic for nearly a week, till Carry found out that she was domiciled at the house of those dreadful Toppingtower girls, whither, on a certain day in question, I went, and had that interview (fortunately the girls were out) with Alice I have just alluded to.

You have guessed how it ended, have you not?

To think how those calm, beautiful eyes could lighten up and flash; that those delicately-tinted cheeks could become all of a ruddy glow, and the next moment pale as any ashes; that the voice which was to me a music as magical as any under heaven, could become cold and stern even; never was transformation so complete, and to me, so positively fearful! She was deaf, she was blind to me, and my passion only became more fixed and utter. I was fascinated. The chains of the sorceress were adamant, while her heart was cold as a frozen grave.

Such was the substance of what I told Jack Brady.

"By Jove!" he said, "it's a bad and a mad business; worse than I thought. What do you mean to do?"

"Send Carry to her; I must have her; I cannot live without her."

"Softly, Phil! All in honor—or after a Morganatic fashion?"

"All in honor, by Heavens!" I cry, fiercely. "Oh Alice! I would cut my heart out before it should harbor a thought that lowered you a moment," and so on, until at last Jack Brady believed me, and was really touched by my grief. With the considerate kindness which lay at the bottom of his character—never until the right moment thoroughly known—he argued the case as reason and common sense placed it to his view.

"It's a queer business," pursued he, "and her very virtue will only add strength to her prejudices. A girl of lofty principles can see how foolish and—socially speaking—how wrong even such protestations as yours must be. She has no father, you say? Perhaps her mother takes in washing? No! Don't blaze up, my lad; I won't go to bla—. But, never mind; you listen, and I'll show you how you stand. Your mother is a proud, pompous and pragmatist old dowager—not so old—well, she's older than I am. She's rich, and belongs to that class which makes no compromise with any lower than her own. Don't grind your teeth, but drink your wine. Alice Fulton is a sterling jewel, clearly; but she will scorn and loathe you at last, if you persecute her; for she well knows the broad gulf—the insurmountable barrier lying between your position and hers. She will think it is your conceit—her possession of wealth—your sense of the power of money which urges you to seek her."

"But I'll marry her, Jack," I say, with a faint groan; "I'll make her a lady, I will."

"Shut up. You make her a lady! My boy, the whole peerage, with Debrett at its head, can't do that. Clearly she is one. Poor and proud, and very likely passionate—by all the crosses in a yard of check, it's not a pleasant fix. But come, here's that infernal old croaker, Colonel Slewboy, of the — Fencibles, and, by his grinning, I should think he has some news to tell us. Good morning," he added, to the gouty old officer.

"Ha! Lieutenant Brady, good day—congratulate you—"

"The deuce! is my aunt dead, then, at last?"

"Oh! not that I know of. She may outlive you. Your regiment's 'route' has come. Constantinople—Russian War—troops at Malta—chances for yellow fever, dysentery and distinction—ho! ho!"

"Hurrah!" shouts Jack. "Now, my boy, *allons!* This will cure your grief, if there's an electric spark left in your blood."

We went away together, and the dinner-table, at the mess that day, witnessed an exciting scene. No time was lost in getting into marching order.

Through Carry's aid—she would have helped me in anything that required dash and daring—I had possessed myself of a portrait of Alice—a marvellous likeness, and impressed with that calm and queenly placidity upon her wondrous face which was her characteristic, and the highest expression of a type of loveliness so uncommon, and which I can conceive of as idealistic, and not to be realized. She was very real, however, was Alice. I loved her! I adored her! Beautiful Alice!—so proud, so calm—or was it that she was merely cold and incredulous? I saw her once more, and Carry was with us. I know I was a very child as I repeated my passionate story.

This time she seemed touched.

"If what you say be true, Mr. Barton—well, I will for once call you 'Philip'—if what you say be true, 'Philip,' I should feel grateful for the—for the preference you show towards one who is poor and friendless and dependent on the caprice of those who have the means of her support and livelihood in their hands. But it cannot be—indeed it cannot—and you must know it, too. You may keep my portrait if it pleases you to have it by you, and I bid you farewell and pray that God may protect you in storm and battle, and keep you a good and honest-hearted man."

How her words thrilled in the depths of my inmost soul! How her lips trembled and her lambent eyes filled with tears. She kissed Carry tenderly; she loved the wayward beauty with her passionate temper and her generous sentiments; and—and she shook hands with me and—and I bent over them and cried. I did, by George! and—you laugh, do you? Better mind your eye, my boy.

Within a week we were on the seas. Soon we were at Malta;

and I sent a fellow rolling head over heels to the feet of Nix Magee stairs for "chaffing" me on my low spirits about Alice. He had heard of the "governess" from the talking Topping-towers. Carry had been foolish enough to confide to them the story of my grief. This fellow was Fred Toppingtower, who had the sense to "shut up" for the future, and whom, afterwards, when the trenches before Sebastopol made every man a brother, I got to like very much.

Siliatiria! the Alma! the investment of Sebastopol—the ghastly work of a ghastly night and day; where "Ruin and his brother Death" rode hand in hand together through a camp that seemed accursed; where actual famine and decimatory disease was doing worse work than all the shot and shell, all the bullets and the bayonets of the enemy had power to work among.

It is only of one incident I have to speak, and that was the taking and the holding of the "Quarries"—a night of gigantic fighting, and the one in which I was finished up, knocked out of time, and "catawampously chawed up."

I was sitting on one of the parallels on the approach to these and reading, for the twentieth time, a letter all erased and besmeared, and kissing a portrait which I kept in a pocket I had stitched myself and fixed just over the heart. Of course I wanted to be shot—or I didn't want to be shot—with this picture on that indicative region. I was ill and worn and weak; but I hadn't lost pluck—not one of us had, I am proud to say; and oh, my Alice! my heart was yearning towards her more fondly than ever.

That letter was from her. I had entreated (through Carry) for a line. It came; it was womanly—full of feeling; but it gave me less of hope than ever.

I was just folding it; had put the portrait away; when, *ping!* came something by, and I heard a gasp and a fall, and turning, saw one of my company on the ground, with a round red spot on the forehead; and the brave, rash heart was still for ever.

"Blast them Quarries!" said a soldier, furiously gnashing his teeth; "that's where the cursed things come from."

Chapman's battery above us, on the height, made no reply. Gordon's was dumb. Two packed volcances—the Mamelon and the Malakoff—reared their sullen outlines at the extremity of the line of vision, and between were the Quarries, in which the chief part of a Polish regiment had established themselves, and whence they were playing the very devil with our men. That night we were to attempt to dislodge them. The night is come. I have put sentiment aside; I am getting ready for the desperate work; and about a thousand men in all, under the command of Colonel Shirley (Colonel Campbell led the storming party I belonged to), are about beginning the bloody game.

By trench and parallel, and stealing behind the traverses, with many a watchful and a cautious glance from the rear of the parapets, we move on, and while earthquakes and Phlegethon fires are mingled and vomited forth from those two enormous and formidable batteries, the Redan is all alive and playing at bowls with Chapman's heavy guns, and just now the concerted signal has been given—the French *fougasses* have gone off; the Zouaves are going in for the Mamelon; we are going in for the Quarries; and the sights and the sounds are a caution, for "all hell has broke loose;" the sky is like a sheet of fiery tow, and a shower of iron, the tonnage of which might be actually calculated, is hurling to and fro within a space limited to just four miles.

Six o'clock! and we have made a grand rush for our point, and succeeded through an infernal *mitraille* that is like an awful death sirocco, for such a charnel as the ground about us soon became, I hope never to see again.

Three times had we to go at it, tooth and nail, for they in the Quarries fought desperately; but, like a surging hurricane, we literally flung ourselves upon them, and out they bundled like rabbits from a burrow.

The French had the Mamelon; the Zouaves had footing on the outer rim of the parapets; and wasn't there "pepper" hot? that's all! Gordon's battery was playing like an organ in a paroxysm of diapasons; and we, on our parts, were at it in the Quarries. We had got them and we had to make six—no less than six tremendous bayonet and hand-to-hand fights that night to keep them. We succeeded; but, before that pass came, I was beautifully doubled up.

I know all about the "ah! old romance!" "stereotyped stuff!" and other incredulities that will be said; but, as I am telling my story with a conscientious adherence to the truth, I must tell this part of it. We had to convert the Quarries, when we had got them, into a battery—offensive and defensive—for our own purposes, and of course all our tactics had to be the reverse of those we had dislodged. Gabions were filled and fixed, and while some dug and shovelled, others "stood to arms." I had command of a party on an extreme elevation of the Quarries, looking direct to the Redan, when a "phantom regiment"—turning out a grim and grisly reality—came within my vision, and such fighting as I hadn't seen before was the result. I was hit on the chest, but without any sense of sustaining a violent blow; a rifle-ball came on my breast—on the picture of Alice—making but one crack on the glass which covered it, as if it had been cut by a diamond, but driving the frame into my side and bedding it within the fractures of two broken ribs. Down I went twenty feet, barely missing pulling Jack Brady with me—you should see the medals, and clasps, and crosses, and *et ceteras* he has, the splendid fellow!—and I know no more.

I am on board ship at Balaklava, in the "sick bay" My wound was a smasher, and I escaped by a miracle. Do you think, my reader, that this fair picture did not acquire a new virtue in my eyes—that it was a talisman, an amulet, a safeguard—I knew not what? If you have ever in your life been twenty—which some have not—you will readily believe this. I was at Scutari; I was at Stamboul; at "Misseris," invalided; and Jack Brady—who had got an awful wound by trying to carry the Redan, the same night! with about sixty men, and of course failing for want of numbers—was with me, too. Fortunately his more dangerous hurt speedily healed. Mine was a ragged and jagged affair and was perpetually growing "no better." Jack nursed me like a brother—he is nursing my sister Carry now (she's Carry Brady)—and his hand of iron was like a woman's touch.

So we leave Constantinople, and we call at Malta, and I take a whim in my head, and very shortly afterwards, I, with Jack, am going through the Splügen Pass. I have changed bearskin and sabretasche for the burschen's cap and *Murray's Handbook*. I read Longfellow's story of Paul Fleming, in that rich and radiant "Hyperion" of his; I am a student and a poet, too, in sense and sentiment. I am forty years of age in a few months' time! Can you understand that? And Alice Fulton lives within my heart, as her portrait lies upon my breast; and Jack Brady, I find, has written home to my sister Carry, to tell her he can't make me out. Wonders if I am still in love! Oh, Jack, my friend! my brother! more than ever.

I have satisfied myself that I am not "spoony." I am a man, and feel like one. I have been approved of as a good and fearless soldier; but let that pass, simply because any boast would spoil my story. I only mean it to be understood that—with a mind matured by my strong and lasting passion, chastened and humbled, I hope, by the living terrors which before that Golgotha surrounded me and thousands of others day and night, and by a long and lingering illness, dreamy and delirious—that Alice never left me night nor day. Surely, I loved her. Dare any honest-hearted man laugh at this as a boy's passion? Don't believe it, reader. It is six years ago, and I cling to her with the same fond fervor.

We were going to a certain town celebrated for its treasures in carvings and mediæval arts generally. It was beyond Coire, and may be nameless, so that this pen-ultimate adventure (I write that advisedly) may not undergo the ordeal of corroboration. A carriage of the heaviest Long Acre make was coming down hill at a speed that startled us both—Jack and I—and Jack is not easily startled. The dragchain had given way, and a peril more imminent than any in our solemn Litany we pray against—"battle, murder and sudden death" (the last most likely)—lay before those the strong but unwieldy carriage contained. I knew very little more of the matter. Instinct made me leap to the leader's head, and, with a power almost superhuman, I pulled the poor brute aside; his companion stumbled, the whole thing toppled "athwartship" on the road, and not a soul was hurt! saving your humble servant, who (of course!) got his hand jammed and dislocated—which, first or last, I don't know. Of course, too, one horse was

killed and the other fearfully hurt; but horses, they say (the *savants*), have no souls, so they don't enter into my bulletin. This was a pretty state of things for Jack, who delights in difficulties and who makes the most of them; that is to say, he enjoys them with the relish of a man who does not understand what a difficulty is, except that it is something to clear out of the way, and—who does it? Noble fellow is Jack, Hercules and Omphale in one, and what an incarnation!

I lay dreamily on one of those lovely, breezy, vine-shaded terraces, in one of those pleasant dwellings which are to be found on the slopes of the clustering Alps. No snowy peaks, however, met my weary gaze, for I looked on some verdant undulations that refreshed the eye, and over the edge of the terrace; and lying between and the hills rolled in a broad and less brawling manner the waters of the Inn. And Jack tended me and nursed me like a mother, like a sister, like a brother—pooh! lackadaisical! I'm nothing of the kind.

I was dozing dreamily on some cushions Jack had caused to be placed for me, and, hearing an exclamation in a tone the very tenderness of which unmanned me, "It is him!" I opened my eyes and saw a figure enveloped in a hood and cloak. I knew it at once—at once!

It was the figure of Alice, my Alice! Oh, so beloved! so beautiful, with her dove-like eyes and her serene yet sorrowful smile.

"Alice! Alice!" I cried, faintly, as I lifted up my weak pulsing, palpitating hands (one sadly bruised) towards her. "Alice! Alice! can it be you? Oh, hear me before I die—I am very ill, they say—hear me say once more, I love you—I love you—"

"Oh, he loves me!" I heard her murmur; and this time—yes, this time, it was she that was on her knees by my side, kissing my hands and my face, and I heard her say,

"He saved our lives!"

"That's beautiful," cried Jack, as he came on the terrace with Carry, in mourning—came on the terrace—"that's beautiful! be happy, both of you!" and he blessed us like a father.

Alice never left my side after. My mother, who loved me in her fond and foolish way, was dead, and I was my own sole lord and master. In a twelvemonth we were married, and I have been a happy—a grateful—I believe a better man since; and, two years after that, Jack, as the *Morning Post* used to say, led my sister to the hymeneal altar.

And here they come in—little Alice with big Alice and Jack Brady Barton, aged three; and I am very happy, as I clasp my wife, and kissing her, say, "Alice, my Alice!" and—and I have nothing more to say.

THE OLD PLAYER'S STORY—A PLEA FOR THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

I must confess to a curiosity about poor people. Their ways, manners, habits, modes of existence and thought have for me a charm that I do not find in the lives of their richer fellows. Their struggles against hunger and poverty, more enduring—sometimes more noble—than those of heroes on the battlefield, are to me as interesting a portion of human experience as the world presents.

It is no wonder, then, that I find myself in strange places sometimes: now in a dirty cottage, now in a cellar still dirtier, now in a workshop, now in a garret. I find it interesting; I like to see these bees building up their little cells, living their little lives, and sinking little by little under the weight of a heavy burden.

Feeling this, I embraced with all eagerness the offer of an intelligent master of a workhouse to visit the establishment under his charge. He received me at the door and led me through the various rooms. The occupants were nearly all old men, a few—very few—were younger and sickly-looking, all dressed alike in the gray suit, and looking alike in a sullen and hopeless expression that is very saddening to see on human faces. Of course I asked questions by the score, and was answered. Few of them liked to discuss the cause of their ending their days in that place. Some few said it was misfortune; some said—poor old fellows—that their children had died; some did not know exactly what it was had brought

them there. They had very little bread where they were, they said; and the master smiled.

"You've enough to eat, Brown?"

"Yes. I don't starve; but somehow I never feel full—always waiting for next meal; 'taint a pleasant sort of feeling that; still I can't help it, I am here, and shall be till I goes."

The last word was half regretful, half expectant in its tone.

"Haven't a bit of 'bacca with you, sir? I miss that as much as anything."

I gave old Brown an Havannah and left him happy; it is astonishing how little is required to make an old man of seventy in a workhouse happy.

"He is a fair sample of your birds, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes, about the average, perhaps a little better than the general run. I've rather a curious specimen of the pauper human here somewhere. I like the old fellow; his is a sad case. Where's Gowling?"

"He is in the garden, sir," said one. "Ye can just see him out of the window here, sir, sitting under the lime tree, there, sir;" and a finger a little, just a little dirty, was stretched out to indicate the place of Gowling.

I of course looked, and saw a man I should have judged to be about sixty-five sitting under the tree. He was a good deal bent, and seemed lost in thought from the wrinkles on his face, or it might have been the vacant smile I had seen on other faces, though I could hardly tell what it was at that distance.

On my going up to him the old man rose and took off his cap with a grace and ease of manner, and withal a certain dignity, that made me instantly raise my hat in that graceful fashion peculiar to the natives of this polite little island.

"Would you like to sit down, sir?" said he, and he looked at me.

"Thank you," I stammered, and sat down. I had not recovered from my astonishment—the pauper, with his cap that never could have cost sixpence, exhibiting with it the manners and ease of a gentleman. I was astonished, and sat silent.

"You've been through the house?"

"O yes; I went through this afternoon."

"Curious place. Curious people in it."

"Yes; but they are much alike in the main features, dress of course—but manner, expression of face. Most of them are from the same class, 'the laboring poor,' as one of our poets has emphatically called them. You find them not very congenial companions?"

"Not very. They are kind, or mean to be; and would be respectful, if there were not adverse influences to the existence of such a feeling. The chaplain is rather against me."

"You smoke, Mr. Gowling?"

"I do, when I can," and the old man laughed—a laugh that was at once bitter and pitiful.

I offered him my cigar-case. He made his selection and struck a light with a fusee. I lit my own with one, and was enjoying the first few whiffs, when I presently noticed my companion's cigar had no light—it had gone out. I looked in the fusee box—it was empty.

"O, never mind, I'll keep it till another time."

I handed him mine.

"No, sir, it's no use to me. My lungs are not what they used to be, and I can't light it unless you draw at the same time. I can light it then."

I drew my breath till the end of my cigar was almost a flame, and then the old man, with his feeble breath, kindled his own. I noticed him more as our faces were close together: his brow, rather high and rounded, was crossed in every direction by wrinkles; the eyes were dark, the eyebrows almost gone; while the cheeks more resembled parchment than aught else; the face close shaven, and a few locks of thin gray hair just showed under the cap.

"Well," said he, after some few puffs at his cigar, "what do you think of me?"

I was blushing again. I really thought he had been too much occupied with his cigar to observe how much I noticed him.

"I scarcely know. It is so unusual to find one having your education in such a place as this, that I am sure I hardly know what to think of your being here."

"You talk of my education. What do you suppose I am?"

"I was going to say an actor, but that—"

"You're right; I am an actor. I am," he sighed, "no—I was."

"You really interest me very much. I should be glad, very glad—should take it as a favor, if you would tell me the—the—indeed, the story of your life. I am very much interested."

"My dear sir—"

Now I did feel that it was not usual for men in the dress of paupers to address the friends of the masters as "my dear sir."

"My dear sir, I shall be very happy if I can amuse you for a little while—I fear it's no use beginning before tea. I expect the bell to ring directly. Ah, there it is. Will you come in and see the carnivora fed, as they used to say when I was young?"

I went in with him, arm in arm—how the paupers did stare to see the old fellow hanging on my arm!—and then I saw them sitting down at a long table—the little wedge of bread and the smaller one of cheese were eaten carefully to spread out the flavor over a longer time. I noticed my companion had a cup of tea brought him, which was a favor accorded to but few; half an hour and it was over, and we came out again into the garden and sat down once more. He seemed revived.

"I like my tea. You see we are not allowed many stimulants here, and I only get this every day by the order of the doctor, a young fellow I used to know many years ago. I was playing Othello at the time in Bradford, and an accident having happened to one of the shifters, he was called in. He set his leg—it was broken—and helped him with money afterwards, I know, and I took a liking to him. He was just beginning to practise then, and thought it a fine thing to know an actor. He orders me tea now," and the old man was silent.

"Try another cigar, Mr. Gowling, and you'll be better," and he did. It really was a pleasure to see him slowly and weakly draw in the smoke, and then as slowly and weakly let it curl out of his scarcely opened lips with an air of regret at its departure. He smoked on in silence for some time, and I let him without interruption.

"I said I would tell you my story. Well, to begin. I was born in this town of Burnton something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and sent me to the best school he could afford till I was a little over thirteen. He was rather proud of me, poor old father. I used to recite on the public days in the school, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was not a little obscure even to me; what it must have been to my hearers I don't know. My father took me away from school to the shop. He was a tailor. I don't think any boy with a grain of life in him would choose to be a tailor as a matter of taste. As for me, it worried me to death to sit hour after hour, stitch, stitch, stitch, and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did my share of work in return for the amusement it afforded them.

"At the age of fifteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and found the bustle of preparation much more pleasant than the dull shop-work. They went off well, and when next the players came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, for I was fit for nothing. Of course I was too big for a page, and too little for a man-at-arms, too young for a first, second, or even third lover, and too old for any accidental boy parts. I was disappointed, but I soon had to leave the then detested shop. My father was rather of a serious turn. He heard of my going to the manager, and locked me up, then about sixteen, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too bad, so I took French leave, and when the bread and water came one morning, there was no one to eat it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of socks and a clean shirt wrapt up in a handkerchief about 'to face the world,' and 'try to wring the hard held honors from stern fortune's hand.' Still I was young then. I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as anything. I was no use, my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young sir,' said one to me, 'you're as slim as a girl, and if you were to make love in the tone you've been talking to me in, the people would insist that I had made a girl play

the lover's part. I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all—two years hence you can come again, then I may talk to you."

"I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre, so I entered a travelling circus company as holder and ring raker. I kept at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. Now was my chance. They wanted a lover, and wanted him to ride; their first lover could no more sit a horse than a sack could; the first lady saw him once, and said she should die with laughing if he came on, so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I felt that Kemble and the rest of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago though. I'm wiser now.

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the leading parts, so I had no chance. I changed my name, first as Gowling did not look well in a bill, and next because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What's in a name?' I know there is a good deal in a name when it's on the playbills; and the public being judge, Alphonsus Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love with her; I don't think men of our class do fall in love. The constant exercising the imitative powers in delineating the passion weakens. I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward; I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her but once, and then, a man being very insolent to her, she came and told me, just as I came off as Macduff in 'Macbeth.' I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; these things must be endured. I said that they should not be endured; and that if he would not protect the ladies in his company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife."

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage door. I did, sir, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than any other cause. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week."

I had been noticing while he was speaking a number of children who came out of the house, and were dispersing in various groups to play. They were all dressed alike in the gray, true pauper gray, and ran and jumped as if they were not dependent on a paternal state for their support. One child, a little, large-eyed girl, passed once or twice before us, and then stood still looking at me a little way off. I looked at her, and she pulled the corner of her little apron and blushed, and so remained till he had done speaking.

"Whose is that pretty child there?" said I.

"That—that's my little Alice. Here, Alice, come here, dear."

The child needed no second bidding, but ran to the old pauper; and, being lifted with no little effort on to his knee, hid her face against his breast and still glanced at me. I, of course, found some object of attraction in the garden that enabled me to let her see my face without my appearing to see her; she was soon satisfied, apparently, for the glances became more bold and determined.

"Who is that, Papa Gowling?"

"A friend of mine; he won't hurt you."

She looked again to see if I had any intention of doing her mischief, and, being satisfied, sat upright on the old man's knee.

"There, Alice, you see he's not going to hurt my little Alice. Won't you shake hands with him?"

She did.

"This is your grand-child!" said I.

"Yes—the only one left," and the voice fell as he stooped and kissed her uplifted face.

"You were saying that the manager raised your salary after the little *fracas* about your wife?"

"Ah! yes, he did, and we went on very well for some time. I began to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best men and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of your powers. Every man not blinded by conceit, who is over thirty, must have felt this. There is a limit to our powers; other men have more—some less, but still it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that man has attained to whom you are listening is beyond you. Young men—very young men—feel that what man has done man can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty know their pace well enough to tell them that they will be in the ruck of the race of life.

"Well, some few years after I was married, this conviction came to me; I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part and do that part so that I was not laughed at; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. They listened and did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part, the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help it, you know. I can safely say I never went on without knowing every word of the part. I was always correct, and in the second and third parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for the benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling with me; he's a safe man, never too forward—no clap-trap with him—he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now you see, praise is a good thing, but when a man has dreamed for ten years or so that he is to be the star of the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a star of no very great magnitude telling him he's a very good background to show that star's light. Ah me! those hopes of youth—how the large bud brings forth but the little flower!"

"Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed utterly. There must be backgrounds, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first."

"True, sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Three months after I knew I was no genius, the ambition to be one left me. I was content to do my part and enjoy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. That's her child—poor little thing." And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly while she played with the buttons on his coat.

"The boys, of course, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest—all were busy then—all making money. You know that the profession is not favorable to health. The excitement—particularly to children—soon wears them out. I know, often and often, I've seen my boys as imps and that kind of thing, and felt the life was too fast for them. Late at night, to go from the hot theatre into the cold night air was a sad trial to the constitution, and children are not old men. You cannot persuade boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within a year of each other. Lung disease, the doctor said. It carries off a good many of those children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of those kind of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him; so he thought he was ill-used, and left us."

"And what became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then, then there was a long silence, and his mother worried herself dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce, as the bills called it, for in a small company you are a king, a warrior and a fool—all in one evening;

so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived came to the door to let me in.

"Don't be frightened, dear, here's Alfred come back."

"I went up, and there he was; but, my God! what a wreck. His eyes bloodshot, his hand trembling, and a hot red spot on his cheeks.

"Well, father, how are you?"

"I did not answer, I sat down and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but he couldn't; he came and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck and kissed him and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers did not; the public backed the managers, and were right too. He could not stand the disappointment; had no wife as his father had had to console him, and he took to the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing and just crawled home to die.

"One night, I had just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage-door. I went, and found the girl of the house where we lodged. She wanted me to come home directly; I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had one of the first-rate London men down as Hamlet. I was dressed as the Ghost. I forgot all about dress then, and rushed home; it was too late, poor Alfred was gone! He lay his head in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the Queen, and was weeping hot, silent tears that fell on my dead boy's face, one by one. His sister was sunk down on her knees by the bedside as I entered, and the people of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never.

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre.

"Manager says he should be glad if you could come back."

"Look here, Jennings, do you think I can?"

"Not to do anything, sir; but you might see him; perhaps it would be better."

"I left them, and went back, saw the manager and told him; and though it was his benefit night, he said he would read both parts himself.

"God bless you, Gowling, I am sorry for you, very sorry; if I can do anything for you let me know."

I went to the dressing-room, and as I left the place, heard the applause that attended the apologies for our absence, and his announcement of his intention to read the parts. Managers are not all alike, and he was a good friend to me, was Charles Gordon.

"We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death could no longer take her parts; so Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside one night and told me he wanted to make her his wife. He was just such another as I had been myself when his age. I thought it better to see her the wife of a respectable actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl was Alice. Well, they married and remained in the company. I was getting old, you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married, her mother died, and I laid in the grave, beside her son, one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now and old, for the wear and tear of an active life and the late hours tell on the strongest constitution. It was something awful, the change from the light and glare and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my own poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up; and at the age I was then, it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady or a third gentleman, and so we were divided. I went on circuit as an old man with very poor pay—as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'Speak up old 'un!' was the salute I had from the galleries directly I opened my mouth.

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letter for Sundays, for the day was long and dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young pitied me and I was proud then, and 'loved not pity;' so I was a lonely old man.

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, but he died, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterwards, and was looking ill and fagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again.

"I tried hard for an engagement, travelled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty or sixty miles from here. They took me from the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after a deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought when, as a boy, I used to get the nests out of this tree that I should end my days here, an old worn out pauper. You know where it says, 'There's a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I've often said that on the stage. I feel it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice! She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes, there, in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. "That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Of what did she die? She was young."

"The same disease that carried off her brothers, consumption. She knew I was here and spent her last money in coming, and the doctor, good fellow as he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, and then died one evening at sunset, holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah! I've outlived them all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child and stroked her head with his lean, shrivelled hand. "It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons and Alice all gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

I had a cough and felt husky in the throat, and the wind blew the dust in my eyes as I watched him.

"You and my friend seem to agree well, Mr. Gowling," said the voice of the master, close by.

"Yes, sir, he likes me likes to listen to an old man's talk. It's very kind of him—very kind."

"I've been expressing my wonder to Mr. Gowling to find him here."

"Want of proper economy, sir; nothing more. People of his profession are very reckless and improvident, very."

"You're right and you're wrong at once," said the old man. "We are not a saving people, I grant. The whole tendency of the profession is against it. We don't earn much, I mean such as myself. Of course genius is always well rewarded, but mediocrity in this is subject to competition as in other trades or professions. Then the little we do earn is spent in ways to which other professions have nothing analogous. Look at our dresses—we find all, and when a man throws himself into his part, does his best to please the public and do his duty to the manager, he will not have much left to be extravagant with. Besides, the qualities of nature that make a good economist—a careful, saving man—are not those which make a good actor. It is too much to ask that a man should, on the stage, have to affect the liberal notions of a spendthrift, and off the stage be a niggard. Then, too, we lean on one another. When do you see an appeal in the public papers from the widow of an actor in great distress? You may see dozens of such appeals from widows of other professional men. We help each other, and many a time the last guinea I had in the world has gone to help some brother-actor in difficulty."

"Still, Mr. Gowling, you admit it is possible to save."

"Oh, yes; possible, but difficult, inasmuch as the qualities that make the actor are not, nor are they usually found associated with, those of the rigid economist; and it is only the rigid economist amongst such men as myself who can save at all. Look, too, at the liabilities to disease, the uncertainties of the means of living we have, and you will see that we are, on the whole, as hardly worked for the amount of pay we receive as any class of men."

"Well, then, Mr. Gowling, when you've not saved and are poor, the State takes care of you."

"Mr. Atherton, I don't think it ought to be left to the State to do that. We actors do little for the State, add little to her wealth or greatness, but we do a good deal for that public which is not the State. I think that if any class in their old age have a claim on the public beyond that which the law of mere competition, of mere barter and sale gives, it is my own class. We sacrifice our lives to a life-wearing profession, and we are paid for it. Well, you say, there the matter ends."

"Certainly, the public pays you for your exertions and all claim is discharged."

"Not so; the public does not say so in other cases. Look at the hundreds of refugees for the old poor of various trades and professions, and you will see evidence enough that there is something in a man's heart that tells him the law of competition must be supplemented by another—that of benevolence—and it should be so in our case particularly. How many pleasant hours have the public gained out of my expenditure of my life; and the public gratitude leaves me to the State, and the State puts me in this (and he touched his gray coat). I, who have worn the mantle of a king, the robe of a senator and the dress of a gentleman all my life, go about badged as a pauper, stamped as a beggar, and have to associate constantly with men whose lives have been spent on the roads, the field, or in a stable. They are men, I grant, but I've been used to different company," and the old player's vigor seemed to come back to him as he spoke. "The public, sir, should take it up; and if the decayed fishmongers, ironmongers, watermen, and a host of other useful trades have their refugees for their poor, I don't think it is asking too much that we should have some place where we might spend the few remaining days of our lives—we should not trouble the earth long, any of us; and gratitude for what we have done might induce a public we have amused to find us this. If each one whom we amuse were to give a little, it might be done with ease to all."

"But suppose," urged the master, "that some such place were provided, would it not tend to induce still more that carelessness which I have mentioned?"

"Does this place tend to it?" said the old man, contemptuously. "No; nor could any place be made so attractive as to make a man become a beggar in order to claim it. You fancy, when you see me moving about here, I am hardened to it and do not feel the degradation. I do—I feel it every day; and though I might feel it less were I accepting the graceful gift of a grateful public, I should still love independence of the gift more. No man would save less because such a place as players' almshouses existed; but the existence of such a place would be at once a comfort to our old and poor men and women, and not a little creditable to the nation who established it."

A bell here rung.

"There, Alice, you must go in. Good night, my child."

She kissed him so fondly, and slid off his knee, and went in.

"And now I must go, sir, too. I'm going to bed, and my bed lies between a decayed journeyman butcher and a road mender, and they talk across me."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Gowling?"

"Well, a little tobacco and a few readable books would be acceptable. Perhaps you may live to see the day when an old worn-out actor may have less humiliating favors to ask at the hands of his friends." And the old man slowly walked towards the house.

I walked home and thought of the gray-coated pauper actor. And now, thank God! the day has come when the public has resolved that the old players' almshouses shall no longer be a wish and hope of years gone by, but a monument of its gratitude for all years to come.

BWARE OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—A German paper relates the following: Two men, entering a tavern in Cambrin, France, recently, ordered some coffee, and after drinking the first cup, both dropped down dead. The landlady fetched the police; they talked of poisoning. "How is it possible?" exclaimed the landlady; "they only drank one cup of coffee, and that could not have hurt them." Thus saying, to prove the harmlessness of it, she herself drank a cup. Hardly having partaken of this, she dropped down dead too. On examining the coffee pot, they found a packet of lucifer matches at the bottom of it.



"I SAW HIM FAR OFF WATCHING, AS HE SAT UPON THE STILE."

A SECRET.

BY ALBANY FOMBLANQUE, JUN.

Oh, mother! darling mother! such a glorious happy day!
I've come straight from the meadows, where they made the fragrant
hay;

And when the last was carted, and the stacking all was done,
We danced away so merrily till sank the setting sun.
And I'm so tired, mother, I can hardly hold my head,
And yet I've much to tell you ere I seek my little bed;
So let me kneel down here, and hide my face upon your knee;
And let me tell my story out, and hear me patiently.
A year ago, dear mother, I was nothing but a child;
As merry as a little bird, as thoughtless, and as wild;
You know how Austin courted me, and how I plagued his life,
And laughed right out upon him when he asked me for his wife.
I wish I had not laughed, mother, I do with all my heart;
I saw his whole frame shudder as he turned round to depart;
All night I heard him sobbing 'neath the window where I lay,
He seemed almost heart-broken as he sighed and went away,
And left his native village, all he loved and prized on earth,
And all for my unkindness and my false ungrateful mirth.
I did not know I loved him: but I did; and often wept
Through night and early morning, when you thought your Meggy
asleep;

I knew I'd wronged his nature in its noblest, purest part;
Thought of him toiling lonely, with a silent aching heart.
Perhaps he, too, saw something in his fancy far away,
That drew him to his home again, for home he came to-day.
While dancing by the river side we paused a little while,
I saw him far off watching, as he sat upon the stile.
My heart went out to meet him, tho' I could not move or speak,
And then I saw a teardrop fall, and glisten on his cheek;
I thought of that gray morning, and his low heartbroken wail,
He looked so very haggard, and his face so wan and pale:
I know not how it happened, I forgot all girlish pride,
And went straight up and welcomed him, and sat down by his side.
He smiled and looked so kindly, tho' his smile was very sad:
'I've not the heart for dancing, Meggy, now, that once I had.

I'm off to some far country, what name I cannot tell,
And came to take a little look at all I loved so well;
I cannot bear to leave it—I cannot bear to stay;
It seems so strange to sit here, and to talk of going
away.

You don't look happy, Meggy, and the tears are in
your eye;

Don't grieve about me, Meggy, or the days that have
gone by;

I know that I was selfish, and not worthy such as you,
But never was a deeper love, a heart more fixed and
true."

He spoke so soft and gently, as he turned his face
aside,

And as he rose to go away clean vanished all my
pride;

I did not say I loved him, but I think he must have
guessed,

For I found myself joy-robbing on his loving manly
breast;

And now he'll never leave me, dearest mother, all his
life—

I'll make him such a happy, such a loving little wife:
I'll try with years of tenderness, to blot out this year
of pain,

And soothe his poor nigh broken heart that never shall
ache again.

Hark! I hear him, mother darling, and he's singing on
his way.

Oh, joy to think his weeping heart can once again be
gay!

He'll tell you all about it—tell you more than I can
say.

CUBAN CEREMONIALS.—The Campos Santos, or
burial-grounds, are vile places, where corpses are
thrown aside as they are in Italy, without respect
and without memorials even so lasting as the
widow's tears or the tolling of the funeral bell.
Before burial, the dead, dressed in the gayest man-
ner, are exposed on catafalques set around with
candles, in the great saloon of their homes.

Ghastly faces stare suddenly out on you from within the
iron-barred windows as you walked the city streets. Un-
coffined and unshrouded, for the most part, the dead are flung
into shallow graves, whence they will soon be jostled by their
successors in the endless procession. Dark stories are told
of those who have charge of these interments. A certain
countess, who died near by us in Havana, was laid out in state
and superbly arrayed. When the day of the funeral came, one
of the friends with a knife cut into shreds the fine silks and
satins of her robes to make them valueless as merchandise.
Among the conservative old Spanish a great deal of formality
obtains in the matter of mourning. It is considered proper for
the family to shroud everything in the house of death. Pic-
tures are turned to the wall, furniture gloomily draped. Im-
mediately after the funeral all the relations and connections of
the deceased meet at the house, where they dine together, the
family keeping out of the way in private rooms till after din-
ner, when they appear, and two great circles are formed in the
saloon, the females gathering into one and the males into ano-
ther. Lugubrious conversation then commences. This cere-
mony is repeated daily during nine days!—*Pictures of Cuba.*

DANGER OF CRINOLINE.—Has the danger ever occurred to ladies
wearing the present amplitude of light drapery, expanded by
crinoline, or a sort of hoop, "What would happen if the muslin
should chance to take fire?" None of the ready expedients for
extinguishing fire would be available against such a volume of
drapery so disposed to flames. The dress could not be gathered
together; it is so arranged as to render that impossible, and
the expedient of lying down and rolling in a hearthrug, which
saved many a woman before the introduction of the present
fashion, would not avail against the resistance of the stiffened
frame of crinoline or steel spreading the burning substance to
the air. Should ladies for fashion's sake expose themselves to
so frightful a risk? Escape seems impossible if the dress takes
fire. In former times, when hoops were worn, the substance of
the dress was seldom of a nature to ignite. The case is differ-
ent now, and a spark is enough to set a muslin dress in a blaze.

WANTED—A DIAMOND RING!

BY LOUIS SAND.

I SAW it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey-ey-eyes by pudgy trotting—and I stooped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

"Found this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19 Wilton place, &c."

Before noon on the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying,

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—a—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly; "but, if the ring is yours, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring!" replied the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand; "but, as the ring in my possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek further."

"Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned towards the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively got up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring, but—"

"Ah! how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, sir—handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant or? No; I am wrong. Unfortunate, that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial; I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"I fear, madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"



"THE RING, THE RING! OH, ALFRED, MY DEAR BROTHER!"

"Sir!!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—yes; actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity! I wish you a good morning."

Very harrowing this. I am scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell.

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it! I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats and spun along like nirepence for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold, I've just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthaed and that."

"What sort of ring was yours?"

"What sort? Oh, come, as if you didn't know—that's good!"

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if he knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh? I know it's worth a couple o' ponies. Come, let's hear the damages and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh? What, the governor's? Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor'd cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swop you any one of these for it, because of the governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale, beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for far other reasons."

"But," I said, gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is——"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly; "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties and cause but little delay if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door-handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me——"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands and cried out,

"The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous, happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was.

"My dear child" (I am forty-five), "it gives me sincere pleasure——" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been pencilling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one cannot enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder! I tear it open; I read:

DEAR JACK—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside; you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance and the motto "Armed at all points." Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me. Thine,
FRED VYNING.

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add that when I called at a certain address in Eaton square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

NAPOLEON THE GREAT IN A FIT—I'll tell you an anecdote of Napoleon, which I had from Talleyrand: Napoleon was at Boulogne, when he heard that the Austrians, under Mack, were at Ulm. "If it had been mine to place them," exclaimed Napoleon, "I should have placed them there!" In a moment the army was on the march, and he at Paris. I attended him to Strasburg. We were there at the house of the prefect, and no one in the room but ourselves, when Napoleon was suddenly seized with a fit, foaming at the mouth; he cried "*Fermez la porte!*" and then lay senseless on the floor. I bolted the door. Presently Berthier knocked. "*On ne peut pas entrer.*" Afterwards the empress knocked, to whom I addressed the same words. Now, what a situation would mine have been, if Napoleon had died! But he recovered in about half an hour. Next morning, by daybreak, he was in his carriage; and within sixty hours the Austrian army had capitulated." "Did Napoleon shave himself?" I inquired. "Yes," answered Talleyrand, "but very slowly, and conversing during the operation. He used to say that kings by birth were shaved by others, but that he who has made himself Roi shaves himself."

FLOWERS.

BRING me fresh flowers. I pine
For the fresh, dewy sweetness of young flow'rs;
Such as in olden time
I gather'd in the forest's haunted bow'rs.
Pillow my weary head
Upon their sunny glow, that I may sleep,
Dreaming all grief hath fled—
All the wild mis'ry past that now I weep.

Gather fresh flowers, and twine
Around my brow the incense-breathing wreath;
Press their cool lips to mine,
And let me sip the sweets that lie beneath.
Lay them upon my heart,
And let them there breathe out their latest sigh;
Winning its pain to part,
Or by their meek death teaching it to die.

THE COUNTRY POST-OFFICE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"I suppose it is a duty incumbent on me to burn this letter," said Isabel Gresley, throwing into the fire a long epistle that she had just finished reading. "It comes from an old school friend, who, in the early days of our correspondence, when we had (or fancied we had) abundance of secrets to confide to each other, was wont to close her letter with the adjuration 'To be burnt as soon as read!' Now, her letters might be safely published to all the world, for we have grown out of secret-telling and secret-keeping, but from old habit she continues her favorite mandate, and I continue to comply with it."

"I think, Isabel," said her friend Mrs. Walton, "that it might be much better for the world if the generality of letters were burnt as soon as read."

"Oh! Mrs. Walton, what a cynical remark! although I have taken leave of my school-days of romance, I am still young enough to have great pleasure in preserving letters. How prettily is it observed by Shenstone, that 'In a heavy, oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over the letters of one's friends.'"

"Nay, Isabel, I have said nothing derogatory to the opinion of Shenstone or yourself. I merely remarked that it might be better if the generality of letters were burnt as soon as read; and I am disposed to go still farther, and say that there are some letters that had better be burnt before they are read."

"Well, I do not suppose that such a thing often happens; I am sure that I should never be able to restrain my curiosity so far as to throw a letter into the fire before I had read it; even if I imagined that it would give me pain, I should like to know the worst at once."

"The peculiar letters of which I am thinking, Isabel, were burnt under circumstances so remarkable that I am disposed to relate them to you."

"Twenty years ago a grave elderly man sat by a young girl in the library of a pretty house in the country town of Elmbury. He was speaking earnestly, although not sternly; she was weeping. 'Tis an old tale, and often told.' Mr. Fleming was the guardian of Louisa Fenwick; she was an heiress, wanting only a few months of completing her majority. She had received and encouraged the addresses of a certain handsome, stylish, lively Captain Beaumont. Her guardian was informed of her folly, and he did the wisest thing that it was possible for him to do; he persuaded his married sister to invite Louisa to stay with her at Elmbury, and he then diligently applied himself to gather together a body of information respecting the life, character and behavior of the gallant captain. Nothing could be worse than the whole of them; he was a roué, a spendthrift and a gambler. All this evidence, however, might have failed to disenchant Louisa Fenwick, for young ladies under similar circumstances often say, as the heroine of the Irish melody did to her lover—

'I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.'

The 'grand effect,' as musicians say, was yet to come. Louisa

was slightly acquainted with Miss Brownlow Robinson, the possessor of about an equal number of thousands with herself; and Captain Beaumont had often pointed out to her ridicule the aforesaid Miss Brownlow Robinson's awkward manners, love of flaunting finery and ignorance of the common rudiments of knowledge. The father of the heiress had suddenly become rich through speculation a short time before his death; therefore she had received no advantages of education, and so far from wishing to repair her early deficiencies, was perfectly unconscious of their existence. Mr. Fleming was able to bring intelligence that a fortnight ago Captain Beaumont had proposed for the hand of Miss Brownlow Robinson; that he had been ignominiously refused by her uncle, and forbidden to enter the house; but that he had subsequently declared to some of his gay companions that he had not given up the pursuit, that his debts and duns were pressing, that it was absolutely necessary that he should marry an heiress as a refuge from a prison, and that Miss Brownlow Robinson or Miss Fenwick should be his bride, according to the easiest facilities that presented themselves for gaining the hand of the one or the other of them. Louisa Fenwick respected and esteemed her guardian; she knew that he was sincerely desirous of promoting her happiness, and that he was incapable of asserting a falsehood, even although he might hope to effect good by so doing; she was hurt, wounded, and offended at the conduct of Captain Beaumont, and willingly agreed to break off all acquaintance with him.

"Mr. Fleming, pleased with the success of his journey, left the library to seek his sister for an hour's conversation previous to his return to London, and Louisa sought her own room and rang for her maid. Curtis had been the *confidante* of her young lady in her love affair, and had always advocated the cause of Captain Beaumont; he was handsome, gentlemanly and good-natured, and although he could not boast of fortune's favors, Miss Fenwick, as she justly remarked, had 'enough for both.' She was, however, truly shocked when she heard the real character of the artful and unprincipled suitor. 'You have had a happy escape, Miss Fenwick,' she said, 'and how you can continue to cry so bitterly passes my comprehension; how thankful you ought to be that Mr. Fleming got hold of all this intelligence to give you.'

"How much more thankful I should have been," sobbed Louisa, 'if I had received it an hour ago.'

Curtis looked somewhat puzzled.

"It is three days since you have seen the captain," she said; 'and you told me, last night, that you had not written to him, although you had promised to do so; he must therefore be in some measure prepared for your change of opinion.'

"Oh! Curtis," cried Louisa in tears, 'I have written to him; when I parted from him he implored me to write to him speedily, giving him a favorable answer to his proposal for an immediate marriage. I was so fearful of bestowing too much encouragement on him, that I delayed writing to him; but last night I had horrid dreams, in which I saw him drowning, shooting himself or leaping off a high precipice (you know, Curtis, he often threatened to commit suicide); so this morning I wrote to him a kind and favorable letter and put it into the post.'

"And can it not be got out of the letter-box?" exclaimed Curtis.

"Certainly not," said Louisa: "there is a penalty to which any post-office proprietor is liable if they give back a letter that has once been put into the box."

"After all, Miss Fenwick," said Curtis, 'the case is not so very deplorable. Captain Beaumont, who I suppose will answer your letter in person, will not of course seek you in this house: he will apprise me of his arrival, and I shall acquaint him with your wish to break off all further correspondence with him.'

"But you do not remember, Curtis," sobbed poor Louisa, 'that he will be in possession of my letter, the very first letter that I ever wrote to him; he will display it among his companions, even if he does not make any legal use of it; he is capable of everything bad.'

Curtis did not attempt to defend the absent culprit, but merely said, 'I think the post does not go out till nine at night, Miss Fenwick?'

"I believe not," said Louisa sadly, 'but it can make no possible difference to me whether it goes out next hour or next

week, so long as my unfortunate letter is detained meanwhile within the letter-box.'

"Curtis made no reply, but proceeded to dress her young lady for dinner.

"The kind-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Martyn treated her as if she were a heroine just escaped from imminent danger; they projected drives, walks, musical luncheon parties and other quiet recreations; and Louisa, nothing consoled by this prospect of mild gaieties, retired at her usual hour, and sobbed and talked of her letter on its journey while Curtis was undressing her; to which Curtis only replied by the hackneyed remark, that 'perhaps things might turn out better than was expected.'

"Little did Louisa think of the fearful risk that her faithful waiting-maid had encountered in her service that very evening.

"At eight o'clock, when all was dark and drear (it was the month of October), and a drizzling rain was falling, Curtis had sallied forth, wrapped in a thick cloak and muffled in a large veil; a connoisseur in the different styles of pedestrianism would have said that she walked along in a stealthy incendiary fashion, wearing somewhat of a Guy Fawkes air. Certainly she had not a dark lantern, but she seemed to conceal under her cloak some mystic instrument of a smaller size. Curtis reached the street in which the post-office stood, she looked around her; she had often jestingly declared that the Elmbury policemen were never to be found when they were wanted, and she saw with satisfaction that they continued to be absent on an occasion on which they were certainly not wanted. She softly drew forth the mysterious instrument; it was a lucifer match-box! she kindled a match and slipped it into the letter-box! Like most people who do wrong, Curtis, although she had previously considered the act she was contemplating to be perfectly justifiable, began to feel terribly alarmed when she had put her plan in execution, and would have willingly given all her deposits in the savings-bank to have recalled the last minute. As she went on her homeward way, she thought that she had not only committed an imprudent but a very blameable act. How could she expect that the lucifer-match would burn Miss Fenwick's letter alone? Of course there would be a general conflagration; some of the letters might enclose bankers' cheques; some, commercial orders; others, copies of legal documents. To the sensitive conscience of Curtis, it appeared as if the world of trade might be seriously affected by her evil doings; the civil, smiling widow Cox, who kept the post-office, might be brought into imminent danger, and all Elmbury would be at work to discover the real culprit. Nay, might she not be already discovered? might not some detective in plain clothes have been watching her in the distance? and might she not, before she reached the quiet haven of Mr. Martyn's red brick dwelling-house, be seized upon, lucifers in hand, carried into custody, and taken the next morning before magistrates, to give an account of herself?

And what an account had she to give? Fears, however, like hopes, often fail of realization. Curtis reached the red brick dwelling-house unmolested, and found that her absence had not been remarked. She charitably resolved to spare her young lady the restless night which would unfailingly succeed the confession of her dark deeds. And Louisa really rested tolerably; after laying awake for an hour, she cried herself to sleep, and had slept for six hours, when she awakened from an uneasy dream, in which she had seen Miss Brownlow Robinson, dressed in canary-colored satin, with damask roses in her hair, reading aloud Louisa's fatal letter to Captain Beaumont, to a circle of her particular friends in the corner of a crowded drawing-room. Poor Curtis, on the contrary, scarcely slept at all; her fears now took a different range; she imagined that the conflagration caused by the lucifer match might spread to the whole of the widow Cox's premises, that the house would be burnt to the ground, and the widow and her blooming daughter, Bessie, perhaps become victims to the flames.

"When Curtis attended her young lady the next morning, she thought it right to confess the fault of which she had been guilty. She had prepared herself for a burst of reproaches, and was much surprised at the manner in which Louisa received her communication.

"'You have done a foolish thing,' said Louisa, 'inasmuch as it would have been very unpleasant to be discovered in the act; but I do not think you need give yourself any concern

about the result; of course the lucifer match would become immediately extinguished among so many folded papers.'

"'But have you not often heard, Miss Fenwick,' said the waiting-maid, 'about rooms and even houses being burnt down in consequence of a single lucifer match being dropped on the floor?'

"'I know I have,' replied Louisa pettishly, 'but lucifer matches are the most contradictory things in the world, and always do precisely what they are not wished to do. A single lucifer match, as you observe, has been known to set a house on fire; but what person, who wanted to set a house on fire, would be contented with anything short of whole boxes of lucifer matches, and whole piles of combustibles? You wished to set letters on fire, therefore depend on it not one of them is even singed.'

"Curtis, not quite convinced by her young lady's caustic logic, betook herself after breakfast to the post-office. To her great satisfaction, she found that everything was going on as usual; the widow Cox kept a stationer's shop, and she and her daughter Bessie were busy in serving customers; it was evident that the lucifer match had committed no serious mischief. Curtis was bent on making herself decidedly agreeable; she waited patiently till the customers had departed, and then complimented the widow Cox on her remarkably becoming cap, and rallied Bessie on the evident admiration of young farmer Finch. She next requested to see note-paper and envelopes, of which she purchased a stock, and as sealing-wax was her next requisition, Bessie appropriately brought forward a prettily ornamented lucifer match-box, as a fit adjunct to these preparations for letter-writing.

"'I suppose I must take it,' said Curtis, 'although my young lady does not much like lucifer matches; she was speaking against them this very morning.'

"'I am sure we have reason to speak against them,' whispered Bessie, looking at her mother, who was engaged with a new customer. 'You will not, of course, let the matter go any farther, but last night a lucifer match was put into our letter-box, I suppose by one of the mischievous boys of Elmbury, and we did not find it out till it had burned four letters.'

"Curtis made a pantomimic gesture of dismay, and exclaimed, 'Is it possible!'

"'Enough remained of the shape of the letters,' pursued Bessie, 'to let us know that they were four in number, but we could not make out the directions; we have burnt the fragments, and mean to say nothing about it.'

"'Quite right,' said Curtis energetically; 'the persons to whom the letters were addressed may never know that they have been written to them; and even if they should, they must be quite aware that letters occasionally miscarry. I admire your good mother's prudence in keeping silence about the matter, and for my own part shall never think of mentioning it to a creature; I dislike gossip above everything.'

"Curtis departed with her packet of writing materials, her heart much lightened by this account of the limited extent of the mischief she had done, and reported the result to Miss Fenwick.

"'I am sorry that any letters were burnt,' said the desponding Louisa, 'I am quite certain that mine was not among them, and I suppose that Captain Beaumont will be here in the course of the day, or to-morrow morning at latest.'

"Captain Beaumont, however, had not arrived by dinner-time, and Louisa was compelled to exert herself to converse; for Mr. and Mrs. Martyn, in pursuance of their kind intention to raise her spirits, and prevent her from dwelling on her love affair, had invited company to dinner. Certainly, the selection might have been better made, since the spirits of a young lady disappointed in love are not particularly likely to be exhilarated by the society of two old bachelors, and the maiden sister of one of them. Moreover, the united conversational abilities of the visitors were very inconsiderable. Miss Drake had no distinguishing characteristic but that of extreme timidity; she was afraid of everything, but especially of burglars, and was a great patroness of bars, bolts and hound-dogs. Her brother was a rich man—proud of his wealth, proud of the industry by which he had increased, and the judgment by which he was yet increasing it. All that he touched turned to gold; money doubled and trebled itself under his fortunate hands; and he

never purchased shares in any concern, but the price immediately rose in the market.

"The other guest, Mr. Lynch, had the peculiarity of always setting himself in array against the opinions and tastes of those with whom he came in contact, and he showed remarkable ingenuity in saying, hinting or looking something that should be remarkably disagreeable to them. If people were in a 'Slough of Despond,' he never made an endeavor to help them out of it, and if they believed they were in a 'mansion of peace,' he was sure to throw stones at their ideal residence.

"He made Miss Drake uncomfortable for the evening by relating two stories of burglaries in the neighborhood, and expressing his belief that they would prove to be only the beginning of a long series. Mr. Drake interfered, in compassion to his sister, and turned the conversation to business matters. He had written to his agent to purchase shares for him in the new 'Private Brougham and Barouche Company,' which professed to supply excellent and commodious carriages, with unexceptionable horses and sober drivers, to its patrons, at a marvellously reasonable rate, leaving a large amount of profit to the shareholders. Mr. Lynch, who denounced and despised most of Mr. Drake's speculations, launched a perfect thunderbolt of condemnation at the one in question; it was 'a bubble, a fable, a mockery; it was,' he knew from authentic sources, 'likely to explode at any time; and then, the ruin of all the shareholders (those were not the days of limited liability) would be certain to ensue. Mr. Drake attempted to brave these predictions, by declarations of his own good luck, which had never failed him yet; but the curt rejoinder, 'Then it is the more likely to fail you now,' threw a damp over his usually high spirits, and the after dinner conversation decidedly flagged.

"In the evening, Mrs. Martyn, intent on her benevolent wish to raise Louisa's spirits, assured her that the company would be delighted if she would favor them with a specimen of her musical talents. Miss Drake, whose vocal reminiscences were all of the old school, kept asking for songs with names that were peculiarly distressing to poor Louisa. 'He Seeks Another,' 'Oh! who would love?' and 'Love is but an April Day;' and Mr. Lynch enlightened the company by some very severe remarks on the folly and impropriety of the songs of Miss Drake's day, only to be exceeded by the still more dangerous tendency of the songs of the present day, which conveyed equally objectionable sentiments arrayed in better poetry; indeed, it was Mr. Lynch's decided opinion that the greater part of the foolish attachments and runaway marriages that we hear of, were to be traced to the influence of love-songs on weak and trifling minds.

"The party broke up at an early hour, Mr. Lynch having succeeded in making everybody feel very uncomfortable, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Martyn. He always spared the feelings of his host and hostess, being as fond of eating good dinners, as of saying disagreeable things, and therefore allowed peace to his purveyors on the day on which he partook of their hospitality.

"The next morning, Mrs. Martyn, in pursuance of her plan for rewarding Louisa for the prudent sacrifice of her lover, by indulging her with a series of gentle dissipation, took her on a round of morning visits.

"We have now only Miss Preston remaining on our list," she observed, 'she is an excellent, warm-hearted old spinster; she has brought up a nephew at her entire expense, and I believe loves Frank Adams as if he were her son; he is a little thoughtless and extravagant, but I have a very good opinion of him in the main; it will quite do you good to see Miss Preston; she always looks the very picture of neatness and happiness.' But Miss Preston on this particular morning looked like anything but the picture of neatness and happiness; her eyes were red, her dress careless, she had made false stitches in the knitted comforter which lay before her, and had just thrown the ink-bottle over her book of household accounts. Mrs. Martyn inquired if Frank Adams had returned from Paris, and the source of the old lady's trouble was speedily made known. Frank had not returned from Paris at the appointed time, and she had received a letter from a friend in that gay capital, informing her that he was going from one scene of amusement to another, that he had entered into a very foolish love affair with a frivolous French girl, that he was squander-

ing his money in purchasing expensive presents of jewellery for her, and that he openly declared that he could not and would not fix any period for leaving Paris.

"I was so vexed with this letter, and with Frank's want of confidence in me," continued Miss Preston, 'that I did what I now heartily repent of; I wrote him an angry letter. I had never either spoken or written a bitter word to him before, and he has not a disposition with which severity will ever succeed.'

"It was very natural, however," said Mrs. Martyn (who, having no children of her own, was somewhat rigorous in her judgment of young people), 'that you should write as you did.'

"It might be natural," said the old lady, 'but it was very ill-judged. I wrote on the impulse of the moment, immediately after I had read my friend's letter, without remembering that she might have been wrongly informed, or might have exaggerated what she had heard; besides, I felt so hurt by Frank's concealment, that I reproached him with what I had done for him; this was both unkind and ungenerous on my part, and no provocation ought to have induced me to have alluded to the subject. Frank is sensitive and irritable; how truly do I wish that I could recall my letter!'

"Mrs. Martyn uttered some commonplace words of consolation, and they took leave of the penitent aunt.

"How many letters would be better unwritten?" thought Louisa. 'This officious gossip in Paris has made poor Miss Preston unhappy by her uncalled-for communication, and occasioned her to write a letter which she would most gladly recall; it might be better if we were not quite so ready with the pen.'

"Mr. Martyn, when he came home to dinner, had interesting news to communicate.

"I have seen our friend Brenton," he said, 'and he has had a letter this morning informing him of a large accession of fortune.'

"I am glad that anybody has had a letter containing good news," said Louisa, with rather a misanthropic look and manner.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Martyn, 'I ought not to say that the letter contained good news, since it informed Brenton of the death of a cousin; but as he had never seen the gentleman in question and as he does not owe the money to his liberality, since the property was entailed on him, we cannot expect him to look very sad on the matter.'

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Martyn, 'and he is so very kind-hearted and benevolent a man that money could not fall into better hands; he will be sure to do so much good with it.'

"Yet at this very time," said her husband, 'Brenton is lamenting that he has not been more willing to do good, and wishing that the tidings of his acquisition of fortune had reached him a few days sooner. You have heard him speak of the widow and children of his old friend, Mr. Stewart, and you are aware that they were left in such needy circumstances that he has made them a yearly allowance; well, a few days ago, the widow wrote to him, and the letter contained several petitions; she wishes to get a son into Christ's Hospital; to place a daughter as half-boarder in a finishing establishment for young ladies, and she has also indefinite aspirations for the education of the junior branches of her family; and poor Brenton was selected as the beneficent genius whose well-filled purse was to bring all these desirable events to pass. He thought she was encroaching; he had lately suffered a pecuniary loss; in short, he was out of temper, and wrote to her a sharp and curt denial of her requests, instead of showering money and fair words upon her, as had been his previous habit.'

"Well," said Mrs. Martyn, 'I think that trouble may be easily got over; now that he is rich he can do all that the widow requires and throw a banknote into the bargain for the improvement of her own wardrobe.'

"Very true," said Mr. Martyn; 'but he talks of her wounded feelings and the wounded feelings of the eldest boy and girl, and calls to remembrance fifty instances of Mr. Stewart's generous kindness to him in former years.'

"Another instance," thought Louisa, 'of the ill effects of a hastily-written letter; why is the post so atrociously correct that a letter scarcely ever miscarries?'

"For the next few days a cloud seemed to hang over several of the inhabitants of Elmbury, but Mr. Drake was the first person on whom it descended in a storm. One morning, the

newspapers proclaimed the total ruin, demolition and bankruptcy of the Private Brougham and Barouche Company!

"Mr. Drake instantly repaired to London and waited on his agent to know the best course that he should pursue.

"Have you shares in the Private Brougham and Barouche Company, my dear sir?" asked the agent; "I am sincerely sorry to hear it."

"Your memory fails you strangely," said Mr. Drake; "this day week I wrote to you from Elmbury requesting you to purchase shares for me in that company; and if you refer to your memorandum-book, you will, of course, find that you have done so."

"Never," said the agent, gravely. "I give you my word, Mr. Drake, as a man of business and a man of honor, that your letter never reached me."

"What happy intelligence!" exclaimed his visitor; "I posted it myself and cannot conceive how it could have failed to reach you."

"Neither can I," returned the agent, knitting his brows; "such a thing has never occurred in my house before, Mr. Drake, and it shakes my confidence in my clerks and in my servants."

"The agent was a true man of business; it was evident that he did not receive so much satisfaction from his employer's escape from ruin as dissatisfaction from the non-delivery of his letter.

"Mr. Drake returned to Elmbury radiant with smiles, and once more professing himself to be the child of good fortune. Mr. Lynch certainly ventured on a few insinuations touching the intimate fate of the pitcher which had performed many successful journeys to the well, but he was quite in the minority; the rest of the Elmbury people felt proud of the unclouded prosperity of their townsman. Miss Preston shed many tears and gave way to many melancholy surmises about her ill-used and suffering nephew, who had never replied to her letter. She decided that he had probably gone off to Australia or New Zealand, and would never again address a line to the cruel relative who had so unfeelingly taunted him with his dependence on her. One fine morning, however, she was relieved from her fears by the sight of Frank Adams in person, looking healthy and happy, and folding her in a warm embrace.

"It appeared that Frank had been prolonging his stay in Paris, because he was paying his addresses to the richly-portioned daughter of an English lady who had chosen a Frenchman for her second husband. She was delighted at the thought of leaving the frivolous gaieties of her stepfather's house, and all impatience to be introduced to her lover's kind and excellent aunt.

"Miss Preston fondly returned her nephew's embrace, and determined in her own mind to make over a handsome property to him as a set-off to the ample portion of the bride.

"But why did not you write word to me of all that you have been telling me, my dear boy?" she said.

"I may retort the inquiry," said Frank Adams; "why did not you write to me in Paris, as you had promised to do? I waited in vain for a letter, and at last thought that I would bring home my intelligence in person."

"Miss Preston made some commonplace remark about 'talking being better than writing,' and inwardly exulted at 'the bad way in which they managed everything abroad,' laying the loss of her letter entirely to the account of the negligence of the Paris Post-office.

"Mr. Brenton was summoned to London on business connected with his legacy, and took his unwilling way to the lodgings of poor Mrs. Stewart. Two or three ungracious expressions in his letter occurred to his mind; he felt that the timid, gentle widow could never again regard him as a friend. The moment he entered the door, however, the rapturous welcome of Mrs. Stewart assured him that if she had really felt his unkindness she had quite forgiven and forgotten it.

"I was so fearful you were ill," she exclaimed; "you are always so punctual in replying to letters that when I received no answer to the one I wrote to you several days ago I became quite uneasy and should have written again, but John and Emma seemed to fear that you might think me importunate if I did so."

"Mr. Brenton delightedly rejoined that his time had been much taken up lately by the arrangements attendant on an in-

crease of property which had devolved upon him; and his subsequent conversation proved so satisfactory to Mrs. Stewart, and the plans for the education of John, Emma and the juniors were so liberally laid out that he quitted the house pursued by the blessings of the widow and the fatherless, and transfixed the poor little drudge-of-all-work who waited on the whole of the lodgers by slipping a five-shilling piece into her hand; he more than half-suspected that in the discharge of her multifarious duties she had lost his letter or taken it to light the fire with.

"The Martyns and Louisa heard the anecdotes appertaining to the three lost letters of their friends, and the heart of the offending Curtis beat with joy; she had done no harm, she had done nothing but good; and the carefulness of the widow Cox at the post-office remained perfectly unimpeached; one of the letter-writers imputing the loss of his communication to the agent's clerk, another to the conductors of the Paris Post-office, and another to the bewildered maid-of-all-work of the London lodging-house. Three of the letters were thus accounted for, but who had written the fourth? Might not Curtis and her inciter match have ruined the prospects of some deserving individual, or perhaps a whole family by the destruction of this unknown epistle? Conscience tormented the maid, and fear blanched the cheek and dimmed the eyes of the mistress. She could not console herself by reflecting on the absence and the silence of Captain Beaumont. Very likely he was away from London, staying on a visit, pursuing another heiress or playing at hide-and-seek with his creditors. He would return, find her letter waiting for him, and fly to her on the wings, not of love, but of interest. At length an event took place. Curtis brought a letter to her young lady that had just arrived by the London post; it was unmistakably in the handwriting of Captain Beaumont; it was sealed with his favorite motto, '*Toujours la même*.'"

"Oh, Curtis!" exclaimed the unfortunate Louisa, "all my worst fears are realised; doubtless this letter from Captain Beaumont is to settle the plan of a secret marriage, and when I refuse his request I shall be exposed to the world, and every one will pity and condemn my folly."

"At all events, Miss Fenwick," said the more practical Curtis, "I would advise you to read the captain's letter; it may be better than you anticipate, and it cannot be worse."

"Louisa tore open the letter; it was neither one of passionate love nor of threatened exposure. Captain Beaumont, partly from natural good temper and partly from worldly policy, made it a point never to fall out with anybody if he could possibly help it. He wrote to Louisa that three weeks had elapsed since her departure to Elmbury; that she had never condescended during that time to write a single line to him, earnestly as he had pleaded for that favor; that, coupling her silence with the somewhat officious and ungenerous inquiries that her guardian had been lately making concerning him, he could draw no other conclusion than that she had given ear to the unkind reports circulated against him and had ceased to honor him by her good opinion; and that such being the case, he deemed himself fortunate in having met with a more confiding heart in Miss Brownlow Robinson, who had just acceded to his request for a private marriage, which would probably have taken place by the time Miss Fenwick received this letter. He concluded by expressing his best wishes for her health and happiness.

"How joyfully Louisa read this letter; how hopefully did she prognosticate the reformation of Captain Beaumont; how earnestly did she wish for the connubial comfort of Miss Brownlow Robinson! Curtis also felt a mountain of care removed from her mind—the fourth letter was accounted for; and how satisfactorily, how delightfully accounted for! In fact, 'all went merry as a marriage bell' in the town of Elmbury; and early in the new year marriage bells literally rang there; Frank Adams being united to his fair and rich fiancée, and Louisa Fenwick to a country gentleman, whose moral character and worldly finances were quite the reverse of those of Captain Beaumont, and whose addresses were consequently as acceptable to her guardian as to herself."

"Thank you, my dear Mrs. Walton," said Isabel Greeley; "how very interesting a story. Did you hear it from good authority?"

"From the authority of Louisa Fenwick, Isabel; but you still look incredulous; do you find it so difficult to believe the story?"

"It certainly appears to me very extraordinary that the only four letters which were destroyed by the lucifer match should be the only letters whose destruction was desirable."

"Now, Isabel, you are arguing illogically. What reason have you to conclude that the four letters in question were the only letters that had better not have reached their destination? Might there not have been many of the same kind in the letter-box? I have told you of four happy hearts in Elmbury, but might there not have been fourteen or twenty-four happy hearts if a greater number of the letters had been burnt? I am quite inclined to think, from the doctrine of probabilities, that these few letters may have been samples of the greater part of their companions, and that consequently my theory is well worked out, of the benefit that would accrue to society if the generality of letters were burnt before they were read."

"And did Louisa Fenwick live happily with her husband?"

"Perfectly so, my love: you are now speaking to Louisa Fenwick. I have been describing a passage in my own life under a feigned name; and my grave, sober handmaid, Simpson, is the 'Curtis' whose enthusiasm in the cause of her young mistress caused her to be guilty of the exceedingly hazardous action that I have described."

"Well, your theory and the curious experience by which you work it out will almost make me take leave of pen, ink and paper."

"Not so, my dear Isabel; only be cautious as to what you write and to whom you write it; and remember, if your letter should fall in prudence, kindness or propriety, how very unlikely it is that before it reaches its destination it will be consumed by a Lucifer Match!"

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

BY A COLONIST OF THE FAR WEST.

In the year 18—, I undertook the perilous journey of crossing the plains. Our company was composed of nine persons; among the number was Bill Johnson, formerly a hunter and trapper of the West.

At the close of a beautiful day in May, we found ourselves seated around a blazing camp fire, upon the banks of the Little Blue River, Missouri. Some of the company had spread a blanket upon the grass, and were busily engaged in a game of cards, while myself and Bill Johnson were eagerly discussing the propriety of having an antelope hunt on the succeeding day. We soon came to the conclusion that we would spend the daylight hunting, as our train was going to stop here several days to recruit our animals. I cannot say, that I enjoyed a sound sleep that night, because I was anxious that morning should arrive, for I expected rare sport on the coming day. The much wished-for morning came at last; and after despatching a hasty breakfast, and informing our comrades that we would return by sunset, we departed with our rifles on our shoulders.

For three hours we travelled in a southerly direction from the camp without seeing any game at all, and being somewhat tired and disappointed with our luck, we concluded to seek a shelter from the burning sun, and take a short rest. Following up a ravine a short distance, we came to a sink or hole, some twenty feet deep, the sides of which were of solid rock, and almost perpendicular. Carefully examining this curious spot, we at length discovered an excavation in the wall, just large enough to admit a man with ease. This was soon accomplished, and we found ourselves in an apartment about nine feet square, with walls of solid rock. This we thought would afford us the desired shelter, and we were just comfortably seated, when my companion sprang hastily to his feet, saying:

"Be silent; I hear a rustling in the grass, which is probably caused by an elk or antelope. You stay here."

And, seizing his rifle, he stole cautiously down the ravine.

He was soon lost to view among the shrubbery which skirted the ravine, leaving me alone to meditate on the probable cause of the noise we had just heard. But I was soon startled and

surprised by seeing my companion running towards the cave, with anxiety and alarm plainly depicted on his countenance.

"Indians! by thunder!" he exclaimed, as he rushed into the cave.

Then he commenced blockading up the entrance with loose stones and fragments of rock which lay scattered around. This awakened me to a sense of the danger we were in, as at that time the Pawnee Indians were known to be hostile to the whites, butchering all who fell into their hands. To my inquiries of how many there were of our enemies, my companion replied:

"There are two, mounted on fleet horses, armed with rifles and bows and arrows, and most hideously painted."

Our enemies were probably aware of our place of refuge, for instead of coming up in front of the cave, they crept cautiously round to the edge of the sink and stationed themselves out of the reach of our rifles, but so as to command the entrance to our subterranean retreat. Their persons were out of our view, but by their shadows on the opposite wall we could note their manoeuvres.

They evidently thought there was but one of us; but they did not deem it prudent to make a bold attack in front, for by so doing they would expose their persons to danger; therefore, they chose the less dangerous plan of starving us to death, compelling us to surrender, or shooting us if we attempted to escape. Thus, in a manner, we were completely in the power of these savages, unless by some stratagem we could manage to escape. But soon night set in, spreading her mantle of darkness over the land, and making our situation more dismal than before.

My companion took his station at the entrance, ready to give the savages a warm reception if they made an attack.

I was not capable of enduring such hardships as my companion, therefore he advised me to seek that repose I so much needed, while he watched the manoeuvres of the enemy. I laid down on the hard floor of the cavern, and soon fell asleep. I intended to relieve my companion in guarding about midnight; but so soundly did I sleep, that the dawn of day was just breaking in the east when I awoke.

Still at his post stood the old hunter, without a visible trace of fatigue or suffering upon his countenance. With the exception of the lone shriek of the coyote in the distant hills, all was silent without, and I, thinking the coast clear, was about to pass out when my companion, in a low whisper, said, "Do not move; now is our most dangerous time; but I'll follow 'em yet."

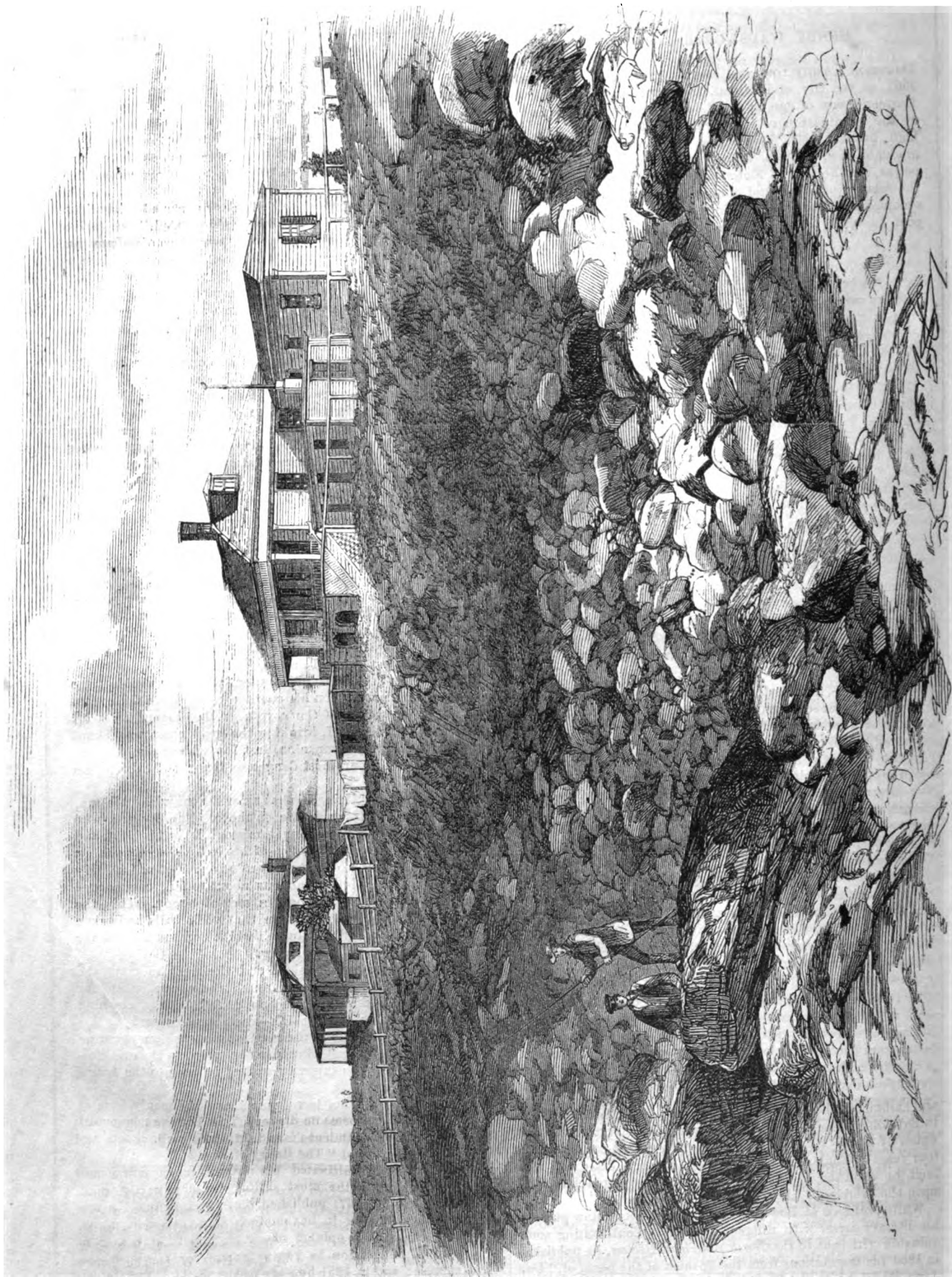
And immediately placing his hat upon the muzzle of his gun, he slowly moved it through the entrance. The Indians, who were on the look-out, perceiving it, mistook it for his head, and fired; two balls pierced the crown of his hat. Dropping it, he supposed the Indians would show themselves. But not so. My companion, seeing this scheme was about to fail, commenced making horrible groans, as one in mortal agony. This the savages took to be a sure indication that their balls had taken effect, and, giving a yell of triumph which demons might have envied, they rushed out in full view.

"Fire!" cried my companion, and the next moment the sharp report of our rifles rang through the cavern, while our enemies, giving a simultaneous bound, fell with a crashing sound upon the bottom of the sink—each one a corpse!

Placing the dead bodies in the cave, we mounted our enemies' horses, and were soon galloping into the camp, to the gratification of our friends, who supposed we had fallen into the hands of the merciless Pawnees.

And now, though years have passed, and the manly form of Bill Johnson is laid in the silent grave, I respect the memory of him as a true friend and brave man in times of peril.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH CRESCENT.—When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium, they found the crescent in every public place, and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.



LONGFELLOW'S SEASHORE RESIDENCE AT NAHANT.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW was born on the 27th of February, 1807, at the city of Portland, in Maine, and entered, when fourteen years of age, at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where, at the termination of four years, he took his degree, with high honors. Mr. Longfellow, who while yet an undergraduate, had written many tasteful and carefully-finished poems for the *United States Literary Gazette*, was destined to the legal profession, and for some months during 1825 was occupied as a student of law in his father's office. The embryo poet, however, appears to have found the pursuit uncongenial ;

of twenty-eight, been recognised as a man of mark, he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College, Cambridge. Mr. Longfellow again left his native land, and set forth to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the languages and literature of Europe. With this object he spent more than twelve months in Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Turkey ; and again visited Europe in 1842.

Mr. Longfellow, pursuing his success, published, in 1839, "*Hyperion*," a romance, the scenes of which are supposed to have been drawn from some passages in his own life ; and this work, which found high favor with refined and intelligent readers, was followed by "*Voices of the Night*," the earliest collection of his poems. In 1841 appeared "*Ballads and*



PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

and embracing the offer of a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, he prepared for the discharge of his new duties by a long visit to Europe. Having passed some three or four years in England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy and Holland, he returned in 1829 to America, and entered forthwith upon the exercise of his professional functions.

While professor at Bowdoin College, Mr. Longfellow pursued his literary career with diligence. Besides contributing some valuable criticisms to the *North American Review*, he published in 1833 his translations from the Spanish of the poem of "Don Jorge Manrique on the Death of his Father," together with an introductory essay on "Spanish Poetry," and in 1833 his "*Outre Mer*." In the latter year, having already, at the age

Poems ;" in 1842 "*Poems on Slavery* ;" in 1843 the play entitled "*The Spanish Student* ;" and in 1845 "*The Poets and Poetry of Europe*," and "*The Belfry of Bruges*."

Having for years cultivated his natural poetic power and made himself one of the most skilful versifiers of the time, Mr. Longfellow, in 1847, published his "*Evangeline*," a melancholy story written in hexameters, an experiment which, though it was, in the opinion of critics, somewhat hazardous for a poet of reputation to venture upon, he tried with no slight success ; and in 1851 he gave to the world "*The Golden Legend*," a work whose exquisite passages fully maintained the author's reputation for genius, and elicited no small measure of praise.

The poet, during the heat of the summer months, retires to the seaside to recruit his health and ponder on some new poetical thought wherewith to delight the world. The spot he has chosen for his summer retirement is Nahant, a most pleasant watering place in Essex county, ten miles north-east of Boston. It is situated on a narrow peninsula about three miles in length, and projects from the mainland of Lynn into the bay of Massachusetts. On this peninsula stands Longfellow's house, the waves of the ocean laving the rocks almost at its base, and the strong fresh sea breeze imparting health and vigor to those who inhale it. The poet is here surrounded with congenial society; Agassiz's house is within hailing distance, and the *élite* of the Boston coteries throng the hotels and private residences. We need hardly say that among the distinguished characters to be found every summer at Nahant, Longfellow is ever the observed of all observers.

His latest poems have been "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish," both full of fine thought and delicate versification. Few poets in our time have been more popular on both sides the Atlantic than the gifted author whose portrait we now present to our readers.

We give three specimens of this fine poet's compositions, each in a different style:

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Memoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838-1839, says:

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old Northern architecture will concur, that this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the 12th century. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for a purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head?"]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms,
Stretched, as if asking alms.
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to overflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shone
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half-afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips un-horn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?"

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So towards the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years:
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes.
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skol! to the Northland! skol!"*
—Thus the tale ended.

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

SANDS OF THE DESERT IN AN HOURGLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread:
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower,
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half hour's sand is run!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overhanging spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head.
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
S-attering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Under his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

The following most interesting information regarding the Pitcairn Islanders, descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, is derived from a letter received by the family of a young gentleman belonging to Greenock, who is an officer on board of the *Amphitrite*, one of the British squadron in the Pacific:

"At daylight observed Pitcairn's Island about thirty miles off; at 10 P.M. were close to it and stood off for the night under easy sail. 17th. At daylight we hove to off Bounty Bay and fired a gun, which was repeated at 6:30 A.M., and soon afterwards we saw the whaleboat full of islanders coming out. They got alongside about 7:30 (there were thirteen in the boat).

They were, on the whole, fine-looking men. The cutter left the ship at 8:30 A.M., intending to wait outside the surf for the whaleboat, in which I took a passage, as I was late for the first boat.

"We left about nine o'clock and went directly on shore, as we had a boat-load of gear for the islanders, so that we were the first to land. We crossed the surf quite easy, and, on landing, found Mr. Nobbs, with the greater portion of the males and children, on the beach. We received a hearty welcome, and, after the party from the cutter had joined us, proceeded up the hill, which is about 300 feet perpendicular; it is very bad at any time, but late in the day, after some rain had fallen, it was dreadfully slippery and we all had one or two tumbles coming down.

"We reached the market-place (after a climb over 500 yards of ground), as it is called, being a space at the top of the hill under some cocoa-nut trees, in about ten minutes, and there were surprised by seeing nearly all the ladies, about fifty or so, awaiting our arrival. I was greatly pleased, and so was everybody; for you might go a long way before you could see such a collection of pretty, good-humored, cheerful faces. They were most of them a little shy at first, but it wore off. After chatting a short time we went on to the settlement and walked about, seeing everything and everybody. We all dined about noon, each family asking two or three; and to that house where you dined you were expected to go if you wanted water or a melon; in fact, make it your home *pro tem*.

"We soon got a little singing up, and the ladies favored us with 'The Pitcairn Song' and two or three others. They sang very nicely, and so pleased the captain that he said he would wait till next day, instead of sailing at dark, as he intended at first. The girls made very pretty wreaths; they are made of flowers very much like a red daisy, and they wear them round their heads. The islanders are dressed nearly all alike, except the Nobbs, who wore shoes, and are regarded as superior. There are only eight of the first generation, two men and six women. The oldest man is sixty, and the oldest woman between seventy and eighty. None of these will leave the island—at least they say so—and only wish removal to Norfolk Island for their children's benefit; for, they say, in a few years the island will be too small for them.

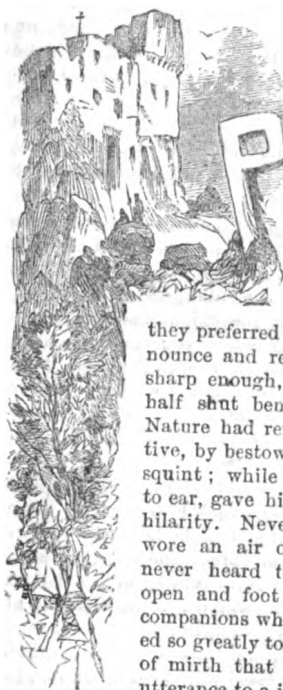
"The number of inhabitants at present is 195—95 males and 100 females. They are all in good health, except Reuben, Mr. Nobbs's eldest son, who is in consumption and cannot live many weeks longer. They were greatly pleased with our presents, and they sent off to the ship's company lots of pumpkins, water-melons, plantains, &c.

"Every house is beautifully clean, and for the first time after leaving England I have seen scrapers, which are made out of old cutlasses. The houses have the sleeping places made like bunks round one side, and there is generally, besides a chest or two of drawers, a table, a stool and a cupboard. Some of them have a slight partition, where the father and mother sleep; the rest are berthed indiscriminately. All the bunks have curtains to let down. They are all excellent swimmers, being in the water as soon as they can walk. The women are considered the best.

"I expect we are the last man-of-war who will see them before their division; for I suppose they will remove either this year or the beginning of next. We took a great many letters for them and brought several away, mostly for officers who have been there. They were all very sorry at our leaving, and some of the women cried; some of the men, also, I think. There was only a little dispute about some land, which had to be referred to the captain, and that was very soon satisfactorily settled. They rise at daylight and begin the day's work; but, strange to say, they eat nothing till noon, then generally vegetable food, with meat once or twice a week only; they have a supper about seven o'clock and go to bed about eight P.M. The houses are raised about three feet off the ground and thatched with palm leaves, with good eaves, so that all the rain runs off clear. The thatching lasts a long time. About eleven o'clock A.M. the islanders on board left, loaded with presents for themselves and the ladies. Just after they pushed off they gave three cheers, which were heartily returned; they then pulled for the shore and we made all plain sail with a refreshing breeze."

THE HAND OF GLORY.

CHAPTER I.—THE MAGISTRATE AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.



PETER CORNICION was a plump little man, with hair just beginning to turn gray, a fact which, contrary to the feeling of elderly gentlemen, caused him no slight pleasure, because in the blanching process his hair necessarily lost that warm tint which it had received at his birth, procuring for him from the public in general, and his friends in particular, the somewhat disagreeable name of the "Carrot," a name which

they preferred to his own, as one easier to pronounce and remember. His eyes, which were sharp enough, though he generally kept them half shut beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows, Nature had rendered remarkable, if not attractive, by bestowing upon them an extraordinary squint; while his mouth, extending from ear to ear, gave him a false expression of continual hilarity. Nevertheless, his features, as a whole, wore an air of malice and cunning. He was never heard to laugh right out, with mouth open and foot in the air, like those jovial pot-companions whom the Flemish painters appeared so greatly to delight in. The only expression of mirth that escaped him after he had given utterance to a joke (and he only condescended to

applaud his own), was a loud ha! or ho! a curious kind of punctuation of his discourse, which had an effect both unique and remarkable. His nose was long and large; his ears were short and small, but his power of hearing was such, that some said he could distinguish the chink of a gold piece from a silver one at nearly a mile distance. As one of the magistrates of the good city of Paris, he held the scales of justice with a rigorous impartiality; that is to say, in cases where both the plaintiff and defendant had alike empty pockets; but, if either were able to procure the assistance of two friends who were known to have an all-powerful influence with the worthy magistrate, his cause was as good as gained. The names of these friends were widely known and universally respected. They were Prince Doubloon and my Lord Ducat, who never visited Peter's heart or pocket (for with him the two words meant the same thing), but they were certain to be warmly received.

There are certain persons who have sympathy only with such or such a great quality, or with such or such a virtue. Some esteem the magnanimity and courage of the warrior; others, the inventions of science, the productions of art or the works of literature. But the object of Peter Cornichon's admiration was the same as that of the amiable Charles IX., who declared that no quality was to be placed above cunning and skill. And nowhere did Peter find these qualities more largely developed than among the shoplifters, cutpurses, mountebanks, and that extensive class who present such a

variety of phases, and to whom the word "Bohemian" is so universally applied. To such an extent did this peculiar admiration carry our magistrate, that, when judging any piece of knavery involving a more than ordinary amount of boldness and dexterity, he would regret that it was not in his power to hang the robbed instead of the robber. Such a proceeding, in his opinion, would be the only means to hasten the intellectual advancement of the people, and give to the age in which he lived that mighty progression in cunning craft and invention which, he asserted, was the true crown of humanity and the perfection binted at by a Golden Age.

Having said all this by way of prologue, which, we have no doubt, the readers have anathematized already as being outrageously long, we proceed to ring up the curtain, that the fiction of the story may commence. It is, however, necessary to squeeze in just one more word while the prompter is ringing his bell.

The date of this story is the year 1609. Peter Cornichon was seated in a large and handsomely-carved armchair, contemplating with much satisfaction a pair of legs (his own) which were stretched out before him, and which had been freshly decorated with a bran new pair of puffed pantaloons, just brought home by Simon Gogo, the apprentice of Master Blum the draper. Peter, after some minutes spent in complacent self-contemplation, addressed the apprentice, who stood upright and stiff as a statue before him.

"Hum! those have had their day;" and he kicked away from him contemptuously the pair of old pantaloons, which he cast from him with as much joy as a viper sheds its skin; "every rag of them is ready to say adieu to the other. Stop!" he cried, as the apprentice stooped to pick up the discarded garment, "it still possesses a something I would not so readily part with. In the left-hand pocket you will find my purse."

Simon dived into the recesses of the despised article of clothing with all that tenderness and respect its extreme age demanded, and handed Master Cornichon his purse.

"Good!" said the magistrate as his yellow fingers fastened round it like a claw; "and as it is necessary that all the world should live, honestly or dishonestly as circumstances may determine, I will not deduct anything from Master Blum's account; and, moreover, I present you with this doubtful crown-piece for the trouble of portage."

Simon made a grimace as he turned the money over in his hand. The doubt, if any existed, was of short duration, the piece was unmistakably bad.

"I give you that crownpiece," Peter Cornichon continued,



SIMON GOGO AND THE CONJUROR.

as he rose with much dignity from his chair, "upon the condition that you do not part with it under, I will not say its real value, but the value it was intended to represent, trusting it will induce you, for the accomplishment of that purpose, to bring into play all the mental resources with which nature has endowed you. If I thought you would not do this, I would keep the coin and drop it into the poor-box next Sunday."

The apprentice, somewhat surprised at this advice from so noted a pillar of justice, could only bow in reply.

"I trust you have already begun to stock a private purse of your own at the expense of old Blum your master. Don't start, my young friend; such secrets are safe with me. The merchant picks his customer's pocket and his apprentice picks his. It is a system of pillage which, falling on all alike, becomes in the end a species of justice."

The eyes of the apprentice grew large as billiard balls, and his mouth opened involuntarily.

"Not that I approve, altogether, of such knavery on the part of merchants and shopkeepers. The robber steals, but does not deceive; the merchant steals and deceives every one. Your master to wit, when he sees some poor devil who had filched a purse conducted to prison, exclaims, 'That scoundrel is well served!' and goes home to dine tranquilly, while he reflects upon the best means to make an extra profit out of the confiding customer he has already sufficiently robbed. What think you, Simon, would be the result, if justice were always just?"

As Simon had, as before, no answer forthcoming to this unheard-of paradox, Master Peter Cornichon tapped him playfully upon the cheek and dismissed him with this advice: "That, as all business was knavery, it was necessary to study the lesson betimes. Roguery was an elastic coat, that grew with the growth of the man. But it is only the honest fool who is always feeling for the rope about his neck."

Pondering upon this instructive discourse, Simon Gogo bent his way homewards; and, as his luck would have it, his way to his master's domicile lay over the new bridge lately completed by the good King Henry IV., and which was then, as now, considered the principal monument of his reign.

The Pont Neuf had even in that short time become a lounge for all the idlers and loose population of the great city, in which were included jugglers of every kind, quack doctors, musicians and fortune-tellers. When Simon had, by dint of pushing, succeeded in making his way through the throng of people to about the centre of the bridge, a great noise of crackers caused him to halt and look whence the sounds, accompanied as they were by shouts of laughter, proceeded.

A juggler had established himself in one of the niches formed on each side of the bridge. He had placed before him the small round table so necessary to his trade, and upon this table a monkey was gravely promenading in a costume of black and red truly diabolical in its character, the tail, a natural adornment, completing the picture, the animal pausing only in his walk to dexterously enlarge the circle around him, by scattering, to the manifest detriment of beards and mustachios, lighted crackers among the crowd.

The juggler was one of those figures presenting the true Bohemian type: a profile which has been politely likened to a hatchet; a high but narrow forehead; a nose long and hooked; thin lips and receding chin; eyes long, with an oblique expression under eyebrows, designed in the form of a V; the features being framed in by long flakes of coal-black hair that hung down beside each swarthy cheek.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, when the attention of his audience was sufficiently riveted upon a very dirty pack of cards which he held in his hand, "I will now, by virtue of art, relate to each of you so much of the past as you desire to have made public; so much of the present as you yourselves know; and as much of the future as you are disposed to pay for. Pacolet," he continued, addressing the monkey, "do your duty, sir, and distribute the cards."

With Pacolet to hear was to obey; and when he had satisfied all demands his master took the number of the card from each in succession, and predicted to each his good or bad fortune, while Pacolet, on whom he had bestowed an onion as a reward for his merit, amused the company by the contortions that his pungent banquet occasioned, each bite being accompanied

by a grunt of satisfaction and a most piteous grimace. Simon Gogo, who had taken a carl with the rest, was the last called. Master Zabulon glanced keenly at his awkward, gawky figure and simple, naive countenance, and said in a solemn and emphatic tone:

"For the past: you have lost father and mother; you have been six years the apprentice of a draper, whose shop is under the pillars of the Cloth Market. For the present: your master has promised you his only daughter in marriage; his intention being to retire from business and leave it to you. For the future: show me your hand."

Simon, much astonished and somewhat afraid, nervously extended his palm. The fortune-teller attentively examined its lines, frowned darkly and seemed to hesitate; then he called his monkey, as if he would consult him upon so grave a matter. Pacolet took the hand, and after regarding it with that old, wise look peculiar to his race, sprang upon the shoulder of his master and appeared to whisper in his ear.

"It is not a little curious, Master Zabulon said, after a sufficiently lengthy pause of consideration, "that an existence so simple at first—utterly commonplace, in fact—should suffer so uncommon a transformation and lead to so elevated a destiny. Ah! my sober young citizen, you will rise in time, I can tell you, and die in a much higher position than the one you now occupy."

"Good!" said Simon to himself; "it is what these people always promise me. It is possible that I am a great genius without knowing it."

He then, with a doubtful generosity, slipped the piece of money presented to him by Peter Cornichon into the hand of the fortune-teller, and desired some further explanation of his, to say the least of it, ambiguous prophecy.

"Your generosity," sneered Master Zabulon, "is equal to your other merits; nevertheless, this piece of white metal shall serve as a mirror from which, for once, truth shall be reflected."

"Then what you have prophesied concerning my elevation is not true?" demanded Simon.

The juggler eyed him for a moment with an air full of mocking contempt.

"And what may your sapience deem to be the meaning of my words?"

"I understand that it is possible I may become syndic of the drapers, and in time alderman of the city."

"Ah! I understand; you are one of those sharp ones who can see spots in the sun without a candle. Why not expect to be Grand Sultan of the Turks, or the Great Mogul, or Prester John, whoever he may be? No, no, my generous friend, it is ordained otherwise; I read the prophecy that has been just whispered into my ear by Pacolet: in the language of the stars, to rise high is to die dancing the tight rope; while to go far is to write one's history in the ocean with wooden pens fifteen feet long."

Simon shook his head.

"You must explain your explanation."

"With pleasure. They are two pleasant phrases intended to replace two unpleasant words—gallows and galleys. You will, therefore, rise high, while I shall go far. It is perfectly indicated by these lines that traverse our hands."

"The gallows!" cried Simon Gogo, faintly.

"Tshaw!" said the conjuror, "it is but a silly prejudice which gives preference to a horizontal death. Think of the thousand and one more painful and lingering terminations you escape. Besides, it is possible that when Monsieur the Gibbet stretches out his timber arm to catch you by the neck that you may be an old man, disgusted with the world and all that it contains. There sounds the mid-day bell, and it is the hour when the provost drives us off the bridge until evening. But if at any time you require any information, any touch of sorcery, charm or philter, I live down yonder at the end of the bridge, where you see that gable turret."

"One word more," said Simon, in trembling accents; "shall I be happy in my marriage?"

"You are ambitious, my friend; why should you hope better fortune than the rest of the world? I must see your wife before I decide. Adieu! Pacolet, make a bow to the gentleman; now kiss your hand."

The fortune-teller doubled up his table, and placing it under

his arm, bade the monkey leap upon his shoulder; then turned away in the direction he had indicated without casting another glance at the bewildered apprentice.

CHAPTER II.—COUSIN FELIX—THE CHALLENGE.



HE juggler had spoken the truth concerning Simon Gogo's approaching marriage with the only daughter of the draper. Simon was a young man of great steadiness of conduct, learned in all the mysteries of trade, and one who employed his leisure, not in the thoughtless amusements of the young men of his age, but in improving his knowledge of accounts and in acquiring a smattering of Spanish, which it was then as necessary

for a merchant to speak as English is now-a-days, in consequence of the great number of Spaniards who inhabited Paris.

Master Blum was, from six years' experience, perfectly convinced of the honesty and thoroughly tradesmanlike qualities of his apprentice, and having also become aware of an attachment between the young people, had resolved to see them united in marriage before retiring, as it had long been his intention, to Laon, in Picardy, where he had an estate.

Simon had no fortune; but then it was not so much the custom in those days as it is now to marry one money-bag to another. The parents, being ignorant, unenlightened persons, deemed it advisable to consult the tastes and sympathy of both the intended bride and bridegroom, and even went so far as to take the trouble to study the character and conduct of those persons with whom they were about to contract an alliance—a very different method of proceeding from that adopted in more modern times, when the "heads of a family" exact a far more certain assurance of the moral character of the domestic they take into their house than of the man to whom they are "making over" their daughter.

The bells, with their silvery voices, were still babbling to each other that the hour of noon had arrived, when Simon Gogo found himself under the pillars of the market; in which place, comfortably seated under one of the many red umbrellas so greatly affected by the open-air merchants of Paris, he knew he should find his betrothed, the comely Javotte Blum; for most of the merchants of the "Pillars" had also a stall in the market-square. Javotte presided during the morning at her father's, and might be seen at times busily knitting, while at others she stood in front of her shop, of which the huge umbrella formed the dome or roof, and urgently appealed for custom to the passers-by, seizing one or the other by the arm or coat-tail, not relaxing either her hold or entreaty till he had made some purchase—behavior which did not at all detract from her general propriety of conduct, which was that of a very modest and agreeable girl, a blonde full of grace and prettiness, reddening like a strawberry at the least word she uttered, when away from the shop, to "creatures" of the opposite sex. But while in charge of the stall she felt the serious character of so heavy a responsibility; and there was not a merchant in the square who surpassed her in pressing their wares with such coaxing volubility.

At noon it was Simon's duty to take her place at the stall while she returned home to the larger shop, in order to dine with her father. It was for this purpose that the apprentice now presented himself in the market-square, where, directing his steps towards a certain umbrella, he soon perceived the object of his affections gracefully posed with her elbow resting upon a bale of merchandise, and giving an earnest and smiling attention to a handsome young soldier who was leaning upon the same bale, with about as little the air of a purchaser as it was possible to conceive.

"It is only my betrothed," said Javotte to the unknown, who slightly raised his head without changing his situation, eyeing the apprentice from top to toe with that air of supercilious disdain assumed by such magnificent warriors when surveying those humble individuals who have adopted a more peaceable profession.

"I cannot compliment you upon your choice nor that scare-crow upon his personal appearance," said the soldier, gravely.

"Why, the very sight of that crumple-faced visage and those thread-paper legs would frighten all the women from your shop."

"Hush!" Javotte whispered; then addressing Simon, who now came up, she said, "this is my cousin, of whom you have heard us speak so often; he has obtained leave to come to Paris, that he may be present at our nuptials. A delightful arrangement, is it not? He is now in the Second Regiment of the King's Arquebusers. What a fine troop it is! If you were dressed like that, Simon. But then you're not tall enough nor strong enough. Ah!"

Javotte gave a half sigh, and Simon bit his lip for vexation.

"Does your cousin intend to honor us with his presence in Paris for any length of time?" the apprentice timidly asked.

"That depends," said the young soldier, caressing his moustache. "I hope to give you a good month at least; but if, as is possible, our regiment is ordered to Paris, I shall be able to see you every day, and that for an indefinite period."

Simon said nothing aloud, but offered up a silent prayer that the destination of the Second Regiment of the King's Arquebusers might be to the other end of the world, or anywhere, in fact, that would place an impassable distance between it and Paris.

"When I say every day," the arquebuser continued, "I must omit Thursday, for that is the grand parade. But even then I shall have the evenings free, and so I can always sup with you on Thursdays."

"And have arranged, doubtless, to dine with us every other day in the week," thought Simon; adding aloud, "But you never told me, Javotte, that your cousin was so—so —"

"Hindame a man? Oh! but you can't think how much he has altered since he was seven years of age. I assure you I think him greatly improved."

"No doubt," Simon grumbled, as Javotte, arranging her piquant little head-dress, prepared to depart.

"Come, cousin, we must make haste, for papa cannot bear his dinner to be kept waiting. Ah! I am now going to take your arm, Felix. Only think; and when we were last together I was the tallest of the two, and you used to ask me for a kiss, calling me little mamma. I declare I'm quite proud to be seen walking with such a magnificent arquebuser."

This innocent babbling of a young girl, broken only by the clanking steps of the cavalier—the light and graceful form which bounded along beside the massive and tall soldier—all this had an effect upon poor Simon easier to be imagined than described; and as the two disappeared under the pillars he sat himself down upon the nearest bale and began to cry from very vexation.

It is necessary that we now make a flying leap over, say a fortnight. The tribulations of Simon Gogo concerning Javotte's cousin would be perhaps entertaining enough if we could afford space to relate them, though they were less bitter than might at first be supposed, for Simon was soon completely reassured as to the feeling of his betrothed. Javotte had, in truth, only kept a little too lively impression of the souvenirs of her childhood, which, in a life so free from events as hers was, assumed an importance that was infinitely beyond their merits. She had, at first, seen in the handsome arquebuser only the child that, seemingly but the other day, was the companion of all her sports; but before long her natural good sense perceived that the child had merged into a noisy and swaggering man, so that each day she became more and more reserved in her behavior towards him. As to the soldier, apart from some trifling familiarities arising out of custom rather than from any other feeling, he never troubled his cousin with many affectionate attentions. He was an average specimen of the military class of his day, and also of ours—that is, he had not been blessed or cursed (for it is a point on which opinions differ) with a very large amount of brains; he was conceited of his person, and not the less so, on account of the gaudy uniform that clothed it; and, as he very truthfully observed to his barrack-room friends, preferred the company of a bottle to that of any modest woman in the world. The main thing that now troubled the peace of mind of Javotte's future husband, was the way cousin Felix had established himself under the roof of Master Blum; nor, when the nuptials were over, did the arquebuser exhibit the



THE DUEL.

slightest intention to change either his habits or his quarters. It is true that Simon, driven almost desperate at times, tried the effect of several epigrammatic allusions; to wit, that the house of a certain respectable merchant was not an inn; also, that the king's arquebusiers must be impatient for the return of so highly entertaining a companion; and that, the plague of locusts had not been always confined to the Egyptians; but the arquebusier somehow never saw the point of one of them, or if he did, they must have appeared too feeble to call for direct notice; and the result was still the same—cousin Felix stayed.

He was certainly not a diverting guest; his mouth served only as a trumpet to proclaim his own glory; that is, when it was not opened hungrily, like the gate of a besieged and famishing town, to take in provision. But if there was one thing more than another that annoyed Simon, it was a tendency the arquebusier exhibited to perpetually treat him as a mere boy, seizing every occasion to render him ridiculous, a feat the less difficult as Nature had already given a helping hand to it.

Such was the position of affairs, when one evening, a Thursday as ill-luck would have it, Simon had closed the shop a little earlier than usual, his father-in-law having departed that day for Picardy to visit the estate on which three months later he intended to reside; that is, when his son-in-law and successor was firmly established in the confidence both of his fellow merchants and customers.

It was this same evening that cousin Felix, according to custom, appeared at the door, which, to his surprise, he found closed and all lights extinguished, for the *couvre-feu* had not yet sounded. Being, as was his custom of an afternoon, somewhat animated with wine, he began to show his dissatisfaction by a volley of such terrible oaths, that Simon, who was peeping at him from the corner of a window, nearly swooned at each one of them, and almost repented the resolution he had taken.

"Hilloh! hilloh!" the soldier shouted, kicking the door violently with his heavy boots, "are you all dead here? Simon, you ass, come down and open the door, if you don't want your two lengthy ears to adorn it."

To this amiable appeal Simon Gogo made no answer, and the arquebusier, after a brief pause, recommenced.

"Hilloh! cousin, cousin Javotte! would you have your little Felix, the innocent companion of your childhood, make his bed on your doorstep, till he catches cold and destroys, perhaps for ever, the finest voice that ever trolled a song over a tankard? No, she's not coming—there's not even a mouse stirring on the

stairs. Stay, if Nature has no claims, I'll touch her husband's strong heart another way. Simon! Simon Gogo! descend quickly—here's money some one has brought you. What! you won't move? Then, if doors are deaf, windows are not blind, and there are means to make them open their glazed eyes."

He stepped out into the middle of the street, and picking up a handful of stones, cast them one after the other through the windows.

This was a proceeding for which Simon Gogo had made no provision. Each stone, as it came crashing through a window, formed a terrible note of interrogation to the question which the enraged soldier was still shouting from the street:

"Rascal! why don't you open the door?"

Simon Gogo took a sudden resolution; for a coward,

when seized with an ungovernable rage, becomes often more terrible than the man of valor; besides, he was determined, for once, to show himself in new and braver colors before his wife, who had only that day expressed her contempt for his pusillanimity in submitting to the repeated insults and injuries of her fire-eating cousin. He snatched from the wall a very long and very rusty rapier, and, before Javotte could prevent him, rushed down the stairs. His pace, however, became less rapid ere he reached the bottom, and he could not repress a shudder as he felt in his hot hand the cold sword-hilt; his feet became like feet of lead as he neared the door, the key of which he held in his hand; and it is possible that, upon reflection, he would have retraced his steps, had not the smash of another window, and the cry of his angry wife, as she descended the stairs behind him, sounded in his ears. Mustering, by an effort little short of desperation, the remains of his fast-evaporating courage, he turned the key in the lock, and flinging wide the door, stood on the threshold with his naked sword extended.

"What do you want? miserable drunkard! disturber of the night! and haunter of taverns?" Simon cried, in a tone that would have been trembling had he pitched it at two notes lower. "Is it your custom to break into honest people's houses at this hour of the night? Away with you, and go sleep with others of your class under the bulkheads in the markets, or I will call my neighbors and the watch to aid me in clapping you fast by the heels."

"Ho! ho!" the soldier laughed; "you've been having a glass too much yourself this night, my foolish little Simon."

"Begone with your ribaldry!" Simon exclaimed, taking courage as he saw what he imagined to be the good humor of the other. "Begone! and let me be quit of you and your noise."

But, so far from departing, the arquebusier drew nearer and nearer to the merchant.

"Well spoken," he said, "and as I've no doubt your advice is honest, it merits a reward."

And before Simon had time to step back, cousin Felix gave the young merchant-draper so smart a buffet across the nose that in the space of two minutes that useful feature had grown to double its previous dimensions, at the sight of which those friendly neighbors, the eyes, prepared suits of mourning immediately.

Simon, losing all patience at this crowning affront, made a lunge at his laughing adversary, but the latter, springing in upon him, wrested the weapon from his grasp, and seizing him by the collar, commenced to administer a series of kicks with

his heavy boots, which caused the unhappy Simon to roar with pain and anger. Happily, Javotte here interposed; for the neighbors, who had witnessed with a philosophic calmness the whole scene from their windows, had evidently no intention of bringing it to an abrupt conclusion; on the contrary, there appeared to be a general feeling of disappointment when the affair was brought to an end.

"I am not afraid of you!" screamed Simon, maddened with rage, as he rubbed first one, then another portion of his bruised anatomy. "If you have the spirit of a dog, you'll meet me to-morrow morning in the *Pré-aux-Cleres*!—at six o'clock; and we will have a duel to the death. Bully and rascal!"

"The place is well chosen, my little champion, and as, for once in your life, you are behaving like a gentleman, I will treat you as one. To-morrow morning, then; and, by St. Denis, this night will appear to thee but short!"

The soldier said this with a tone of consideration that he had not previously shown, and turned upon his heel, without addressing another word, either good or bad, to the draper.

Simon Gogo turned proudly towards his wife. His challenge, thus publicly given, had made him feel taller by at least a dozen inches. He glanced round at the windows, which were all occupied, picked up his sword with an ostentatious calmness, and re-entered his house, slamming the door with a great noise.

CHAPTER III.—THE ENCHANTED HAND!—THE DUEL.

UPON awakening the next morning, the unfortunate young draper found himself totally deserted by the evening's courage, and he made no hesitation in avowing his folly in proposing a duel to that swaggering cut-throat, the arquebusier; he, a respectable merchant, who had never wielded other arms than the shears and the yard measure. However, he took a firm resolution to stay within doors all the morning, and let his adversary pace the field of combat as long as he pleased.

He opened his shop at the usual hour, taking care not to allude, in the presence of his wife, to the scene of the preceding evening, to which, upon her part, she had also the good sense to make no allusion, attending to her domestic concerns and departing to take her seat beneath the red umbrella in the market-place as usual.

Simon Gogo, notwithstanding his outward assumption of equanimity, was troubled in his mind, and, with his eyes fixed upon the door, trembled each moment with the fear that his redoubtable cousin would appear to demand the reason of his breaking the appointment and to brand him as a poltroon for not keeping an appointment he had himself made. Between nine and ten o'clock he observed the uniform of an arquebusier appearing and disappearing among the pillars that were still bathed in shadow—a terrible apparition that grew more palpable each moment and whose clanking step seemed to sound upon the pavement the last hour of the draper.

But the same uniform does not always cover the same man, and in this case it proved to be not Cousin Felix but a comrade of his, who, entering the merchant's shop, addressed him with an extreme politeness. He informed Simon that his adversary, having waited two hours at the place of rendezvous without having the felicity of meeting him, had come to the conclusion that some unforeseen accident had

prevented the appointment being kept; therefore he (Cousin Felix) would return to the same place on the following morning, at the same hour; and if such polite attention upon his part should be attended by a similar disappointment, he would call, on his way home, at the merchant's shop, and there and then cut off Simon Gogo's two ears, to preserve them hereafter in a cabinet collection he was forming of similar curiosities.

Simon, upon the spur of the moment, answered that he could only consider such a menace as an insult, and that he had now a double reason for insisting upon satisfaction. He also explained that the reason why he had not kept his appointment was the impossibility, on so short a notice, of finding a person willing to serve as his second.

The friend of Felix declared himself satisfied with the explanation and informed the merchant that he would find excellent seconds on the New Bridge, before the sign of the Good Samaritan, where they habitually promenaded. These were gentlemen who had no other profession and who held themselves in readiness to embrace any quarrel and take any side for the small charge of half-a-crown, supplying, for a trifle extra, swords for the combatants. After this information, the soldier saluted the poor merchant profoundly and departed.

Simon Gogo, immediately he found himself alone, fell back into his former state of terrified perplexity. At one moment he determined to give notice of his relative's sanguinary intentions to the authorities and have him at once arrested, or he would present himself valorously on the ground, taking care that the emissaries of the law should arrive before the duel commenced, but—and Simon trembled at the bare idea—what if they should chance to arrive only at its termination! It was a chance too possible to be further contemplated.

Suddenly he bethought himself of Master Zabulon, the conjuror. Yes! he, if anybody could, might aid him in this his dire extremity.

At noon, the servant having taken her mistress's place beneath the red umbrella, Javotte returned to dine with her husband; but that miserable individual taking care not to mention the visit he had received, made a very slight and hasty meal, and, upon the plea of urgent business, departed, together with his pattern-book, in the direction of the Pont Neuf.

The house inhabited by the sorcerer was one of small size, surmounted by a round tower, which had in its time served as a prison, but was now in a state of crumbling ruin, only to be deemed habitable by those who had no chance of finding another asylum.

Simon mounted to this tower by a dark and rickety stair,



MASTER CORNICHON'S SERVANTS SEIZE SIMON GOGO.

and halted before a low door, against which a huge vampire bat was nailed. He knocked timidly, and Pacolet, the monkey of Master Zabulon, opened it, raising the latch with much dexterity.

The conjuror was seated at a table reading from a large and ancient volume. He made a sign to the young man to place himself upon a stool that stood near, and listened with a grave patience to the merchant's piteous history.

"It is, then, a charm you seek?" said he, when the other had finished; "a charm that shall enable you, with the certainty of death, to utterly confound and vanquish your enemy?"

"Yes, yes—supposing such a thing to be possible."

"Possible!" said Master Zabulon, in a tone of profound contempt for the doubt expressed by the word. "Everything is possible to the man who spends his life seeking and combines action with study. I can easily furnish you with the safeguard you desire."

"But to escape risk here am I not incurring a risk hereafter?"

"Not a jot. It is true such might be the case where the charm manufactured by other hands than mine; but I make no pretension to the diabolic art. I work out my ends by the aid of science—a kind of white magic which can in no way compromise the safety of the soul."

"I am glad to hear it," said the merchant, much reassured; "for otherwise I would take good care how I used it. But how much will this charm cost me? for it is necessary to consider whether I shall be able to pay for it."

"It is your own life you are purchasing," said the conjuror, calmly; "and, in addition to that, the glory of vanquishing an enemy. If you reflect upon the value of these two things you will not complain if I ask you one hundred crowns?"

"One hundred crowns!" and Simon's jaw dropped nearly to his breast with astonishment. "It is more than I possess. . . . And what good is life without money to make it bearable? . . . Besides, how am I to know that, after pocketing my money, you will be able to fulfil your promise?"

"You need not pay till afterwards."

"Humph!—that sounds reasonable; but what security am I to give?"

"Your hand only."

"But, after all," cried Simon, brightening up, "what danger do I run, even without this charm, which you want to sell so dearly? Have you not predicted that I shall die nowhere but on the gibbet?"

"Certainly. Such is your enviable destiny. I shall not gain-say my prophecy."

"Then, what have I to fear from this duel?"

"Only this: first, you will be, to a certainty, nearly cut to pieces by your antagonist; then, when your wounds will be, say partially cured, you will be hung by the provost, who has declared his intention of stopping the rage for duelling in Paris and will gladly make a victim of so utterly insignificant a person as yourself."

"But if I refuse to fight?"

"My magic art tells me that the pickle is already prepared which is to preserve those two ears, which prejudice leads you to consider as ornaments, and—here he turned over a leaf or two of his book and appeared to read—"your visitor of the morning has also sworn to borrow a portion of that too lengthy nose to grace his cabinet of curiosities."

"What harm have I done to him?" growled the unhappy Simon.

"You have made him party to a miserable lie by inducing him to carry your message to his friend and companion."

"I think I will buy the charm," said the merchant, faintly; at the same time extending his hand to the conjuror, in sign of consent. "Al I ask of your worshipful goodness is ten days to make up the sum."

"I concede them; but on the tenth day I shall expect the payment to be honorably made to the list crown."

"If I had no care for my honor why should I venture my life in a duel?" remarked Simon.

"Humph!" growled the conjuror, taking a piece of red chalk and noting the day of payment on the wall. "Most men hold

even life cheaper than their money. However, should a debtor's memory prove treacherous I know how to enliven it."

Master Zabulon, after having read aloud, in a language of which the draper comprehended not a word, nearly a page of his great book, rose, and crossing the apartment proceeded to mix several ingredients in a small earthen pot, chanting the while, in a low, monotonous voice, a kind of incantation. When he had finished he took Simon Gogo's right hand and anointed every part of it with the utmost care, from the fingertips to the wrist. This done, he took from a cupboard a small and very ancient-looking bottle, from which he poured, slowly, a few drops upon the back of the draper's hand; and Simon felt, with an extreme terror, a shock as of electricity throughout the entire arm. His hand seemed completely benumbed; yet, most strange of all, the hand contracted and elongated itself several times with such force as to make its sinews crack again, like some animal that had just awakened out of a long sleep. After this remarkable movement had subsided, all became calm, and the circulation appeared perfectly established.

"It is finished!" cried Master Zabulon; "and when that hand, which is now impregnated with the spirit of combativeness, grasps a sword, you may fearlessly stand before the most expert fencer that ever balanced a rapier."

"You're quite sure that nothing can withstand the force of the charm?" asked the merchant, turning his hand round and round, and examining it as a naturalist might some newly-discovered species of reptile or a botanist an hitherto unknown plant.

"It would make a button-hole in the stoutest of steel garments. You have now a hand that has a will of its own, and one by no means so peaceable as its owner's."

"But—" hesitated Gogo, stopping on the first stair, and turning round for a final question, which however, was doomed never to be completed.

"But!—there is no but. You have got what you desired, and in ten days I shall expect you with the money."

So saying, the conjuror slammed the door in the face of his client, who slowly descended the stairs, stopping each moment to examine his hand, which he held out stiffly before him like the fingers of a direction-post.

The sun had scarcely peeped from beneath the dark skirts of the night, when four men traversed the green alleys of the Pré-aux-Clercs, seeking a place light enough, yet sufficiently retired, for the purpose they had in view.

They stopped at last at a kind of bowling-green, a pleasant enough place, where two men might assassinate each other without fear of interruption. It was here that Simon Gogo and his adversary threw aside their doublets, and the seconds, according to custom, proceeded to examine their men, *sous la chemise et sous les chausses*, that no defensive armor might be worn or weapons secreted.

The draper was not without a considerable amount of fear; nevertheless he had faith in the charm of Master Zabulon, for that was an age of almost universal credulity, and Simon Gogo was satisfied if his vision extended only an inch or two beyond his nose, which it must be admitted, was one of the longest.

The draper's second—hired upon the Pont Neuf for a crown-piece—bowed politely to the friend of the arquebuser, and inquired if it was his intention to fight also. The other as politely answered that it was not. So the two crossed their arms, and watched with indifference the issue of the combat.

Simon's heart sank, as he himself afterwards expressed it, almost into his stomach when Cousin Felix made him the usual salute by lowering the point of his rapier—a civility which he never dreamt of returning, but standing perfectly immovable, held his sword out stiffly before him as though he were carrying a wax taper in a procession, while his legs, straddling wide apart, were so badly planted that the arquebuser with difficulty restrained his laughter, and being a good-natured fellow in the main, determined that he would let the unfortunate draper off with, at the worst, a tolerably deep scratch. But scarcely had their rapiers crossed, than Simon found, to his surprise and dismay, that his hand dragged his arm nearly out of its socket, pushing itself forward with a force that was irresistible. He now felt nothing but the powerful

twitching of the muscles of his right arm, which, together with the hand, appeared to be endowed with a prodigious strength and elasticity, to be compared only to a spring of steel. Thus the soldier nearly had his wrist broken in parrying a thrust in *terce*, but the *coup de quarle* sent his sword flying through the air some ten paces, while the weapon of Simon Gogo, still pressing forward, completely traversed his body, the hilt striking his breast with so much violence that, as the arquebuser tumbled backwards, Simon, still dragged forward by the resistless hand, would assuredly have been pitched head-foremost on the ground, but that he found a softer resting-place on the stomach of his adversary.

"Phew! what a thrust! This devil of a draper must have the wrist of iron," cried cousin Felix's second, while the good Samaritan of the Pont Neuf lifted up his principal, who stood for an instant staring blankly about him; but, when able to distinguish clearly the figure of the arquebuser extended at his feet and skewered to the earth like a butterfly in a case, he took to his heels with a marvellous rapidity, forgetting in his terror, that he had left behind him his best Sunday doublet, slashed and ornamented with the finest silk lace.

As the soldier Felix was quite beyond the reach of surgery, the two seconds had no inducement to remain much longer upon the ground, so they also made off with great rapidity.

They had not gone a hundred yards when the Samaritan of the Pont Neuf, suddenly stopping, smote his forehead and exclaimed—

"My sword! the sword I lent that terrible draper. I have left it upon the field."

He allowed the other to continue his road while he returned to the place of combat, where he set to work examining the pockets of the defunct, a species of labor in which a long practice had rendered him dexterous. He found nothing, however, but a dice-box, a piece of string and a greasy *billet-doux*, stained with beer and scented with tobacco.

"Bah! it's like my luck," growled the Samaritan; "this is the twenty-fifth time I've been robbed in this manner."

Not daring to meddle with the soldier's uniform, knowing that he should be arrested did he offer it for sale, he contented himself with the boots, which he drew off and thrust, together with Simon's Sunday doublet, under his large Spanish mantle.

This done, he retraced his way back to the city, grumbling not a little at what he called his scurvy treatment.

CHAPTER IV.—SIMON GOGO'S "RISE" IN THE WORLD.



OR many days after the duel the draper never quitted the house. The poor man was shocked beyond expression at the fatal termination of an affair springing from such simple causes, a termination brought about, as he now believed, by the most reprehensible means. At times he would have persuaded himself that the whole was a hideous dream; but the absence of his best Sunday garment, which he had left, as though to witness against him, upon the grass, soon convinced

him that it was a terrible reality.

One evening he stole out, determining to have the evidence of his own eyes, and directed his steps towards the Pré-aux Clercs. He was not long in finding the place, which, as we before stated, served for a bowling-green, and upon which several players were now engaged in their exhilarating sport. The poor draper seated himself near them—for his legs trembled too much to support the burden of his body—and when the mist of fear had cleared away from his eyes, began to examine the ground to see if it

were possible to discover some trace of the recent combat. Horror! between the feet of the player, who was striding out

to throw the ball, a dark shadow lay upon the grass, which Simon knew could be nothing but a stain of blood.

Springing to his feet he hastened away, and, like one who has gazed long upon the face of the sun, between him and everything there was a dark spot or stain that shut out all.

On his road homewards a thousand vague terrors rose up and surrounded him; he was watched, yes he knew, he felt he was watched; and in every pair of eyes that glanced upon him as he hurried along, keeping within the shadow of the tall dark houses, he read a suspicion and a menace. True, the laws against duelling were at that epoch anything but rigorously executed, yet, as it was necessary that the provost should make from time to time an example, he would, as Simon well knew, gladly seize upon the opportunity of hanging a paltry merchant in place of making quarrel with any of the great lords who, in those good old times, could defy the feeble arm of justice with impunity.

The poor draper passed a terrible night; he could not close his eyes an instant but he saw a perfect avenue of gibbets, each with its stiffened arm extended, while dangling in the air a dead man grinned horribly at Simon, or a fleshless skeleton, whose ribs were traced with a ghastly distinctness against the broad pale disk of the moon. With daylight, however, there also dawned upon him an idea—a rare visitor at all times with Simon, and therefore to be received with the warmer welcome. He bethought him of his father-in-law's old customer, the powerful magistrate, Master Peter Cornichon, a person who had always received him with an almost affectionate kindness, and who would, he felt assured, extend before him the ægis of protection, in consideration of the high patronage he had bestowed for nearly twenty years upon the respectable commercial house of Blum.

The next morning saw Simon at the magistrate's door, and the *valet de chambre*, supposing him arrived to take measure for some clothes, introduced him at once into the presence of his master, who seated in one of the easiest of chairs, was enjoying the reading of a most instructive book, treating of the great successes and manifold knaveries of the world's most famous rascals.

He turned towards the draper with an air of such exceeding good-humor, that the young man felt his heart grow lighter at the promise it conveyed.

The magistrate questioned him upon the health of his wife and father-in-law, and in answering these, Simon took occasion to relate his own sad story, and the danger that threatened him.

Master Cornichon listened to each word with an increasing astonishment. Could he believe his ears, that the humble creature before him, with neither force of character nor force of body, had been able to run a sword through, and pin to the ground, a soldier of the King's Arquebusiers! There was, however, no doubting the fact, and the magistrate's previous contempt changed into something very like admiration. He assured the draper that he would do all in his power to hush the matter up and throw the agents of justice off the scent, promising that, as long as the seconds in the duel did not accuse him, he might feel perfectly easy. The magistrate even accompanied him to the door, to reiterate his assurance of protection, when, at the moment that Simon Gogo was humbly taking his leave, his right hand suddenly raised itself and dealt the magistrate so powerful a blow on the cheek that his face immediately became half red and half blue, while he stood with his eyes distended and mouth gaping, like a fish unexpectedly deprived of water.

The unhappy Simon, stupefied and completely aghast at this unexpected behavior of his enchanted hand, threw himself at the feet of Master Cornichon, and asked pardon in suppliant accents, for a movement purely nervous and convulsive, and which, as he called all the saints in the calendar to witness, had taken place quite independent of his will. The magistrate, more astonished than angry, was about to give a gracious answer, when, as he bent himself forward, the ungovernable hand caught him so violent a blow on the other cheek that the imprint of the five fingers remained as though traced by the freshest of red paint. This time even a milder man than Master Cornichon would have lost patience. With a yell of pain and rage he rushed to the bell in order to summon his

servants. But the draper, or rather the draper's hand, pursued him, and buffeted him first to the right and then to the left, causing the magistrate fairly to roar with pain and passion—dodging behind chairs and leaping over stools with an agility marvellous to behold in one of his years.

It was, certainly, a singular scene, and not the less so because the wretched draper, at every fresh buffet dealt to the magistrate, burst out into a fresh flood of tears and supplications, which, in contrast with the action that called them forth, had an effect ridiculous in the extreme. But in vain Simon endeavored to resist the force that impelled him forwards in spite of himself. He resembled a child who holds a great bird by a string attached to its leg; or a boy who, in the endeavor to fly a kite bigger than himself, is dragged on at a pace both ludicrous and alarming. Thus the bewildered Simon was dragged forward by his fatal hand, which showered blows as fast as his mouth poured forth supplications and excuses, pursuing Master Peter round tables and chairs, behind sideboards and in corners, like all the time furiously ringing his bell and shouting for help in tones aggravated each moment by anger and suffering.

At last the servants rushed into the apartment and seized upon the draper, now quite out of breath with terror and exertion.

"Hear me!" he screamed, as they hauled him from the room.

"Away with him!" shouted the enraged magistrate; "and if I have any influence with my friend the provost, he shall swing before a week is over!"

"I am innocent!" moaned the draper, as some quarter of an hour afterwards he was placed in one of the lowest, and by special order of the magistrate, dampest cells of the prison of the Châtelet. "I am innocent!"

"Bah!" said the jailor, as he turned the key upon his prisoner. "I have kept the keys for twenty years, and never heard a new comer own to anything else. We're all as innocent as babies here!" and with a parting benediction that, if carried out, would have placed the merchant in a far lower place of confinement than his present one, he left him to his reflections.

It was not till the hour of noon had long passed that the door of his cell was again opened, and the jailor roughly announced a visitor.

It was Master Zabulon, the conjuror of the Pont Neuf, who entered the dungeon, and in a calm voice, demanded politely, "How he found himself?"

"Wretch!" screamed the draper, leaping to his feet, "have you come to triumph in your evil work! Begone! and may you and that imp of Satan, Pacolet, swing from the same cord!"

"Tilly-vally! what noise is this? Is it my fault that you did not come on the tenth, as you promised, that I might take off the charm upon your paying me the money?"

"How was I to know that you had such great need of the money for a few days?" muttered Simon, somewhat sheepishly.

"Punctuality should be the merchant's motto," said the conjuror, with a grin.

"But what is the value of money to you, who, they say, can make gold at will, like the great Nicholas Flamel?"

"Quite the contrary, you dishonest little shopkeeper, quite the contrary. I have only as yet succeeded in turning fine gold into stout iron, in the shape of keys that will open every door."

"Then," said the draper, "you can take me out of this miserable place?"

"Not at all. That would disarrange all my plans; for it is just to you I look to furnish you with my charm in return for the one I gave you and which you were not honest man enough to pay for."

"I furnish the charm?"

"I hope so. A charm that will open all doors without keys, or my studies must go for nothing. Listen!"

He drew from a pouch by his side a copy of Albertus Magnus' celebrated work, and, by the light of the lantern he carried, read the following paragraph:

"MEANS ADOPTED BY THE ROBBERS TO INTRODUCE THEMSELVES INTO HOUSES."

"Take the hand separated from the body of one newly

hanged, having purchased it from the criminal before his death. Plunge it into a brass vase containing zinc and saltpetre, with the grease of spondillia. Place the vase over a clear fire, composed of fern and vervain, in such a manner that at the end of a quarter of an hour it is completely dried up and in a state of preservation. Then, having manufactured a candle with the fat of a sea-calf, place it, when lighted, within the fingers of the withered hand; and, no matter where the place may be, he who carries this taper before him will find bars fall, locks turn and bolts draw back, while all those persons whom they meet on their way will become, by the power of the charm, utterly powerless and incapable of motion.

"The hand thus prepared has received the name of the Hand of Glory."

"And what has all this to do with me?" cried Simon Gogo, as the conjuror, having concluded his reading, shut the volume and replaced it in his pouch.

"Everything; for though you have not exactly sold me your hand, yet, by your not having redeemed it at the time agreed, it becomes exclusively my property. And the proof of this is the manner in which it has conducted itself immediately after you permitted the settling day to pass over."

"Thief!" groaned the merchant.

"That is certainly my profession," assented the conjuror; "but in this instance I only take what is honestly mine. Tomorrow the provost will sentence you to be hung, and the day after will see the sentence accomplished. I shall then gather the fruit I have so long coveted, which, I may now inform you, would never have been mine but for your own dishonesty."

"Ah! ah!" cried the draper, his white lips grinning with an expression of triumphant malice; "you may command my hand, but you have no power over my tongue, and to-morrow I will inform the provost of the entire mystery."

"Very good," said Master Zabulon, as he quietly trimmed the wick of his lantern, "only, instead of being hung peaceably, you will be burnt alive for having used magic to deprive another of life; burnt after having the torture—rack and steel boot—twice applied, that you may be forced to remember any little matter convenient to be forgotten. But, why waste time in useless talk? Your horoscope says 'gibbet,' and the stars will not adopt a 'new reading' for you."

At this the miserable draper began to weep and groan so piteously that Master Zabulon said, in a voice intended to be consoling,

"Come, come, Simon, take heart, man, none of us can fight against our destiny."

"It's easy to preach," replied the other; "but when death is at hand—"

"Pooh! no one can die before his time. Do you think that Death puts himself out of his way for you? I blush for your vanity, Simon. . . . Death respects no one. He condemns popes, emperors, kings, princes, all alike, and with a perfect indifference. As for persons of your stamp, my poor Gogo, he just plucks you up, when you come in his path, as a gardener does weeds."

Simon groaned, and Master Zabulon, after taking breath, continued,

"An ancient writer has truly said, 'The hour that gives us life has already diminished it.' You are dying from the moment you have commenced living. Rightly considered, there is no such thing as death; for it cannot be while you are living, and the moment you have ceased to live you have done with death. Lucretius, a writer of whom you could by no possibility have heard, wisely observes that 'Live as long a time as you are able, you cannot shorten by a second the eternity that awaits you.' Ponder well upon what I have said, my dear Gogo, and let me have the satisfaction of knowing that you gave me your hand like a friend."

After many more highly philosophic maxims inculcating the extreme easiness of death, when that penalty is to be suffered by another, Master Zabulon, lifting his lantern from the ground, summoned the jailor and departed, leaving, we are sorry to add, the obstinate Simon as little satisfied with his position as before.

* * * * *

Two days had elapsed and Simon Gogo, merchant draper of Paris, stood, as the conjuror had predicted, upon the scaffold.

The executioner, who prided himself on being a polite man in such matters, had arranged the rope around Simon's neck with as much ceremony as though he were investing him with the order of the Golden Fleece, when the draper protested that he had yet many suits to solicit."

"How many?" demanded the executioner.

Simon hesitated, then said, modestly,

"Thirty-five."

The man upon this made answer, "that the public who had favored the draper with its attendance at that early hour of the morning had shops to open and business to attend to, and that it would show neither gratitude nor politeness on Simon's part to keep so many people waiting, and for a simple hanging."

So saying, he thrust him from the ladder, and the cord cut short any repartee that Simon Gogo might have intended.

We are assured by all those historians who have deemed it worth while to chronicle this event that, when all appeared to have terminated and the executioner was about to descend from his ladder, the face of Master Zabulon appeared at one of the embrasures of the tumble-down old tower which overlooked the place, and no sooner had he glanced towards the scaffold than the right arm of the draper rose up and the hand was agitated quickly, like the tail of a dog that has recognised its master. A loud cry of surprise burst from the crowd, and those who were hurrying away returned, as people in a theatre, who, believing the play finished, have risen, but find to their delight there is yet remaining another act.

This action on the part of the hand reminded the executioner he had yet a duty to perform—a portion of the sentence pronounced against those who had killed their fellow-creatures in duelling. With infinite *sang froid* he drew the large knife he carried at his belt and severed from the wrist at one blow the unfortunate draper's enchanted hand.

It made a prodigious bound and tumbled into the very centre of the crowd, who with loud cries of terror made way for it as they would have done for a thunderbolt. The hand now moved over the ground in a series of bounds, the boldest giving it ready passage, till it arrived at the foot of the juggler's tower, then hooking itself by the fingers, as a crab clings to the inequalities of the rocks, it mounted rapidly to the embrasure where last had appeared the sinister features of the conjuror, and, to the astonishment of the gaping crowd, vanished from their sight.

Some twelve months after this event, which we relate only upon the authority of our ancestors, whose wisdom we hear so highly extolled, a person answering the description of Master Zabulon was tried for his participation in numerous robberies. He was condemned to the galleys for life.

Pacolet, his monkey, was drowned.

THE SPRIG OF WILD THYME.

(From the French of Jules Janin).

Not far from the sombre corridor leading upon the stage of the Théâtre Français behind an enormous pillar, was hidden in the wall—like the violet beneath the leaf—the small shop, or rather garden, of Madame Prévost, the flower-dealer of the theatre.

A fadeless garden, in sooth, it was; insensible alike to the cold of winter, the garish sun of summer and the dust or the storm.

A perpetual spring appeared to reign around the massive pillar. Beneath its protecting shadow roses of all seasons, pale violets, superb camellias, odoriferous pansies, and the now, alas! common dahlia, seemed to flourish better than elsewhere.

Upon the square pedestal the Parisian Flora displayed every morning the riches of her glittering stores, from the orange-flower to adorn the brow of a queen to the simple-eyed daisy.

A maiden could never pass this unassuming garden without contemplating and sighing over the first flowers she had placed against her bosom. The shop of Madame Prévost contained idyls already composed, soft elegies, speaking poems; and here also might be found written at every hour, in the embalméd cups of the flowers, the only love-letter a female can accept.

When necessity required, one might learn at this place the universal language so much sought after by philosophers.

One day I saw a tall man enter the little shop, apparently about forty years old, of full complexion, with an awkward pretension to dandyism, which, however, was sufficiently respectable for a *Parisien de province*, which, in fact, he proved himself to be.

"You will take," he said, entering without salutation, "a bouquet to Madame de Melcy, of ——— street."

At the same time he threw down two pieces of five francs on the table before Madame Prévost. The good woman followed the stranger with her gaze until he disappeared in the court of the Palais Royal.

"I will let him have the worth of his money," she exclaimed, in a determined tone, turning to me. At the same time, from two bundles of flowers lying at hazard in the basket, she arranged a bouquet, adding to it an immense tuberose with large leaves.

"But, my good lady," I ventured to observe, "you will certainly kill with asphyxia the person for whom those flowers are intended."

"On the contrary," replied Madame Prévost, "I want to preserve her from the pursuits of a foolish, impertinent man. Do not be uneasy; for the little that Madame de Melcy has of heart—I do not say nerve—she will at once throw his bouquet out of the window and turn out of doors whoever may chance to mention it. What a clown to pretend to Madame de Melcy, who is so graceful and delicate! Take this bouquet," she added, turning to a boy seated near her, "with the address card, to Madame de Melcy."

The lad went on his commission, holding the bouquet in his two hands. He had thrown the card into the midst of the tuberose. The name engraved upon it was surmounted with an equivocal coronet of a count or baron.

"The simpleton," muttered Madame Prévost.

At this moment a stout young man about thirty entered the shop. There was something distinguished in his glance; but his figure was so vulgar and heavy that the advantage was lost. This person, however, was evidently superior to the one who had just left the place, and so far differed from him, that while the tall stranger was a *Parisien de province* he was a *Provincial de Paris*.

"Madame," he said, addressing Madame Prévost, "will you send a bouquet for me this evening to Madame de Melcy?"

The flower-dealer curtsied an affirmative and he left.

"As for this worthy," observed the old lady, "I will neither do him good or ill. Madame de Melcy shall have a bouquet similar to those usually supplied—some handsome dahlias and flowers without fragrance—she can carry it in her hand or place it in her apartment. The person who has just gone is neither a coxcomb nor a fool. He is, however, mistaken, perhaps, in sending a bouquet to this lady, who most certainly never could have asked him for one; but, however, I will not meddle in his affairs, let him think and act for himself."

No sooner said than done; Madame de Melcy received a second bouquet, smaller than the first, but much more tastefully arranged. These affairs having been despatched, I was about to leave, when I saw glide into the shop a handsome young man of eighteen or twenty; but so tremulous, timid and modest in his manners that one would have imagined he was entering into the presence of the lady of his thoughts.

"Madame," said he, in a low tone and with some trepidation of manner, "would you be so good as to send some flowers, without saying from whom they came, to Madame de Melcy?"

And with the words he offered a golden Louis to Madame Prévost, who, somewhat astonished at this third visitor on the same errand, returned him the change, exclaiming as he left,

"Well, I will do my best for this customer. He is young, handsome, retiring and modest, and he does not wish it known who sends the flowers. He shall most certainly have my protection."

The good woman at once arranged the bouquet, taking at hazard a few wild flowers, very simple but of sweet colors and delicious fragrance; it was soon prepared and seemed as if it had been culled from the meadow in the month of June. By a sudden caprice she placed in the centre a sprig of wild thyme in blossom.

Observing that I was watching her proceeding with great eagerness, she explained what had appeared to me somewhat of a mystery.

"It is impossible that Madame de Melcy can choose any bouquet but this out of the three I have prepared for her this evening. The first is vulgarly made of large red flowers, which, if a lady took into the ball-room, would give her the appearance of having been drinking. The second bouquet is too white for a pale, young and languishing beauty like Madame de Melcy. This, which I hold in my hand, on the contrary, is beautiful, animated and unassuming—therein differing from the others. I have not the slightest doubt it will be worn this evening. Do you not share my sympathy and approve my protecting this youthful suitor?"

"Most certainly. Adieu, until to-morrow."

"And what are you going to do this evening?"

"I am bound to the opera."

"May you be amused there. But take a bouquet with you—a real one—to present to Mademoiselle Taglioni."

That evening Mademoiselle Taglioni, that sylph of the air, was to take her farewell of Paris. We were about to lose, if not for ever, at least for a long period, this charming creature, whose lightness and grace could not be surpassed. All the capital seemed to be flocking to the theatre, to see and applaud once more the beloved idol. The opera-house was densely crowded. I was at my post from an early hour and took my place in a second box on my left. I was reflecting on the great loss we were about to suffer, when suddenly the door of the box next to mine was opened, and two ladies, one very young, and the other of elderly appearance, entered and took their places in front, while three gentlemen, who seemed to belong to their party, seated themselves behind; the two eldest close to the ladies, and the youngest in a corner at the back, where he was quite concealed from observation.

My surprise was great on finding that they were the very persons I had seen at Madame Prévost's a short time previously. The tall man was noisy and affected; his stout companion appeared reserved; while the handsome stranger in his retirement was indulging in silent enjoyment of his thoughts, for his countenance was radiated with pleasure; but the secret of this was soon betrayed.

The elderly lady held in her hand the red bouquet, while the younger had attached to her breast the wild flowers with the odorous sprig of thyme in the centre.

She seemed to have been made for the sweet flowers which had also discovered upon her bosom their most appropriate resting-place. The paleness of her complexion set off their chaste beauty, and from time to time she inhaled with delight the sweet-breathing bouquet.

I would willingly, had it been possible, have made known to the young suitor of Madame de Melcy his good fortune, and said to him, "My friend, be happy. You have two rivals near you, who have each sent a bouquet to the lady of your affections. The first Madame de Melcy has inflicted upon her companion; the second she has probably kept to adorn her chamber; but yours is worn near her heart. You are the successful lover."

The spectacle commenced. But what can I say of Mademoiselle Taglioni, that has been left unsaid? The multitude, ravished and enchanted, followed her into the seventh heaven she had discovered. On this evening in question, I was, however, undecided whether to give the preference to Mademoiselle Taglioni or to Madame de Melcy. I was alternately in heaven and on earth. Mademoiselle Taglioni was so graceful; but Madame de Melcy possessed surpassing beauty. The former seemed to float in the air; but the latter was close to me, her magnificent figure displayed to full perfection!

Meanwhile the three gentlemen who occupied the box were variously occupied, according as their dispositions prompted them. The tall one, anxious to appear a profound critic, made a great noise in applauding, and fired a regular volley of bravos. His stout and lethargic companion, profiting by the enthusiasm of his friend, whispered a few insipid compliments into the ear of the younger lady; mere words, which have either too much sense or none at all; while the favored youth in the corner, immersed in his pleasant reveries, sat mute and concealed.

The lady conducted herself towards her three male attend-

ants as every woman of wit, who does not possess too much heart, should. Now and then she applauded Mademoiselle Taglioni, then listened for a moment to the stout gentleman or gave a side glance at the young man behind her, who, however, could not observe her features from where he was seated. She contrived even to give me, seated close to her, a few of those uncertain looks which imply neither attention nor indifference; after which she sported with her bouquet with a kind of infantine enjoyment. She was decidedly beautiful, with features faultlessly regular, transparent and placid; large lustrous eyes; black eyebrows, delicately arched, and hair as black as the raven's wing; a small hand; lips almost red; and teeth of pearly whiteness.

I could easily understand why the young man was in love, but I could not account for his silence. Of the three suitors near me, there was not one who, like myself, really concerned himself about this splendid creature; for I saw without looking at her, heard without speaking to her, and I found her lovely without telling her so.

But to resume. Mademoiselle Taglioni had danced—with that exquisite grace every one has, or ought to have beheld—the admirable last step of *La Sylphide*, when suddenly all the spectators rose up as with one accord, while hands, feet, hearts and voices were mingled in unanimous applause. The feeling was irresistible; every lady who had a bouquet in her hand or pressed against her heart, threw it on the stage, until it was covered with a perfect avalanche of flowers. And yet, what mute prayers and tender vows had probably been impressed upon those fragile tendrils of nature! What enthusiasm to throw at the feet of a dancer so fragrant a harvest, every leaf of which contained a hope or a souvenir! But which was, nevertheless, the case; and the same ladies who had cast them away would have thrown their diamonds and pearls at the feet of the departing sylph if the thought had occurred to them.

Perhaps the only one, however, amidst the whole multitude who had guarded previously her little bouquet was Madame de Melcy. Unhappily, however, the youthful lover, who had remained until then motionless and dumb, either awakened by the acclamations around him or from a wish to let every one know that he had seen the ballet, from which he had been completely hidden, rising suddenly from his seat, commenced vociferating and applauding like the rest.

I then noticed Madame de Melcy hastily detach the bouquet from her breast, inhale its balminess once more, and then cutting with her teeth the sprig of thyme into two pieces, throw with her delicate white hand the dearly cherished flowers at the feet of Mademoiselle Taglioni.

At this moment Madame de Melcy was admirable. No sooner had the bouquet fallen on the stage than she regretted it, and turning towards the gentlemen who accompanied her, she exclaimed in a voice of supplication, "Which of you will bring me back my bouquet?"

But what a singular idea, that of finding a bunch of flowers amidst a floral mountain! When the parties thus appealed to heard the request of their sovereign lady it was indeed curious to watch the reception it met with. The tallest replied, laughing, that "it would be just as easy to obtain a particular drop of water from the ocean." The stout lover turned his head aside and muttered the word "capricious;" while the youngest rushed like a madman towards the stage with the apparent intention of precipitating himself upon it.

Meanwhile the ladies retired to their carriage, escorted by their phlegmatic attendants. I quitted my box about the same time, with the intention of paying my last respects to Mlle. Taglioni.

At this time it was possible to obtain an entrance behind the scenes of the Opera without being obliged to show constantly an ivory medal. It was quite sufficient guarantee when the person was tolerably well-known to the director, when he was at once admitted. My interesting friend, the hero of the bouquet, was at the door, panting with his exertions, when I arrived.

Mademoiselle Taglioni was still upon the stage in the midst of a forest of bouquets, with features on which happiness and sadness were so strongly impressed at the same time, that to see her made one almost laugh and weep with her. She extended her little hands to us in sign of farewell; when suddenly, per-

celving my companion groping earnestly among the flowers, seeking the bouquet of the lady of his heart, she drew back somewhat offended at his boldness. I, however, explained in a low tone to the sylph how the matter stood; when taking a flying leap backwards, she gazed at the youthful lover as she retired with a look that might well have been interpreted, "Look well, and love will reward you."

Soon after Mademoiselle Taglioni had left I, who possess a certain measure of *sung froid*, discovered in the midst of an enormous mass of camellias and roses the unforgotten little bouquet of field flowers. And this was not to be wondered at, after all; for I had been present when it was arranged, and had looked at it all the evening, and there was no other bouquet of a similar appearance among the rest. I cautiously placed the charming trophy in my pocket.

"Sir," I inquired of the ardent lover, who was still seeking for treasure with a disappointed look, "have you found what you have lost?"

"Alas! sir," he replied, "I am a mere blockhead; I do not even know the bouquet I am seeking." And he turned the flowers disconsolately over in a vain attempt to find what he had never seen; when the stage was suddenly invaded by a multitude of subordinate nymphs, who came to divide the fragrant spoils of the triumphant Mademoiselle Taglioni. It was now time to leave, and I found myself in the same street with the young man.

"Would you like me to come to your assistance to-morrow?" I inquired.

He accepted my offer eagerly; and we made an appointment to meet at my apartments.

The next day my young friend was punctual to the hour. At nine o'clock in the evening he came attired in a suit of black.

"Well," he said to me, sadly, "have you any news of the bouquet?"

"I would advise you," I replied, "to place in your button-hole this sprig of wild thyme, decayed and broken as it is. It has often produced me good fortune. Remember, however, I only lend it to you, and expect you will restore it to me."

He gazed at me with a look so incredulous and sorrowful, that I was on the point of laughing in his face; but he allowed himself to be persuaded (those in love are invariably superstitious), and we proceeded together to the ball of Madame de Melcy, to whom he had engaged to introduce me.

We entered the saloon; the two rivals were already there, and had brought with them the choicest exotics to be obtained in Paris—rare and costly flowers.

The apartments filled slowly; the beautiful widow appeared somewhat pensive in her manner. I was presented to her by the young lover, and she returned my salutations in a languid tone; when suddenly she glanced at the button-hole of my companion. Her features immediately became animated and the smile returned to her lips.

"Arthur," she exclaimed, earnestly, "you are very late to-night."

One month afterwards Madame de Melcy married the hero of the sprig of wild thyme, and on the wedding-day he wore it still in his button-hole.

"Arthur," I observed to him, "now that my talisman has had its effect, you must restore it to me this evening."

"Restore what?" inquired Madame de Melcy.

"This sprig of thyme, madame," replied Arthur. "He lent it to me a month ago, and it belongs to him. Here it is," he continued, addressing me, and handing the sprig with a sigh.

"For pity's sake," exclaimed Madame de Melcy, "let him keep it."

"And what will you give me for it, madame?"

"Wait," she replied, in a low tone, "you shall see;" and she drew from her bosom the other half of the dried and withered branch she had parted with her teeth at the opera.

I returned it to Madame Prévost, to whom I related this story, or rather history.

"Good," she observed: "I did not think I should manage it so well; and have you again seen Madame de Melcy?"

"No; she has left for her estates in Normandy."

"Among the thyme and the roses," added Madame de Prévost, smiling significantly.

And the witty flower-dealer, who was the prime mover and arbiter of this pretty intrigue, what has become of her? She has gone whither pass the flowers. Madame Prévost is no more; and without her the year has lost its spring, the ball its most splendid decorations.

She had created the art of making bouquets into a science, and had composed of the tiniest flower a language. She knew all the words that roses speak. She heard what the daisies said in the woods, and what the honeysuckles would relate on the ruined and ivied towers. She divined the murmur of the blue-eyed violets and the sighs of dahlias in their winter-houses.

She was the providence of all tender passions inspired by youth. She had delivered us from the loving elegy, the gallant dithyrambic, the epistles of Chloris, and of all that idle, loose and pretended poetry, which she had replaced by the flowrets of the garden.

She is no more. And now there is no more poesy in the rose nor perfume in the violet; the winter flowers are merely those that are employed for the passing hour, and are then cast aside as worthless.

Who then, now that she is dead, will create a drama with a "sprig of wild thyme?"

BLOOD THAT WILL NOT WASH OUT.—All arguments on this subject, *pro* and *con*, are not worth a rush, which are founded on the supposed fact that the stain on the floor of the small dark chamber in Holyrood Palace is caused by the blood of David Rizzio. The thing was always treated as a hoax by Sir Walter Scott; and he makes it the foundation of a very pleasant little anecdote in the introductory chapter to the Second Series of "The Chronicles of the Canongate." Chambers, too—and there can scarcely be a higher authority on such a point as this—asserts that the statement is a traditional absurdity; since the boards are comparatively modern, the floor which is now in existence not having been laid down till long after the murder of Rizzio. The old floor was worn out; the present floor supplies its place. How the stain was made I know not. I do not for a moment believe it was caused by the blood of a human being; perhaps by the blood of a pig or a bullock, very likely not by blood at all. The show-apartments at Holyrood are a perfect museum of spurious relics. Not long ago (perhaps it is the case to this day) a set of armor was exhibited as having been used by Henry Darnley, which it is a physical impossibility he ever could have worn. But worse than this; there was a block of marble which was stated to have been the seat on which Mary Queen of Scots sat at her coronation—an event, by the way, which took place at Stirling, when Mary was only between eight and nine months old: this same block having been originally introduced into the kitchen at Hamilton Palace by a French cook for the purpose of kneading his pastry on it; from which place it was subsequently ejected as being too cumbrous, and was then transported to Holyrood, when it was at once unblushingly dubbed "the coronation stone of Queen Mary." On the general question: I do not believe that stains made by human blood will not wash out solely and expressly because they are made by human blood. Spill the blood of a man or a pig on soft wood or porous stone, and in a very few hours it will sink so deeply in that nothing but a plane or a chisel will eradicate the stain; but spill the blood on close-grained wood or hard stone, and even if it is allowed to remain there for some time, the stain will wash clean out at once, whether it is caused by the blood of a man or a pig.—*Notes and Queries*.

JOGSI.—It is a custom in Berwickshire among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short-shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed." This custom is called "jogsi" in Africa; in our country it is "straightening the back."—*Notes and Queries*.

THE FAIR INCENDIARY.

It is now about forty years since a young lady, the only daughter of an ancient and noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it. To their affection she was quite cold, to their caresses rude; and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm that were as strange to her former character as they were unbecoming to her sex and youth. The parents contrived, during her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing-desk; but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed.

The first news they heard of her was that the house in which she had been visiting had been burnt to the ground; that she had been saved with difficulty, though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape at first had been taken for granted, and that when her door was burst open she was found still dressed and seated, in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home, neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanor, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it.

Within two months of her return the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames. She was again found in the same state as on the former occasion, suffered herself to be led away without eagerness or resistance, did not alter her deportment upon hearing of the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console her father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal. The father and daughter removed to a spa for change of scene.

On the night of her arrival the hotel was in flames; but this time the fire began in her apartment, for from her window were the sparks seen first to issue, and again was she found dressed, seated, and in a reverie. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little state in which the spa was situated. An investigation took place; she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she was the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire. Each time she had strived against it as long as she could, and was unable to withstand the temptation; but this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirits; that she felt a hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from oaths and curses against it.

She is at this moment in a madhouse, where she is allowed

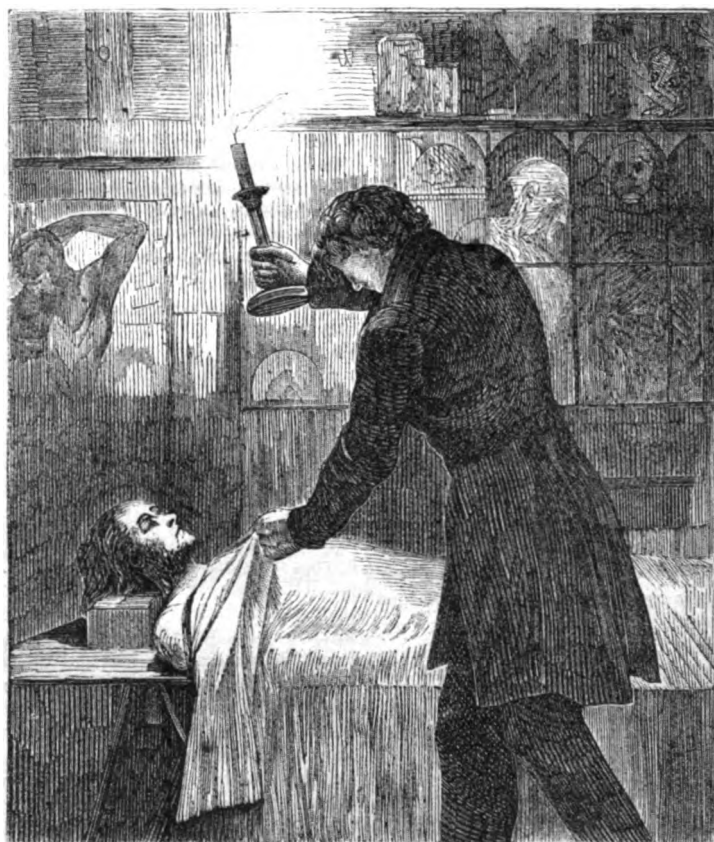
some liberty. She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers and her petulant wit.

PORTUGUESE SUPERSTITION.

In a voyage down the river to Oporto, the channel is sometimes so narrowed between hills, as to form a dark ravine. Respecting one there is an old Moorish superstition that may be interesting to the reader. The entrance into this striking ravine was formerly guarded by a Moorish fort, which still frowns over the water. There is a superstition connected with this castle, common to many of the old Moorish towers—that of the *Molra Encantada*, or enchanted Moors, a superstition well-known and widely credited in parts of Portugal. The peasantry believe that, although the Moorish race is extinct, the Moorish power has not altogether ceased; for that here, and in almost every tower where the Saracens once ruled with

feudal sway, an enchanted Moors still haunts the spot, and hovers round the undiscovered treasures of the castle.

Last relic and representative of a departed people, and, since the dreary day of their expulsion, sole guardian of their buried wealth, she stands a link between the living and the dead; and, superior to mortal destiny, defies alike the lapse of ages and the stroke of death. Though bound by some mysterious tie to a heathen and once hostile race, there is no fierceness in her mood of mind; there is no terror in her look; for when, at the earliest dawn of day, the light dew spangles the mountain and the rock, and again when the setting sun sheds its last melancholy glories on the Moors' untenanted abode, she is seen clad in the flowing garments of her race, leaning against some broken arch, some ruined monument of national glory, as one



I ROSE, WALKED TO THE TABLE, REMOVED THE COVERING, AND LOOKED STEADILY UPON THE FACE OF THE DEAD—SEE PAGE 434.

who mourns but seeks not to avenge.

She shuns the glare of day, but does not fly from those who court her; sometimes she weaves her spells around a favored individual and shields him from mischance, and yields him a portion of her buried gold. It is no sin to seek a *Molra*; and in return for her imagined kindness and protecting care, and as if in sorrow for their fathers' cruel injuries against her Moorish ancestors, the peasantry atone for past misdeeds by present love.

The wild beauty of the ruin was perhaps enhanced by this sad but pleasing legend. And now emerging from the defile, the river again expanded, and we passed through a succession of gentler scenes, their natural beauty heightened by the tints of the setting sun, and, still later, by the soft, full light of the moon.

QUESTION FOR A GLAZIER.—If a young lady has a pain in her side, can she relieve it by wearing a sash?

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key ;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And bloom to day may be blight to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be link'd together.

Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But Love is the lustre that danceth there ;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamonds to-day may be dust to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be link'd together.

Life has a rich and smiling face,
But Love is the dimple that gives it grace ;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's brightest beams are blanched with sorrow,
And roses to day may be lilies to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be link'd together.

A NOCTUARY OF TERROR.

ONCE more is the drawer opened ; once more are the papers in my hand. The ink of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and the paper discolored, for I have not cared for many a long year to open a roll so fraught with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me ; they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and too truly chronicle events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed. Date back thirty-five years. I was a medical student ; my friends in the country had placed me in a neighboring city for the purposes of education. No authorised schools of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in provincial towns, and the earlier years of the student's life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary, previous to his visiting London to complete his education. Still, however, in the principal provincial cities and towns, anatomical study was privately carried on ; the great importance of this particular branch of professional education having led at an early period to the establishment of rooms for dissection, and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided, one of the leading surgeons rented rooms over the cathedral cloisters for the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the monkish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient burying-ground full of the

decaying memorials of mortality. The time-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew tree, the dark shadows in the cloistered arches beneath the rooms, gloomy even in the summer daylight, gave a funereal character to the whole locality ; and the nature of the studies carried on above becoming generally known, in spite of our precautions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the common people.

In the present day, the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years since to regulate medical schools and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the public at large, and have entirely remedied very great evils. The practice of disinterring bodies and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the murderer to death and dissection, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. People became so alarmed, that watchers with loaded firearms were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons by their friends. Still the practice of disinterment went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the schools. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that any young men of education could have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of these night expeditions excited in youthful minds a daring spirit of adventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however, that alone actuated the student and urged him to a fatiguing and dangerous duty—heavy toil in the lone churchyard at midnight, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the populace if discovered. Higher motives impelled him ; the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the consideration and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hardworking and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet at the dissecting-rooms, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition to a neighboring churchyard, three miles distant from the town. The party consisted of Balfour, young Fletcher and myself. Qualified by my greater experience, I was the leader ; Balfour was my second, and Fletcher was to procure a gig for our conveyance. I agreed to join Balfour at the rooms an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to get ready before, and which it was necessary to com-



"BY HEAVEN THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE CHURCHYARD—THERE—CLOSE TO THE VERGE OF THE INCLOSURE !"

plete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a dissenting minister in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a hardworking, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition. He seldom joined in the amusements of young men of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a heavily built, strong fellow, with a resolved and not unpleasant countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto proved courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day; the evening closed stormily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improvement. I arrived at the rooms the first, and, groping up the dark circular staircase, was glad to find that the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The crazy leaden casements shook noisily in the eddying gusts of the heavy gale that far above our heads swept round the cathedral tower. The skeletons suspended by hooks from the ceiling moved and creaked in the frequent draughts. The dried anatomical preparations contained in cases ranged round the room stood out in the waving gloom, and as the candle flared in the wind, glanced with grinning teeth from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched upon a board and covered with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection. It was the body of a quarryman recently killed by a fall from the rocks. The dim light of the candle rested upon the solemn folds of the white drapery, and gave a statuesque character to the form.

As I sat in the gloom waiting the arrival of my comrade, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable aspect of the face concealed beneath the sheet—was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—a fearfully sudden death—rendering a wondrous living tissue of organization, in an instant, effete and worthless—a man yesterday, and to-day knowing more of heaven or hell than all the philosophers upon earth. Now only serving as a subject for dissection, while inheriting an immortality! Well, he is at all events dead, yet when did he die?—is the last act of expiration the death? Certainly not. A smouldering vitality exists in the great nervous centres for some time afterwards, and persons apparently dead have been restored to life by galvanism and artificial respiration when the pulse and the breathing had long ceased. This brought suddenly to my mind stories I had heard of people hastily conveyed to anatomical theatres who were rescued from supposed death by the stimulus of the surgeon's knife.

The idea grew horribly vivid until I fancied that I saw the shrouding-sheet, that enveloped the body, slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the table, removed the covering, and looked steadily upon the face of the dead. There was nothing to alarm in the wan effigy. The characters of mortality were there engraven in lines not to be mistaken, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful outline of what had been a vigorous, half-savage, toiling athlete, with a strange and deep interest. Young as I was, my eyes had often before rested upon the sublime and touching spectacle of death; but I never remember to have been impressed more deeply. In life, the rough, reckless, uneducated rock-blaster, his facial developments indicative alone of mere animal existence. In death how great the contrast—how solemn; how elevated the lines; how beautiful the repose:

More fair than life is thy pale image, Death,
The face-convulsing passions of the mind,
They pass away upon the ebbing breath,
And leave nor earthly Pain nor Tear behind
To break the shadow of thy deep repose.
Angelic lines, unmoving, firm and pure,
In solemn curves Death's majesty compose,
Sharp cut, as if for ages to endure.
'Tis very strange, that the immortal soul,
So darkly housed behind life's prison bars,
In haste to 'scape mortality's control,
And join the kindred light beyond the stars.
Thus roughly shakes the tenement of life,
Yet leaves no impress of the passing strife!

It was now eleven, the quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, followed by the heavy toll of the hour, taken up in

succession by more distant belfries, whose drowsy voices were borne far away upon the sweeping storm.

A step on the stairs: enter Balfour, more serious and dour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough-coat and muffler, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken his drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us; we shall have no witnesses to our proceedings in this howling storm."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that there are busy fiends who love the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose; already eleven o'clock has struck, and I see," turning reproachfully towards me, "the dissection for to-morrow's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

So saying he uncovered the body and proceeded to flex the arm across the chest, the more readily to dissect the upper and back part of the extremity, at the same time that he secured it with a chain-hook to the other side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the stretch and the subject drawn over on its side. Balfour, seating himself opposite the arm, commenced the work. I was on the other side, engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were preparing, when, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the direction before mentioned, slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its bondage, swung with an increased momentum given by the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful shriek—the more startling from his habitual composure—Balfour sprang to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"Oh, God! the man's alive!"

I dashed at him, horror-struck myself, not at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the abject terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Clashed together we hustled each other into a corner of the room, giving in our passing struggles a sharp gyration to the suspended skeletons. I shook him violently, exclaiming:

"He is not alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half death-struck himself, still gasped: "Alive! alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he drew a deep breath and sunk down in the corner whimpering:

"And yet it is impossible, that half-dissected body cannot be alive."

"My good fellow," said I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is the matter with you? are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire, sat down with his back to the dissecting-table and said nothing.

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in all times of trial, heretofore, made his present abject fear the more unnatural and shocking: no doubt, to a man of his serious mind and ordinary gloomy disposition, with a temperament prone to superstition, the impression of an incident so sudden and appalling was the more powerful in its effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking up doubtfully; "do you think that I am afraid?"

"Not at all, my friend; but this circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—" Here I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, so I stopped abruptly. "Wilderness," said Balfour, angrily, seizing me by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horrible, but to us righteous task?—have I ever shrunk from my duty, that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by me like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy exclaimed, "I will go, even if I go alone—even should the dead arise to oppose me. Wilder, say not one word more;" and he struck his fist vio-

lently on the table, setting the skeletons and window-frames trembling and clattering in the pause of the storm, which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig, and we not ready," I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his grave-clothes. I followed his example. We then collected all the requisite tools, toothpick, shovel, elevator, &c., and descended to the street groping along in the dark.

"A wild night, lads," said the cheerful voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, accustomed to drive, was chosen as our charioteer. "I have had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have come round old Higgins if it had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a dead robbery, and that somebody would swing for it one of these days; and Nancy actually kissed me because she had it in her mind that I should be surely nipped up by them awful spectres. At last, however, I got off, and here I am all right and tight."

"Jack," said I, "can you see, and is the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend, I could drive you to the devil if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may do so."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely streets, deserted, save by drowsy watchmen calling the hour, who raised their dim lanterns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet churchyard at Hilton. The wind had much subsided; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars; but the road where shadowed by trees would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools left by the heavy rain. Part of our route lay between thick plantations of firs, whose giant arms waved to and fro and croaked mournfully. Arrived within a quarter of a mile of our destination we drew up, arranged our tools in the most convenient way for carrying them, and then walked the horse gently till we came near the burying-ground. We now quitted the gig, which Fletcher drove back to the shadow of the fir-trees, there to await our return. As I ascended with Balfour the path that led to the churchyard we paused to look around and assure ourselves that no one was following upon our steps. The low grounds we had just passed through, though for the most part shrouded in the darkness, were in places indicated by the uncertain course of the river that caught faint gleams of light from the parting clouds above. The distant city, like a shadowy monster with a thousand gleaming eyes, lay stretched upon the plain; while the river, flowing onward to the walls, held to its breast the inverted firmament of lamps quivering like fireflies upon the surface of the rippling flood. The spires and other lofty buildings stood out here and there from the wide gloom in high relief, red with the reflected gleam of furnace fires. These restless flames, like those of Phlegethon extinguished never, gave off from their tall chimneys long lines of smoke, which carried the dusky radiance to the clouds themselves. There was something mysterious in these silent gleaming fires, apparently untended, yet holding an independent existence, when the rough master-minds and toiling hands that ruled them through the day had sunk weary to their rest.

The city gleam'd with light, but gave no sound;

She, with her hundred thousand sleepers, kept

Unbroken silence: in the gloom profound

A life in death, the illumined shadow slept.

We turned from this solemn spectacle to the solemn thing we were about to do. I never approached the dark sanctuary of death with more of awe and reverence than at this moment, though about to mock and desecrate that sanctuary by rifling it of its poor contents. The quiet church, the moaning wind, the feeble and struggling stars, all seemed to upbraid us for thus roughly breaking upon the deep slumber of the dead. The tender association we hold with the last resting-place; the flower-planted grave of the beloved, fell heavily upon a heart meditating the immediate commission of what seemed, in spite

of philosophy, to be a crime, and which is certainly a deed most painful and revolting in the execution.

The shadow of the darkest night, which you inwardly hope may shroud the ghoul-like proceeding, is never profound enough. The disinterred body gleams with its own ghastly lustre. A faint phosphorescent nimbus seems to surround it, developing the characteristic outline of humanity, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before you. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I did not feel my usual cool steadfastness. I was fidgetty and anxious. Balfour's alarm in the room had filled me with uneasiness, and, though he seemed recovered, he was still nervous and depressed. However, it was no time for retrospection; and, creeping along the side of the low wall to the deeper shadow of the church, we leaped the enclosure.

The moment I was in the ground all uncertainty passed from my mind, to be immediately succeeded by a deep sense of duty, and a firm purpose to execute it. I at once advanced to the spot marked in a visit of investigation the day before as the site of the recent grave. After having made the needful preliminary examination, and satisfied ourselves that we were correct, I let Balfour take the commencement of the work, while I removed a short distance from the grave to watch, and warn my comrade should anything occur to disturb us. It is far better to work than to watch on these occasions. The attention is absorbed in the exertion, and on that account I determined that Balfour should begin.

As I stood in the drear yard, I looked about me more narrowly, to accustom my eye to the dim obscurity and to the various dark mis-shapen objects around. One decaying monument appeared like a crouching monster watching us, and it was not till I had approached to examine the object more closely that I could perfectly satisfy myself of its real nature. The evergreen trees and bushes that clustered in the opposite corner of the yard were darkly outlined against the dusky reddish light arising from the city, three miles off. As I stood listening on the watch, the ticking of the church clock seemed to grow gradually louder in the intense silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it, a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me, and then to die away in the distance. The grating of the spade in the stony soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my spell at the work, surrendering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a nervous and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear nothing? do you see nothing?"

My own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps pattering on the ground. Balfour came stumbling up to me.

"It is horribly dark; what are these noises, so like heavy droppings of blood? Are they the echoes of the church-clock, or are there two ticking clocks to the tower? I hate this infernal thing! What is it? Why did you bring me here to be thus tormented?" And he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his muddy hand.

"Pooh, pooh! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I; "get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle deep in the rank wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the churchyard, slipping over graves and low headstones, to the imminent danger of my shins. When I drew near, I perceived the simple cause of our alarm; though the storm had ceased, large drops continued to fall from a spout at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back, I jostled a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized it by the throat, but was roughly shaken off by the more powerful Balfour.

"Why the devil," I angrily exclaimed, "do you thus dog me, sir; how infernally you have startled me—do get back to your work!"

We returned sulkily and in silence. I took up the shovel and began to dig. Balfour presently touched me on the shoulder.

"Wilder," he said, "you were very angry with me just now; I ought not to have followed you; forgive me—I am not quite myself to-night."

"All right, Balfour, go back to your watch; I quite understand."

Balfour, however, did not seem disposed to quit my vicinity. I took no notice at first, but kept vigorously at the work; then in a pause I said:

"My good fellow, you must return to your post, you cannot hear anything so near me, and it is quite necessary to keep a sharp look-out, though all may be perfectly quiet, and everything promise success."

While I yet spoke, we were startled by a remarkable sound above our heads, apparently close to us. A low whistling in the air, very strange and even sweet, seemed to wander and play about us.

"What—is—this—now?" gasped my companion; "what is it, I say?" and he seized me convulsively by the arm. I was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon; however, I said hastily:

"Birds, night birds, chirping round us—nothing more."

"Wilder," said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice, "God sees us, and vouchsafes us a warning—this may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in, come, let us go."

I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the cause, and did what I could to reassure him. The sounds, as I seized the spade, suddenly ceased, and pushing him from me, in another moment I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown out a dozen shovelful of earth, before Balfour rushed wildly up, and exclaimed:

"By Heaven there is something in the churchyard—there—close to the verge of the inclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and with straining eyes looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was evidently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger, while he muttered words which, in the agitation of the moment, I did not understand. We stood close together, our eyes directed towards the opposite boundary wall; there, the solemn bushes were waving slowly in the night air against the illumined sky, but no other moving thing could I perceive.

At the same time, a new and extraordinary sense of undefinable solicitude and anxiety, a sense of something to be feared, crept through me; and as I now felt certain that with a man in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, but must expect every embarrassment, I determined to give up all farther attempt, and to leave the churchyard at once. I was on the point of saying so, when my companion spoke again in broken quivering whispers:

"Wilder, look yonder, do you not see it now? I see it distinctly in ghastly outline against the sky; mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—a terrible shadow streaked with light, where the shroud parts upon the breast. See, it stops, it beckons, it lures us to its haunt; oh, Wilder, stay not a moment, instantly let us go—not that way—not there—that is the grave, its grave—tread softly, softly, and with haste." Then in the delirious ecstasy of his terror he suddenly shouted out in a loud clear voice, most appalling in the absorbing silence of the night, "Save me, oh God, for I come into deep water. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me; save me! save me! I go to judgment." And he made a step forward, as if to advance upon the mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, when I fancied that I myself could perceive through the gloom what resembled a slowly passing shadow, illumined below, and dark above the wall. The undefined sensation I had before experienced swelled into a deadly sense of sickly fear, as I followed with straining eyeballs a dim something that was stealing along the verge of the inclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and human shaped. Had I not been infected by Balfour's abject terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural audacity would have made me dash at the figure to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terror struck and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow wave what seemed an arm, but whether to beckon us onward, or to warn us to desist, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had before heard—above, below, around us, everywhere. My comrade fell heavily to earth in

strong convulsions, and struggled violently in the loose mould, dashing it about in a fearful manner. I endeavored at first to hold him in these spasms to prevent him from hurting himself, but in vain; so I let him wrestle it out, while I thrust my brandy-flask between his tightly-wedged teeth, and succeeded in getting some brandy into his mouth. I thought of running for Fletcher, but I feared to leave Balfour in his present state, lest, suddenly recovering, he should go raving mad to find himself alone, and apparently deserted; besides, what would become of the horse if Fletcher were to leave the gig. I do not know how it was—for I am sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for poor Balfour, and the constant attention I was compelled to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feeling, that of a terror such as I had never understood before. I tried to be calm—determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to await, as steadily as I could, the restoration of my comrade to consciousness. The convulsions now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree. Still he remained insensible. I had loosened his neckerchief and chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I found the pulse returning, and the breathing in a degree restored. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and raising him upon his feet I led him with faltering steps towards the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, holding him with one hand, and scrambling up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds rose faintly from the churches of the distant city. As I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that bore the welcome sound of the bells upon its wings, fanned my heated brow with an ineffable sense of refreshment. My shortened breath grew deeper in the pure current of vital air, and my shaken frame became braced again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full integrity with returning bodily strength. I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable him to comprehend his situation, nor did I, by any remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. With the same slow advance we descended from the churchyard to the road. Here I left him and ran on to Fletcher. Jumping into the gig I told him to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher; "have you seen the devil, or are you pursued?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him, as we approached the spot, I pulled up sharply, leaped from the gig, and found Balfour exactly where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered: "Oh, the immaculate Balfour drunk, I perceive."

"Be quiet, you know nothing about it; keep hold of him and remain where you are until my return; I will be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the churchyard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what it really was that had upset us so completely. As I climbed the wall I glanced in the direction of our recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the elevator, which made a formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the graveyard. As I looked doubtfully round, the various dark objects in the enclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall for a few moments, for I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed so profound that I lost all idea of the direction to return in.

In a few minutes my faintness passed off, but it required the utmost resolution to enable me to enter the funereal shadows of the evergreens. I did enter though, and walked round and between what I found were cypress trees. No light burst from the gloom. All was bare and silent. I returned with much more trepidation than on my advance. I felt every moment as if about to be clasped from behind by a loathsome spectre. Exhausted, and wet with perspiration, I rejoined my comrades.

Balfour remained in the same condition, and Fletcher exclaimed:

"Thank God you are come! I have been dreadfully frightened with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hurriedly explained what had occurred and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly back, entered once more the deserted streets, and reached the lecture-rooms in safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, and, raking the embers of the nearly extinguished fire, lit a candle and descended for Balfour. He seemed partially to comprehend that he was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him upstairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable.

I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was deathly pale; his pupils, widely dilated, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I laid him on the floor, bathed his face and head with cold water and poured more brandy down his throat, until by degrees his consciousness partially returned. I was right glad when Fletcher's springy step was heard upon the stairs. After nearly two hours of watchful care and continued endeavors Balfour was much recovered; still there was an unpleasant, unearthly stare about his face, with a slight squint. At times he talked incoherently, alluding to some deadly sin he fancied he had committed, for which there was no hope of forgiveness.

Dawn at last stole through the gloom and dimmed our wasted, flaring candle. When the daylight was fully established I sent Fletcher for a carriage, and putting Balfour into it, drove with him to his home. The family were not yet up, and directing the servant to get him to bed as quickly as possible, I hastened to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He attended to my request at once, and on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered that Balfour's unusual terrors were due to his having been unwell before we started; that I had myself been infected by my comrade's fear, and that the whole thing was but the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and though I inwardly wished that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house. When Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient he expressed great alarm. He said,

"There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger."

He remained with poor Balfour to see that the remedial measures which he had ordered were promptly carried out and to break the matter to his friends. For my part, I returned in a sad and subdued state of mind, and felt more than half inclined never again to attempt these adventures. Fatigue and excitement had quite upset me, and truly glad I was to find myself once more in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but essayed in vain to sleep. Whenever I dozed off the horrible scene with Balfour in the dissecting-room came before me, or I fancied myself in the churchyard starting at every noise. At last I could bear these half-waking horrors no longer; so I determined to get up and go to lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Our professor was there when I arrived. After the demonstration was over, he signed us to remain in our places; and having alluded with great feeling to Balfour's alarming state, he went on to say:

"I know, gentlemen, the sad necessity which impels you in a stern sense of duty to procure by your own exertions subjects for dissection, without which it is impossible that you should attain those high objects of professional ambition which a worthy student ever sets before him. Oh, who shall approach the holy tabernacle of human life framed after God's own image and dare to invade that mystical sanctuary with ignorant and unskilful hand? Who, in the red battle-field, shall dare to practise this noblest of all the arts without a thorough understanding of the wonderful fabric he is to save or to restore? Who, in the civil hospital or in the sacred chamber of private life, may dare to enter, and not bear with him, in a well balanced mind, that store of practical knowledge which nothing save dissection—constant, laborious dissection—of the human

body and the unwearying study of *post mortem* appearances can afford him? I say if he hold not the attainment of this knowledge as the one great object of his life, let the student at once abandon his career and seek elsewhere for a more congenial pursuit. Gentlemen, our studies need no excuse. I feel that all and each of you regard your comfort, your health, even your lives, as secondary to a sacred duty. In your hands, gentlemen, will by-and-bye rest the grave responsibility of life and death—a responsibility to be seriously yet cheerfully accepted by the well-educated and practical surgeon. I, too, have a grave responsibility, not only as a surgeon, but as a teacher, and yet I must ask the students to suspend their important labors for a time. I feel it a duty, under present distressing circumstances, to require your promises not to engage for the present in any further attempt to procure subjects. The difficulties and dangers which beset the inquiring student in the prosecution of his anatomical researches are a great reproach to this enlightened age; but I entertain a confident hope that the representations of practical and scientific men may influence the Legislature, and that a better mode of supplying anatomical schools with subjects will speedily remedy the present evils we so much deplore.

"Gentlemen, the most perfect silence is necessary as to the events of last night. From the necessarily hurried manner with which the party left the churchyard, traces of their attempt may possibly draw the attention of the authorities and lead to a public inquiry."

Mr. Bromfield having finished his address, we all pledged ourselves in the way he required, and the meeting broke up.

Returning wearily to my lodgings I was startled by a placard, signed by the churchwardens of Hilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:

FELONY.

FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, late last night, or early this morning, some villain or villains, unknown, entered the churchyard of Hilton, and feloniously stole the body and the grave-clothes of a person therein buried, and have thus incurred the penalty of transportation. Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender, or offenders, shall receive twenty guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of thirty guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more strangely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave-clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly sounds we had heard all now bore a fearful interpretation.

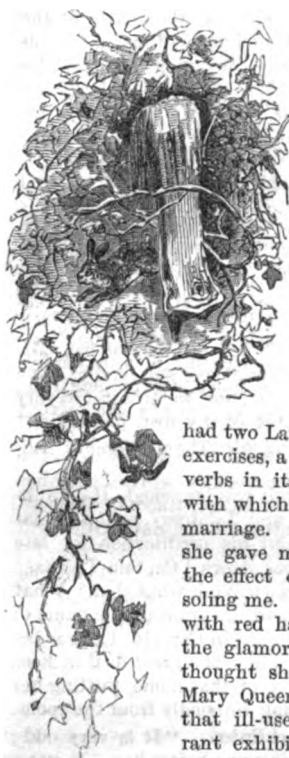
I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeating unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes—the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started at full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when I found the street-door wide open and the household in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several neighboring practitioners in the sick-room, drawn thither by strange reports of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment Balfour, a dying man, rose upright in his bed and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arms, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterwards,

"See, it comes again! The grave is opened! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker—I go—"

He gradually stiffened in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my noctuary of terror.

THE VINE AT HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.—The vine at Hampton Court is the largest in Europe, its branches extending over a space of two thousand three hundred feet. It was planted from a slip in the year 1768, and generally bears upwards of two thousand bunches of grapes, of the black Hambro' kind. The original vine from which this cutting was taken, still flourishes in Essex, at the seat called Valentines, in the parish of Ilford, near Wanstead, where it was planted in 1758. In 1836 it bore four cwt. of grapes; the stem girthed twenty-four inches. In one season £300 was realised by the sale of its fruit.

CAPTAIN THOMAS.



HOLD it as a rule that nine men out of ten are unfortunate in their first attachments; and I hold it as another rule, that it's a very good thing for them that they are. If my first love had been successful, I should have united myself to a young lady of thirty-five, assistant at a pastry-cook's in the neighborhood of the academy where I was educated, with whom I became enamored at the age of nine and three-quarters. Naturally, the lady repulsed my addresses on account of my tender years, though I had two Latin grammars, a book of French exercises, a penknife, Telemachus—with the verbs in italics—and a new pair of boots; with which I offered to endow her upon my marriage. I wept when she refused me, and she gave me a stale Bath bun, which had the effect of choking rather than of consoling me. I believe she was a fat woman with red hair; but I saw her then with the glamor of first love about her, and I thought she was a happy combination of Mary Queen of Scots (I was familiar with that ill-used potentate through an itinerant exhibition of waxwork) and a young lady I had seen at Richardson's dancing the

Highland Fling.

So I, being one of the nine men out of the ten above alluded to, was unlucky in my first attachment.

I can't say that I was any mere fortunate in my second, which flame was illumined by the bright eyes of a cousin three years older than myself, who boxed my ears on my declaring myself in the back-parlor 'on a wet Sunday. I knew to what cause to attribute this repulse; I was not yet out of jackets, and I glanced behind me in the direction where my coat-tails ought to have been, and felt there was my enemy.

My third passion was equally luckless; my fourth no more successful; and I really think I had the honor of having my hand in marriage refused seventeen times, counting from the pastry-cook, when my happy stars (I said happy stars then, I know now how the hand of a malignant genius was in the business) threw me across the path of Rosa Matilda. I met her at a tea party at Somers Town, whither my sisters had taken me in a cab—for which I had to pay—tight boots and a white waistcoat. Now I have always considered that the end and aim of that snare and delusion, which is popularly called a friendly cup of tea is to sit in an uncomfortable position in an uncomfortable chair; drink hot weak tea, which afflicts you with temporary dropsy; eat spongy preparations of the genus lun or muffin, which inflict grief upon your digestive organs; utter articulate inanities and let your hands get red. I am not a very brilliant man, I believe, at the very best of times. I never remember throwing an assembly into convulsions of laughter or electrifying it with my eloquence. I may have done so often, but my modesty has prevented my being conscious of the fact. But oh, let me be so luckless as to be invited to join "a few friends" to tea at seven, and the veriest phantasm of a "phantasm captain" is a Chamier, Marryat or Basil Hall, in powers of amusing conversation, compared to me. Oh, how I hate the simpering hostess in her best silk gown! but I know that she is fidgety about that eighteen-penn'orth of cream, that won't go round with the third cup, and that her heart sinketh at the sight of a three-cornered bit of muffin dropped, greasiest side downwards, on the new Brussels: yes, I know she is wretched, and I could almost pity her. But oh, my hatred for the "few friends!" I hope that young man from the War Office has got tight boots on too; there is a look about the

corners of the mouth that can come from nothing but corns. Yes; I am neither physiognomist nor physiologist if that nervous twitch of the facial muscles doesn't mean hard corns, and the patent-leather is drawing them. He and I, in all that heartless throng, are friends and brothers. But for the rest—who seem to have not a care on earth, whose proper element seems hot weak tea with too much sugar in it, and to whom underdone sponges appear to be wholesome and invigorating food—for them my hatred is unalloyed by any touch of sympathy or pity. We are foes—foes to the death, or rather to the doormat; for once out of the abominable Castle of Despair—when once their cabs have driven them off to the "Supreme Silences," and mine has driven me to my lodgings, I think of them no more.

I digress. *Revenons à nos moutons*; that is to say, Rosa Matilda. I met her at a tea-party. Oh, that so lovely an Aphrodite could rise out of the mud-ocean of a "few friends." I think I was more than usually brilliant that evening. I asked her if she'd seen Millais's "Vale of Rest," and if she didn't think the nuns were ugly? I knew I was safe in saying this; I'd heard the remark made so often. I asked her if she liked muffins? and if she didn't consider them indigestible; and if she didn't think they were always administered to people at a tea-party to incapacitate them from eating any supper? She said I was a quiz, she was sure. I was glad she was sure, because I was myself by no means so convinced of the fact. I asked her if she'd read the "Tale of Two Cities," and if she didn't think it more affecting than "Pickwick?" I asked her which she liked best, "Frederick the Second" or the "Virginians;" and which of the heroines of the Idyls she thought would have made the best housekeeper for a young man who married on two hundred a year? Enid, no doubt, because she didn't mind wearing faded silk. She told me she thought Geraint a horrid brute of a husband, and that Lancelot was the only man in the book worth anything; and that Guinevere was very silly in throwing away the diamonds, even if she threw off the lover. She thought Elaine a very forward young person, who couldn't leave off running after the men, even when she was dead. This and much more she said, which I to hear of course did seriously incline—in fact so seriously, that I ran some risk of sliding off my hostess's slippery embroidered chair in bending over the scented tresses of the lovely being who was seated on a low confessional by my side. Rapturous moments! I remarked on the opposite side of the room the female parent of my charmer, who from time to time cast uneasy glances in the direction of her daughter and myself; presently she addressed some few whispered words to our hostess, and either my eyes deceived me or that lady's lips shaped the syllables, "five hundred a year and expectations." At any rate the communication was pleasing, and the mamma of my loveliest smiled radiantly upon her child. After tea she sang, and I turned over the leaves of her music—delightful task! I believe I always turned them over in the wrong place. Who could keep his eyes upon inanimate crochets and quavers while she was singing? In short, my time was come! I beheld my first love—all but seventeen. The evening was a dream; she sang—I didn't know what she sang; she played—it might be Sebastian Bach, or it might be variations on the Christy Minstrel Melodies—but it was to me the music of the spheres, and would have been had it been the merest domestic request to "Polly" to make the ordinary preparations for the evening meal. I took her in to supper. I sat next her at supper, and we were crowded. I procured her chicken, and I carved a tongue for her. I sent a lot of parti-colored jujubes which adorned that comestible into her lap in my enthusiasm; but "*Amare et sapere*—" the proverb is somewhat musty—but nobody ever did you know. Oh, the nectar that these dismal liquids the two-shillings Cape and the two-and-sixpenny Marsala, to say nothing of the African sherry, became when you quaffed them by her side! I introduced her to my sisters. They said afterwards in the cab going home that she was an affected thing, and that her crinoline set vilely. What did I care for her crinoline? And if that silk, as they said, was bought in St. Paul's Churchyard and would wear greasy, what did I care? My Enid was lovelier than all the world; and as to her faded silk—why, I'd buy her a new one—or she should have it dyed—and so, and so. Mamma—her mamma—she

wore a front; but she was her mamma; and, it was a mighty effort, but I always looked as if I believed in it. Her mamma asked me to call; and I knew most of the managers of the West-end theatres (I hope those gentlemen will forgive me, but they must have been in love with her themselves at some period of their existence), and that I could get orders, and might I bring them to the Pocklintons? [Pocklington was my Rosa Matilda's surname. Feu Pocklington (Mrs. P. was a widow) had been in the Post-office—I never asked what; he might have been a "two-penny" or a "general" for aught I cared.] I might bring the orders. I did. I got them from my old friend Herauncher, who does the theatricals for the *Daily Scariſſer*; and I treated him to uncountable "bitters" at the hostelry where he broke cover. So Rosa Matilda, Mrs. P. and myself went in a cab, I with my back to the horse, of course; but cabs are narrow, and she was opposite; I didn't think the fare from Mornington-place to the Olympic too much.

Oh, my Rosa, "hollow-hearted!" Where, where are the twopences I used to spend on those dear deluding yellow omnibusses, that were always beckoning to me in the Strand, and that would draw me to the Hampstead-road in spite of myself? The conductors must have known my secret—there was a degree of insinuation in the tone in which those Circes in corduroy would utter the familiar cry of "S't'road!" that convinced me they knew my weakness.

"Well, my eighteenth venture seemed to be a fortunate one; Rosa Matilda and I were engaged. Yes; I had said one day in the drawing-room (mamma had a call to make and would I excuse her?)—we were alone—I had said "that the happiness—future life—depended—one word—render—happy or miserable." And Rosa Matilda had said, "Lor, Mr. Strothers! (I forgot to mention, by-the-bye, that my name is Strothers—Christian name, Benjamin—and that has told against me on some occasions). Lor, Mr. Strothers! what can I say to make you happy or miserable?" "What can you say—?" and then, and then—the old, old pitiful, hackneyed, worn-out, new and original, eminently successful farce! the blushes, the smiles, the tears, the little trembling hand, the surprise, and all the shabby old properties thereunto belonging, and I am accepted.

Seventeen performances had, perhaps, taken a little of the freshness out of the said cosmopolitan farce. Seventeen wakings from the same dream made it, perhaps, rather hard to forget that the dream was a dream. Perhaps there was an *arrière pensée* even in that gush of rapture, and I may have thought, I am only playing at being happy after all. But, *carpe diem*, and here is Mrs. Pocklington come home; and "Well, she never!—and of all the surprising things—and Rosey, naughty girl, to be so sly—and how strange that she should never have had the least idea!" And I have not the slightest doubt that this woman and her daughter had talked over me and my prospects, and the advantages of a marriage with me, and the conflicting advantages of that offer of Brown's, and that possible offer of Jones's, with the strong probability that before long Robinson himself might "pop," these hundred times by their bedroom fires during our brief acquaintance. But better, as the poet says, "to have loved and lost!"—better to have been the weakest of fools than to lose the capability of being made a fool of—better the maddest dream earth can give than that sober waking which tells us we can dream no more! So I was, upon the whole, glad that Rosa Matilda accepted me, and I bought her a turquoise ring that afternoon, and I put it upon her finger after tea.

So we were engaged; I had taken a house and furnished it, guided by my future mother-in-law. The day was fixed for our marriage. It was to take place in December. We were now in November; yes, we were in that dreary and suicidal month, when I for the first time heard his name—the name of my unknown and mysterious rival—the name of the being on whom, for some months of my life, I poured the inarticulate anathemas, the concentrated hate of a hitherto peaceful mind. It was in this wise: we had been to the theatre; we had seen a farce; I forget the title, but I know Mr. Buckstone had his coat split up the back and that everybody took everybody for somebody else; so, as I daresay these incidents only occur in one piece, my readers will recognise the dramatic production of which I have forgotten the name. We had been to the theatre and I had returned to the Pocklintons to supper; we had scalloped

oysters—I was helped twice; the bottled ale was peculiarly delicious. Life seemed that night one bright and golden dream. I little knew the Damoclesian sword which was at that moment dangling from the whitewashed medallion in the centre of the ceiling. I little knew that the Thunderer had his bolt in his hand, and was only waiting the most convenient moment for launching that instrument at the devoted head of Benjamin Strothers, of the Inner Temple. I had my fork midway between my plate and my mouth—the moderator lamp was burning brightly—that nightmare of a young woman in a rustic dress was asking that eternal "momentous question" of that Frankenstein of a man in chains on the wall opposite me—the fire was fierce and glowing, a cinder fell out into the fender, I remember (so, in the great epochs of our lives, do the most trivial things impress us!) I wondered whether the housemaid would use that cinder in the morning to light the fire or whether she would throw it on the ash-heap in the back garden—when Mrs. Pocklington remarked, "You are fond of fish, Mr. Strother?" I thought this was a hit at me for having been helped twice; if it was it was mean; for weren't those very oysters part of a barrel of Colchesters of my own presenting?

"You are fond of fish—wasn't Captain Thomas fond of fish, Rosey?"

The sword had dropped—the bolt was launched—the Thunderer put his hands in his pockets, and, I daresay, resumed that little skirmish with the oxeyed about his predilection for late hours and fancy dress—the blow was struck! Captain Thomas!

The reader will naturally observe, "Well, what then? What then! There is nothing in the mere mention of the name of Captain Thomas; there is nothing even in Captain Thomas being fond of fish." But I think there is a great deal in Rosa Matilda's starting up at the mention of that name, putting her handkerchief to her eyes and darting hurriedly from the room.

"Sensitive child!" said Mrs. Pocklington. "It is very odd; but we actually daren't mention his name before her. It was a most extraordinary infatuation!"

Extraordinary infatuation! Now this was pleasant for me, wasn't it?

"And pray, madam," I said, not without some degree of severity, "may I be allowed (I laid a sarcastic stress upon "allowed") to inquire who (another sarcastic stress upon "who," and then I was done up in the way of breath) Captain Thomas may be?"

"Oh," said Mrs. P., "the dearest creature! He was——"

And she didn't say what he was, for at this very moment re-enter Rosa Matilda with red eyes.

"Forgive me, dear Benjamin, for being so silly; I know it's very, very weak and childish; but he loved me so, poor dear, and I—I——" Symptoms of more tears. "I'd had him so long."

She'd had him so long! He couldn't have been—— No; that was too horrible! And, besides, he was a captain—a warrior—a man of mature years—an accepted lover of course—my predecessor in the affections of this false girl and Mrs. P.'s scalloped oysters.

Well, what was to be done? Discard Rosa Matilda and get the upholsterer to take back the furniture at a reduction. Like that dear, volatile hero of M. de Kock's romance, who was always furnishing apartments and always selling his movables and garnitures. No; prudence whispered I should lose by the transaction, and I loved Rosa Matilda. This Captain Thomas, this military or naval commander, as the case might be, was a being of the past. I, I was the conqueror; and when once married to Rosa Matilda, I registered an inward vow, that it should be my care that she should have more substantial causes for red eyes than phantasm Captain Thomases.

So, I let it pass; and I had hot brandy-and-water after supper, and Rosa Matilda had spoonfuls out of my glass, and she burnt my hand with the bowl of the spoon in fascinating playfulness, and we behaved with the infantine simplicity of a pair of turtle doves, to whom sorrow and sighing and Captain Thomases were unknown.

The first time, I have said before, it was in this wise; the second time it was in another wise.

Our house was furnished, and we went one afternoon to look at it. The Brussels was down in the dining-room—the tapestry in the drawing-room. It was Mrs. P.'s taste. I don't be-



"I TURNED OVER THE LEAVES OF HER MUSIC—DELIGHTFUL TASK!"

lieve in sky-blue roses on a primrose ground; but I daresay she did, and she would have the carpet. The Kidderminsters upstairs were the most innocent, gushing, simple-minded patterns you ever saw. They were meant, I believe, to represent grass, but they had the effect of green vermicelli; but didn't they throw up the white curtains, and the white and gold china, and the maple wardrobe with looking-glass doors and china knobs to the drawers! Mrs. P. said the house was a bijou, and that if the two treasures she had recommended to us, as cook and housemaid, only kept it in order, as she would see that they did (I said "Thank you." I made a mental resolve to have no interference from her; but there was no harm in saying "thank you"), we should have the most perfect establishment at the West End. It was Camden Town, but she called it the West End. Well, we were in the drawing-room; we had admired everything—and Rosa Matilda would make me open all the cabinet drawers and all the chiffonier doors; they were stiff and I hurt myself, but we weren't married yet, so of course I couldn't be rude enough to refuse—and we were just going away, when all of a sudden Mrs. P. was struck by the hearth-rug.

"It was so beautifully soft; and those lovely forget-me-nots! (The blue roses were forget-me-nots). Such an exquisite, such a—she might say—poetical idea. It was really like walking on the 'Idylls of the King.' 'It seemed the heaven,' if she might be so bold as to make such a paraphrase, 'upbreathing through the hearth.'"

I said, "Oh, ah; yes, to be sure." I didn't quite know what she was driving at, when Rosa Matilda said, in her most gushing manner—that was the worst of Rosa Matilda, she would gush—

"Oh mamma, mamma! wouldn't Captain Thomas have been happy here?"

Oh, upon my word! I was close to a spring sofa and I sank down on it, aghast. I—I—had furnished this house. I had submitted to, perhaps, such extortion from the most respectable of tradesmen as no man ever before endured. Mrs. P. paid the bills for me; and there was a new sofa, value £12 12s., if a halfpenny, in her drawing-room in Mornington place, that I never quite made out. I had done all this, and now I was told how happy Captain Thomas would have been in this house of my providing. Oh! I am not a man prone to use unconstitutional language, but I said, "Oh!" But, bless you, this was nothing; the Thunderer hadn't done with me yet.

"Yes; wouldn't he?" said that elderly serpent of a mother-in-law, that was to have been, of mine. "This hearthrug,

how he would have loved it! He'd have appreciated it more than you, Mr. Strothers, I know."

"Oh, would he?" This, of course, was a hit at my taste. Captain Thomas would have understood the aesthetics of those blue anomalies; they were as big as breakfast-cups.

"Yes, mamma; for I should have brought him here, you know, poor darling, if we hadn't lost him," said Rosa Matilda. "You shouldn't have kept him all to yourself, I can tell you."

Oh, now! talk of—Well! a rivalry between mother and daughter! Why, in the Roman Empire at its very worst stage of corruption, when Vitellius set the Tiber on fire and played the violin while it was blazing—when Julius Cæsar lighted Athens with burning Calvinists, could there have been anything worse than this?

I said, "Ha! ha!" I was quite beyond words, so I said, "Ha! ha!"

"The dear," she continued—my wife that was to be, continued—(Why, Desdemona bothering Othello about that pocket-handkerchief she wanted him to give to Cassio was nothing to this!—"you would have grown so fond of him, Benjamin!"

"Should I, Benjamin? Oh, I daresay. "No," I said, "no, madam; I will have no Captain Thomases here. I—I—since it's gone so far and since the house is furnished and my new coat come home, we will say no more; but no Thomases here; no, no!"

"You don't like them?" she said; "how very odd!"

"Oh, odd, was it? Well, I had seen a book with a yellow paper cover at Mornington place, a book in a foreign language, and I attributed the evident absence of moral region in the cerebral development of the woman I adored, to a gradual eating away of that department of the brain, from the perusal of books in a foreign language; and I registered another vow, that when married to me, Rosa Matilda should only read those sterling English works of fiction which elevate the moral sense while they develop the intellectual organs.

She should have her modest two-penn'orth from the pure fountains of Fielding and Smollet, the pious inculcations of Jonathan Sterne (connected with the church I know, and I believe an Irish bishop), and not those exciting and poisonous draughts whose spring is in Soho-square and the Burlington Arcade, to say nothing of dear obliging Mr. Jeffs at Brighton, and that darling little shop in Holborn (kept by the most benevolent of his race, M. Rocque, who will let you look at twenty books, and is all grateful politeness if you buy one), at which I deal myself.

"Well; this was the second time of my hearing that hateful name. Now for the third! It was the night before our wedding—I mean it was to have been the night before our wedding. I went to drink tea with my charmer. In the hall I trod into a raised pie; the confectioner's youth had left it on the doormat while he handed the maid the other cates. They were for the wedding breakfast—I mean, they were to have been for the wedding breakfast. It is hard that *les mœurs* condemn one to indigestion on the happiest day of one's life. And then, again, the champagne—and I once had some champagne at a picnic, that—Well, never mind! One's mother-in-law has to pay for the sacrificial feast, that's one comfort.

It was rather a dismal evening than otherwise; the house was suffering from an eruption of sharp-edged boxes, and the effect on one's shins was disagreeable. Rosa-Matilda was low spirited, and burst out crying at the sight of the Britannia metal teapot, saying it was the last time she should ever have tea out of that dear old teapot. Good gracious me! as if I was an

impostor, and had offered to marry her without so much as a teapot—when I'd given ten guineas and a-half for a silver one only a few days before. But, as I said before, that was the worst of Rosa Matilda, there was too much of the "gushing thing" about this Hampstead-road child of nature. I directed the luggage labels for her boxes. We were going to Paris—and I couldn't spell Meurice's Hotel; it was aggravating, and Rosa Matilda cheered up and laughed at me. Altogether, I wasn't sorry when it was time to go away. Mrs. Pocklington squeezed my hand as we parted, and told me there was not another man in England (how did she know? she didn't know all the men in England!) to whom she could have so confidently trusted the happiness of her loved child! She would have said the same words to either Brown, Jones, or Robinson, I knew; but I did my best to look grateful—and so we parted.

The Thunderer was at it again!

I hadn't gone three hundred yards before I suddenly remembered that I didn't remember what time I was to meet them at St. Pancras Church on the following day. It might be at seven in the morning; it might be at four in the afternoon; I must go back and inquire. That housemaid of theirs was, as usual, flirting with the policeman at the garden-gate, consequently the hall-door was open. I passed her and went in; the parlor-door was ajar—and I heard—yes, I heard from the lips of the woman I was going to marry, these passionate exclamations—

"My darling, my darling Thomas! Ums Thomas!" In the whole course of our loves she had never called me Ums Benjamin. Ums was evidently a mysterious expression of endearment, especially consecrate to this military or naval deceiver. "Ums Thomas has come back to ums; ums naughty boy then! There!"

After the "there," there was that peculiar and confused sound, between the whistling of birds in wet weather and the drawing of corks, that one is in the habit of hearing under the mistletoe. She—my "future"—was kissing Captain Thomas, or Captain Thomas was kissing her; it didn't much matter which. Ruin either way!

There was an umbrella-stand in the hall. I retreated into the shadow thereof as Rosa Matilda rushed out of the room.

"Mamma!" she called at the foot of the stairs; "Mamma, would you believe it—he's come back! The captain! He came in at the back bed-room window."

Back bed-room window! Pretty goings on! I saw it in perspective in the Sunday papers, headed "Frightful depravity in the Hampstead-road!"

"He's so thin, mamma; oh, so thin! I'm sure he's been shut up somewhere!"

The profligate! In prison for debt, I daresay. The Bench or Whitecross-street.

"And his whiskers, mamma, his dear whiskers are grown at least an inch longer; and then she bounded into the parlor again; and the bird-whistling and the cork-drawing began again.

"And um darling Thomas will never, never, never leave his Rosey again—will he?"

And really now, what made the conduct of this young woman seem more than ordinarily culpable was, that all the affection appeared to be on her side, for not one word had this apathetic naval or military commander uttered the whole time.

Well, I think I'd heard enough! Now, don't you think I'd heard enough? So I went quietly out of the house and home to my chambers, where I packed a carpet-bag, took a cab, and left London by the mail-train for Dover, thence to Paris, whence I was recalled by a letter from Mrs. Pocklington's solicitor.

I am not a raving maniac or a jabbering idiot, and my hair did not turn white in a single night as it might have done.

There was an action for breach of promise of marriage, and I had to pay

£1,000 damages. Captain Thomas was a very handsome Black Cat, which Rosa Matilda had been attached to from his kittenhood!

I offered, I offered! nay, I implored her to marry me and forget the past; but she wouldn't; and she has since married Robinson; and my £1,000, no doubt, has furnished that elegant little house of theirs in the Regent's Park, at the drawing-room window of which, I saw, on passing, the other day, basking in the sun, my old and bitterest enemy, Captain Thomas.

OUR COTTAGE NEAR LIMERICK.

BY R. H. ADDISON.

My father-in-law had asked me most cordially to pass a few days with him in his suburban residence. So on my arrival from Dublin I ordered my hired car to drive me out to Rathran; and here I arrived at about eight o'clock P. M. one fine evening in the month of September. The air was chilly; the light was fast declining; I was tired and jolted to death by the bad roads I had traversed. No wonder, then, that I hailed with joy the father of my wife, who, sitting before a blazing fire, was making steady inroads into a cooper of Sneyd's best claret. As I entered I suddenly imagined I had never seen a more perfect picture. Major Vokes was a good-looking, intelligent fellow, and his countenance—like a frontispiece—bespoke his many good qualities. But there was a *bonhomme* in his smile, as he pronounced the "*Caid mille faltha*," which at once warmed the heart and guaranteed the welcome he professed.

For about half an hour we chatted cosily beside the enlivening flame, and arrived at that stage of perfect contentment when men least wish to be disturbed. In a word, we sat in that perfect tranquillity and bodily repose which only Englishmen know—and they only—when, with their handkerchiefs over their knees, they sip cool claret before a burning fire. At least it used to be so. On a sudden Vokes started, jumped up and rang the bell.

"You will excuse me? The fact is I have an important witness to examine. Will you pardon my leaving you, or shall I have him in here?"

"In here, by all means."

"Send Michy O'Hoolighan in," said he to the servant who entered.

The servitor disappeared, and in a few moments one of the



"WHERE DID YOU DROP THIS KNIFE?"

most extraordinary men I ever saw entered. He was short, ill-clothed and lame. His head was out of proportion and his face decidedly plain; but he threw out bright glances from his eyes—so bright, so intelligent, that it was impossible to doubt his talent, while the sneering leer which often accompanied these looks made one naturally shrink in terror from him.

He now shuffled into the room and stood sheepishly awaiting the order of Major Vokes.

"Well, Michy, my boy, are you ready to sail for America?"

"Sure you know that I am that same."

"There's a fine ship of Spaight's sailing on Monday."

"Oh, sure, it's I that know it, and hope your honor'll send Biddy and I in it. But they tell me young Moore is going in her; and if so, I can't; for sure it was his father I hanged when I turned approver. Sometimes I think I was wrong—"

"Don't make an *omadthavn* of yourself. Here, take a glass of poteen. Sure, you're better now? Ay, I thought so. Now, tell me what you've got from the girl?"

"May I spake?" and he leered knowingly at me.

"Go on," said the major. "It's all right; it's my son-in-law. There, sit down and tell me all about it, and divil a lie; for, by the cross, if you tell me a lie you'll never see Ameriky."

I closely observed that as Vokes wished to gain confidence he increased his Irish accent.

"Is it me — glory be to her soul! — is it me would tell your honor a lie? God speed your honor! Do you think that I'd turn upon the man who saved my life and has fed me ever since? Not I. The heavens forbid. But, to tell you the truth, I couldn't get spache of Biddy M'Grath to-day. I've not been very well, and I've scarcely left the guard-room."

"O, then you've not been out all day?"

"Not I, fait."

"Michy, Michy," said Vokes, shaking his head and smiling, "you're a bad boy, I fear; you would deceive me?"

"Not I, nor the likes of me. I'll swear on the Book I've not stirred beyond the walls."

"Where did you drop this knife, you roofer? Nay, don't tremble and start. I know all. You met Biddy in the back garden, and she gave you the note which you have in your right-hand pocket. Yes! it's there. Don't shake and lie any further. It comes from Father Anthony, and desires you not to betray the girl. You need tell me nothing."

Down went Michy on his knees, pale with fright. I began to fidget; and I verily do believe I shared at that moment the general belief that Vokes obtained his information from some infernal source.

"Oh, your honor's glory, don't be hard on a poor boy."

The fellow was fifty years old; but they all style themselves boys in Ireland.

"Stand up, you *bosthoon*, and if you don't tell me the whole truth, by my soul — and you know I don't swear false — you shall see the inside of the county jail before two hours are over. It's not a traitor I'd nurse in my own house. Sergeant Ready (in a moment the sergeant appeared), take Michy out and bring Paddy Malone in. He'll tell us the truth. So good evening, Michy O'Hoolighan."

In a moment the wretch seemed to recover. He sprang to his feet, and roared, rather than spoke:

"Is Paddy Malone here? Oh, then it's all up! Oh, then, Major, it's not Paddy you shall trate with. By the soul of my mother I'll tell you the truth—I'll tell you all. But don't let Paddy turn approver! Oh, now, major, *agra*, you'll listen to me, won't you?" and his voice assumed the tones of supplication.

"Well, we'll see; sit down again. Stand behind him, Sergeant Ready, and if I nod, take him off and bring Malone. Harry, my boy, take a glass of claret. Now, Michy, begin."

Michy fidgetted for a time and then slowly spoke.

"Sure I happened to be strolling down the back garden, and quite by accident I met Biddy M'Grath."

"That's false; you went by appointment;" and Vokes nodded to the sergeant.

"Come along, Michy," said the policeman.

"Arrah, not so; I knew I was lying—your honor's right. Only let me stay and I'll spake as I would to my clargy. (Vokes nodded). Well, then, you see I met Biddy in the lower summer-house and she told me all. It was her brother—you recollect Jerry, major? Well, it was Jerry who held the cow-

keeper down while Biddy and her mother finished him with hurley-sticks."

"And how could Jerry hold him down so easily?"

"Sure he gave him lashions to drink; and then he took him into the Linnie and made him a nice straw bed; and when he was fast asleep, Jerry stole in and stunned him with a big stone afore the women set-to, and they finished him entirely; for when the body was found in the river—it was two days before it could be recognised—the head was so nicely mashed up; and even your honor—great glory to you!—would never have 'identified him, hadn't you found the process paper in his pocket; and then you knew who it was."

"Well, I knew all you told me before from Malone. So no thanks to you. Malone it was carried the body down to the river. He'll make a good witness."

"Arrah, your honor, then, wouldn't take that thief's word before mine. Sure, I've a right to the reward. Wasn't it I that cajoled Biddy to come here? and isn't it I that tould her you'd do her no harm? and ain't she ready to swear that the Macmahons did it? and ain't she plased with the kind way she's treated? and if I did not tell you at once, wasn't it of fear of Father Anthony? and sure I'd not have tould you now, only as Paddy Malone is here, it's all over; and I claim to be approver."

"Does Biddy know that you communicate with me?"

"Not at all. She believes I'm kept here to keep me from the O'Kellys, against whom I swore."

"That will do."

Vokes nodded, and the witness was led out of the room.

"There goes the greatest villain in Ireland. I'll try a glass of toddy. The fellow makes me sick."

"Who and what is he?"

"He is what we call an approver. Without such means we could never succeed in obtaining information in Ireland. The history of the fellow is simply this: He and his foster father were taken up for burning an old woman in her cottage and strangling a poor child that endeavored to escape. The case was clear, but we had no direct evidence. I sent for Michy; I treated him as an agent and never pretended to suspect him. I gave him every luxury. One fine day I committed him to the jail and desired him to be rigorously treated. I affected to have heard some details, and accused him direct of the murder. The charge was too startling for him. He believed I had evidence to convict him. He at once turned approver (or king's evidence as you call it in England), and on his testimony, corroborated by less important witnesses, his foster father was hanged. Since then he has wormed himself into the confidence of several ruffians and betrayed them. He has joined conspiracies and enabled me to crush them. Michy is a good tool in his way."

"And can you sleep beneath the roof with such a villain? I strongly suspect he'd have even thrown you over if you hadn't got hold of his partner in crime, this Paddy Malone."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Vokes; "come, that's good. Why, Paddy is safe in New York. He escaped me."

"He's not here, then?"

"Not a bit; I only wish he was. I merely hinted at it to make Michy let out the truth. But the little rascal is getting so false that I'll send him off, after the assizes, to America. He can't remain safely in this country. If unguarded, his life would not be worth four-and-twenty hours' purchase. So he's bound hand and foot to serve the government, who will now, probably, give him some twenty pounds and a free passage to New York. I confess he'll be a loss to me. But now you shall see another sort of individual. Sergeant Reedy, bring in Biddy M'Grath;" and in a few moments his orders were obeyed.

The girl who now entered was one of the loveliest specimens of Irish beauty. She was neatly, almost coquettishly dressed. Her brown hair flowed down her back, and as she bobbed a curtsy to the major, I really thought I had never beheld anything so enchanting as her smile—so full of truth and innocence.

"Come in, *ma colyeen*; come near the fire and tell us, have you any news of Paddy Malone? (I started.) I've made every inquiry, and I think he may be in Dublin. We'll want his evidence to convict the Macmahons. They'll never be found guilty without more witnesses."

"Sure, major, I'm here; and I saw them dragging the body across our field as clear as I see you."

"But your evidence must be supported, and Paddy cannot be found. Take a glass of toddy, you look cold! By-the-bye, have you not a mother? Where is she?"

"It's myself don't know; I think she's gone to England."

"That's a pity; for, you see, it's no use taking up these Macmahons; they'd get off without a second witness. So, Biddy agra, you can go back to-morrow, and I'll institute fresh inquiries myself."

"God be good to us—you wouldn't think any one else done it?"

"Well, I don't know. I'll go to Rathkeale myself and inquire into it."

The girl turned deadly pale; the major listlessly sipped his grog.

"Good-night, a coushla," and he made a sign to dismiss her. She lingered.

"Stay, major. Sure, as your honor says, my mother was with me, and so was my brother, when we saw the Macmahons dragging the murdered man across the field."

"Well, but where are they?" suddenly demanded Vokes.

"At the cross-roads in Cratloe Wood!" replied the girl, who the next moment seemed bitterly to repent her candor, and would have withdrawn her statement. She again and again declared she had made a mistake, and the major apparently believed her. Sergeant Reedy rose and conducted her out.

"What a lovely creature!" I involuntarily ejaculated. "How young and innocent! Surely she cannot have offended?"

"Listen! That girl, her brother, and her mother, committed the most frightful murder, only a few weeks ago, that ever disgraced Munster. This was one of the girls whom Michy told you, just now, battered out the brains of a poor process-server with hurley, or (as you call them) hocky-sticks. By-the-bye, I've left the identical sticks in your bed-room; see that they are not touched, for there is a portion of the brains and hair of the victim still sticking to them; they will be produced in evidence. This girl was the most savage of the party, and even struck the face of the corpse when about to be thrown into the water to prevent its recognition. She now wants to accuse some neighbors, who have deeply offended her, of the crime, and hopes to see them executed. But she's quite mistaken. After her confession to Michy there'll be no difficulty in getting her to turn round; so I think now the case is complete. But I see you are tired."

He rang the bell. "Take a light into my son-in-law's room, and send in Corporal Vesey." That functionary arrived.

"Take four mounted men; manage to arrive about two o'clock in the morning at the cottage near the cross-roads in Cratloe Wood. Bring Matty M'Grath and his mother. Don't let 'em speak to each other; and lodge them jail, with orders to keep them 'solitary' till I see them in the morning. Be off!" and away went the corporal.

I now sought my bed-room, and found the major's English valet waiting for me. From him I learned that the "gentle murderess" slept in the next room, and that Michy had a room to himself over the kitchen; half-a-dozen other witnesses, generally speaking, murderers, slept over the guard-room—for so was the wash-house called—where four policemen sat up all night, as the cottage would probably be some night attacked. There was a recently-mended hole in my shutter through which a ball had been fired (for I must tell you the whole cottage was on the ground-floor, bungalow fashion), and in the corner I beheld the hocky-sticks made use of to destroy a human being.

Shall I say how I slept? and when I slept what dreams I dreamt? No. Suffice it to say, I never spent a less pleasant night, and that I unhesitatingly refused to prolong my stay, though earnestly pressed to do so by the hospitable major, at breakfast next morning.

After the meal, I drove back to Limerick, while Vokes went to examine his newly arrived friends in the county jail.

A STORY OF THE VOLUNTEER BALL.

"AFFORD it? Certainly we can; why not, Clary? It is only once in a way."

"Well, I don't know, Frank; we did say we would run into no extra expense till every bit of this furniture was paid for," I replied, doubtfully, looking round the comfortable room where we were then sitting at breakfast.

"Nonsense; you know two-thirds are paid already, thanks to Aunt Sarah's legacy; and as to the rest—why, a little money spent on this ball won't make much difference one way or the other. It isn't often we indulge in dissipation, Clary; and you can't deny that you're longing to go; I can see that by your eyes."

Frank was right there; I did long to go.

"Besides," he went on, pulling up his shirt-collar as he spoke, "I really think it might be a wise thing with regard to my profession; one never knows whom one may meet at such places; an introduction or two turns up a little fortune sometimes. You remember how old Mr. Amyott got commissions for two of his sons, and all through being introduced to the Duke of Wellington at a public dinner."

"Oh dear, yes, Frank; I know that story by heart. I do wish the old gentleman wouldn't tell it quite so often. He actually stuttered and spluttered over it to me three-quarters of an hour at least at the Chawnders's party last Thursday."

Frank laughed.

"Ah, he's a sad bore and he sees by your face you'll be good-natured enough to listen to him. He doesn't bestow his stories on Mrs. Chawnders; she'd cut him short in a couple of minutes, I fancy. Did you hear her say if she were going, Clary? Of course she is, though!"

Mrs. Chawley Chawnders—I give the full name; it would be like calling the Queen plain Victoria to speak of her simply as Mrs. Chawnders. Mrs. Chawley Chawnders, then, is our next-door neighbor. She lives in the centre house; much higher and larger it is in every way than the others. The Chawnderses are the only "carriage people" in our terrace, except the doctor at the corner, and his professional brougham goes for nothing. To us alone, among all the householders of Rosemeath Terrace, does the stately Mrs. Chawley Chawnders extend the golden sceptre of her acquaintance—a distinction we owe to some sort of distant relationship existing between her husband and mine. We are proud of being on her visiting list; not at all sorry are we that those nice, friendly Joneses—the Joneses are our neighbors on the left hand—should see Mrs. Chawnders lay two of her gloved fingers into mine when we come out of church together on Sunday morning. Frank and I are the "miserable sinners" in the pew next to hers; and I think this was the reason, though I am not quite sure about it, why my last winter's bonnet could not be made to do duty this, as I had resolved it should.

"Yes, she is going; she said so last Thursday. Arthur comes up from Oxford to accompany them; he has joined the University Rifle Corps."

"I wonder his father let him do that; it's rather an expensive thing, and Arthur's always complaining that the governor screws him horribly. Just fancy Arthur Chawnders in knickerbockers! won't he be a sight to see, Clary? But bless me!" exclaimed Frank, starting up and gulping down his coffee, "isn't that clock striking the half-hour? Yes, half-past nine I declare, and I must get down before ten to-day."

Ten minutes more and I had seen him off by the omnibus. I sat down by the fire, trying to solve this knotty question—Could we afford it—were we justified in going to this ball? Shall I explain our circumstances and leave you to decide it for me?

Just a year now it is since Frank Paget and I married, with a great deal of love and not very much money between us; our friends on both sides shook their heads over the match and said we ought to have waited ten years longer, and bestowed upon us a few presents, seasoned with abundance of valuable advice and warnings of all sorts. Their prophecies of pinching and poverty don't seem likely to be fulfilled, I am thankful to say; nor, on the other hand, are our dreams of unparalleled success in the way to be speedily realized. Dear Frank is a barrister

NICE CASTOR OIL.—One drop of the essence of bitter almonds will communicate an agreeable taste or smell to an ounce of the castor oil of commerce, and will not at all affect its medicinal action. Persons taking this medicine should order it to be thus flavored.

and clever, oh, so clever in his profession! Of one thing I am sure; if briefs don't come in as fast as we should like it isn't any fault of his. As for me, I try to do my best at home; here are my accounts, kept to a halfpenny; Mrs. Babbage herself couldn't be more exact. I curtail expenditure and look well to my two servants. But housekeeping is sadly expensive in London; meat ever so much dearer than it was down in Dorsetshire, where I was born and bred; and all provisions dear in proportion. Well, but this ball, surely we can manage it. So fond of dancing, too, as I am; and all my life long I have only been to three balls, beside private parties. And this, why it would be the grandest affair ever known. Everybody was talking about it last Thursday, everybody was going; surely we can afford it. The Queen herself would be there, and the Prince of Wales in full uniform—so Mrs. Dacre had said; and wasn't she likely to know, with Mr. Dacre in the Red Tape Office?—then nobility, of course, without end. Frank was right, too, about introductions. Yes, we must afford it; my plain duty as his wife was to encourage him to take me. Among all the dukes and lords there some one must notice Frank, so handsome, so *distingué* as he certainly was. Dear me, suppose he should get a government appointment through going?—stranger things happen every day. Well, one thing, come what might, Frank would never bore his friends with stories about the "Dook," like that poor old Mr. Amyott.

And there I found myself walking up and down the room without knowing it, engaged in building all sorts of castles in the air, founded every one of them upon that thousand a year, which, in my opinion, such talent as Frank's certainly ought to bring him in.

A knock at the door. Enter cook, for what she calls "horders"—not the first time cook has demolished her mistress's *chateaux en Espagne*. I dive into the lower regions, give a dragon's glance at the cold leg of mutton, order the veal to be minced, and decide for roly-poly pudding in preference to spotted-dick. Then I return, take up my sewing and the thread of my thoughts at the same time. It need not cost so very much; our tickets two guineas; the hire of the brougham—well, we could afford that. Then how about dress? Frank would want nothing hardly, he had said at breakfast—a new tie, perhaps a new waistcoat; and I, why shouldn't I wear my wedding-dress? I had not worn it much, and it looked as fresh as new; white lace over white silk, white roses in my hair. What could be prettier? and it would cost nothing. Oh, yes; I was sure we could very well afford to go.

My husband came home in high spirits to dinner that day.

"Wish me luck, Clary," he cried, taking me round the waist. "My dear girl, I'm retained in that great will case, 'Grubb *versus* Drubb'; the junior counsel is taken ill and they've given me the brief."

Six months back, most likely I should have asked what the great case was; but I'm wiser now. I don't like to make Frank look—"Women never do know anything"—so I just said,

"Ah, that great case, 'Grubb *versus* Drubb.' How glad I am, dear! Will it bring you in much?"

"Some money, and reputation more, I hope—more reputation," he repeated, poking up the fire till it blazed again. "But I must work hard to get the case well up. I am late in the field."

"No going to the Floral Hall then," I thought to myself; and most heartily do I wish—but, 'let us not anticipate,' as the novelists say. However, as soon as Emma had taken the dinner-things and herself fairly away, Frank said,

"Well, Clary, I've written for the tickets. Rodgers told me there was no time to be lost; and now, what are you going to wear?"

"What do you think of my blue silk, or don't you think my wedding-dress?" I began.

Frank stopped me.

"It won't do. I saw Mrs. Chawnders this morning; she was wonderfully gracious, asked if we were going, and arranged for us to join her party. Why, Clary, she's seen you over and over again in those gowns, both of them."

"Well, there's that pretty mauve I've hardly worn."

"Pretty, indeed! don't talk of that, Clary, for goodness' sake. You know I can't bear to see you in it—the ugliest,

most unbecoming fright. I should uncommonly like to send it after this bad walnut," said Frank, throwing the one he had just cracked into the middle of the fire. "You must have something new and pretty too, dear. I can give my wife a nice dress now that I've got that brief."

"I sat playing silently with my rings. I did not like, and yet I did like exceedingly, this idea of a new dress, if you can understand that. But then, well-dressed I certainly must be, if we went with the Chawnders; and if we did, the expense of the brougham would be spared."

Frank laughed when I told him.

"Save the brougham—nothing of the sort," he said. "Her two nieces will be there, besides Adelaide, and their carriage will be quite full. We're to meet at the Floral Hall—that's all she means. Now, good-bye, Clary; I've brought a bundle of papers home with me and must look them over in the study. Tell me what you've fixed on for your dress at tea."

And Frank went off humming an opera air.

Not at all a good hand am I at making a long story out of a short one; it will be quite enough for mine to say that during the ten days which passed between this conversation and the grand ball, every one of them heightened my expectation of what this positively was to be in itself, and of all it must most assuredly bring forth.

The great evening came at last, and I went upstairs after dinner in a flutter of eagerness. There lay my whole toilet displayed; the ample skirt of the dress covering the bed and hanging down nearly to the ground on both sides—and a lovely silk it was—silver gray and white, looped up, and trimmed with the most beautiful flowers. Madame Stoube, the court-dress-maker—she calls herself Stoube and pretends to speak broken English; but she is Irish and her name is Stubbs. Madame Stoube, I say, wouldn't hear of my wearing any other flowers in my hair than the wreath she insisted on sending to match the dress. All was in perfect taste—the gloves from Jouvin, a pair of the prettiest slippers from Patterson's; and there, on the dressing-table, if there wasn't the sweetest bouquet and a darling Paris fan! Frank had bought them as a surprise for me.

Why had I set my heart on looking my very best at this grand ball? Listen, and I will tell you. You, my lady readers, will be able to enter into my feelings, some of you at least. A strong-minded woman will no doubt think me a fool for my pains. Little used as I had been to London ways and London manners, I had often and often found myself at fault since my marriage. For instance, there was our next door neighbor, five-and-twenty years my senior if she was a day, and—it will out—could never at any time have boasted quite so good a set of features and complexion as somebody else. Then how came it to pass that she did—there could be no denying that—she really did make a far more striking appearance at an evening party than that somebody before-mentioned? Why am I conscious of being insignificant in her presence? Why should I feel as if my arms were thin and my hands red? as if my dress fitted ill, and was badly put on? Why do I find no talk in the world beyond a few commonplaces about the weather, and such like? Ah! I am afraid of Mrs. Chawley Chawnders! I am afraid of those keen, worldly eyes, which never overlook an advantage for their owner, nor a defect in any other person. I shrink when she sweeps up to me, with that manner of hers, which I can put into such good English as this: "Now, I must say something civil, I suppose, to this little stupid country girl, whom Frank Paget was such a fool as to fall in love with, when he might have done so much better!"

Does the woman fancy that I don't know how hard she tried to catch him for Adelaide Chawnders? Ah! I can understand what she means, when she is talking away before him of the value of connections, and all that sort of thing. I know how dearly she would love to make Frank believe that everybody wonders what he could see in me to take his fancy.

Now this one night I would meet my formidable acquaintance on her own ground, and would neither be outdone nor despised by her. Emma had learned, from Fripps the lady's-maid next door, that on very grand occasions a certain Madame Cosmetique "arranged" (as she called it) her mistress. Madame Cosmetique came in a "cab, with a world of little bottles," said Fripps—"things that made the skin as soft as

silk, and as white as curds and cream." She did hair, and fixed a head-dress, as nobody else in the world could, and had ways and means of making "the hawfullest fright as hever was look beautiful!"

I listened to Emma's report, and took my measures accordingly. At a little past seven Madame Cosmetique was ushered into my dressing-room, bottles and all. Something very much like a physician's fee—ashamed am I to say it—jingled in the Frenchwoman's hand when she took her leave, with a profusion of compliments, an hour and a half afterwards. Then I saw myself full-length in the plate-glass of my wardrobe door, and could hardly believe the image my own. I had never claimed pretensions to beauty. A clear complexion, blue loving eyes, and gentle manners—these were all my charms; but to-night I had blossomed, under Madame Cosmetique's wonder-working fingers, into something quite beyond myself—far prettier than Adelaide Chawnders; really almost as imposing as her stately mother; and then so much younger, so much fresher! All magic for brightening the eyes and adding color to the cheek I had been wise enough to decline—nor indeed was it needed; the pleasurable excitement sufficed amply for that purpose.

But my hair—Frank swore it was pale gold in our courting days; I don't remember to have heard him say so since; it is certainly too dull a shade for gold. How, then, had Madame Cosmetique contrived to brighten it up, and spread it out into all those ripply golden waves and braids? The *tournure* was faultless, the dress perfection—so at least my delighted husband pronounced. I was hooped and crinolined to an alarming extent; but nobody would suppose so. It only seemed as if the sweeping folds of the rich silk stood out naturally of their own accord. Depend upon it, it isn't fine feathers, after all, that make one birds, half so much as the skill with which the feathers are plumed and primed. How charming that survey of oneself in the glass! how pleasant to hear Emma whisper cook on the stairs that, "If hever hanybody looked like a hangel, 'tis what missus do now!" And, oh happiness beyond everything, to watch that expression on Frank's face, and know that he is proud of his little country wife! And, if the mere prelude were so delightful, what would not the ball itself be?

The fates seemed to be in their best possible humor that evening; our brougham was clean inside and handsome out—a much better one, we agreed, than Dr. Scott's. The driver, too, had quite an old family-coachman air. We set off in high spirits, Frank kindly consenting to be quite extinguished under my dress, which filled up the whole carriage, and had to be coaxed a good deal before the door could be shut.

Off we drove. While I drew my white opera-cloak, with its gold shawl-pattern border, gently round me, why did the opening sentence of a chapter in the fashionable novel, sent from Mudie's yesterday, come so vividly to my mind? "As Ethelberta Dilammaretta entered the ball-room, on the arm of Sir Hildebrand de Luncy, a buzz of admiration ran through that brilliant assembly." This, again, melted into a paragraph, still to be penned in the "Belgravian Butterfly"—"Among the many truly elegant and *recherchée toilettes-de-bal*, we remarked one certainly made *pour ravir*—the robe à la Grecque," &c., &c., and etcetera.

These literary trifles, and an imaginary *tableau vivant* of a grand triumph over Mrs. Chawley Chawnders, served to beguile the way and keep out the cold. We reached Long Acre by a quarter to ten; Sir Hilde—Frank, I mean—was explaining to me how clever he had been to devise a short cut, whereby we should escape delay from other carriages, and get into the hall at once, when our progress was stopped within sight of our destination by a troop of policemen, who shouted our driver to take his right place at the end of an immense string of carriages, which stretched away into the darkness.

"Where?" asked the man, bewildered, as well he might be.

"Move on; you stop the way!"

"Toorn round, mon!"

"Ye'll jest go to the tall, afther the others!" vociferated the rose, the thistle and the shamrock of the police force.

Our driver had no resource but to do as he was bid, and in due time we were comfortably and firmly wedged in somewhere close to the Duke of York's column. There we remained nearly half an hour. It was dreadfully cold, the east wind blew

straight through the brougham; my tooth began to ache, and Madame Cosmetique had solemnly forbidden me to put anything on my head: "*Pas même un mouchoir*," had been her parting injunction. Where we went to, when the string began to move, at a snail's pace, I don't know. Frank, who had got into a downright temper with Sir Richard Mayne, his regulations and his subordinates, declared that we had made the tour of the whole West End. Past twelve it was when we were fairly set down at the vestibule of the Italian Opera. And then that fearful crush—I shall never forget it as long as I have to live. How I wished myself safe at home; that we had never come; that I could only get back again. But on I was propelled, expecting every moment to be dragged down by the crowd. I lost my bouquet and my presence of mind at the onset; felt the feet trample, trample on my beautiful dress all the way through the theatre. It was torn out at the gathers; and some volunteer just before me had sent a Lincoln-green elbow straight through my fan. My right shoe was dragged off just at the entrance to the hall; at the same moment I was swept away from Frank, and—oh, Ethelberta Dilammaretta! did you ever enter a ball-room squeezed flat as a pancake between two aldermen?

Most thankful was I to recover my husband, from whom, five minutes before, I had thought myself as effectually separated as by the divorce court. Now we were really in the hall, it was the grandest sight of the kind I had ever seen. A ball was not the word for it; how could that little round monosyllable give the faintest idea of such a monster assembly? The University Rifle Corps, both Oxford and Cambridge, should have laid their heads together, and coined some Greek polysyllable for the nonce, twice as long as Aldibarantioskiphorniostikos. Gas stars and wreaths blazed like living diamonds overhead; and roses, roses, roses everywhere—the royal flower and the royal gem. But only one poor ha'porth of laurel to all those roses—not a leaf apiece for those warriors underneath; was it meant as a satire I wonder? A brave show their uniforms of every cut and color made, mixed up with thousands of beautiful women, looking, every one of them, as if fresh from the hands of Madame Cosmetique. A grand sight indeed, if it could have been enjoyed in comfort; but when eight thousand tickets are issued for a place which holds elbow-room for about one half that number, what can people expect? As to recognising friends and acquaintances in that immense sea of human faces, the search for a needle in a haystack would have been hopeful in comparison. Dancing was quite out of the question, even if I had had both shoes on my feet. I turned sick and giddy, and was thankful to be deposited in the corner of an opera box. Frank brought me some biscuits and tea—half of the latter had spilt down his shirt front *en route*. After that I begged him to find his way to the supper-room. He demurred at leaving me at first, but I don't think he was sorry to have his objections overruled; and though my pleasure was spoiled, it really would have been unreasonable to keep him from enjoying as much as he could of the ball.

I don't wish to make the time I was left to myself drag on quite as heavily to my readers as it did with me; so I will not describe at full length how I examined my dress, and mourned over the serious damage done to it; how I recalled all my expectations, my little vanities and ambitions, and found myself looking remarkably foolish in my own eyes; how, sitting there, I digested a much more effectual lesson upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world than I had ever learned from my catechism; how the heavy air, the din, the buzz, the confused and restless crowd, the faint smell of scents, fading flowers and musk all combined to give me a dreadful headache. Then I envied stout, elderly Mrs. Brown, who had gone off to sleep in the other corner of the box five minutes after we had entered it together, and was now snoring away as only stout elderly ladies can snore. So very friendly I had thought it of that kind Mrs. Brown, with whom our acquaintance was but slight; and yet, good old soul, she would insist on making Miss Brown over to be dragonized by Mrs. Smith with her two daughters. "Stay with dear Mrs. Paget she must," so she said, while Mr. Paget went to take his supper; and I do believe it was for nothing in the world but that she might go to sleep without interruption after hers. By-and-bye I began to wonder what had become of Frank; had he forgotten me—could anything

have happened to him? All sorts of terrors took possession of my mind—floors giving way, roofs falling in, stairs tumbling to pieces—every accident I had heard of as happening in any public place came fresh to my memory. I looked at the gas which beaded the cornices, the blazing stars and the chandeliers, till I felt as if the whole building must burst into flames every moment. In short, I had worked myself up to the last pitch of nervous wretchedness, and enjoyed an olla-podrida of imaginary horrors.

Long enough it was before I saw anything of Frank, and then who should be with him but that odious billiard-playing Frenchman, M. le Comte—he calls himself—*De Mauvais-sujet*, whose acquaintance my husband dropped on our marriage. M. le Comte slipped away somewhere, and Frank came into the box with a long story of the immense difficulty of finding the supper-room, and how he spent half his time in looking for it and the other half in getting back to me again. The men declare that we always have an excuse ready at our fingers' ends: pray are the lords of creation ever at a loss for one themselves?

Frank had picked up a strange shoe, not mine, but still I could get it on; so he proposed we should join the promenade, because, as he said, it really was stupid to come to the ball and then spend one's whole time in an opera-box. Next to going home, which I was longing to do with all my heart, I should have liked to stay where I was; but his remark set me thinking of what Mrs. Chawnders would say if I did, and the thought reminded me to ask Frank if he had seen anything of her or her party.

"Seen her!" he repeated, speaking through his teeth, as he does when he is very angry; "yes I have, the old fox! She pretended not to see me though, and I've found out the reason. Arthur brought up a Christ-Church man—a baronet or something of that kind—unexpectedly yesterday; and she's not only got him in her party but contrived to hook herself on Lady Apthorpe; so she has taken on all sorts of airs, and we shan't be good enough to speak to to-night."

I made no reply. Surely every vexation, small and great, was to be heaped on my devoted head at this unlucky ball. By this time Mrs. Brown had come wide awake, and was shaking herself.

"I really think I must have taken a five-minutes' nap," she said.

Five minutes indeed! the old lady had been sound as a rock the whole time.

After we had had some refreshment at the stage I felt much better, really equal to promenading the ball. We fell in with several people we knew, my spirits rose, and I began quite to enjoy laughing and talking with my fellow-creatures. But I was struck dumb on a sudden—dumb as if I had come face to face with the gorgon. And so I had, with my gorgon at least, in the shape of a lady throned on a settee—a stately personage, upright as a dart, by her side—Lady Apthorpe, I suppose. Mrs. Chawnders' eye was full upon me. Men may be cruel in their way, but they can't put all the tortures of the Inquisition into a glance or a tone, as one woman can when she looks or speaks to another. It is a refinement, a quintessence of malignity which belongs to our sex alone; and just then I was made to feel all its power. All the magnetism of dislike and scorn—for these feelings have their magnetism no less than love—was upon me. I quailed before the glance I could not meet; the haughty, careless contempt; the sneer at my crushed and crumpled dress. At any other time it might have roused what share of spirit nature bestowed upon me; to-night, weary, jaded, disappointed as I was, I shivered as if under a shower-bath of cold water. Oh, provoking! my cheek would flush crimson, my eyes would swim with tears, and I knew that she saw it. A great deal too wise had our neighbor been to come to the ball in a new silk. She wore that old velvet Frank profanely calls "scrub," and with which she honored us at the last party we gave. But who notices the skirt of a dress in such a crush? And she had a magnificent something, scarlet and gold, floating about her shoulders; her hair, raven-black, lustrous and profuse far beyond mine, was bound with a queenly tiara. Colder, handsomer, more grand and more worldly-looking than ever, did Mrs. Chawley Chawnders show at the Volunteer Ball.

We were so close that it was impossible not to notice us.

She bestowed on me the slightest little nod (more a toss of the head than a recognition), rose, fairly turned her back, and, taking up her glass, surveyed the hall with the air of an admiral sweeping round the horizon with his telescope. Just then two of the volunteer guards brushed past her—one on each side. May the shadows of those gigantic warriors never grow less! If somebody over the water should ever cross it with hostile intentions, may they—and they only—have the glory of catching him alive! I have firm faith that they would. I believe it to be the special mission of those twin sons of Anak to humble overweening pride and tyranny. Past they brushed. Whether it was their swords or their epaulettes or their elbows I cannot say; I know only that there was a slight clicking, as if springs had given way; that on the moment braids, bandellettes, gold tiara and all had disappeared; and there stood Mrs. Chawley Chawnders, conspicuous enough, with a poll-parrotty head, thatched with short gray hair; her complexion changed (as a dark skin will do on any sudden shock) to a greenish hue, made still more ghastly by the rose upon the cheek—that did not fade. Had it been planted there by Madame Cosmétique? There was a buzz of astonishment, if not admiration, in that brilliant assembly; the band struck up with "*Satanella*;" ladies were tittering behind their fans; some gentlemen deserved the name so little as to laugh outright; others—Frank among the number—looked as grave as the judge I hope to see him some day.

My story, such as it is, has been told honestly enough. I have not spared myself and my reader a single weakness. Indeed it is the easiest thing in the world to cry *Peccavi* in the pages of a magazine before a noble army of readers; but my frankness, like your patience, has its limits. Had I the gift of word-painting, and could conjure up visibly before you the pale face and the dreary dragged figure which greeted me in the glass when I returned home, I could not find in my heart to do so. For more than a week afterwards I was kept to the house by the dreadful cold I had caught, and had plenty of leisure to discover spots from ice and coffee spilt over my pretty new dress, to moralize upon the hole made in our quarter's income by an outlay from which we reaped neither pleasure nor profit, and finally to receive a confession from Frank: that wheedling Frenchman actually persuaded me to lend him five pounds after supper. A pretty M. le Comte he! Not a penny of that money will my husband ever see again. So much for the grand introductions we talked about! Yet I can bear my vexations remarkably well. Light and blithe do I feel under them all—light and blithe as the fisherman, in that tale we used to read with our hearts in our mouths, did when he had got that terrible genius safely bottled up again in his leaden vessel and the seal of Solomon fast down upon him; as Sinbad felt, no doubt, when the Old Man of the Sea slipped down from his aching shoulders.

I recall an incident which may serve to explain my emancipation. One story will often illustrate another more nearly than a dozen pages of whys and wherefores.

In the round of farewell visits I made among my friends before I became Mrs. Frank Paget I paid one to a maiden aunt, at Babel-super-Mare. My relative attended a sort of proprietary chapel of the "persuasion" to which she belongs, and her pastor, the Rev. Heraclitus Lacrymose, was one of the most doleful and popular preachers among that particular sect. Always did he cry, very often did he kill a baby in the course of his sermon. On the first Sunday I went the scene was intensely affecting. The preacher lifted up his voice and wept; the ladies of the congregation sobbed audibly behind their handkerchiefs; even a dog which had strayed in somehow howled in sympathy. On the second Sunday the Rev. Heraclitus began, as usual, to tremble in his voice and feel for his pocket-handkerchief; the ladies (my aunt among the number) were getting their ready too, when, just in the pause (that stillness before rain), out fell, insecurely fixed by treacherous or unskilful dentist, the orator's front tooth. Bump went the incisor upon the pulpit front, thump on the edge of a sort of reading-desk beneath, past an astonished somebody sitting in it; bump again on the bald head, nodding forward, of a man below, waking him from slumber with a smart fillip; and instantly the breath of the preacher came in an unclerical whistle through the vacuum, and he began forthwith to lisp. Nothing was left for him, and

he felt it, but to end his discourse with as much speed as he decently could. The tooth, or another like it, was in its place next Sunday. He might have had an entire new set—it would have been exactly the same. The ladies took out their handkerchiefs when he did; but not to hide their tears this time. I really thought he did cry in earnest when he saw them watching with all their eyes if the mishap would occur again. He felt his sceptre departed—his *prestige* gone; never could he be, to that congregation at least, the same man that he was before they had witnessed that awkward little accident and heard him lisp and whistle in his speech. Wise in his generation was the Rev. Heraclitus Lacrymose. He did not wait for subscriptions to fall off and pews to grow empty, but before the next month was out had transplanted himself to "fresh fields and pastures new."

In like manner the spell exercised over me by Mrs. Chawley Chawnders has melted entirely away. Let her be as haughty as she pleases, take on every possible air *de l'Imperatrice*; she may dislike me ten times more than she ever did (of course she will, as I was the indirect cause of her mortification); she may say and look all the polite, ill-natured things she can devise—in future I shall only smile at her insinuations. I shall wear cleaned gowns and last-season bonnets without a thought concerning the figure they may cut in her eyes. I shall keep my own opinion—yes, and be able to maintain it, too, in her presence; for to me Mrs. Chawley Chawnders can never again be anything more formidable than an old woman, whom Frank and I and scores of folks beside have seen without her wig.

THE LADY OF LYNDHURST HALL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

THE sun sunk down behind the purple hills, flushing the sky with gold, sparkling on the marble walls of Lyndhurst Hall, and gilding the brown roof of the little cottage in the valley beyond.

In the shadow of this tiny dwelling's vine-wreathed porch sat a stately and beautiful woman. The embroidery on which she had been at work had fallen neglected to her feet, and her eyes were fixed on the smooth lawn of Lyndhurst Hall. Arm in arm along this green expanse wandered two children—a dark manly-looking boy and a fair-haired blue-eyed girl—a very snowdrop—some two years younger. They were singing, and as the clear cadence of their youthful voices floated on the lady's ear a smile curled her red lips, and she whispered to herself—"Lily shall be the lady of Lyndhurst yet."

Margaret Elmore was by nature an ambitious woman. Years ago, in her earliest youth, she had given her heart to one whose homage was all her woman's soul could crave, and whose wealth and station satisfied her ambitious mind. But some fancied or actual wrong had awakened Margaret's pride, and of her own free will she had turned aside to tread alone life's pathway, hiding her grief and keeping still the same proud heart and face her girlhood wore. Lily was the lady's niece. Lovelier or sweeter it would have been impossible for her to be. That Margaret loved her was no marvel. Every living heart craves some object round which vine-like to twine itself. For this child's sake the smouldering embers of ambitious hopes and lofty aspirations burst once more into flame. Margaret Elmore was not one to be utterly baffled in any object her proud heart was fixed upon.

Long years before, standing on that very cottage porch, she had watched a horseman ride down the long green slope beyond, towards the castle, and whispered, as he vanished from her sight—"I shall be lady of Lyndhurst Hall yet."

That dream was never realized. Those hopes of wealth and pride and station which her proud heart coveted had flown with softer dreams and gentler hopes, which Margaret Elmore scarcely knew herself until they were gone for ever.

And now she sat, watching those children with the same proud smile upon her lip it wore so long ago, as she repeated—"Lily shall be lady of Lyndhurst Hall."

The song had ceased, and the children, with many a silvery laugh, floated to and fro in the great swing-pendant from the branches of a huge elm tree not far distant, together first and

then Lily alone—a fairy weight for those great branches, was wafted through the air, looking downward, as she flew, at the boy's laughing face—while her hyacinthine curls were lifted by the zephyrs out into the sunlight, where they gleamed and glittered like threads of gold.

"I am tired, I want to get down," said Lily.

The boy lifted her lightly to the ground as she spoke, and they sat upon the grass together.

"You are very strong," said Lily.

"Yes," replied the boy, "I am ten years old. I shall be a man soon; and then—then, Lily, I shall go to Italy where papa is and where poor mamma was born. And shall see pictures and statues and hear beautiful music such as we never hear here. Oh, that will be delightful. And to be with papa too!"

"But I shall be alone," said Lily.

"Alone! No, Lily, you remember what you promised me; you will be my little wife then, and we will go together. Leave you alone—why, Lily?"

The child put up her red lips to meet those of her little lover; and far away, on the vine-wreathed porch, Margaret Elmore, as though her ear had caught their words, repeated softly to herself—"Lily shall be lady of Lyndhurst yet."

They were together always, those two children. The stately old lady under whose guardianship the motherless boy was placed, thought the beautiful well-attired child a fitting playmate for the young heir of Lyndhurst, and Margaret Elmore lost no opportunity of throwing the two children into each other's company. And distant as must be the realization of her hopes, they were no less strong or determined.

Through the years of childhood the intimacy still continued, losing nothing of its warmth or zest, but growing even closer until the boy's fourteenth birthday arrived, and then came a summons from the long absent father for his son to join him in Florence. The children parted with many tears and promises to write to each other, and these promises were kept most faithfully. Margaret saw that it was sustained on Lily's side, and the boy was a faithful correspondent.

It was curious to watch the progress of this youthful interchange of mind—those first childish efforts. The slow advancement in each letter, and at last the perfect productions of perfect minds, sparkling with gems of thought and genius. They wrote to each other only as brother and sister might, yet Margaret smiled as she perused the letters and read, amidst descriptions of present scenes, allusions to the by-past hours spent upon Lyndhurst lawn and merry gambols in the cottage porch, and whispered—"Lily shall be lady of Lyndhurst."

"He is coming here next year," said Lily, as she handed Edward's last letter to Margaret Elmore. "He is coming home next year, aunt; I am very glad."

"So am I, Lily," answered her aunt; "for I feel sure that you will love each other."

"We do that already, aunt," said Lily. "Were Edward my brother, I could not love him more than I do now."

"Your brother! Nonsense, Lily; affection is unnecessary with me," said the lady, impatiently. "Your brother! Do you feel as a sister should to Edward Lyndhurst?"

"Aunt," cried the girl, as a rosy flush mounted to her temples; "aunt, aunt, what can you mean? Edward is as much my brother as though he were one by blood."

"Foolish girl," cried Margaret Elmore. "Listen to me a moment: had you one spark of womanly feeling you would not need that I should speak thus plainly; but as it is, I must put what any one else would have understood before this into words, that you may know my meaning. An opportunity such as is seldom offered to a fortuneless girl like yourself lays before you. Take advantage of it. You are beautiful; beauty alone can do much to win a heart, and your pathway is already prepared. In other words, I would have you lady of Lyndhurst. When the young heir returns, he will be fresh to the world, easily charmed and made captive. Lily, you must marry him."

The blush of true woman's pride crimsoned Lily's cheeks as she replied, firmly though respectfully: "When I said that Edward was dear to me as a brother I told the simple truth; and even were it otherwise, no power on earth could induce me to plot and scheme in such a cause. He who loves me must

strive to win me. will never stoop so low as to seek that which should be proffered unsought. No, aunt, I scarcely thought you could believe me so abject, so unwomanly;" and Lily swept from the apartment, and wandering out upon the lawn, flung herself upon the grass beneath the elm trees, where they had so often swung together, and wept, she scarcely knew why. The pure sisterly affection of her soul had been sullied, and a new phase of the human heart was unveiled to her. Lily shuddered at the sight. Never, never again, she sighed, could she think of Edward Lyndhurst as she used.

It was Margaret Elmore's custom to eke out her scanty income by letting apartments during the summer months, to one or two persons, who sought retirement and the fresh free air of Lyndhurst valley. This summer a stranger, a young foreigner, dwelt beneath her roof. He was a young musician, waiting—so he said—the arrival of autumn to commence a series of concerts in the city.

Admiration, sympathy, every gentle feeling awoke in Lily's heart when the stranger's low musical voice fell upon her ear; and as in each succeeding day some new beauty of mind or heart revealed itself, as she listened to the legends of far-off Italy, or the songs which seemed born of sun and zephyr, Lily felt that she had met at last "the other half of her soul."

And Margaret Elmore never suspected the truth, as the young musician wandered with Lily down the moonlit lane, or woke the twilight echoes with the musical wailing of the magic violin. She knew her niece to be in full possession of her senses, and she could never have reconciled this knowledge with such a strange absurd idea as that of loving a poor unknown young stranger. And the stately lady looked forward to the young heir's returning with fond assurance of the completion of her scheme. The hour was fast approaching; autumn's hand had bronzed the gay green leaves of summer, and the freshness was passing from earth's brow. The time appointed for the young stranger, Albert Alden's departure, drew near also.

Cold and gray lay the cloud-drifts on the horizon, and the wind moaned miserably along the road, whirling the sere leaves of the old forest path before its chilly breath. Albert and Lily stood together at the cottage door looking toward Lyndhurst Hall.

"How rapidly the picture now before us has changed within the last month," said Lily.

"The flowers are gone, the trees are almost naked, and soon the snow will lie deeply in the valley. How soon the summer passes!"

"How soon all that makes life happy flies," replied Albert, with a sigh. "These hours, which have been to me the gladdiest of my life, are fleeing fast with the last breath of summer. Another week and I shall be alone in the city's peopled solitude, and you, Lily, will perhaps have forgotten me."

Lily shook her head, and a tear trembled on the silky lash which kissed her crimson cheek. "I shall not forget," she whispered, so softly that her words were scarcely audible.

Albert took her hand. She did not withdraw it. He passed his arm around her, he drew her closer to him, "Lily, angel of my life," he whispered, "I cannot leave you until I have told you of my love, my adoration. Since the moment I first met you I have worshipped you. Oh! Lily, had I but wealth or fame to lay at your dear feet; were I the heir of yonder stately mansion, or a prince that I might raise you to a throne, that without shame I might ask you to share my life. And even now, Lily, poor and unknown as I am, I have dared to hope that you will smile upon me. Lily, dearest, will you be the light of my lonely life, the mainspring of every ambitious hope, the shrine of every pure or noble thought my bosom cherishes? Lily, sweet Lily, will you be my wife?"

A moment more and he had clasped her to his heart, and love's first kiss was glowing on their lips, forgetful of the whole world beside. The bliss of a whole lifetime seemed centred in that instant.

Suddenly, without warning, Margaret Elmore stood before them, her eyes flashing with anger. She spoke harshly, she grew almost coarse in her upbraiding. She denounced the young musician as a traitor and an impostor, and concentrating all her wrath in the utterance of one word she called him a beggar, and bade him leave her threshold instantly.

A moment Albert bent above the trembling girl. "Do not

weep, Lily," he whispered; "brighter days will soon dawn upon us. Watch for me, I will return ere long to claim your promise, with a better right than I have now." He pressed a kiss, another and another upon her bowed head, and in another instant he was gone.

The Lord of Lyndhurst and his son were coming. Far and near, from the homes of Lyndhurst valley, were gathered the villagers to greet their long-absent friend and landlord. The gentry were there in carriages and on horseback. Along the lane stood a group of villagers, stout farmers and their buxom dames, gray-haired old men and active boys and youths. And scattered here and there comely village lasses with roses in their coal black hair, and heaped up in their aprons like rustic Floras. In a little vehicle drawn by a rough-coated pony sat the stately Margaret Elmore guiding the reins herself, while Lily nestled, white and pure as the moss-rose wreathed amid her curls, close at her side.

Hush! a shout! another coming from the group of boys further off upon the hill top. A flutter of white kerchiefs from the carriages, and now, standing in bold relief against the horizon, two horsemen with doffed hats, make their appearance. They ride well, these two men, the white-haired father and the dark-haired son.

The shout of welcome rends the air. The maidens fling their rosy wealth of fragrance upon the road, and the horses amble on crushing them beneath the tread of their haughty hoofs. Margaret's eyes were fixed upon the father, the lover of her youth, the being once the centre of every heart hope. Time had altered him but little. A moisture long unknown to Margaret Elmore's eyes bedewed their lashes. The young heir was forgotten.

Lily's eyes had not yet been lifted, she shrunk within the shadow of the carriage, and never stirred, although she heard the tread of horses' feet beside her, until the horseman drew his bridle rein, and bending downward took her hand in his. Then looking up the well-known features of Albert Alden met her gaze.

"Forgive me dear one," he whispered. "As the poor musician I wooed and won you. As Edward Lyndhurst I have returned to claim your promise."

The bells of Lyndhurst ring a marriage peal. Two weddings have awakened them. Young and glad some as Lily's own sweet self is everything in Nature that bright spring morning. From the chapel the happy couple are returning with their friends, Lily on Edward's arm, and Margaret, Margaret Elmore no longer, by the side of old Lord Lyndhurst; for in those glad-some hours the lost love and hope of her youth had been garnered up.

That first love, never forgotten, had only drooped not died. And as the young lovers passed arm in arm through the dim old corridor, Margaret Elmore trod the steps at last Lady of Lyndhurst Hall.

AN UNPROFITABLE HABIT.—Some persons are in the habit of dwelling upon and greatly magnifying every little injury they receive at the hands of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those into whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, whilst they are contributing very much to their own personal misery. How much better would it be were such persons to bury their little troubles, or at least to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of their conduct, else they would certainly be more careful to avoid it than they are. Jamieson forcibly exposes the great folly of such conduct by the following illustration: "A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and make it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed and my general health materially affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries or insults or provocations, causes them to agitate or inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound and never look at it again!"

—German Reformed Messenger.



ELFIE MEADOWS.

A SUNNY day in leafy June, white clouds are floating high,
Leisurely through the blue expanse, and bees hum drowsily ;
In shady nooks the cattle herd and ruminating deze
While onward, with a rippling song, the glancing river flows.

With fairy steps a maiden stroll'd along the rushy bank,
Her light foot hardly seem'd to crush the daisies where it sank.
The dragon-flies unheeding brush her soft curls as they pass ;
The wary lizard boldly peeps from 'neath his tuft of grass.

Beneath her hat of plaited straw her eyes shine soft and blue,
Her tender, quivering mouth tells tales of feeling deep and true :
O Elfie Meadows !—scarce eighteen—how many a heart has beat
To kiss the flow'ret in your hand, the daisies 'neath your feet !

Yet scorn can dwell in those sweet eyes, cold words those lips can
speak ;
For many, though you're scarce eighteen, to gain your love would
seek.

You waive them off with calm disdain. Have you no heart to give ?
Or is it in yourself alone, and for yourself you live ?

Not so, sweet Elfie ; next your heart a tiny pledge you wear—
Within a case of purest gold a lock of raven hair :
And ever and anon you take and to your lips you press
This token of unfailing love to cheer your loneliness.

"And if," I ask, "long years should pass, and he should not return,
This tribute of a fleeting love you scornfully would spurn ?"
"Never," she says, with flashing eyes ; "time matters not to love ;
And ours is true—it springs below, but rears its fruit above."

"Ah, Elfie, but you little know how absence can estrange—
How fondest hearts at last find out 'tis possible to change."
She stamp'd her little foot at me. "I tell you 'tis not so
With love that bears its flowers aloft and has its roots below."

"Others have said the same," quoth I, "who loved as well as you,
Yet ten or twenty years have served to prove their love untrue."
Her small white hands she tightly clasp'd and said, with face a-glow,
"Their love no fruit could bear on high—it had no root below."

VOL. VII., No. 5—29

"And yours, my Elfie," murmured I, "how can you test its truth—
It may be that maturer years will scorn the love of youth ?"
"Nay, try me not too hard," she said, "I only know I love,
And love that has such root below is perfected above."

We two sat on a mossy bank, her soft eyes look'd before
Into the river's crystal depths ; fain would I test her more ?
But one she little wist was near, had secretly o'erheard
Words that his inmost heart had touch'd his deepest pulses stirr'd.

"And what," he ask'd in quivering tones, "if some friend true and
tried

Had told you that your faithless Guy had found another bride ?"
Around his neck she wildly flung her arms with joyous glee :
"Ah, never, Guy, would I believe you could be false to me !"

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

A COSY little place is our village ; it lies among the wooded hills
like a water-lily among its leaves. Little brooks, like "silver
skeins," come stealing down so softly, that you can scarcely
hear them among the long grass, till at length their streams
uniting, they sweep through the valley with a broader, deeper
flow, and are dignified with the name of "river." A wooden
bridge spans the sparkling waters, with its beams all wreathed
with the velvety green moss, and cool shadows and little pools
slumber beneath, where the speckled trout lie in the summer
hours.

Still farther down the valley stands a grove of beautiful
willows — not mournful weeping willows, with their dark
pointed leaf, but that variety of the willow which at the
lightest breath of the summer wind turns up its silver lining,
and rustles as in very consciousness of beauty. Noble trees
are they, and woe to the luckless wight who wantonly breaks
the slender branches wooing the stream beneath.

Close beside the church stands a pretty red-brick parsonage,
almost hidden among trees and creeping plants. A large white
rose-tree covers one side of it, and the flower-beds are gay with

verbenas, fuchsias and mignonette and many a sweet-smelling herb. The lawn, that sweeps in one unbroken slope to the main-road, is studded with elms and sycamores, their broad roots creeping under the sward in every direction and making many a cosy nook for the violets and lilies of the valley. An air of calm repose and almost holy rest broods over the spot, such as marks no other in the village.

In my earliest remembrance of that home it seemed the holiest spot of all the earth. Our vicar's wife was there then. Wherever want and suffering were she was seen. The mourner's tears brightened, the weary grew strong and the despairing became hopeful in the light of her sad, sweet smile. When she died the whole village was in tears. From that day the frost settled more thickly in the vicar's locks. Unbidden tears were often in the eyes of Albert, her own noble boy, as she so often had called him; and the shade seemed even to settle in little Ally's golden curls. But for Emily, the meek, quiet daughter, how darkly the cloud frowned upon her pathway!

"My daughter," said the vicar, one bright summer evening, as Emily turned to leave the window beside which she sat, "come back again as soon as you can; I have something to say to you." And a half sigh rose to his lips as he looked after her bright form going to visit little Ally in her chamber.

Pressing many a kiss on the dimpled arms and pouting lips that were so unusually quiet, Emily hurried back. She took her accustomed seat at her father's side, simply saying, "I am here, father," and sat looking inquiringly into his face.

At length, with some hesitation, he said gently, "I can scarcely, my child, speak what I should say, for fear it will grieve you. But you know our good Dr. Ellis was with me this afternoon."

"And he said it was not as you feared?" she replied, eagerly, while her cheek grew pale with intense feeling.

There was a pause, and then drawing her closer to him and speaking very gently, he said, "Not so, my child, not so. He but confirmed my fears. He told me that the disease so long twining about my heart must soon terminate; but when we know not. I may die suddenly, in a moment, or the messenger may delay his coming until after protracted suffering. Hush, hush, darling, it may not be yet. I would not have pained you so, Emily, but to spare you the deeper pang of more sudden, because unprepared desolation, which otherwise would have fallen upon you. For myself I go joyfully, for I am weary, and would rest; but for you—"

His voice failed and the room was still, save the shivering sobs that came from Emily's lips.

"It is a desolate lot, my own," he continued; "but the great, loving Father will cherish you, and the everlasting arms will be wound about you."

"Oh, my father, my father!" she sobbed, with a fresh burst of tears, and falling on her knees beside him she buried her face in her hands. "I cannot let you go. He will not take you too. Father, say that it will not be."

"I know not, my child, for His ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts," was the solemn answer. "Do not grieve so, darling; it may be that long years of quiet happiness are still in store for us. But if it is otherwise, be a guide and parent to the little ones who are left. Protect them, teach them to love the memory of their parents, and lead them in the paths that tend upward to the Father's house. You will do this, my child; you will not leave them to careless hands and unloving hearts."

"Never!" exclaimed Emily, as with her cheek glowing with enthusiasm she lifted her head and clasped her hands. "Never shall interest or care of mine, never shall hope of happiness or fear of suffering separate my love from them; but most earnestly will I strive to lead them in the paths you would their feet should tread."

"Bless you, my child," said the vicar, as he laid his hand caressingly on her rich brown hair. "Heaven bless you and give you strength to walk trustingly, though the way be dark."

A burst of tears was Emily's only reply. Twining his arm tenderly round her drooping form, the father strove to soothe the agitated girl and inspire her with the same trust that dwelt with him. His efforts were at length successful. Her sobs grew less frequent and the tears fell more calmly, till at length

he dismissed her for the night with the customary kiss and blessing. She was at least outwardly calm; but heavy in her heart lay a foreshadowing of evil, and it was but sadly she laid her head upon her pillow.

It was midnight when she awoke. For awhile she lay quietly gazing at the wavering shadow on the wall; but at length she arose and sat beside the open window. The moonbeams were sleeping on the buds and flowers, and dewdrops gleamed like molten silver on every blade and leaf. A few soft clouds were floating in the blue sky, with the light brightening along their edges. There was an intense stillness and quietude in the scene that fell on her troubled spirit like an angel presence.

At length, roused by a sudden impulse, Emily arose, and passing lightly down the stairs, stood before the open doorway of her father's study. Here a scene almost holy in its serene stillness arrested her steps. The rich, silver light was streaming through the window, and the shadows of the leaves wove a rich tracery of shadows on the floor. Purely white shone the blossoms among the green foliage, catching new beauty from the clear radiance that lay like a blessing in their chalice. With his head resting among the cushions of the old armchair knelt our minister. His hands were clasped upon the open page of his Bible, and the long white locks lay in silence on his temples. Along every folding of his robe and on his head the moonbeams quivered and trembled, as if conscious of their own glorious beauty. Not a sound broke the silence save the rippling of the brook among the reeds. A calm smile rested around the lips. The eyes were closed.

In his position there was a fixedness that alarmed Emily, she scarce knew why. To her soft call, "Father, father," there was no reply. Crossing the room with beating heart, she laid her hand upon his forehead. It was icy cold. A wild shriek broke from her lips, and she fell heavily to the floor. In the calm stillness of the night, with the clear, heavenly light sleeping round him and the breath of summer flowers on the air, soft hands had opened the gate of peace to the weary waiter without, and borne him to his rest. The burden of life had fallen from his heart to be found no more. He was in the better land.

Days went by, and the church was opened, and our minister was there also, borne by men, with the folds of the pall sweeping to the turf. They laid him near the font where for so many years he had ministered. The sunbeams came dancing down among the many-hued blossoms, and the birds sang cheerily without, but the eyes and hearts that had responded to their glad summons were all too sad to note their cheerful call.

Hot tears came to eyes all unused to such soft influences; women veiled their faces and strong men covered their eyes with rough hands and wept. The solemn service was proceeding as they arose and bore our minister forth. With slow and faltering steps that funeral train took their way among the many graves to the spot where the turf was broken for his rest.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the greensward was smoothed over his heart, and the sunlight came down to sleep on the flowers. Many a bright tear gemmed the grass, and sparkled its brief testimony to the love his flock bore to him who rested there; and as the sorrowful assembly scattered in little groups to their homes, many a glance was cast up to the darkened windows of the room where Emily lay all unconscious of the scene without.

Very strange seemed our village now, and a deeper gloom rested on the parsonage by the church. Very strange to go up to the accustomed place of prayer and see that young man, with the dark curls sweeping across his broad white forehead, in the place of our old vicar with his silvery locks. Very strange to hear that manly voice, so rich and full in its tone, in the place of the feeble cadence we had listened to so long. But it was not long before the gentle words of Mr. Willis won for him a ready welcome, and many a brow clouded with sorrow would wear a lighter look when the step of our young minister was heard on the well-worn path that led up to the humble door. And so it was that many a heart was glad when he was seen to enter the parsonage gate, for they trusted that the same voice that had bidden peace to their troubled spirits might breathe a comforting word to the desolate.

It was early summer when Emily was first taken ill. But before she recovered weeks had glided into months; the au-

turn had robed the trees in gorgeous bloom; their crimson and gold had faded; the brown, withered leaves fell rustling to the ground, or lay in heaps in the byeways; and the snow had fallen silently down and covered the flower-beds and withered leaves with one unbroken sheet of white. And there day by day, at the window from which the summer foliage had fallen away, could a fragile form be seen and a cheek as devoid of color as the linen on which it rested. There would Emily sit for hours gazing on the whiteness without, unmoving and with a sorrowful, heart-broken expression always settling deeper around the small mouth; there, until the twilight fell, and then the sorrowful eyes would rest more intently on that corner of the churchyard, until two little figures were stealing along the path that was always worn to that spot. Then those eyes grew bright with tears, and the transparent hands were clasped in prayer. Thus the long, long winter wore away, and when the breath of the spring-time was heard among the budding trees, a soft flush crept to Emily's cheek and her step began to regain its old elasticity. But ah! how changed. The form, frail before, was almost shadowy in its proportions now, and there was an expression so hopeless in her tearful eyes that it well spoke the crushed heart within.

As the spring advanced, with an awaking interest in those dependent on her, Emily requested that her father's affairs might be examined. The last "will and testament" was produced by the village lawyer and read with due solemnity. The orphans were found to be possessed of sufficient property to meet their moderate wants. Albert was to be educated for the church, a sum sufficient for that purpose being set aside. The parsonage was still to be their home; Mr. Willis, the new vicar, being also the vicar of a small adjoining parish, where he continued to reside. A sad smile flitted across the pale face of our Emily as she heard that where her beloved ones had dwelt her home would still be; but it was quickly gone, and the same look of patient endurance came back again. A home was offered to Mrs. Stanfield, a widow lady of the village, and with her little household thus appointed, Emily bent all her energies to the work of educating her charge. Mr. Willis's timely offer, taking upon himself the supervision of Albert's lessons in the languages, removed the last obstacle to her wishes, and all settled gradually and quietly into the new way of life so sadly changed. Gradually, however, the gloomy aspect of the parsonage grew lighter and more cheerful, and though the brightness of the olden time never returned, the shadow became less heavy.

It was pleasant to look on the little group that gathered in the old-fashioned library in the summer mornings. Emily, with her earnest, sorrowful eyes, initiating Ally into the mysteries of arithmetic or geography; the little one beside her striving to comprehend the abstruse proposition that three and three makes six; while occasionally the small hand lingers playfully among the golden curls which shade her dimpled face. Just beyond were Albert and his tutor, the slight frame and engrossed look of the boy contrasting well with the manly proportions and calm smile of his teacher. Good Mrs. Stanfield, armed with her inseparable knitting, with the gray hair smoothly disposed beneath the whitest of all caps, and her kind eyes so soft in their loving glance, completed the picture. And when, their tasks accomplished, the children ran away to their sports, how pleasant it was for the young vicar to draw his easy-chair close beside the patient teacher and read, in his rich, deep voice, the sublime utterances of the poets, and watch, in the tearful eye or the flushing cheek of the young girl, her responsive emotion. They know it not, but in those long, bright hours, rich in their summer loveliness, they were weaving bonds around their being that should never more be broken.

And so the weeks and months went by and brought but little change to the circle at the parsonage. Three years had passed away. Emily was the same lovely, gentle being; but there was a tranquil expression in her dewy eyes and a soft dignity in her manner that marked the transition from the girl to the loving, earnest woman. Ally's curls might be a shade darker, but her smile was as sweet and sunny as ever, and her voice as musical and wild, notwithstanding the frequent reminder of Mrs. Stanfield that she was thirteen, and must begin to be more like a young lady. Three years, and then came another change. Albert was gone. He had finished his school studies, and had

departed to his father's college. He was a noble youth, with the seal of a high intellect on his brow, and a generous, impetuous nature expressed in every movement; but there was a look of indecision about his mouth that told how easily even his virtues might be made instruments of suffering and evil.

CHAPTER II.

It was a mild afternoon in the early autumn. The hazy light of summer rested like a blessing on the hills and streams, and the sky seemed doubly blue in its misty distance, when Emily left the house and walked slowly down the path which led to the bridge. The beauty of the season was at its height, and the crimson tints of the leaves, brightening into beauty as the flowers died, relieved the otherwise gloomy aspect of decay which the fall of the year presents. The sun was setting, and the fleecy clouds, tinged with many hues, were trooping over the heavens or floating in the sea of gold which filled the western sky. A few pale flowers still lingered in the brown fringes of the grass. But Emily did not heed them. She passed on with her eyes fixed on the glowing clouds. Her thoughts were evidently pleasant, for a smile played round her mouth, while ever and anon a fragment of some old song broke from her lips. She had crossed the bridge and reached the shade of the willows, when a footstep sounded beside her, and the young vicar, with a half smile of apology for his intrusion, took her hand, and drawing it through his arm walked on beside her. For a while there was silence, for Mr. Willis did not speak, and Emily, seeing that he wore a troubled, anxious expression, forbore to intrude upon his thoughts. At length, with an effort at calmness, Mr. Willis spoke.

"Emily, I am going away," said he, "and sought you to say farewell."

"Away!" repeated the young girl, as she lifted her eyes and looked anxiously into his face.

"Yes, Emily, I am going," he replied, "to be absent many weeks, perhaps months; for I received a summons from my father, whose failing health renders it necessary to accompany him to Italy. How long my absence may be I cannot tell." He paused for a moment, and then continued earnestly, "But, oh! I cannot go and leave unspoken the words which are trembling on my lips, without telling you of the love that is thrilling through every nerve, that has filled my heart till there is room for nothing save thoughts of you; without telling you what a light and joy has shone upon my path from your sweet presence, until I have grown better and purer from dwelling so near you. Emily, my own darling, speak to me, and tell me that you love me."

There was a soft glow on Emily's cheek; and when she lifted her eyes to his a deep, earnest look of perfect trust breaking up from their depths; it told Edward Willis that her young heart, with all its rich treasure of affection, was yielded up to him.

"Bless you, mine own!" he said, fervently. "I had scarcely dared to hope for this. Oh, Emily, if you only knew how for years this deep love has been filling my heart; how I have watched your every movement; marked your patient, untiring love, and your self-sacrificing spirit, until I have grown stronger by your side, until I could have almost fallen before you in adoration; how I have striven to repress my love, because I thought myself not worthy of you. I should not have spoken even now had not the feeling that one more fortunate might win you to be his bride well nigh unmanned me. But you have said that you will be mine, and that shall point me onward, hopeful still, to the hour when I shall claim you mine for ever."

He would have proceeded, but the fast paling face upraised to his, the quivering lip and tearful eyes, told of a strife within her heart that must be allayed.

"Nay, dearest," he said, more quietly, "do not mourn so very much. Our separation will be only for a time, and then we shall be parted no more."

Her cheek grew still more deathly pale, and with a convulsive effort she exclaimed, "It cannot be, Edward; I cannot be your wife!"

"Emily, what mean you? was the quick response. "Why may it never be?"

A low sob escaped her, and she trembled violently; but after a moment she turned towards him a face calm, though very sad, and said earnestly, "In the presence of the dead I promised solemnly that neither pleasure nor interest of mine should ever intervene between me and those who were given to my care; but that with an undeviating heart I would watch over and care for them always; that never would I leave or forsake them, never would suffer any one to come between us. Do not speak to me," she said, hurriedly, while a resolute, though hopeless expression settled on her face. "My promise must be fulfilled, and how could I, with my all absorbed in one intense love, with new cares and new hopes, how could I still devote all my energies to them, and be the mother whose place I promised to fill?"

"Let me share your labors," he said, eagerly, "and our love shall make light the burden which otherwise will rest on you alone."

"You cannot feel for them the same love and care as if they were your own kindred," she said, in a low voice, "and after a time you must weary of your burden. It would be unjust to yourself to bind you down with such cares, when you should be free. No, no, Edward, you must go and forget me in other lands."

"Forget you, darling," was the reproachful answer. "But if you will not let me share your labor, promise me that, in the days to come, when your work shall be ended and they need you no more, you will be mine."

"The first bloom of my life has already departed," she said, sadly, "and when years had gone by, and you should look on this furrowed brow and silvered hair, would you not repent of a promise made in a moment of excited feeling? No, Edward, we had better part, as dear friends, perhaps, but with no hope of other ties. In the days to come you may meet with another who will be more fitted for you, with a heart free from every care, and a spirit unbowed by the trials of such a youth as mine."

"Emily," was the almost angry reply, "these are but scruples of prudence, that would vanish before such a love as mine. But you care not for me, and would interpose these cold reasonings to shield an unloving heart."

"Edward, this is cruel, cruel," murmured the almost fainting girl, as the tears gushed down her cheeks. "Is it not enough for me to think of the long years of care and suffering, when you are gone, without such words as these?"

"Forgive me, dearest," said he, in an altered tone. "But oh! Emily, if you ever loved me, unsay what you have spoken. For my sake, darling, for my sake, let me hope that at some day, far distant, perhaps, but still there, I may return and claim you mine."

"No, no, I cannot, I dare not," she replied. "Go, Edward, go. My love, my blessing, my earnest prayers go with you. But we must part. Do not urge me more, for I dare not do otherwise."

He looked imploringly into her face, but she met his gaze firmly, and then turning slowly away, covered her face with her hands. One long embrace, a burning kiss upon her forehead, and she was alone.

"He is gone! he is gone!" sobbed the stricken girl, "and it was I who sent him from me."

Sinking upon the grass, she buried her face in her hands, and wept such tears as only once may we weep. Every look, every tone of that pleading voice, swept over her heart, till each chord throbbed and quivered with an intensity of suffering, such as she never had conceived before. There she sat, crouching among the withered leaves, till the radiant clouds had lost their colors, and the night wind came sweeping down the valley with a strange, unearthly sound. Then she arose, and drawing her shawl more closely around her chilled frame, went slowly on her homeward way. Deeper and deeper settled the darkness, and heavier grew the sorrow in her heart; and so she tottered on through the night. How it was she never knew, but at length the gate of the parsonage was reached, and she crept in through the darkness and up the stairs, clinging to the rails as she went for support. So up to her own room, and then sinking on the floor, close beside the window, she leaned her aching head against the frame and gazed into the murky darkness without.

Hour after hour went by unheeded. The wind shrieking and moaning without, the incessant pattering of the rain against the frame, withdrew not her thoughts from the misery within. Motionless as a statue and as pale, she might have been deemed one of the silent company of the dead, but for the expression of keen agony that gleamed up from her eyes. The midnight bell smote the dark air with its dead, heavy sound, still she moved not. She was learning that bitter lesson "to suffer and be strong." Little by little the gray light of the dawn grew in the east; then the clouds flushed rosily; and the golden sunlight, streaming through withered leaves, that overshadowed the casement, wove a halo all around her.

Then, with a steady step, she went to the table; and with a hand that grew steadier as she proceeded, arranged her hair and dress, hoping to delude the affectionate eyes below with an outward show of calmness. No trace of emotion was on her face when she joined the accustomed circle, and though she was very pale, there was no other sign of suffering.

Once only, when Ally asked her if she knew that Mr. Willis had left for the Linton station, a look of suffering flashed across her face; but it was gone in a moment; and then she answered quietly, that she knew he had intended leaving, though not aware that he went so soon. And so that weary day rolled on, every hour an eternity of suffering; and when it drew to a close, a little packet was put into her hands, and opening it, she read as follows:

"Before this reaches you, Emily, I shall be miles away. As you bade me, I am leaving you, with the knowledge that wherever my footsteps tend, my heart will cling to its memories of you. I know that you are right, that it is your duty that calls you from me; but I cannot yet look calmly on a picture so desolate as that which is before me. It may be selfish in me to remind you thus of the past, but I could not go without a last word of blessing. His love surround thee, my own precious one. Farewell."

She sat a moment as if paralysed, and then burying her face in her hands, wept as if her heart was breaking. At last she put his letter away, and never spoke of him again.

CHAPTER III.

It was a dull wintry sky, and the wind, as it drifted the falling snow into great heaps at the road-side and about the out-door angles of the parsonage, had a very dreary sound. The storm had steadily increased since the dawn, and one unbroken sheet of white spread out on every side, relieved only by the dark forms of the trees that held up their naked arms to the blast. Very dreary was the scene to the eyes of our Emily, as she turned from the window to the bed whereon Ally was laid. The curtains had been withdrawn, that the light, dim as it was, might fall upon her suffering face, and show some hope by awakening some sign of reason—as yet vainly. The fever-red that burned on the thin cheek, the vacant glare of the half closed eyes, and the snatches of delirious raving that occasionally broke from her parched lips, still revealed only the terrible power of disease.

More than a week had passed since one glance had rewarded Emily's untiring watchfulness; more than a week since a word spoken, save in delirium, had met her ear; and now, as the little sufferer turned to and fro, or for the moment sunk into a deathlike slumber, as she felt the burning heat of the little hand prisoned in her own, hope seemed hopeless, and a sense of utter desolation came over her. It was nearly nightfall when the restless moanings of the child gave place to a deep, still slumber, and her face began to pale from the fever redness. The gloom deepened into night, and the shadows in the room darkened into blackness; and still Emily watched on. Even Mrs. Stanfield's step, as she replenished the fire and adjusted the lamp, seemed to be unheard in her earnest watch, and the old lady turned away with the pitying look on her face deepened into tears, and left the solitary watcher alone. The evening was far advanced when the sharp click of the gate-latch came faintly to her ears; and with a cheek paling even more with anxiety, she waited for the sound of an approaching footsteps.

They came soon—quick, impatient on the crisp swept gravel

walk below, and then springing down the stairs, Emily was clasped in her brother's arms. One hasty embrace, a whispered word of thanksgiving that he is yet in time, and they reascended the stairs, and passed into the sick room. Silently taking their places on opposite sides of the bed, they watched on, and again the same deep stillness, and yet no change. By-and-bye the good old doctor was added to the group. With a saddened look on the wasted form before him, and a half encouraging, half doubtful reply to Emily's inquiring look, he took the slender wrist between his fingers, and carefully counted the faint throbbings of the pulse. As he replaced the little hand, he whispered more cheerfully, "There is hope. Pray that she may awake sensible, and all will be well." More anxiously bent the watchers, checking even their breath, and still deeper grew the hush in all the house, and so the night wore on.

It was not till gray streaks began to appear in the east that the breathing of the child grew lighter and more frequent, and while the sun rose, the closed lids were unsealed, and Ally woke, with a wondering look at the faces that bent over her. A smile of recognition crossed her wasted features, as she held out her hand to her brother, and when the tears fell on the thin fingers which he pressed to his lips as he hurried from the room, the tears gathered in her eyes, and she said, faintly, "Poor Albert, why does he cry?" And when Emily would have soothed her with many loving words, the kind doctor interposed, and saying, impatiently, though with a smile, that he must be nurse as well as doctor, or his patient would be talked to death, dismissed Emily with an injunction to "go and rest."

With tears of a great joy in her eyes, and a deep gratitude swelling in her heart, Emily turned away to seek in the solitude of her own chamber an opportunity for indulging in the various emotions which filled her heart, when a sound of stifled weeping fell upon her ear. She listened for a moment, and then passing through the half-open door of her brother's room, beheld him extended upon a couch, with his face buried in the cushions, while his whole frame quivered with the violence of his emotions. For a moment she stood irresolute, and then crossing the apartment and kneeling beside him, she said, "Hush, Albert, do not weep so; surely the danger is past, and our dear one will be restored to us. The doctor says that she only needs care and nursing to restore her to health again. Hush my brother," she added, twining her arms caressingly around him. "But you are so weary, you have travelled so far, and suffered so very much. You need rest and quiet, and—"

"Rest, rest," interrupted her brother with a bitter emphasis, "rest is for the innocent, not for me."

"You must not speak so, Albert; but you are so excited and tired. Rest now, for my sake," said Emily, and she pressed her lips fondly on his hot forehead, and brushed back the matted hair from his face.

He clasped her hands in his with passionate energy, and springing from the bed, strode rapidly up and down the room. And why, as she looked on him, did the blood leave her cheek and settle round her heart with that dark, sickening feeling which made her clasp her hands in mute supplication, and with a despairing helplessness in the gesture which would have made death welcome. On the furrowed brow, haggard cheek and bloodshot eye, now fully seen for the first time, were deep traces, not only of weariness and fatigue, but of dissipation, of guilt; on the face so dearly loved, on which she had often looked with almost a mother's pride in its nobleness and dignity, the tale was written of a noble mind sadly debased; and covering her eyes from the sight, she sank back on the bed from which he had arisen, and burst into tears. A moment, and her hand was taken between his burning palms.

"I would have spared you this, Emily," he said sadly, "had I not heard from you that Ally was dying. You should never have looked upon my face till time had changed me more into a semblance of what I was. I am changed, sister, oh, how changed, and you have worked it, but not all. You think me weak, you cannot dream how wicked. I went away an enthusiastic youth; I am now become a man, and with the sorrow of an unavoidable doom upon me. Not for myself alone, dear one, but you will suffer, and for me. I was weak, and my companions laughed at me because I would not drink. I put the cup to

my lips and drank. You cannot dream how easily one wrong step brings on another, and at length I gambled. For small sums at first, but gradually increasing until I was forced to apply to a money-lender and obtain from him, at extortionate rates, the money which I needed. Four days ago this man told me that if I did not within a fortnight repay what I had borrowed, he would make an exposure of the whole affair. It is out of my power to do this, and once expelled from college, every avenue is closed upon me save one. I had engaged on board a vessel bound for Australia, and when your letter reached me, was writing one to you, to tell you of my departure. And now, Emily, my own precious sister, we must part. I have wrought my own ruin, and must leave you, perhaps, for ever. Fool, fool!" he continued, passionately, and then suddenly changing his tone to one of entreaty, he sank upon his knees before her. "Bless me, my sister, vile, wretched as I am, put your hand upon my head and let me have your blessings before we part. You will think of me, pray for me sometimes. And if long years can wipe away the past, if years of undying repentance and earnest striving for the right can atone for the wrong that I have done, I will return as pure as self-sacrifice and penitence can make a soul so deeply stained as mine. Emily, darling one, bless me, for I must go—"

"Albert!" almost shrieked the young girl, "do not leave me. We may yet arrange these things and you will stay with us."

"Not so," he said calmly, but with a fixed demeanor. "Do not grieve so very much, sister; believe me there is no other alternative. Tell Ally as gently as you can." And his tears fell upon her face as he leaned over her. "We shall meet again."

He clasped her closely to his heart, and would have rushed from the room, but, twining her arms around his neck, she said slowly and with difficulty, "Brother, this must not be; you can yet be saved, but not as you propose. You have sinned, but repented also, and now is the time to make manifest how deeply. You must retrace your steps here, however painful it may be, and win back in the future what you have lost in the past. Your path was marked out plainly before you, follow it, it is still there; and oh, my brother, if it is lowly, it is blessed."

"But, Emily," interrupted the young man, "this is impossible. How can one so debased minister in holy things?"

"Hear me," she implored, "hear me, my brother, and deny me if you can. There was one, whose pride you were, who called you his on'y son, whose hope it was to see you standing in his place, a minister of the gospel. He has gone." Here a low sob escaped her lips. "Will you disappoint his desires? He blessed you as his successor; he prayed that you might worthily tread in his steps. Can you make that blessing and that prayer unavailing? You saw him cold in his confined sleep—his departure made blessed by the belief that you would fill his vacant place; that your voice, sounding when his was hushed, would lead his flock to the one fold, where he awaited them. Oh, by her love who sleeps beside him—by the deep love and tenderness she bore you—by all the long years blessed by their presence, turn not away. Think of the past, so full of happiness—of the picture which you alone can make so full of beauty, and you will not leave us—you cannot." She looked earnestly in his face, saw the boiling tears gushing over his cheeks, and her voice grew fainter, her head sunk on his bosom, and she lay lifeless in his arms. He laid her on the couch, and trembling as he looked on that pale, unconscious form, parted the dark hair on her forehead and bathed it with water. To his excited fancy hours seemed to pass before signs of returning life rewarded his efforts, but at length the crimson tide swept along the parted lips, and with a sigh she opened her eyes and started from her reclining posture. Her brother was beside her still, and looking imploringly into his face, she murmured, "You will not leave me."

"No, Emily," he said, soothingly; "but lie down again and rest, darling. I will stay here till you awake."

With a quiet smile, and clasping his hand within her own, she sank back upon the pillows and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. The overtaken frame had given way, and for hours there was no motion, no sign of life but the deep breathing of slumber; and as the unhappy young man sat beside her, he could see the traces which care and anxiety had marked upon her once lovely face. In the deathly paleness, unrelieved by

the slightest color, in the deep lines all around the mouth, in the wasted form and sad expression which even sleep only seems to deepen, suffering had graven its impress, and as he looked on her, tears of a bitter repentance ran down his cheeks.

The morning passed quietly away, noon too passed, and still he kept his watch, and not until the afternoon did the broad white lids begin to quiver with returning consciousness, and smiling faintly as she looked into his face, she whispered, "You cannot know how happy I am to be with you thus, my brother, and feel that you are the same brother that I knew in the dear old days, and not a lonely wanderer, hopeless and perhaps suffering. Yet tell me once again that you will not leave us, Albert, for there is a strange sense of insecurity which only you can allay."

"Emily," was the mournful reply, "listen to me, and I will tell you how impossible it is that I should remain. These debts must be paid, or this man will keep silence no longer, and then I am disgraced for ever. And even if I were free how could I stand in a holy place and minister with polluted hands to those who require purity of life as well as doctrine? Oh, my sister, I have suffered, heaven only knows how bitterly—and it is better far that I should go to a strange land and re-tread the path of life alone."

"And how large a sum would it require to pay those debts?" inquired his sister.

"Two hundred pounds," said Albert firmly; "and now, Emily, how impossible it is for me to remain."

"It is not," said the young girl hopefully. "Two hundred pounds of our property are still untouched, and you shall take it and satisfy these men."

"Your little dependence, my sister!" said he, while the burning blood rushed even to his forehead with the thought "Take your all, and leave you and Ally beggars that I may pursue my path with ease!"

"Listen to me, Albert, and to all my plans, for you know you used to say that I had a true woman's wit for contrivance," was the reply, and a half smile played around her quivering lips. "This money will make you free again, and we will let the farm, and that will partially at least sustain you. Ally and I are not very lofty in our ideas and could be happy on very little. I will turn schoolmistress, and that will do nicely for us," and the affectionate girl turned towards her brother, that he might see the smile that played over her face. But when he indignantly exclaimed that he never would consent to such an arrangement, she placed her little wasted hand over his lips, and said gently, "It will be no sacrifice, my brother, but a blessed privilege, with the knowledge that you have turned back to the paths of pleasantness and peace. It will be no task for me to teach these children, for I dearly love them, and love maketh all labor light—but oh! to think of you a wanderer, a stranger in a strange land, to know that at the best it would be many years before I should look on your face again. I should see you sick, suffering, dying, alone, and far from all who love you. Oh! my brother, spare me this sorrow," and she burst into tears. "Even here your path will be full of trial and difficulty, and surely it is nobler far to face them and overcome where you have yielded. It will be only a few years, and then we shall be together again, and then we shall live in this dear old place where our parents dwelt, and you shall fill his place; for Edward Willis ever wished, when you are ordained, that you should be his curate in your native parish for a time. Tell me that you will stay and make so happy the days that are coming, which else will be so full of darkness. You will not refuse me this, my brother—you shall not."

There was a long silence, and then in a voice which was broken by many tears, he answered, "Heaven make me worthy of such love, my darling, and give me strength to tread the path before me."

As Emily had planned, so was their lot: and before the violet banks had shown more than a few purpling buds, the little ones of the village were gathered around her. Albert had departed, full of regret for the past and hope for the future.

To Emily, although no murmur ever passed her lips, the sacrifice was great, and at times the desolation and loneliness of her life almost overcame her. Many a lonely hour—many a starting tear was claimed by her suffering heart from the dry

and sometimes almost insupportable round of duty imposed upon her. But she won peace at length.

Insensibly she became interested in the children committed to her charge, and in earnest effort for them found that reward which always comes to the true, unselfish spirit. And so it was, that although the faint flush her cheek had worn faded away, and around the small mouth there was an expression of patient endurance, there was a lofty, almost holy calm resting on her broad white forehead that was more beautiful than any merely physical loveliness. The early glow of her youth had passed; but if the large eyes had a misty, sorrowful light instead of their brilliancy, it was but the token of a pure spirit made perfect through suffering. A gentler, more patient teacher never had rule over more loving hearts: and ere long her pupils had learned to feel that a deeper shade over "Miss Emily's" face was the most severe of punishments, and a brightening of her pensive face into one of those soft smiles their dearest reward. Many a bouquet of violets and early primroses were borne to her room by the little ones, on whose souls the strong dew of love lay as brightly as the night-tears on the blossoms they bore.

Once only did Emily leave her home. It was to see the departure of her brother from the college where he had long been honored as its most successful and laborious student. She beheld him, with the sorrowful farewells of his companions, and the blessings of the learned and virtuous resting upon him, turning from them all to read her approbation in the face dearer than all the world beside; and she went back to her humble duties again with a heart full of gratitude that she had been the instrument of so much good.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a lovely summer evening, and the parsonage was looking more than usually beautiful in the rich sunset light that slept in benediction over it. The tall old trees were gilded by the golden flood, and many a curve and wreath did the shadows of the leaves make on the sward below. The air was heavy with the breath of the flowers and the low twittering of the birds as they sunk to their nests, mingled pleasantly with the joyous gurgle of the little brook as it went laughing on its way. A misty glory seemed to fill the air with floating gold, and lent to the green hills in the distance a glory not theirs. A few fleecy clouds slept in the azure depths of the blue overhead, like "snow-flakes on a bed of violets," their edges tinged with the rosy light that broke from the western sky, like a promise of to-morrow's brightness.

Ally was there, our sunbeam, a lovely girl of seventeen, and in her golden curls a wreath of white roses, placed there by her brother's hand. A happy smile was on her lips, and in the depths of her blue eyes a laughing joyousness and mischief, that told how completely the clouds had passed from her spirit, as with a ringing, musical tone she told how beautiful everything was, how lovely the flowers, and how happy she was to be at home again; and away she flew to seek Mrs. Stanfield to tell her some of her overflowing thankfulness. And there the good old lady stood in the doorway, her gray hair as smooth as ever, and a calm, contented expression settling on her pleasant face. And beneath the old trees, with all the glad presence of home about her, stood Emily, and not alone. Around her slender form there was thrown a strong arm, eyes of love looked into her own, and a voice low and tremulous, yet richer with its burden of emotion than in its full strength it could have been, murmuring such loving words as make glad the heart on which they fall, that told her at length through tears how great his sense of her love and forbearance was, and how unworthy of such tenderness he felt himself. And as Emily looked on the manly form beside her, as she felt the love of that noble heart go quivering down to the depths of her own, did she not renewedly feel that all her labors were rewarded—did she not feel how blest were the sacrifices which had led such a one back to the paths of peace? She knew that on the morrow he would stand at the altar of that dear little church, where her father had ministered, Edward Willis, though still absent with the bishop's sanction, having appointed him his curate.

The sunset light faded quietly away until only one crimson line bordered on the almost purple heaven, and the clear bright

stars came out shining so peacefully in the blue, until they also were eclipsed by the flood of light which the moon poured from her golden chalice over the meadows.

Silently Albert drew his sister closer to him, and without a word they passed through the little gate of the churchyard; the tree branches fell over them as they passed, with a rustling noise, and they stood beside those graves.

Years had passed since in sorrow and tears they had knelt for the last time on that spot, he with the weight of deep remorse upon him, she with the suffering of a tired and desolate heart entering on a path of difficulty. Now he had nobly retrieved that one false step, and one sense of calm happiness was stretching out before them. Years had passed over Emily's head, laden with sorrow, and stolen away the roses of her youth, but to her brother's gaze, a seraph's could scarcely be more beautiful than the pale, sweet face uplifted to his own, with the moonlight spiritualising every feature, and adding yet another charm to its gentle sweetness. For a long time they stood in silence, for their thoughts were busy with the past, but at length Emily spoke in a low, subdued voice.

"Standing here," said she, "with so much happiness before us, can we not trace the hand of love in the path, though dark, that brought us hither. And in this deep quietude which has fallen upon my spirit, I can almost feel a spiritual presence. May it not be that our departed one is with us, and angels guarding us even here?"

"While the visible are permitted to assume the office of guardian angels, there is little need to seek the departed," said a voice beside her, rich, and thrilling every nerve with its familiar tone. With a start of astonishment, Emily turned and looked into the speaker's face. "Edward!" burst from her trembling lips, as he caught her, pale and agitated, in his arms.

"Even so, dearest," said he, bending tenderly over her. "even so, my own; the same Edward who left you so long ago, come back again with a heart unchanged, though in all else but the semblance of what has been. Changed in all but loving; you, for time has been sadly at work with me since we parted. Oh, Emily, could you know how through these long, weary years, the thought of your purity and love have been with me, keeping me from evil; how by day and night your image has haunted me, until there seemed no world save in your presence, you would bid me stay my wandering feet by your side evermore. Rest and forgetfulness—I have sought them in other lands, but found them not; and I have come back again, my own, to hear from your lips the answer to the deep questioning of my soul. Do not cast me off, beloved; do not send me back again to wear out my life in a fruitless effort, uncheered by one word of thine. These long years have more than fulfilled the vow you made in a moment of excitement: and now you are free. Talk not of change of time," he continued, passionately, seeing she was about to speak, "they have nought to do with the heart. They cannot have control over you—they shall not. But one word, darling; you love me still, Emily—is it not so?"

A moment, and the long lashes were lifted from the dark eyes. "As my own life," came murmuring to his ears; and burying her face on his bosom, she burst into tears of intense happiness. He soothed her with many gentle, loving words, and many a soft caress, and then poured into her listening ear the long story of his wanderings, from the hour when his farewell was spoken to the moment when now he clasped her in his arms, his own for ever, and pictured the happy, blissful future that should recompense all their sufferings.

Again the early autumn time, gloriously robed for decay! Our church was opened, and within its walls were gathered all the villagers, though it was a weekday, and all with happy faces, for only such befitted the bridal morn of sweet Emily Gray. Very gay was our church; for though the flowers had faded, the many-tinted leaves well supplied their places. In massive garlands and lighter wreaths they were woven together, and twined round the slender pillars. The dusky crimson of the oak, the blood-red tinge of the maple, the gold and purple of the willow and beech, were intertwined with evergreens, and interwoven in long festoons with ivy and the hop; and the crimson berries of the mountain ash hung like coral drops in the feathery garlands. One chaplet of pure white

roses lay on the communion table, but all beside was glowing with rainbow tints, like the sunset clouds at evening.

They stood before the altar, her simple dress of pure white a type of her purity of soul—and in her rich, dark hair one half open rose. How very beautiful she was, with the glad light breaking up from her eyes, and the delicate rose tint coming and going in her soft cheek.

And Edward Willis, too. There was a deep devotion in the glance that rested on the frail form by his side, and volumes of love in the earnest, thrilling tone in which he spoke the words which bound them together for life and death. There were those who marvelled that the young minister's voice should be so tremulous, as he joined the hands that man cannot sunder, but they knew not what deep memories were breathing over his heartstrings, nor how earnest was the benediction her brother's chastened spirit pronounced over our darling Emily Gray.

DREAM TESTIMONY.—In the year 1698 the Rev. Mr. Smythies, curate of St. Giles, Cripplegate, published an account of the robbery and murder of a parishioner, Mr. Stockden, by three men, on the night of December 23, 1695, and of the discovery of the culprits by several dreams of Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. Stockden's neighbor. The main points were these:—In the first dream Mr. Stockden showed to Mrs. Greenwood a house in Thames street, telling her that one of the men was there. Thither she went the next morning, accompanied by a female neighbor, and learned that Maynard lodged there, but was then out. In the second dream Mr. S. represented Maynard's face to her, with a mole on the side of the nose (he being unknown to Mrs. G.), and also tells her that a wire-drawer must take him into custody. Such a person, an intimate of M.'s, is found, and ultimately M. is apprehended. In the third dream Mr. S. appeared with a countenance apparently displeased, and carried her to a house in Old Street, where she had never been, and told her that one of the men lodged there. There, as before, she repaired with her friend, and found that Marsh often came there. He had absconded, and was ultimately taken in another place. In the fourth dream Mr. S. carried her over the bridge, up the Borough and into a yard, where she saw Bevil, the third man, and his wife (whom she had never seen before). Upon her relating this dream, it was thought that it was one of the prison yards; and she accordingly went to the Marshalsea, accompanied by Mr. Stockden's housekeeper, who had been gagged on the night of the murder. Mrs. Greenwood there recognised the man and woman whom she had seen in her dream. The man, although not recognised at first by the housekeeper, being without his periwig, was identified by her when he had it on. The three men were executed; and Mr. Stockden appeared once more in a dream to Mrs. Greenwood, and said, "Elizabeth, I thank thee; the God of heaven reward thee for what thou hast done." After this, we are informed that she was "freed from these frights, which had caused much alteration in her countenance." This narration I have condensed from John Beaumont's work on Spirits, which was published only six or seven years after the Rev. Mr. Smythies' account of the transaction. It is added that the relation was attested by the Bishop of Gloucester, the Dean of York, the Master of the Charter-house and Dr. Ais. Drs. Ferriar and Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott have each produced their volume in aid of the dangerous task of explaining away the spiritual into the natural, and have each cited Beaumont's work. Nevertheless, of this remarkable account, coming with such an air of authority, they have not taken the smallest notice.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE HONEYMOON.—A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text:—"And let there be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

HOW TO GET THOROUGH BUSINESS.—Dunning, when in the full flush of celebrity at the bar, was asked how he managed to get through such an accumulation of business. He replied, "Some I do, some does itself, and the rest is never done at all." In answer to a similar question, De Witt said, "I do but one thing at a time."



"OLD UNCLE RALPH FARNHAM,"
THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER
HILL.

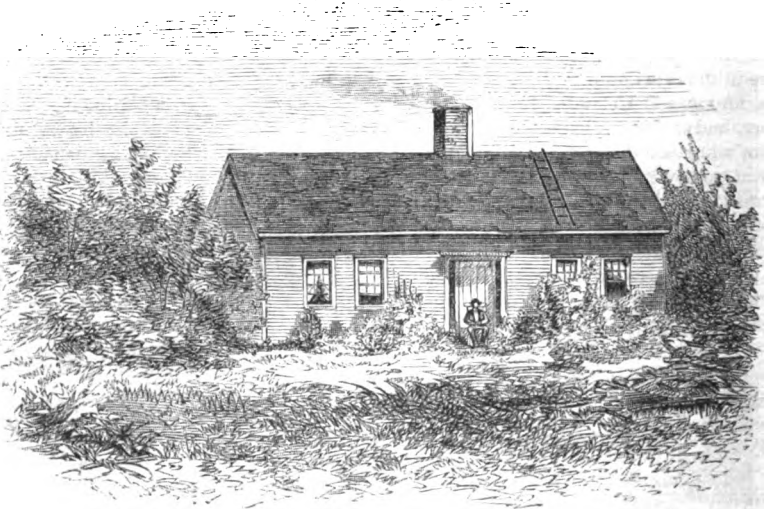
On the fourth of July last, Mr. Edward Everett, in the course of his brilliant oration, delivered at Faneuil Hall, in allusion to the battle of Bunker Hill, observed that in all human probability there was not one survivor of the gallant and patriotic band who, on that occasion, met the thoroughly organized and well disciplined British forces in open warfare, on a regular battle-field. There was reason in this supposition. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought in 1775—eighty-five years ago—and a youth of fifteen there present—and it is not likely that there were any younger than that in actual conflict—would, at this moment, be one hundred years of age; and how few men are there now in existence in the entire world who have seen a hundred summers and winters pass over their heads. But though the great orator was justified in his supposition, he was wrong in fact. At that moment there was living at Acton, Maine, a very aged man, named Ralph Farnham, who was on the eve of his one hundred and fourth birthday, and who, strange to say, had been actually present on the battle-field of Bunker Hill.

The oration, like all the orations or speeches delivered by Mr. Edward Everett, was read by everybody, far and near, and the inhabitants of that section of the New England States where Mr. Ralph Farnham lived were prompt to claim the honor of having still living amongst them the last of the gallant spirits who struck the first blow for that deliverance from thralldom, and that perfect freedom which was only acquired after years of deadly strife, and the lavish expenditure of the blood of the noblest and bravest in the land. On the seventh of July they celebrated the one hundred and fourth birthday of the venerable centenarian, by firing a hundred and four guns at Milton Hills, one and a half miles from the old gentleman's residence, and by ringing of bells, by speeches and a dinner, at which Mr. Ralph Farnham was seated in the post of honor at the right hand of the chairman. Until this period the existence of

the venerable old man was almost unknown, except to the residents of the section of the country in which he has resided for eighty years. But the celebration was noticed by the press, and the notices were eagerly read. People heard with astonishment that there yet remained among us one who had actually participated—nay more—had taken an active part in those stirring events, which, to the present generation, are matters of history, long passed away, but which will be read and listened to with a thrill of patriotic emotion as long as liberty has an abiding place on the earth's surface, or the love of liberty exists in the human breast; and like many others, who, perhaps, are less deserving of the veneration of their fellowmen, Old Uncle Ralph Farnham, as he is called in affectionate and familiar parlance, awoke one morning and found himself famous.

Since that day he has been the theme of numerous writers for the press. Travellers and tourists have gladly gone out of their regular route for the sake of paying him a visit, and witnessing with their own eyes a man upon whom so much interest is centred, and letters have been daily received by him from persons who desire to possess his autograph, or who seek to solve some knotty point of family genealogy, and hope thereby to be enabled to claim kindred with him. It is surprising to learn how many Farnhams there are in the United States, all of whom claim relationship, near or remote, with the object of my sketch. Business and pleasure combined having led me to visit that portion of the New England States, I seized the opportunity thus afforded me to pay the venerable old gentleman a visit.

A pleasant drive over a somewhat hilly but well-kept road (from the railway terminus at Union Village, New Hampshire,) carried me to Ralph Farnham's residence. He lives with his second son, Mr. John Farnham, who is now in the sixty-third year of his age, in a neat but unpretending cottage farm-house, situated slightly off the road, on the summit of a ridge, which commands a delightful prospect of the surrounding country, which is remarkable for its beautiful and romantic scenery, and for the beauty of its apple orchards, at this season of the year heavily laden with luscious fruit. On a clear day the snowclad summits of the White Mountains of New Hampshire may be discerned from the hill near the cottage. I was courteously received by Mr. John Farnham and his wife, who, with their two sons, now till and manage the farm for the old man. Dinner was on the table, and I was asked to join the party. The old gentleman, who sat at the table with the rest, ate very heartily. His face was much furrowed and wrinkled, and he had the appearance of a very old man, but certainly I should not have thought him near so old as he really is. I have seen many men of eighty, or even seventy, who appeared older and showed more signs of decrepitude. After dinner the old gentleman rose and walked with a slight stoop, but steadily and firmly, to a sofa at one end of the apartment. I soon entered into conversation with him. The first question he asked was one which,



RESIDENCE OF UNCLE RALPH FARNHAM.

I subsequently found out, he habitually inquires of every stranger he sees. He raised his head suddenly, and looking me full in the face, said, "And what age may you call yourself, sir?"

Having duly satisfied him, I encouraged him to speak of the events of his life. He converses freely, and readily answers any question that is put to him. He told me how he enlisted, in his nineteenth year, and was marched with other recruits to Cambridge, where Washington had, but few weeks before, taken command of the Revolutionary forces. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought the day after his arrival. He describes it as having been a most sanguinary fight. He there, for the first time, saw gunpowder fired in anger, and it appears, perhaps in consequence of that, to have made a greater impression upon his mind than did any subsequent engagement. "Ah," he said, "that was a terrible fight—a shocking, bloody battle!" He served with the Revolutionary army through three campaigns, from 1775 to 1777, and was on guard at the camp when Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates in 1776.

He had frequent opportunities of seeing Washington, whose memory he venerates highly.

"Ah," he said, "Washington was a fine man, sir! We don't see many such men as he these days."

Putnam he describes as a rough and ready fellow, brave as a lion, and caring for nothing nor nobody. He remarked that after Burgoyne's surrender, he, with others of the British officers, was asked to dine with Gates. They were very merry, notwithstanding their defeat. Burgoyne sat at the foot of the table, opposite General Gates, and the latter observed several persons laughing. He asked what amused them, and was informed that Burgoyne had said that he (Gates) looked more like an old woman than a soldier.

"Ah, do I?" replied Gates, smiling. "Well, perhaps I do. At all events, I have safely delivered General Burgoyne of ten thousand men!"

The old man chuckled heartily over this *bon mot* of Gates. Probably it was a favorite anecdote at the time amongst the young recruits. When again he spoke, he said, "Gates got the better of the British officer at the dinner table, as well as in the field of battle."

After the close of the war, in 1780, he came to reside on the farm, where he has lived ever since. It was then a wilderness, overgrown with forest trees, and infested with bears and other savage beasts, and with numerous noxious reptiles. He frequently encountered these in the woods, and killed several, but never was seriously injured by them. On one occasion, when in the woods, armed only with his axe, a bear dropped from a tree above his head on to the ground before him. In a moment down came another, followed by three cubs. He was in a critical position, but, fortunately, the animals, after looking at him awhile, sheered off. "I let 'em go," said the old man, archly. He took possession of one hundred acres of land, valued at two dollars an acre, and having built himself a log cabin, he set to work to fell the trees. His brother and a few other settlers were scattered around him at distances varying from one to three or four miles, but he lived alone in the cabin for four years, when, growing weary of his solitude, he married Mehitable Bean, the daughter of a neighboring settler, and carried her to his home. She bore him seven children, five of whom are still living. The eldest living child is a daughter now in her seventy-second year, who still earns her living as a tailoress in Acton village. Had the oldest son lived, he would now have been seventy-five years of age. His wife died twenty-five years ago, aged seventy-two.

About two years after he came to reside on his land the "dark day" occurred. The old man insists that it was no eclipse, but that sudden and total darkness came on at two P.M., and no one has ever been able to account for it. But the settlers in those days probably had no idea of the nature of eclipses. He gave me the following account of it:

It was the custom of the youthful settlers to meet occasionally at the cabin of one of their number and enjoy themselves—dancing and singing, &c. It was on one of those occasions that the "dark day" occurred. It alarmed them, and broke up the party, and he started to return home, but it grew so dark he could not see his way through the woods, and he got down on the trunk of

a fallen tree, thinking that the last day had come, and expecting every moment to hear the archangel sound his trumpet, and to see the dead arise; but it became somewhat lighter, and he groped his way home in safety. The next morning Nature had regained her ordinary aspect. Soon after this he joined the Free Will Baptists—of whose church he has ever since been a steady and faithful member. The old gentleman is very pious, and passes much of his time reading his Bible, with the aid of a pair of spectacles which belonged to his mother, and which are at least one hundred and sixty years old! It would be an act of charity, which the old gentleman would appreciate, if some friendly person were to send him a pair of spectacles suited to a very aged sight; for though he values those he possesses as an heirloom, they are odd-looking things, iron-rimmed—much dilapidated and old-fashioned—with glasses as big as a dollar piece. He smokes a great deal, proving that, in some cases, at least, tobacco is not prejudicial to longevity. He also frequently walks abroad near his residence, and on no occasion ever lies down in the day time. His habits of life are, and always have been, very regular. For several years past it has been his custom to retire to rest at seven P.M., and to rise at five A.M., punctually. Before retiring and immediately on rising, he prays aloud in his own room.

He sleeps sound the whole night through, and is always in good health and spirits. He has preserved all his faculties marvellously, indeed, with the exception of a very slight deafness and a slight dimness of sight—such as many persons feel coming on at sixty years of age, or before—his faculties are perfect.

To all appearance he may yet live a score of years longer, and vote for three or four more Presidents, as he boasts that he has voted for every President that ever ruled over the land. As many persons have visited him, and as others travelling over this section of the country may be glad to pay him a visit, I will conclude by describing the easiest way to reach his residence. Travelling over the Boston and Maine railroad, you must leave the cars at the Great Falls junction—a few miles to the northward of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and travelling by the branch road as far as the terminus, at Union Village; you then alight, and proceed, as I have mentioned at the beginning of my letter, in a team which may readily be obtained at the village, towards Acton, *via* Milton's Mills, which is distant one mile and a half from the house, and as everybody at Milton Mills knows "Uncle Ralph Farnham," there can be no difficulty in finding the place, while the ride is a very delightful one.

I am, sir, with great respect, yours, &c.,
Acton, Maine, September 7, 1860.

W. D.

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

SOME years ago I was appointed agent for an extensive firm in the city of New York, and was obliged by the duties of my office to travel frequently in the Western States. In those days the means of communication between different parts of the country were much less extended than at present, and in consequence I very often performed long journeys on horseback, concealing commonly large sums of money about my person. For the better security of life and property, which were not seldom endangered in the less populous districts, I invariably made it my practice to go armed, and being naturally of a fearless turn, rather enjoyed than otherwise the sense of danger from which I was never wholly free. One of my adventures—and I met many well worth narrating—involved circumstances which at the time seemed to border on the supernatural, and which, although subsequently explained in part, have always been in a great measure mysteriously inexplicable. No system of psychology has ever yet succeeded in analyzing those occult operations of the mind, by which the imagination is determined to represent on its canvass scenes which are yet enveloped in the impenetrable darkness of futurity. But to my story.

The occasions of my business in the year 183—rendered it necessary for me to traverse alone the western part of the State of Ohio, and I made the journey, as usual, on horseback. This State, now one of the most lustrous stars in the federal constellation, was at that time eclipsed in glory by many a sister

luminary which has since grown dim beside it. The greater part of my route lay through a thinly-peopled region, in which the houses were "like angel's visits, few and far between," and in which I was frequently obliged to put up with accommodations of the very plainest description. One wet, raw, windy day in October I had ridden further than common on a wretched road, which had greatly tasked the powers of my willing horse, and as the afternoon wore away, and still no signs of a house appeared, I began to feel anxious no less on his account than on my own. Just before evening closed in, however, I was overjoyed by the distant prospect of a house, rudely built, indeed, but as welcome to my eyes as the low-lying shores of Guanahani to the strained vision of Columbus and his comrades.

Patting the neck of my jaded steed, and speaking encouraging words to him, I pushed on to the haven which promised us rest after the toil and weariness of the day's exertions. Through the uncurtained windows of the lower story streamed out into the increasing darkness a cheerful light, whose wavering brightness indicated an open fireplace. As I drew near the house I could partially discern through the gloom the shapes of irregular sheds and outbuildings attached to the main structure; but I only cursorily glanced at these, being more intent on reaching the inside than scrutinizing the outside of the edifice. The sound of my horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the inmates, and a man issued from one of the outbuildings, bearing a dark lantern which entirely concealed his own figure, while it plainly revealed mine.

"Can you take care of my horse, and give me food and lodging for the night?" I inquired. "We are both exhausted, and can hardly go further before to-morrow."

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

I dismounted and followed the man as he led my horse into the barn, and having seen him well provided for, we went without an additional syllable into the house. My companion all the while, whether accidentally or designedly, kept the bright side of the lantern constantly turned toward me, and it was not until we entered the apartment containing the fire that I could fairly obtain a sight of him. I involuntarily turned my gaze upon him before even glancing at the room into which I now entered, impelled by an irresistible curiosity for which I was at a loss to account. He was a man of rather more than the average stature, with a breadth across the shoulders I have never but once seen equalled; indeed, so athletic was his appearance that I saw instantly I was but a babe in comparison of physical strength, although at least two inches his superior in stature.

His features were not ill-shaped; if it had not been for a low forehead he might have been called almost good-looking; his complexion, however, was dark, and a profusion of bushy beard rendered the expression of his mouth hardly visible. I was just turning my eyes from his face to observe the aspect of my new quarters, when for a second his glance met mine; it was instantaneously averted, but a thrill of horror, loathing and dismay shot through my frame like an agonizing electrical shock. It was a rather small, black eye (the other being sightless and nearly shut) which had thus powerfully affected me; in its horrible glitter seemed to lurk the concentrated quintessence of devilish malignity. No words can describe the convulsive recoil with which I shrank from that glimpse into the depths of his soul; it was as if the earth had yawned beneath my feet, and in the blackness of the gloomy abyss I had half-descried the deeper blackness, vast and ill-defined, of the prince of evil.

With an immense effort of will, however, I shook off the influence of the man, and directed my attention to the objects that surrounded me. The room was not large, and was roughly plastered, although dingy and dirty. At one end was a rude attempt at a bar, formed out of unplanned boards, and behind this sat a woman of about thirty, with a wild expression of despair on her face—not impulsive and ungovernable, but graven in sharp lines on every feature, as if it were the sculptured countenance of a condemned criminal. On one side of the fireplace sat a man with his legs up against the side of the room, looking moodily into the fire, and smoking a clay pipe, black as the chimney-back; he did not raise his eyes once to me. On the other side sat a dog on his hind legs,

rough, nondescript-looking animal, with a sullen yet honest stare in his eye as he surveyed me, growling low all the while. The furniture of the room was of the rudest kind, consisting of a few chairs and a table, on which lay a large jack-knife, and a piece of plug tobacco; one tallow candle stood near by, with a long smoky wick.

I took a chair and sat down by the fire, and asked if they could give me any supper. The woman arose, and without saying a word set on the table from behind the bar a half-eaten leg of ham, a loaf of bread and a jug of milk, and then resumed her seat in silence. My conductor sat down near the fire, with his face half turned away from me, and lighting a pipe, puffed away, likewise in silence. My nerves are none of the most susceptible, but by this time the gloom of the party had thoroughly infected me, and my feelings were not to be envied, as I heartily wished the morrow were come. The one-eyed man rose at last, and went to the bar.

"Well?" said the woman, coldly.

"Brandy," was the reply.

"You've had enough already," she retorted bitterly.

"You lie," he answered, with a fierce oath. "I've got to stick the hog early in the morning, and I want some more."

"You'd rather stick the hog than kill a chicken any day," exclaimed the woman, passionately. "I hate you, you brute."

"You do, do you?" sneered he. "Give me the bottle, or I'll break it over your head."

"Take it yourself," groaned she, leaving the bar. "I wish you were dead, and me too."

The man took the bottle and drank a long draught from it, casting at the same time a menacing look towards the woman, and shaking his head at her threateningly. The woman shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. I could not stand it any longer, and abruptly asked to be shown to my chamber.

The man, taking up the candle, motioned me to follow him, when the dog, which had been quiet before, evinced signs of great uneasiness, and, after trying to arrest my notice by a series of hybrid noises, halfway between a bark and a whine, seized hold of my pantaloons, and held me fast.

"Curse the dog," muttered the man, with an awful oath, under his breath, and adding, "don't mind the cur," he dealt the poor animal such a kick with his heavy boot as sent him flying across the room with a yelp of pain.

Without further delay he conducted me up a narrow flight of stairs into a room containing a tolerably decent bed, a washstand, table and a couple of chairs. Setting the candle down, he left the room and went down-stairs. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than I noiselessly bolted it, and placed all the available furniture in the room against it, which operations considerably alleviated the uneasiness of my mind. As I turned towards the table to examine my pistols, I was startled at seeing, in a cheap looking-glass which rested against the wall, the reflection of the end of my money-belt, just visible between my waistcoat and pantaloons. I commonly wore this next my body, but on this morning I had accidentally forgotten it till nearly dressed, and had therefore strapped it around me hastily, as I had little time to spare.

I recollected with no small disquietude, the opportunity of observing this which had been afforded by the dark lantern; and the enigmatical remark of the woman, the diabolical look of my host, and the suspicious behavior of the dog, simultaneously recurred to my mind, and contributed greatly to increase this disquietude. My first impulse was not to go to bed at all; but my second was to apostrophize myself under the title of "infernal fool," and following the line of conduct implied, although hardly expressed, in this remark, I took off my clothes, and plunged into bed.

The wild moanings of the wind kept me listening for a while to their gusty music and enhanced the feeling of awe which I strove in vain to banish from my breast. After an hour or two, however, as everything seemed perfectly still, the fatigue of my journey gained the mastery of all anxiety and I fell into a state akin to sleep, but distinguished from it by my retaining a consciousness of where I was and how I was circumstanced. I was powerless to move or act, but I seemed gifted with an almost supernatural acuteness of mental activity, by which I took cognizance of the least noise or disturbance. In this abnormal condition I appeared to re-

seeing and hearing altogether independently of physical organs of sense, when I became aware in my dream—for it was only an unusual kind of dream—of a scratching noise just outside my chamber window, which was near the head of the bed. This grew louder and louder, until, bursting the spell of inaction which had hitherto bound me hand and foot, I appeared to leap up and rush to the window. All without was hidden in inky blackness, and the candle I had left burning on the table was flickering in its socket, evidently about to expire. With a great effort I flung up the casement, and peered eagerly into the gloom, but I could discern nothing, and as I was on the point of closing the window again, for the wind was high and sent a shiver all over my frame, a large object brushed against my hands, and leaped into the room. I started back, and giving a hurried glance round the chamber, saw, by the latest flicker of the dying candle, the form of the strange-looking dog I had seen down stairs sitting on the bed bolt upright, and staring at me. The next instant I was in utter darkness.

For some moments, I hardly knew how long, I stood motionless, while a crowd of conflicting emotions swept across my mind; but soon recovering myself, I luckily remembered there was plenty of matches in my cigar case; toward my coat pocket, therefore, I groped my way, and securing them, struck one of them. What was my joy to see, standing on the wooden mantelpiece, a second candle, half burned, but still able to give light for a couple of hours at least! This was speedily kindled, and then, turning towards the dog, I approached the bed. The animal seemed to have no ill-natured designs, but as I drew nearer, turned his nose upward, and gave a low growl, and finding I did not heed his pantomime, but stretched out my hands to seize him, he repeated the action, and took every possible means to direct my attention to the ceiling. Without understanding his desire at the time, I involuntarily glanced upward, and conceive my horror at seeing directly over the head of my bed, the faint but distinct outlines of a large trap-door.

My frozen blood had hardly begun to tingle along my veins once more, when my eyes, firmly rivetted on this mysterious object, plainly perceived it tremble, and commence slowly to open. The dog observed this likewise, and uttering a loud howl, sprung from the bed and out of the still open window. The door, nevertheless, ascended gradually, and just as a furious gust of wind swept by, and with one of its eddies extinguished the candle, a large, heavy something fell with a crash upon the bed. With a gasp and a cry of suffocation I started, and opening my eyes, discovered I had been dreaming; and the sense of bewilderment accompanying my waking did not prevent a feeling of intense relief.

At first I could not recollect where I was, and fancied I must be at home; but a few seconds sufficed to dispel the illusion. Casting my eyes round in an effort to identify myself and ascertain my position, I saw the candle on the table flaring up every now and then in a desperate struggle for existence. Hastily glancing at the mantel, I saw another candle, half burned, which I had noticed when I went to bed. I was now thoroughly aroused, and with foreboding apprehensions, looked up at the ceiling, and, O heaven, in the dimness of the light I saw the regular figure of a rectangle traced upon the plastering directly above me. Every muscle of my whole body was paralyzed by this discovery, and a weight seemed to lie with crushing force upon my chest; and with a spirit now completely overcome by superstitious terror, I lay attempting to summon sufficient resolution to arise, and examine the chamber more closely, when—hark, could it be?—yes—no—yes, there was unmistakably a faint sound outside my window, resembling the noise of a dog's claws against the wall. It grew more and more distinct, accompanied at intervals with a low whining, and an occasional short, sharp yelp. No sooner had I become convinced that this was really the case, than my self-possession returned; I got up, put on my clothes, took one pistol in my hand, leaving the other under my pillow, and walked resolutely towards the window.

My candle had become extinguished by this time, and as I looked out into the black abyss of the night, I saw that the clouds, dashed here and there with stars, were breaking up, and that before long the moon would be seen. I threw open the window, and at once, as if by the force of wind

which rushed into the apartment, in leaped the black dog which seemed so mysteriously connected with this singular adventure of mine. I was now completely my own master; by a vigorous effort of the will I quelled the shadowy fears which besieged my heart, and looked out with straining eyes to discern, if possible, the means by which the dog could thus make his appearance outside a second story window. A transient moonbeam showed me one of the numerous outbuildings before mentioned, at right angles with the wall of the house, and from the caves of this all along the side of the house extended a narrow plank, about five inches wide. A thick cloud obscuring the moon again, precluded further observation, and I turned from the window.

I felt confident that my cigar case was empty of matches, but, to test the accuracy of my dream, I felt for it, opened it, and discovered at least twenty. I struck a light, and, as I expected, there was the dog upon the bed in the very attitude of the vision. All doubt now vanished from my mind that I had been mysteriously warned of intended foul play of some nature, and I stood a moment revolving in my mind the best course of action. This I speedily decided on. Going up to the dog, I caressed him, and was on the point of carrying him to the window, when—to make my dream more exact a prophecy—he turned his nose towards the ceiling and commenced whining very low. I instantly seized him and hurled him out of the window with some little compunctions at thus treating my only friend in the accursed house, but I could make no delay.

Laying some clothes on the bed in the form of a man, as nearly as possible, and extinguishing the candle, I retired to the farthest corner of the room and, sitting down in one of the chairs I had placed against the door, with my revolver in my hand, determined to await the issue of events. For half an hour I sat perfectly still, listening to every whistle and sigh of the wind, which blew intermittently through the window I had left open, and straining my eyes whenever there was a gleam of light to discern whether there was any movement in the trap-door. At last, when a momentary ray shone in, I saw it partly open, and now I anxiously awaited in silence and darkness for the next development of this awful mystery. Presently I heard a low creaking, as of ropes. Then a tremendous crash, the report of a pistol, the sound of heavy feet overhead, and the fall of some dull, yielding body outside the window. The pause which followed these almost simultaneous noises was broken by low groans of pain from the ground beneath my window and the general murmur of a great disturbance in the lower part of the house. I hastily re-lit the candle, and going to the bed found a vast stone had been dropped upon the pillow where my head had previously lain. Suddenly remembering the pistol I had left beneath the pillow, with the exertion of my uttermost strength I rolled off the massive stone and found the pistol discharged.

Instantly the truth flashed across my mind. I rushed to the window, and looking down saw the woman and the man I had noticed in the bar-room the night before bending with torches in their hands over the prostrate body of my host, who was evidently in the agonies of death. The ruffian had been waiting on the outside of the window until the accomplice had performed his hellish work, in order to rob my mangled corpse of the money he knew I had in my possession; and the pistol being accidentally discharged by the fall of the stone, the ball had pierced his brain entering through the evil eye which had given me such a thrill of horror.

At the discovery of this hideous plot and its awful retribution, my senses threatened to desert me; but, reflecting that in such a house I could hardly be safe, no sooner had they carried the dying man within than I clambered down outside, took my horse from the stable, and mounted him unobserved.

As I passed the house, however, and looked back at the room I had so recently occupied and which had so nearly been the scene of a far different tragedy, I saw lights in the window. The sound of my horse's hoofs drew the attention of the man within, who had ascended to see what had become of me and to ascertain the cause of his comrade's death; and instantly levelling a rifle at me, he fired. As I was looking at him at the very moment, I anticipated his action by clapping spurs to my horse, thereby somewhat disconcerting his aim and in all probability saving my own life, for the ball grazed my shoulder,

causing a scar which remains to this day. Ten long miles had my good horse to gallop before I reached the nearest justice of the peace, and returning as speedily as possible we found our birds flown and the house half burned to the ground.

No information in regard to them could be obtained, except that they had lived in this habitation about two years and had been shunned and feared by the settlers of the neighborhood. The conflagration of the house was arrested, but nothing was discovered throwing any light on the matter. The body of the foiled murderer was taken, charred and scarcely recognisable, from the ashes of his dwelling, where he had apparently been flung by his associates as the quickest mode of burying him. Having ascertained the futility of further investigation, at least for the present, we rode away, and passing through an adjacent wood, the dog which had played so strange a part in this most strange drama made his appearance suddenly on our left and followed our horses to the village of R—. In gratitude for his efforts to preserve me from destruction, I henceforward shared my own home with my unwelcome monitor.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

THE fact that Lord Renfrew and his suite are at present travelling in this country, picking up as we trust, information and "taking notes," suggests a few reflections which it is to be hoped will be borne in mind by all who may on any occasion associate in this country with foreign tourists.

Among a certain class of very vulgar persons yet who are not devoid of low cunning, it is believed to be immensely fine if they can, by some exercise of low wit or of miserable lying, hoax a stranger and give him exaggerated and false impressions of the country. Thus we have heard of snobs of this description who, having deceived an English traveller with exaggerated accounts of the gambling prevalent in this country, introduced him to a party where he saw several young men betting with the utmost recklessness hundreds of thousands of dollars, plantations and scores of negroes, the whole interspersed with remarks of the most desperately go-ahead character. The English tourist was taken in; but what claim had the men who cheated him to be called "gentlemen" after acting out their dirty lie? None whatever.

There is far too much of this hoaxing and humbugging in this country. Tourists find us hospitable, "large and warm-hearted," generous, painstaking to please in many ways. But they have complained that this propensity to "stuff" them with marvels is so general as to seriously interfere with the objects of travel. Now it may be amusing enough when Egyptian fellahs rival each other in telling stupendous lies about the splendor and wealth of their native mud villages, but when Christian and educated white men descend to such false and puerile gasconading, it is indeed pitiable and pitiful.

Now what sort of respect would a high-toned man of the world have for people who are always endeavoring, as the Germans say, "to hang him up" or "to hang a bear before him!" Their very good qualities, their education, their intelligence are all only so many incomprehensible contrasts with this vile and silly tendency to hoax. We ask our readers in all seriousness, whether a foreigner, if it were generally known that he were writing a book of travel, would not be exposed, even in society which "prides itself on itself," to be cruelly tricked by some jolly and ingenious "gentleman" or "lady?"

Very much of this sort of snob must that "friend" of Sir Charles Lyell's have been who, when that gentleman was travelling in the United States, gave the English tourist the following advice:

When you are racing with an opposite steamboat or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the captain, who is sitting on the safety valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine and lose no time, especially if you hear the captain exclaim, "Fire up boys—put on the rosin!" Should a servant call out, "Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please go to the lady's cabin!" obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended. "Why to the ladies' cabin?" said he. "Because it is the end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore, never pay in advance! for should you fall overboard during the race and the watch cries out to the captain, 'A passenger overboard!' he will ask, 'Has he paid his fare?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go-ahead!'"

All immensely funny, no doubt, and to an American very absurd. But it will stick somewhere and be believed. And when we read in English newspapers ridiculous, preposterous stories about this country, and when all John Bull's children swallow down an Arrow-

smith hoax, we are indignant because so little is known of this country! Indeed! Let those who have seen something of our popular tendency to hoax strangers with merry jests think this thing over. So long as young American gentlemen boast in their books that they passed themselves off in Europe as the owners of a hundred thousand slaves, or made Polish dnces believe that prisoners are still roasted at the stake in Philadelphia, or talk gibberish together before green English, and pass it off for "Indian," just so long will all these merry jests give us the reputation of being a parcel of disreputable liars. We assert from observation that no European foreigners are so addicted to this kind of mischief as our own countrymen.

It is dangerous to express one's views in these days of free thought and entire social independence; but we incline to believe that a humbug is a humbug, whether his home be among Yankee mills or Southern cotton hills, whether he be a conservative or republican; and we are also of the view that a vast number of persons believe that one of the most stupendous of modern humbugs is the Sutherland family, which alleviated suffering by turning peasants out and cattle in, apropos of which the following from the *Commonwealth* will be found interesting:

THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCE.

It must ever be a matter of regret that the Sutherland clearances by which, as Feltham Burghley informs us, "between the years 1811 and 1820 fifteen thousand inhabitants, comprising about three thousand families, were burned out and driven from the interior of the country to a strip of land on the western coast, where they received about two-thirds of an acre each, or 6,000 acres in all, in exchange for 794,000 acres of good land of which they were deprived"—it must ever, we say, be a matter of regret that this clearance had not attracted the attention of some gifted poet or novelist who would have perpetuated the miscreated deed in the literature of the language. The ballad was once a great institution—it could tell what nothing else could tell, and in a manner more appropriate than any other style of composition. If ever there was a good subject for a great ballad it was the felon deed which, under the pretext of political economy, swept away the natives of a Highland district for the sake of a British aristocrat—

To grow a blood-spotted strawberry leaf,
And enable a duke to feed.

We quote a few verses to show how the author has appreciated his subject, and how ably he has picked out the notable features of the black infamy:

There was a duke in Sutherlandshire,
All in the North Countrie,
Lords and ladies, listen, I pray,
For a noble duke was he.

A good laird he, who thought it right
To civilize poor men,
And turned them out of house and home,
To make a great sheep-pen.

Seven hundred thousand acres he took
From the savage people away,
To make him a place where the tender roe
And the gentle sheep might stray.

He laughed at the title to Highland land,
At the coibe and claidheamh mor—
And he took for a sword in his bold right hand
The constable's truncheon law.

'Twas only, in fact, possession he lacked,
Which the savages had got;
So the short way seemed to philanthropy
To burn them scot and lot.

Call heaven to bless his noble head,
Ye holy wise and good;
For sixteen priests of truth have said,
"The duke did as he should."

Those ghostly men have since become
Good shepherds of good sheep;
Their cure is now of mutton hams,
For souls they've few to keep.

When those dear homestead nests were burn'd
The old men went to the wood,
Disconsolate, wandering precipice sides,
As it was right they should.

The babies died and the young men sighed,
And men wrung the lily hand,
And time-stricken beldames grew stark mad
As they watched the burning brand.

Ye may crush out a poor man's heart—
Ye may burn his hut of mud;
But the hut is a landmark in God's sight,
And the heart is human blood.

The following paragraph contains the account of an invention, which, if it be as good as reported, will enable booksellers to illustrate works at an extremely low price :

TWELVE THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS PER HOUR.

At a meeting of the Photographic Society, on Monday evening of last week, description was given of a machine patented by Charles Fontagne of Cincinnati, by which miniature photographs can be printed at the astonishing speed of two hundred a minute, or twelve thousand an hour from one negative. The negative is fixed in a box together with a sheet of prepared paper, and the latter, exposed by automatic machinery to the condensed light of the sun passing through the negative. After each exposure the paper is traversed underneath the negative to present a fresh surface for the succeeding impression. These motions, together with damping the negative into close contact with the paper at the instant of exposure, are well performed by the operator simply turning a crank. The importance of this discovery cannot be over-estimated. For the purpose of book illustrations alone, the new process will be invaluable, as two thousand five hundred impressions can be made in a single hour—a speed impossible to the ordinary manipulations of lithography or plate printing.

Why is it that so few photographs of costly old etchings are for sale? A Marc Antonio costs, say one hundred dollars; a photograph, which cannot be distinguished from it, could be given for from two to five dollars. For artists and students of art etchings by great masters, such as Rembrandt, Durer, Callot, Claude and others, are next in value to their oil paintings. Very few artists, however, can afford to buy them. Photographers might make money—not by copying trashy "Infant Samuels," "Young Mothers" and "Rural Devotions," but truly good works of Art—works which have a real historical value.

In some amusing Southern story a horse named Back Mill is brought in. Perhaps it was the same "animile" alluded to in the following verse :

HORSEMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Horseman, spare that tree!
 'Tis not a hitting-post;
 Though in its infancy,
 Yet soon 'twill shade a host.
 Then spare, oh, spare that tree,
 For he who placed it there
 Meant not that it should be
 By beast of thine gnawed bare.
 Then spare, oh, spare that tree!
 And neither gnaw it yourself nor let your horse.

We commend this to all who attend state and county fairs. It is from the *Rural New Yorker*, and was published in that journal a year ago, and it is now republished in the *Rural* for the benefit of officers who fill vacancies in committees :

HOW SMITH'S BULL WON THE PREMIUM.

COL. MOORE.—Some years ago I got acquainted with one of your contributors, who edited the *Wool Grower*, and he used to put me in print. I must say my vanity was flattered seeing my name printed in the paper, with some things I said and some I didn't say; and we've kept the papers ever since. After all, everybody likes a little fame, but some are satisfied with a smaller amount than others. Well, I have not the editor any more to set me out, so I have been thinking I would just try and see if you would not put me in the *Rural* on my own hook, especially as I want to tell you all about my going to the State Fair at Buffalo the other day.

CONCLUDES TO GO.

As it was not so far off but that we could go with our team, mother and I concluded we would hitch up and have a week to see the sights and some cousins we had not seen for a long time. Mother (that's wife, you know), thought we ought to take something to the fair. I told her to take a tub of her butter, but she didn't think it was good enough, but thought I might take some of the stock. But I thought it would be a great bother. However, Sam was pretty strong in the faith that we could beat everybody on horses, and wanted to take old Nance. She's a right smart old beast, is that old mare, you may depend.

TAKES THE MARE.

Well, we packed off Sam, for I was willing to give the boy a holiday. It does the boys great good to attend these kinds of fairs, I do believe, after seeing all I saw there.

GOES IN.

We got safely in town on Monday night, and Tuesday I went up to the fair grounds to see what was going on. I got in and found he'd got the mare entered, and had got his card on her head, and a good stall and all things comfortable. The animal arrangements were first-rate generally, and during all the time of the fair the supply of fodder was good. I think that Major Patrick, who was everybody in managing things, a trump sort of a man.

HEARS SOMETHING.

As I was standing up near the business-office in the crowd I heard a couple of men talking about premiums. One said to the other :

"Are you an exhibitor?"

"Yes."

"So am I, and we had better look to the committees."

"Why so?"

"You see the committees are never full, and if you are on hand at the big tent when they are called, it is easy to slip in a friend, which is a mighty nice thing sometimes."

"Well, I am showing a patent for making cowcubmers, and if you can get the premium it will make my fortune."

"And I am showing a new kind of bob-tailed hens, and a premium won't set me back."

"Well, you get me on the committee, and I will name you for mine."

"All right; go in to win when you can."

Thinks I, perhaps if that's the way the thing leans, I may as well take care of myself as any one else. Everybody for himself seems to be the rule on these occasions. So off I streaked to the cattle-pens to find Smith—he is my neighbor, you know; Smith, who is in the patent bull line. (Mr. P. evidently means "improved.") Says I, "Smith, you're showing bulls, and I am showing old Nancy, and I guess if merit counts we can win; and that's the talk here on paper." Then I told him what I heard about the committee.

"Is that so?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I think old Nance is the best mare in the yard."

"And you've got the best bull on the ground."

Then I told him that we must be up at the tent in time.

Well, sure enough, when the committees were made up, I was on Smith's bull committee and he was on the mare committee.

THE COMMITTEE GOES OUT.

The head man took the book, as he had the things in it and we were all introduced to each other, and went down to look at the bulls. We were on the red bulls. So we went along and looked at them, and I didn't say much till we came to Smith's bull, and I looked at him pretty carefully, pulled his tail, punched my fingers in his ribs and went through the motions, as I had seen the others. Says I, "That's a bull that looks like it." Smith had combed him all over with a fine-toothed comb, and brushed him with a hair-brush, and he looked slick, for he was just as fat as a hog. And from all I saw, I think fat at fairs, like what the lawyer said about charity, covers a multitude of sins.

GETS THE HORNS POKED AT HIM.

Just as I said that, the fellow who had a bull in the next stall comes up to me pretty fierce, and says he :

"What do you know about bulls?"

"Well," says I, "I think I know what they are used for in my section."

"May be," says he, "you're one of the committee?"

"I have that honor," says I.

"But," says he, "that bull hain't got any pedigree."

"Well," says I, "he had father and mother, didn't he?"

"Oh! yes, but then nobody knows who they were."

"Well, then nobody knows but they were just as likely as your bull's parents."

"But, sir, look at my bull's pedigree. There it is, sir. Got by imported Shirl-tail out of Skim-milk, by Thunder," &c., and he showed a string of names as long as your arm.

"Well," says I to the committee, "are we to judge the pedigree or the animal?"

And they said, "The animal, of course."

"Then," said I to the fellow, "will your bull get better stock than this?"

"Of course he will," says he, "for he's got a pedigree, and that bull hasn't."

"Well," says I, "your bull has got somebody to brag for him, and the other hasn't certain." And that sort o' knocked him. "But," says I, "I've known people who felt grand over their pedigree, and I've seen a heap of people who couldn't go further back than their father and mother who had banged them all to pieces for smartness. Handsome is that handsome does," says I, "and as the hymn-book says, 'a man's a man for a' that.' Pedigree go to grass, I go in for the animal."

SMITH'S BULL WINS.

When we got through and looked at our marks, the other two had Smith's bull second. I had him first. So we talked it over, and finally, as they did not care much about it, they altered the figures, and gave Smith the first premium, which I think was right.

AND THE OLD MARE.

Smith had a great time over old Nance. It turned out that each of the other two committee men had friends whose mares were to be judged, and they pretty soon picked out their favorites. So he kept still and let them talk, and they soon got into a quarrel, and then they appealed to Smith, and he kinder sided with one, but thought old Nance was the best mare, and finally, to keep the other from getting first, they sided with him, and he went in for both of theirs. Smith says he saw some queer things on that committee.

You see we got our premiums, but you don't see, perhaps, colonel, as well as I do, that it wants something more than merit to be sure of winning.

GETS IRREVERENT.

The State of New York is a great State, the biggest in the Union, and the New York State Agricultural Society is a great institution, but if there ain't some of the all-fired big humbugs crawling around its Annual Fair then I'm a teapot.

CONCLUDES.

I want to tell you a heap more, but I have used up so much paper, I fear you won't have patience to print my letter.

Yours to command, JOHN PLOUGHHANDLE.

The world is far too full of sneaks' wit—that is to say, of innuendo. Old maids pour it out, vicious little men spit it out, rough fellows swear it out, servant maids chatter it out by alluding to "some folks," and even poets rhyme it out, if not at individuals at least at classes—as may be seen from the following :

A PICTURE.

She never in her whole life wrote one stanza,
She knew no Greek, no Latin, scarcely French,
She played not, danced not, sang not, yet when Death
His arms about her threw, to tear her from me,
I would have ransomed her, not Orpheus-like,
With mine own song alone, but with all song.
Music and dance, philosophy and learning,
Here ever, or to be here, in the world.

Dr. James Henry.

Very good. And the poetical antithesis is very fine. But it is all in reality a pandering to the vulgar idea that education, culture and refinement unfit women for housekeeping and all sterling virtues—or it is a "hit" at women who are thus elevated above the mere pudding-making, tea-drawing, scandal talking, small-beer sisters. Whoever the young lady was whom Dr. Henry would, in plain terms, "have gone to hell for"—since this is what Orpheus did—we entertain no doubt that she would have been vastly improved by some *little* education, and that had he married her and been obliged to see her every day, he would, perhaps, have ended by being willing to take the Orphic journey once again to get away from her.

As we write it is October. The first breath of fall has fallen. We are in peach-time and melon-time as yet—but visions of fall apples and red leaves flit around. Hear old Spenser :

OCTOBER.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading, in the wine-fat's see.
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust ;
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion ; and eek by his side
He had his ploughshare and coulter ready tyde.

Spenser.

Just so. Now hear us :

"And the nights are growing longer
And the leaves are getting brown,
And we are in the city,
Decidedly in town ;
Making calls, or in the club house,
Let all care go hang or drown."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Very much so—and there is a strong touch of aforesaid in the following very well told story by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* :

A young girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, was seated upon a pile of cheese-boxes, with her two little brothers, aged eleven and thirteen years. They were orphans, bound from Alleghany, Pennsylvania, to Michigan, where they expected to find a home with an uncle.

After having purchased second-class tickets for the three, the girl had spread her old quilt on the pile of cheese-boxes and prepared to pass the night in quietude. She had hardly arranged her nest, however, before she was accidentally discovered by a second-class passenger, a tall young man of twenty-three years, who had loved her in secret almost from her infancy, and who, for the past two years, had been rafting lumber on the Ohio river. Having acquired about two hundred dollars in hard currency, he came to Cleveland on the tenth to participate in the celebration, when, as he expressed it, "some mean kuss had picked his pocket of every darned cent but four dollars."

Being unable to find the thief or the money he had started for the West with the determination to hire out on a farm. To his surprise and joy he found himself on board the same vessel with the object of his heart's earliest affections.

Sliding up to her, he exclaimed,

"Why, Cynthia Ann! why, how do you dew? I didn't hardly know you! Why, how you've growed! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to uncle's in Michigan," was the feeble reply. "You knew mother was dead, didn't you?"

"Why no!" and his voice softened. "When did she die, Cynthia Ann?"

"She died last January! Uncle wrote to me that if I'd come up there he'd give me and the boys a home."

"Cynthia Ann!" and the young man's voice trembled: "there ain't no man'll be so glad to give you a home as I will! I've allers thought a heap of you! I told your mother when you wasn't more'n so high, that when you growed up I was a goin' to have you. Now Cynthia Ann—jest say the word and you're to hum now!"

"What'll be come of the boys?" inquired the agitated maiden.

"I'll go with you and leave 'em to your uncle's, and then we'll go

West and hire out this fall and winter, and then next spring we'll buy a small farm and live to hum!"

The girl gave a warm sigh of acceptance, leaned her head against the honest breast of the hardy youth, as much as to say, if you want anything take it.

The man snatched a kiss from her ripe ruby lips, sprang down from the cheese-boxes, and exclaimed,

"If there's a justice of the peace on this boat, I've got a job for him!"

"I am a justice of the peace," remarked a venerable-looking old man from York State, "remount the cheese-boxes and you shall be a married man in less than five minutes."

"Well, hold on, squire! I ain't got no money, but I'll give you an all joffred good axe."

"Never mind about the pay," said the worthy squire, "I'll take my pay in seeing you happy."

The fellow r mounted the pile of cheese, clasped the hands of his dearly beloved, and in three minutes the ceremony was performed—he had entered into a new existence. Kissing his little bride once on her ready lips, he seated himself on a big cheese and commenced, no doubt, for the first time to realize what he was, where he was, what he had done, and what ought and must be done.

Starting up suddenly, he exclaimed, half aloud, to himself,

"Well, by hokey, this is a pretty hard way of passing the first night!"

The bride blushed, and replied,

"Never mind, John, we are just as happy as if we were rich. Come, sit down."

But John had an idea, and he was bound to put it in operation. Going to his pile of baggage, consisting of one large meal-bag, containing a change of shirts, socks, neckerchief and old boots, he took from the leg of one of the boots an excellent axe, and walking up to the clerk's office, he exclaimed,

"I say, look here, cap'n, I've paid for a deck passage, but I want a bed for myself and w—i—self. I ain't got no money, but here is an all joffred good axe."

The gentleman in the office replied that the clerk had stepped out, but would be back again in a few moments; whereupon the man went back to the pile of cheese to look at his precious treasure.

Having our sympathies aroused, we hastily ran around among the passengers, told the story, and took up a collection to procure a state-room for the young couple. To the credit of our lady passengers, they were the most liberal in their donations; and in less than ten minutes we had collected \$14 92. Presenting this sum to the agreeably astonished young man, we informed him that he could now procure a state-room with two beds, one for himself and wife, the other for the boys. Thanking us with his big watery eyes, he rushed to the clerk's office, where he was met by Captain Pierce, agent of the line; Captain Evans, commander of the boat; and Mr. Carter, the clerk.

Captain Pierce exclaimed,

"Here, my good fellow, here's a ticket for yourself and wife to go to Chicago. Get West as fast as you can; go to work on a farm and look out for the landsharks."

Captain Evans pulled out a glittering coin and said,

"Here's five dollars! keep yourself in good condition and—"

Here the worthy captain forgot his speech and ran off laughing.

The clerk, Mr. Carter, handed the man a key, and said,

"You are welcome to one of the best at ten-rooms on the boat. It is two beds—one for yourself and wife, the other for the boys."

Captain Evans having returned, exclaimed,

"Give the boys another room! They ain't no business in there. They ain't no business—"

Here he broke down with laughter again and hurried away to give orders on the boat.

The couple now retired to their sumptuous apartment as happy as mortals are allowed to be on this earth and the passengers gathered in knots to praise the liberality of all concerned and the comical oddity of Captain Evans.

The "moral" of the above story is not given. We will supply it as uttered by a very sensible lady. It is that the poor, to judge from the narrative, seem to have very easy, independent, happy times. If a young stroller without a dollar marries "the gal of his heart" he is a manly fellow, not afraid of fortune's frowns. To be—as in this case—a common beggar, is not derogatory to his manliness. But if young Smith, \$400 clerk in a store, falls in love with Anna Brown, daughter of Bill Brown, of \$1,200 a year and thirteen children, what a miserable, reckless creature he would be to get married on chances. So Smith and Anna may wait. None of their friends would "like it" if Smith went to wood-chopping, nor is it likely he could if he wanted to. If Smith does marry and become wretchedly poor he meets with much less sympathy than the wood-chopper. Everybody "told him so," and he may grin and bear it.

Most merchants in New York would take a rude, dishonest rustic cub of a boy into their employment rather than one of gentle nurture, owing to a radically false and intensely vulgar idea that city boys are "stuck up." So far as our observation extends, educated, gentlemanly boys are far readier to turn their hands to anything and are far less afraid of drudgery than those youthful specimens of raw material so fondly sought by jobbers. The more ignorant and raw a boy is the more prone is he to feel as he grows up that manual labor disgraces—the more apt is he to be snobbish. Here is another illustration of a by far too general fact—that poverty, vulgarity and recklessness are far from being the drawbacks which people often suppose them to be.

HOW SNOODLES GOT A COLLEGE EDUCATION.



1. The elder Snoodles having made about a million in the ship-stuff line, determines that his son and heir shall have a first-rate "eddicashun." The above is an allegorical representation of young Snoodle's entrance to college.



2. He at once becomes immensely popular, and is introduced to the "higher" classes. It's a "toss-up" whether he comes down on his head or his heels, so elevated is he by his reception.



3. He enters ardently upon the study of the most modern languages, and becomes an adept in "horse talk," "ring talk," and "thieves' slang." He feels that he is getting along.



4. He makes his first experiments in natural philosophy with his tutor's key-hole. His experiment can be hardly termed a success, since, being unacquainted with the theory of projectiles, he receives the contents of his own bombard. He is damaged considerably; but he repairs himself, and is not discouraged.



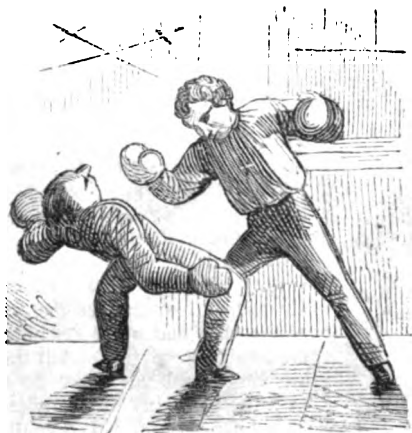
5. He tries once more, and damages his enemy almost past repair. He is satisfied that study well directed can always accomplish its ends. He writes home to the elder Snoodles, commencing his letter thus:—"Patience and perseverance are the golden rules of life." He receives in return a check for two hundred dollars.



- He studies chemistry, and is fascinated with the doctrine of chemical affinities. In short he becomes "intoxicated" with the study, and is so constant in his practical experiments, that he is frequently carried to his quarters in a state of stupor—a victim, in fact, to a devotion to science.



7. In connection with chemistry, he goes into the beautiful and ennobling study of astronomy. It was, however, a remarkable idiosyncrasy of young Snoodle's mind, that he never felt so astronomical as when he had been drinking deep of the chemical mixtures. Then it mattered not where he was, he would lie down, and with some curious chemical compound in one hand, he would gaze into the profound depths of the heavens and become oblivious to all sublunary affairs—probably absorbed by celestial contemplation.



8. His scientific studies having in some measure injured his health, he is recommended by the faculty to go in for manly exercises to recruit his bodily strength. In pursuance of this advice, he puts on the "gloves," and his sensations on receiving the first tap on his "smeller," or nose, can be more readily understood than described.



9. Disgusted with the vulgarities and the personal indignities attendant upon the practice of the "manly art of self-defence," he devotes himself to the study of mathematics; and for the better and more rapid understanding of the various "angles," he goes enthusiastically into billiards. He finds that the only true "angles" are exhibited upon Phelan's tables. During his novitiate he meets several friends, who take him in hand, and to enliven the tedium of his learning make little bets, and thus render the game interesting—to them at least. He found the study of mathematics pleasant but expensive.



10. He dashes headlong into the tender passion. His rhetoric is tremendous; and Biddy, the housemaid of his friend Blazer, enjoys the joke amazingly. She thinks him the greenest young "sap" she ever seed, and wonders if "his mother knows he's out."



11. At length force of circumstances compels him to study arithmetic, and after a desperate effort he foots up the sum total of what he owes. He then examines his assets, which he has no difficulty in adding up, as the sum total is—nix! The elder Snoodles having peremptorily cut off all supplies, the younger Snoodles declares himself insolvent, and offers to give up all he has got to his creditors. He does so, and, strange to say, no one is any the better for it.



12. A storm of indignation is aroused, and the college authorities are appealed to. They all act promptly and decidedly, as the case demands, and the gay and youthful Snoodles is ignominiously expelled. The above is an allegorical representation of how Snoodles graduated!



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR NOVEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

We are reaping the fruits of the newest sensation, the visit of the Prince—in the extraordinarily choice and beautiful styles of the fall importations, both for ordinary and full dress; while column after column of the daily and weekly papers are filled with advertisements from the dry goods houses drawing attention to the various stocks, and the great bargains offered in the several departments.

Beginning with A. T. STEWART'S establishment, and its silk counters, we find, among the many exquisite evening dresses one of peculiar richness, a gros-grains of the true Solferino color, with delicate flowers sprinkled over it in white velvet. They might be wrought in oriental pearls, so softly bright

the black silk the fruit was white, on the white it was purple, on other colors in the same way it was made to harmonize, the foliage being always green; and the gold line surrounding the design throwing it up in a most effective manner.

Of course, there is an almost countless variety of the "jewelled silks" as they are called from the designs, in imitation of brooches and other ornaments, which are displayed on them; but though they are very handsome, they do not please us as well as many other styles. We object to brooches and fastenings which fasten nothing; there is an obvious inconsistency in them. Had the artist who designed them planned a fancy silk, which should look, at least, as if it were in festoons, caught up here and there by these ornaments, the result would have been far more elegant, as well as artistic; which at present it is not, though it



BONNET. RALLINGS. PAGE 475.



BONNET. MARTELLI-NOTIAN. PAGE 475.
VOL. VII., No. 5—30

and pure-looking are these tiny bouquets. It would be a most lovely dress for a brunette, worn with pearl ornaments; and will no doubt form one of the most recherché toilettes that will figure at the Prince's ball.

Another charming evening dress for a young lady is of white silk, with small leaves of purple velvet, scattered here and there over it, just as if they had fallen from a tree, and purple spots at intervals between. This is a dress that would look equally well with almost any complexion, provided the wearer possessed youth and beauty.

A very elegant style of silk, which we found in white, black and various leading colors, had a small bunch of currants, and two or three leaves, outlined with gold, scattered over it. On



BONNET. SIMMONS. PAGE 475.

cannot be denied that some of these silks are exceedingly handsome.

Among the less costly silks are some very pretty styles. Black broché, with tiny colored figures; and some shot silks, with very minute spots, like pins' heads, in a third color, woven in the chain. One of these is in black and golden brown, with the spots in white; a more chaste-looking and elegant silk could hardly be found.

At what the thousands of customers recognize as the "dollar" counter we find silks which it cost nearly half as much again to import, but which, being in styles which are now somewhat *passé* (although the height of fashion a few months ago), are now selling at the very low price of a dollar; and although some would, of course, look conspicuous from their contrast with the present style, others could well be worn by any one not crazily devoted to fashion. Many are striped, in rich crimson, blue or brown, with black, and are unexceptionable demi-toilette dresses.

The plain reps silks, which have been so little worn for some years past, are now much in favor; and one counter, at Stewart's, is devoted to the display of their beauties, and those of the watered silks and *moiré* antiques. Of these three varieties we find a full assortment, in all the leading colors, light and dark; exquisite corn color, sky blue, mauve, apple green, *fleur-de-pêche*; and the richest Magenta, dahlia, purple and other warm hues.

The embroidery department, which is one of the great attractions of the building, contains some new styles of sleeves; as well as a large stock of those which have been popular during the summer. The sleeves seem to be almost universally made to close at the wrist, with cuffs; and many of the sleeves themselves are embroidered over all that part which will not be covered by the sleeve of the dress. A style that took our fancy greatly had this embroidery carried in a narrow pyramidal band, almost to the elbow, the plain muslin being set in full on each side. The cuffs are, at once, finely and massively embroidered; the Scotch work being now brought to such perfection that it will compare very favorably with the finest French. The Japanese, Union and other sets, of which we spoke last month, will be found now in even greater variety. In many of the Union sets the ends are in double points (like a ribbon), above which the golden bow and slide answer the purpose of an ordinary brooch with excellent effect.

Only in lace do we find open sleeves very much worn; and they are still made up with illusion and ribbon, in a manner as ornamental as they have been for the last year. We noticed an exquisite set of *point à l'aiguille*, in which the puffings surmounting the sleeve were *crévés*, with small knots of gold ribbon and black velvet in each puffing. Several of the other sets had black velvet mingled with the colored ribbon with which they were trimmed.

The breakfast sets, with ends, commonly called Japanese, have enamelled slides instead of the large buttons, in many instances. Some of the cuffs are pointed in the middle, and with one end drawn through the slide and embroidered—a style which seems to us more elegant than the double ends.

In the mantilla department we see many striking novelties both in forms and materials. Among the latter is one which closely resembles the lambskins for which Astracan is so famous, and which we will call Astracan wool, since we could not learn that it possessed any name of its own. The hair or wool was very short, and closely curled; in color a bluish gray. It must be delightfully warm and comfortable; and as we shall notice, the use to which it is put cannot fail to make it popular. For instance, we were shown a very beautiful basquine of heavy corded silk, lined entirely with Astracan, that is done in such a manner that the garment is reversible, and may be worn with the wool outside in wet weather. The edges throughout were finished with a gimp cord of black and gold intertwined.

Another mantilla, bearing the singular name of "The Gentleman," was of cloth, bordered with Astracan. The garment was a sort of great-coat, with a deep pelerine cape, with points reaching to the waist in front, somewhat squared at the tips.

Another novelty, in Venetian cloth, has a treble hood, of which the centre one is very much the longest. It is a large flowing circular, without any sleeves, and is trimmed all round

with gold braids and finished with tassels of black silk largely intermixed with gold.

A new material, a sort of woollen plush, in several varieties of plaid, is here being introduced for cloaks. It is a French fabric, very warm and light, though not so pretty in our idea as the rich tartan plushes which were at Bulpin's last year.

The evening dresses at STRANG, ADRIANOW & Co.'s, 355 Broadway, are certainly unique in style, being for the most part manufactured for and imported by themselves exclusively. The *moirés* antiques are magnificent in material as well as colors, amongst which will be found the rarest and the richest tints. One is a magnificent purple, a genuine royal purple, not the color that so frequently goes by that name. It is the only dress of that hue and material we have seen in the city, and it is regally splendid in character. Then, in the same material, we have clear bright and cherry color, Magenta, Solferino, violet—brown in every shade, and a full assortment of *couleurs fortes*.

Of the *moirés*, also—watered silks, as they are usually called—there is a choice and well-chosen stock. Some are plain, others have the stripes alternated with others of plain silk, with flowers chine on them in natural colors. Sometimes the colored watered stripes are alternated with white watered, also with rich floral running patterns colored after nature. These designs usually have handsome borders to the white stripes, which add to the effect and soften down the sudden alternation between the white and the colored.

Another novelty, almost startling in its brilliancy, is a bright orange-colored *poult-de-soie*, with small flowers broché on it in black and white. Imagine how such a dress would heighten the charms of some lovely brunette, whose jetty locks and dark eyes would look yet blacker by contrast with the golden dress. It would be well, however, to note that the cheeks should have the ruddy hue of health, or at all events be without a tint of sallowness, to make such a dress becoming.

The white silks with small figures or stripes are very numerous and varied at this house. We were particularly pleased with a plain white silk, with tiny carnations brocaded on it. Another had bouquets of brilliant and contrasting colors brocaded on it at intervals *à la Pompadour*. Another was of white *poult-de-soie*, with *vert-islay* satin stripes at intervals, and chine *Pompadour* flowers here and there on the broad white stripes. But the gem of the assortment was a rich white silk with watered lilac stripes, and between them double lines—they were no more—of the same beautiful color, with purple and white broché flowers on the white ground.

The lovers of shawls—in which class we may reckon every refined and educated woman—will be enchanted with some of the Indian shawls at this establishment, though we cannot undertake to say that their husbands would be equally enchanted were they called on to pay for them. Shawls at eight hundred dollars, nine hundred dollars, one thousand dollars—and not dear at that, considering that lace and cashmeres are the only patents of nobility in this democratic country.

We all know the general style of an Indian shawl, with its palms of all colors and dimensions swaying here and there, as if the wind were passing among them, each so distinct, yet blending so beautifully with all the surrounding ones; the large magnificent design of the deep border reproduced in the narrower ones with equal grace and fidelity; the bright but never gaudy tints; the soft texture, the harmony of the whole. There are some very beautiful specimens at Strang & Adrianow's, at the prices we have just mentioned. We would call particular attention to those with black centres, the designs of which are of extraordinary beauty.

In cheaper shawls, of Paisley and French manufacture, there will also be found here an abundant selection. Some of the Paisley shawls, with finest white centres, and borders in gray, worked in palm leaves after Indian designs, were, we were informed, manufactured exclusively for this firm; and are such as could be worn by any lady with almost any dress.

In cashmere dressing-gowns this firm has also imported a novelty called the "*Robe de Chambre à Capuchin*." It has a rich shawl-border, in the style worn so much last year; but besides this it has a hood which may be drawn over the head at pleasure, effectually protecting the head of the wearer from drafts in passing through long corridors or standing on balconies.

Some beautiful sets of lace in *point de Venise*, imported by this house, and, as we understood, manufactured expressly for them, are sold at one dollar twenty-five and one dollar fifty. One of the designs, of small bouquets set at intervals on a Greek border, was unique and very tasteful.

We must not close this notice without mentioning some curiously fine cotton stockings at—only two dollars and a quarter a pair! A large sum, but one justified by the extraordinary quality of the stockings, which were made not for sale, but for exhibition.

Wending our way up Broadway we come to GEORGE HEARN'S, 425, a store which has a character of its own, with which no other in New York, as far as we know, at all clashes. If we could fancy the styles of goods that Quakeresses dressing themselves like "the world's people" would select for their *début*—the dainty tiny patterns, the quiet colors, the judicious and very slight intermingling of bright hues with sober slate or delicate fawn—the general air of excellence rather than showiness, we shall have an idea of the sorts of silks which are to be found here in the greatest abundance. Let us look at some of those now lying on the counters. There is a sort of warm fawn-color, or perhaps we might term it an Esterhazy, a soft silk with diamond-shaped flowers woven on it, each connected by others, forming the whole into a succession of diamonds, and in the heart of every flower is a spot of cerise no bigger than a pin's head. It would be difficult to choose anything more quietly lively.

Another in something of the same style is of mode color, with diagonal lines broché forming a succession of diamonds, and in the centre of each a set pattern with a cerise spot also in the centre.

A black silk with pin's-head spots in black alternated with crimson is another most elegant design; the spots so minute and close together that a crimson shade is thrown over the black silk.

While speaking of these small designs we must not pass over the black silks, which are here so particularly good, and the droguets in the same and other leading colors.

But the gem is a damask silk in black and green, the black leaf exquisitely brocaded on a green damask ground on the right side, and the colors reversed in an equally clear but not raised design on the wrong. It is almost the only real damask silk of the old-fashioned kind that we have seen in New York.

We have dwelt on this class of goods because we consider this store of George Hearn distinguished for them; but in the styles affected also by other firms we find as choice and as rich goods as can be seen anywhere.

Pompadour silks being among the most popular, we find a magnificent reps with bouquets comparatively large brocaded on them in the richest natural hues; such a dress some duchess of the olden time might have worn when she made her first courtesy at court. Small need would the wearer have of hoops with such a dress, which would almost stand alone, and would certainly need but little crinoline beneath it.

Another exclusive style of this house is that of changeable silks, or as they are more commonly called, shot silks (*taffetas changeantes*). One of corn-color shot with white, and another the very hue of the *aqua-marine*, struck us as particularly beautiful. No other sort of silk ever displays the beauty of the fabric as do these shot silks, when of good quality and well assorted; they shimmer and glisten in the gaslight, taking a dozen different shades of the two colors, and yet looking always beautiful and graceful, in a way that no other variety of silk can rival; and we rejoice to see that they are by means of this house again becoming candidates for public favor.

In the popular woollen goods, plain and printed, there is a great variety at this establishment; but they are, for the most part, so much alike everywhere, in design and in price, it is needless to particularize them, except in the instances to which we shall presently come, in which special and peculiarly beautiful goods are imported by any house.

LORD & TAYLOR, 461 to 467 Broadway, corner of Grand street, are attracting thousands to admire and purchase their exquisite ball-dresses in crystallized and gold-brocaded tarlatanes. It is true there is absolutely nothing new in these tarlatanes, which were much worn last year; but, although they are not very different from those we have already seen, and the silk mate-

rials are, nothing will be likely to supersede them in popular favor; for nothing will ever make so pretty and appropriate a dress for a young lady as simple tarlatane.

Those we were shown at Lord & Taylor's were in all the leading light colors, as well as in black and white, of which, too, there was decidedly a preponderance. Some perfectly plain, some brocaded in small figures; but the majority glittering with gold or silver stamped in pois, lozenges, diamonds and other small set patterns. Some of the black tarlatanes, with gold designs on them, we thought particularly pretty and likely to be becoming to many. So would be the pale blue, with silver stars; indeed, it would be hard to say which would not be pretty.

Another pretty and inexpensive style of evening dress for young persons is tarlatane, or fine clear organdy, with designs painted on it in delicate colors, such as the palest apple green, or *bleu-ciel*. This sort of dress is sold by the robe and is arranged with a number of small tucks round the skirt, each with a running design painted above it.

Some twenty years ago, there was a perfect rage for painted muslins, which looked very pretty, were very cheap, and were exceedingly well—considering the original cost. We should be glad, therefore, to see them popular again.

A very lovely tarlatane has a single rosebud in groseille or damask color, just dropped on it here and there. It, also, would make a pretty dress.

In the jewelled and Pompadour silks Lord & Taylor offer as great a variety to their customers as can be found anywhere, with many patterns imported expressly by themselves. We admired particularly a black silk, with brown moiré stripes, a very handsome dress for a dowager.

A splendid evening dress displayed here is of white silk, with two deep flounces, each bordered with a design richly embroidered by hand, on lozenges which are alternately of blue and white silk. The trimming for the corsage is, of course, made to correspond; and we are told that this beautiful specimen of needlework is the production of a blind lady. It seems hardly credible, but so it is.

Gold and silver—the former especially—are found woven into even the woollen dresses; sometimes with a good effect, although we cannot think that the robes of this style will look at all well after a few weeks' wear. Perhaps the purchasers do not calculate on giving them more; but under ordinary circumstances, a dress of reps, velours or ottoman ought to look handsome for more than one season. We noticed one of these dresses at Lord & Taylor's, that was certainly very pretty—a rich tan brown ottoman, with a fine seaweed pattern running over it, woven in gold.

In another, flowers of gold and green were sprinkled over a ground in which gold was woven in with the brown.

At the branch establishment of this firm, 255 to 261 Grand street, we observed some dress goods which are scarce enough here to be really curiosities; some very pretty genuine Norwich crapes, which are perhaps among the most durable of winter materials. We fancy they are unique in this city, at least we have not been shown anything like them elsewhere.

The ribbons here are very beautiful. Some with cherries, in velvet of an appropriate color, with leaves broché in the silk, scattered here and there on a plain taffetas ground. Others, with Pompadour bouquets, on plain grounds. One very beautiful bunch of roses, with buds and foliages, we noticed in various appropriate colors, on black, white and other grounds. On a purple ground it was particularly beautiful, the roses and buds being in shades of gold color, and the foliage and moss black.

But the greatest novelty in this line consists in ribbons woven on purpose for bonnet strings, in lengths of one and a half yards each. The ribbon is plain, except at the extremities, where two beautiful and elaborate designs are brocaded. Bouquets, in their natural colors, with the stems of plain or bronzed gold; or with feathers, also in metal, shining brilliantly on the dark ground. They are particularly designed for bonnet strings; but they are also exceedingly well adapted for the Imperatrice cravate, which will be worn universally this winter; and of which we have spoken in a recent number of this Magazine.

We have somewhat diverged from Broadway; and returning



PORCELAIN TEA SET. COLLAMORE. PAGE 478.

thither find ourselves at the establishment of **USSELL, PIERSON, LAKE & Co.**, 471. The stock of silks here is always good in quality, and of choice designs. Amongst them we find some which are almost damasks, so heavy and rich. is the brocade of golden stars, and colored flowers on the black reps ground. There are some *moirés antiques* in tints not commonly seen—a very beautiful genuine steel color; a deep, deep blue, almost like indigo, but woven so that in some lights the watering would shine and glisten like silver; and the usual run of purples, greens, Magentas and so on.

A very handsome robe of alternate stripes of brown satin and *moiré*, divided by narrower ones of *chiné* flowers, being very unlike the majority of the dresses seen this season, pleased us from its peculiarity as well as richness. Of course, it is quite the dress of an elderly lady. A very rich purple silk, wrought with losenge-shaped satin medallions, in each of which was a flower of black and gold, was of another class, and had a singularly beautiful and handsome appearance.

At **BREEMAN's**, 478 Broadway, we found a variety of silks in something the same style as the purple of which we have already spoken. One of tan brown, with satin losenges, in which were flowers of black and gold, with a golden border

surrounding them. In jewelled silks, black droguets and ottomans a full assortment will be found here.

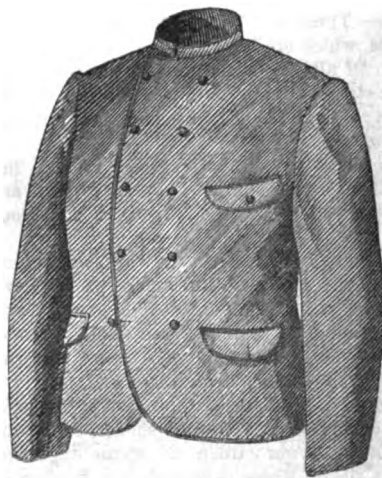
BODINE, 681 Broadway, is selling, at fifteen dollars a dress, *broché dresses à deux volants* which cost some twenty-five dollars to import; and those who live in remote parts, where the newest fashions are those which obtained currency in the previous season in New York, or who do not care to be dressed in the extreme of fashion, cannot do better than to purchase some of these rare bargains. We were shown some dresses suitable for the evening toilette of young ladies, pink, *bleu-ciel* and pale green, as well as mode, lavender and other quiet colors, all with two deep flounces *broché* in white, with very elaborate designs, at the absurd price of fifteen dollars each.

Some rich reps silks, with satin or *broché* medallions, having an inner circle of black, and a small bright flower in the centre of each, will also be found here. And broad bayadere stripes to any amount, the low prices of which will not, however, by any means compensate for their extreme unbecomingness.

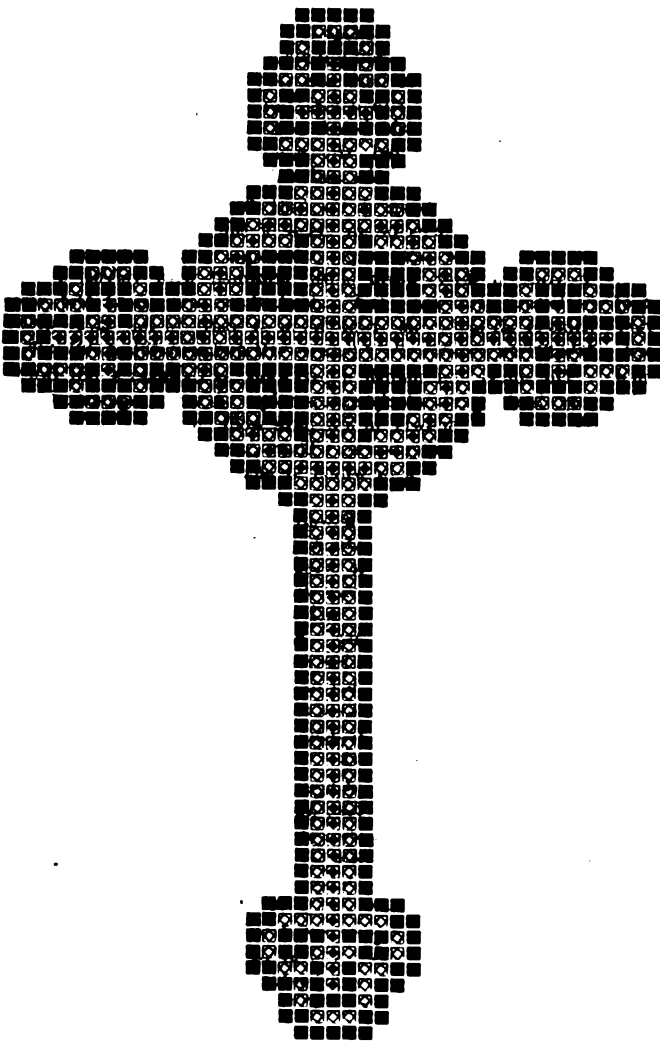
Having made our way, thus far, up town, noting the chief beauties in the dry goods houses we have passed, we come to the retail store of **E. LAMBERT & Co.**, 581 Broadway, where Mr. Clarke, for so many years the popular manager at A. T. Stewart's, presides. This is one of the stores of New York that has a character of its own; it excels in the elegant and the tasteful. We cannot look through the stock without being aware of that fact; and it is one essential for ladies shopping to know, for really in passing from store to store, the eyes get dazzled with the variety and gaiety of the colors, and the judgment becomes bewildered by the commendations—not always very discriminate—of the clerks; and we often end a day's hard work by purchasing something neither elegant nor suitable, in sheer weariness. At E. Lambert's we find the



COAT. MONROE. PAGE 478



JACKET. MONROE. PAGE 478.



EMBROIDERED CROSS ON CARDBOARD. PAGE 475.

stock, at all times, not only extensive but admirably well assorted; so that it could only be by extraordinary perversity that one could manage to be ill dressed at that establishment.

To begin with the woollen fabrics; we note here some reps goods of a class imported exclusively by this house, in stripes of black or dark brown, alternated with a bright or a light color, rich Magenta, French gray, tan brown, bright blue, and so on. The dark stripes are about an inch wide; the light ones three quarters; and on the former are small chintz bouquets at intervals. These are the prettiest of this always pretty class of goods, which are having so great a run during the present season. Of all the varieties of this style, we think that in which the stripes are alternately of tan and claret brown the most elegant; though the Magenta combined with black is also very handsome.

Another reps, with a myrtle green ground, has rose-like medallions at intervals; and on the plain ground are scattered spots of scarlet, yellow, blue and green, each surrounded by a black ring.

Nothing is more noticeable in the reps and velours ottoman this year than the very beautiful colors which they take. No silks could be of richer shades of purple, green, claret and blue than on the grounds of some of these woollen goods; and the designs printed on them, bouquets, or set patterns in many colors, are impressed with a clearness and beauty very rarely seen in any material. Some of those now lying before us have small bouquets of roses, of various shades, forget-me-nots and other gems of the flower garden, the stems apparently tied together with a ribbon whose bows and long floating ends are defined with equal accuracy with the rest of the pattern; and every part is as artistically represented as if painted by hand.

This is, by the way, one of the richest patterns in reps which we have seen, and it may be obtained in every combination of colors and ground at Lambert's.

Of those which have the patterns produced in the weaving, and not subsequently by printing, we have here some very charming specimens. Gold tinsel threads, or threads of white or yellow silk, to represent gold or silver, appear to be very extensively employed. One, an exceedingly pretty stripe of black and purple alternately, has corn-colored silk woven in, making three little dots close together over it. A plain purple ground has a design like the branches of a fir-tree in gold-color, and a stripe of black and blue has silver threads woven in the chain, and gold, or rather tinsel ones, crossing it at intervals.

The printed cashmeres and French merinoes, which are this year entirely superseding the plain solid colors, are quite as noticeable as the reps for the very beautiful designs and brilliant colors which are displayed in them; and at no house is there a more desirable stock of these popular fabrics than at this establishment.

The plain and fancy poplins are also excellent. The Irish poplins, the most desirable of dresses, are Fin's manufacture, which is well known to be the best in the trade. The popularity of brown hues this season, and the fact that the various shades of brown look richer in poplin than in any other material, will no doubt assure them great favor during the winter. The claret, tan and hair browns are among the most beautiful and popular.

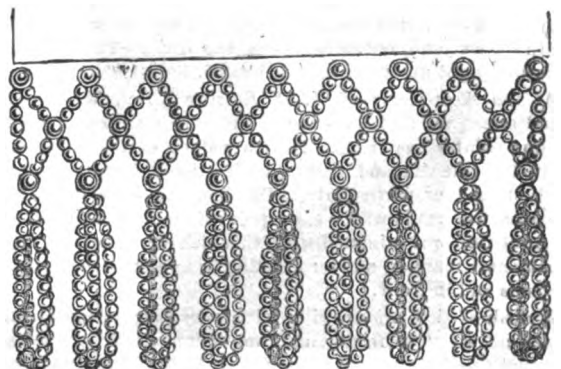
In the silk department this house has always a very choice assortment. The droguets, reps and mohairs are in as great a variety as anywhere, and always at reasonable prices. A few very beautiful flounced silks for evening wear have been imported especially by them. These robes have seven flounces, brocaded in velvet, cut and uncut. The design makes the velvet form a scalloped border to each flounce, and in each scallop is a bouquet of the same. The seven flounces will entirely cover the skirt even for a tall person; and suitable trimming for the corsage forms a part of the robe.

A very unique flounced dress had detached brocaded sprays of vine leaves and grapes on each flounce. Like the other robe, this had seven flounces. They would require to be trimmed with fringe or ribbon ruching.

In a third style the flounces were bordered with straight bands of velvet, on which Pompadour bouquets were printed at intervals.

Amongst the evening dresses here are some of tulle, trimmed with roses and foliage of tarlatanes intermingled with silk embroidery. We preferred those that were entirely white; but trimming in blue, rose-color or pale pink would probably find favor with many people.

Splendid sashes for the Prince's Ball and other festive occasions have been imported by this house. They are of very wide taffetas, and at the ends are bouquets of flowers in the natural colors placed in golden baskets. They are the most superb ribbons we have ever seen in this country.



FRINGE FOR EMBROIDERED CROSS. PAGE 475.

The *gants Lambert* are gloves manufactured expressly for this firm, of very fine qualities, and sold at the uniform price of ninety cents.

At JAMES GRAY & Co.'s, 724 Broadway, corner of Waverley Place, the plain and fancy tarlatanes for ball dresses, and the exquisite laces, with some peculiarly rich silks imported exclusively by themselves, make a most attractive show; and it would be difficult to decide between the various bridal sets of exquisite point which are here exhibited.

In mourning goods we have some new materials at the store of W. JACKSON, 551 Broadway. An ottoman poplin of black, with a thin silvery white thread woven in, giving it a sort of watered look, and with a silvery spot here and there, is very novel and pretty. It appears to be composed of silk and linen. The Empress cloth, a fine reps in plain black, would make a pretty dress, the soft fabric being calculated to fall in rich artistic folds.

A heavy velure with round white spots did not charm us so much, although probably it would make a pretty and certainly a comfortable dress.

The weaving in of a fine white silky thread with the heavy black ones, giving all the effect of silver, produces a bright effect; but whether it is therefore the more suitable for mourning it is difficult to say. A very fine soft material twilled on one side is sold here under the name of camel's hair; and another nice material of fine pure wool is termed Carmille: but for the rage for new names we should have certainly called it by the old-fashioned one of Carmelite.

The mourning cloaks at Mrs. Jackson's are made for the most part with large capes in the pelerine style, sometimes forming a hood at the back, sometimes a mere cape. A very elegant one is named after the heroic Lady Franklin; it is of the finest Paramatta, lined with quilted silk and trimmed with English crape. It is a large shawl shape, with two folds of crape, one placed at the edge and one within it; with a very deep hood falling in folds of crape and paramatta from the neck, and furnished with heavy crape tassels.

The Ronselaer, another new style, has a pelerine pointed at the back and on the shoulders, each point trimmed with a rich crape rosette and pendant buttons and tassels. Like the Lady Franklin, it has two deep crape folds round the border. It struck us that this mantle would be particularly well calculated to give apparent width to the shoulders where they might chance to be narrow.

Of the new mantles at BRODIE'S, one of the prettiest is called the Viscountess. It is of very rich velvet; a loose sacque set in folds into a pointed cape, with a small collar above. The sleeve, which is large and open, can be partly thrown back, so as to display the quilted satin lining and guipure trimming within it. The cape, also, is covered with rich guipure, like a small pointed pelerine.

Another very *distingué* garment is of the shawl shape, trimmed with crochet guipure. It is made without any seam at the back. Over the shoulders are passementerie epaulettes, the upper part in the half-moon form, with pendant ornaments in jet and gimp.

The burnous and Arab mantles, many of which are trimmed with gold braid—in which case gold is also liberally mixed in with the tassels—are not quite of the same shape, inasmuch as they fit closely to the throat by means of a piece set in, fitting in the neck and buttoned down the front. They are very beautifully got up at this establishment.

At the show-rooms of W. D. ELLIOTT & Co., 294 and 296 Canal street, we find some very handsome mantles in all the leading winter materials. A rich velvet cloak, lined with quilted purple silk and trimmed with the fashionable plaited cord, pleased us particularly. The hood, as is now generally the case, was made with a cape, pointed on the shoulders and in front, and was trimmed with this rich cord, twisted in an ornamental manner, and terminating in tassels at the points of the ends and in front.

A cloak of rich armure silk, with very large sleeves, came somewhat short in front; and was trimmed up it, on each side, with rich medallions in crochet. At the back, the fulness was set into a large yoke, covered by a scalloped pelerine, pointed on the shoulders, and terminating in a hood behind.

It was closed from the throat by double passementerie buttons, and trimmed with crochet guipure.

The opera mantles here are very pretty. Blue, scarlet and white seem the favorite colors; and almost all are trimmed, more or less, with gold braid and other ornaments. Judging from the colors selected, the Opera-house will appear one gay living combination of the national colors.

The store of BULPIN & Co., 361 Broadway, is open for retail custom; and the excellent style of the goods and very moderate prices insure their ample patronage. The tartan travelling mantles, of thick warm cloth, trimmed with velvet, deserve particular attention; and, indeed, there are cloaks and mantillas of all materials, from the most costly to the most moderate prices, so that every person will find something suitable.

The shawl and mantle department, at LAMBERT'S, 581 Broadway, is also particularly noteworthy. A very large assortment of long tartan shawls, in fine pure wool, may be obtained from seven dollars and upwards. There are several new styles introduced this season, of which we shall speak more particularly next month.

As a general store for flowers, ribbons and so on, that of R. H. MACY, 204 and 206 Sixth Avenue, one door from Fourteenth street, is obtaining great celebrity. The ribbons, in all the new styles, are sold at a very small advance on the cost price, consequently very cheap; and this department is one of the most extensive in the city. Flowers form another of their leading branches. Embroideries and laces, in sets costing from fifty cents up to any number of dollars. The gloves are extraordinary bargains, sixty-three cents per pair only; and we can vouch for the fact of their being excellent; indeed, among the best to be had in New York.

All kinds of flannels and housekeeping goods are also obtainable here at very low prices; and it is no slight convenience to ladies to be able to purchase, at the same place where they buy their linen and muslins, the needles, cottons and other things necessary for making them up. This is an arrangement which is customary everywhere, except in America; and we are sure its general adoption will be found particularly acceptable here.

Of course, bonnets form a most important feature in the fall fashions; and Opening Day having occurred very recently, we are in a position to speak positively of the styles which will be worn during the coming season.

Prettiest of all the pretty bonnets, according to our fancy, are those of Madame MARTELLI-NORMAN, 106 Clinton-place. We noted the productions of this lady's taste and genius some months ago, and mentioned that she had learnt her business in the house of the most celebrated of all Parisian milliners—Herbault. We do not wonder, therefore, that so much skill and taste are displayed in the bonnets she presents for fall wear.

The shapes, whilst by no means large, are such as will shade the face; slightly, if at all pointed in front, and not at all in the late style of standing up from the forehead. At the sides they are round and open, admitting both of a full cap and hair dressed full at the temples and on the cheeks. No soft crowns whatever are seen.

One of Madame Martelli's most exquisite creations is of white terry, with rich Magenta velvet. The crown and a deep border to the front and curtain were of the latter material, as was also a narrow scarf or fold concealing the join of the front and head-piece. An exquisite ornament, a sort of flower of Magenta velvet, surrounded by tufts of marabout, forming the exterior petals with velvet leaves, and a short drooping marabout plume formed the only ornament of the exterior. The bandeau, of Magenta velvet, with delicate white and gold flowers formed the bandeau, with full barbes of white blonde.

A bonnet, of black velvet, pleased us by its graceful simplicity. The crown was in one with the headpiece, a losenge-shaped fanchon of velvet with a lace border being laid over it, with one point falling on the curtain, the opposite one on the front, and two others at the sides. At one side it is confined simply by two small gold pins connected by a chain. At the other a single black plume is placed so that it falls gracefully over the shoulder. The curtain is edged also with a row of black lace which is carried round the interior of the brim, and a bandeau, composed principally of black and damask roses and buds, completes the bonnet.

We have selected one of Madame Martelli's beautiful bonnets for illustration.

Mrs. W. SIMMONS, 637 Broadway. A great deal of gold in the form of braid, beads and ornaments enters into the composition of the majority of these bonnets, which, *au reste*, are many of them both handsome and tasteful. One, composed of black velvet, was dotted over with small gold beads. The curtain, composed of the same materials, was in two parts, folding over each other in the centre, where they are somewhat deep, rounded off and trimmed with lace. On one side is a large *chou* of dotted ribbon with long floating ends. The bandeau, of the same dotted velvet, has a cluster of coral and gold ornaments on one side and a band of coral-colored velvet on the other, with long drooping ends edged with gold braid.

A bonnet of rich emerald green velvet had a coiffure of green silk and gold, netted by hand, covering the crown and falling over the curtain. On one side of the front is a tuft of green and gold grass, amongst which a lovely little bird is nestling, and from this a heavy gold cord, plaited, is carried across the top and forms bows or loops of gold on the other side. The bandeau is of green velvet intermingled with gold. The curtain, of white terry, has an upper cape of green velvet edged with lace over it.

A very novel style of dress bonnet has a velvet front and white terry crown and headpiece, and a row of variously-colored roses, surrounded by lace, carried down to the centre of the bonnet from the front of the curtain.

Very pretty Canadian hats for young ladies will be found at this establishment; some are partially trimmed with gold; but we think that those ornamented only with velvet and plumes will be more popular as well as more truly elegant.

The mourning bonnets of Mrs. JACKSON are a little more showy than we have been in the habit of seeing them, although many, especially those for deep mourning, retain all their old elegant simplicity. In the bonnets for slight mourning, gold is here and there introduced, bordering the rich purple heart-ease with which they are trimmed. A black crape bonnet was spotted with small jet beads and embroidered in silk, and we thought with good effect.

Some pretty crape head-dresses are exhibited by Mrs. JACKSON; they are composed of a long plait.

Mrs. RALLINGS, 318 Canal street, exhibits a large collection of Parisian and home-made bonnets in all the leading styles, some of which are extremely pretty. Several in rich corded black silk, spotted over with tiny gold beads and trimmed on the outside only with flowers of black, blended with gold, struck us as particularly ladylike and pretty. A little color was introduced into the bandeau only.

An evening bonnet, of a new color, termed Nymph, a pinkish salmon hue, dotted over with jet beads, was trimmed with two rosettes of the same on one side, each surrounded by a frill of black and white lace. The curtain full, with a heading, and no other trimming on the outside. The bandeau of black velvet, with a tuft of black crysanthemums and drooping pearl ornaments on one side, and on the other some most natural-looking white daisies with black drops.

A full-dress bonnet of white crape, covered with tulle, edged with a deep blonde carried round the front and over the curtain. Very handsome pins of pearls and gold catch up this blonde on one side, and on the other a lovely little white bird is half-hidden, nestling among the blonde, the tipped marabout of its plumage forming a graceful finish to the exterior. The bandeau of white terry, with bows mingled with purple wheat-ears and pearl-drops.

We must not conclude this portion of our notice without mentioning the exquisite head-dresses which are exhibited by Madame Martelli-Notman. The Aurora is certainly one of the loveliest things that has ever been seen in New York. It is composed of the richest Solferino velvet, forming a bandeau round the head, entwined with heavy gold cord. Over the brow is a tuft of barley, the ears falling each way, and another tuft, with bows of velvet, is knotted on one side with gold cord, from which fall rich bullion tassels. On the other side is a black feather flower intermingled with gold, and on it is perched a golden butterfly. The name Aurora is given to it from the very exquisite hue of the ears of barley, which are of that rare

shade of pink seen only occasionally in the sky during a brilliant summer sunrise.

We have described this head-dress at full length; but there are others, quite as beautiful, in different styles. Those intended for slight mourning, composed of black and gold, are particularly worthy of admiration.

Fifth Avenue is fast losing its prestige as the abode of exclusive fashion. First, a tailor invades its aristocratic precincts; and now, a milliner, Madame REGNIER, has taken up her abode at No. 19, near the Brevoort House. *Il va sans dire* that it will be supposed the bonnets to be seen there are the very *crème de la crème* of millinery; the locality having, of course, a wonderful deal to do with the bonnets sold in it. The idea is a delusion. That there are pretty bonnets at Madame Regnier's we do not deny; it would be hard if one could not select something not absolutely ugly; but the majority are anything but that. The hues are mismatched, the most outrageous combinations, such as dingy red and blue, are put together; and those that have not these defects have that still greater one of being overloaded with ornament.

Some quiet ladylike ones there are, however. A soft gray terry velvet, trimmed with rich emerald green, with a single lily and leaves, also of green on one side. A dove-colored terry, with a broad black velvet band round the brim and curtain, the heading being lined with the same. A velvet flower and leaves behind in gold, on one side, constituted all the exterior trimming. The blonde barbes are carried all round the face, which is somewhat of a novelty, mingled, bandeau-like, with black velvet and gold flowers above the forehead.

These, and some others, are unexceptionable bonnets; but we have seen more pretty ones at R. T. Wilde's, at any ordinary period, than at Madame Regnier's on the Opening Day.

At RICHMOND'S, 587 Broadway, are some remarkably pretty fichus and capes, to be worn over low dresses. One or two, of an entirely new style, had bright-colored satin ribbons, intermingled with the blonde and illusion, with charming effect. A *specialité*, for which this establishment is justly noted, is the variety and beauty of the styles of breakfast caps, which are among the daintiest of all creations in millinery. The illusion goods, generally, are very lovely.

At E. WILLIAMS & Co.'s, 429 Broadway, we have a revival of thread lace collars, in the newest shapes. This lace has long been neglected for the more expensive productions of Belgium and Honiton; but, as affording employment to thousands who have no other means of earning a livelihood, we are extremely glad to see the fashion of wearing it revived.

In all the new styles of collars and sleeves this house will be found to offer a large and excellent assortment, at a very low range of prices. Honiton and Brussels lace by the yard, embroideries of the newest description, and thread lace veils from two and a half dollars upwards, will be found here.

BLUXOME, Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-fifth street, has one of the most generally useful and cheapest assortments of goods in New York, including ribbons, gloves, flowers, ornamental hairpins, &c., &c. The illusion goods, especially the sleeves, are always of the newest styles.

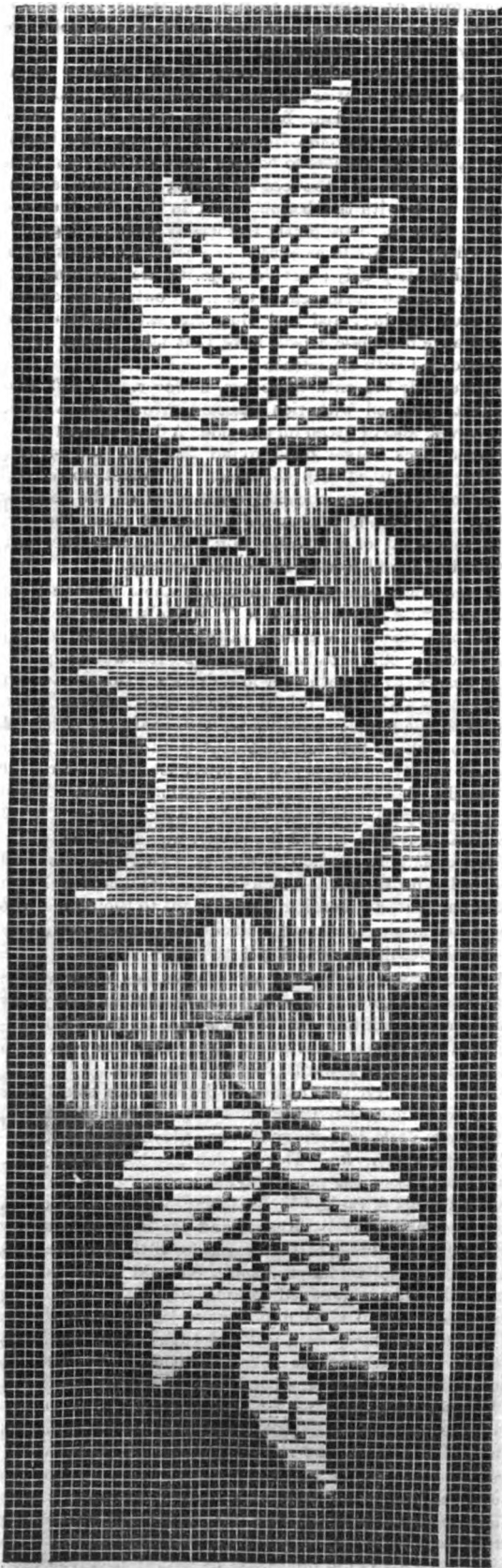
At S. CHAMBERS & Co.'s, 503 Broadway, we find a variety of handsome garments for little girls and for boys up to six or eight years of age. Some of the dresses for little boys are very pretty. We especially admired one of emerald green poplin, trimmed with gold braid, edged on each side with black. The dress consisted of full skirt and Zouave jacket, worn over a vest of white linen, made with stitched tucks down the front and cambric ruffles edging the collar and cuffs. The skirt, set in large double box plaits on a band, had each plait braided as we have before described, with a row of black velvet buttons down the centre of it. The trimming of the plaits extended perhaps half way down the skirt. The Zouave jacket corresponded.

Some of the jackets are made with vests of the same; a style better adapted even for house wear during the cold weather.

A dress for a little girl of the same materials as the boy's dress mentioned above did not please us by any means so well. It was ornamented with Magenta velvet, appliqué on it in lozenges, surrounded by embroidery in silk of the same color. The contrast was too violent, and the result was an evident lack of harmony and a total want of taste, made worse by the

fact that it was not an evening dress, but one intended for walking, with basque to correspond.

Some of the peignoirs here are very pretty. A quiet one of



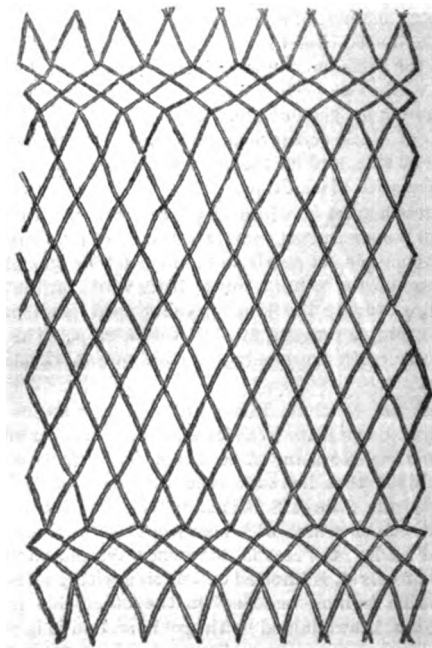
DESIGN FOR A NAPEIN-RING. PAGE 475.

black cashmere trimmed with purple quilted silk pleased us more than almost any. Another very handsome one was of crimson and black silk (such as we have noticed at the dollar

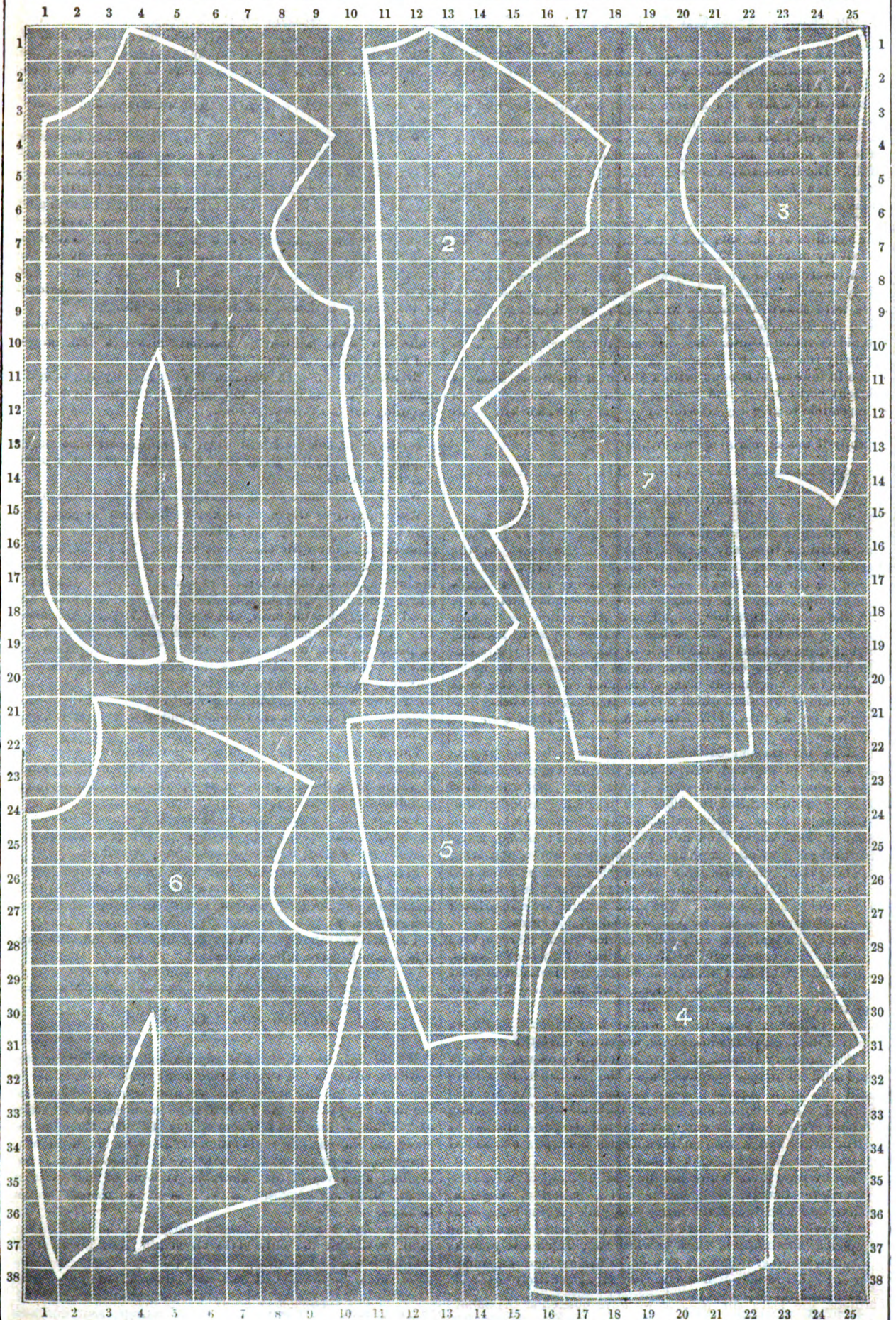


SCARF. PAGE 475.

counter at A. T. Stewart's), trimmed with black velvet and black silk fringe. The velvet, which was about inch-wide, was carried down the fronts in a Greek design; the same ornamenting the sleeves and pockets.



SECTION OF SCARF. PAGE 475.



Our readers are aware that the ladies' and children's outfitting business carried on formerly by Genin is now at LORD & TAYLOR's Broadway establishment. Among the many very pretty children's dresses we noticed there was one of green poplin, trimmed with black velvet pines and black braid. It consisted of a skirt and Zouave jacket, for a little boy of four or five years old. The sleeves, slashed open to above the elbow, were laced across, leaving ample room for the display of the fine muslin shirt-sleeve, which was intended to be very full. The arm-seams, also, were slashed in the same way. We have seen few such pretty and tasteful dresses as yet this season.

The embroideries for chemises, light dresses, &c., are at least as beautiful as ever, and many new shapes are introduced. We shall say more about them next month.

A lovely cap for a baby very new in style, and, as we heard a lady remark, enough to make one wish to have a wearer for it, we were shown at GEORGE RICHMOND's, 587 Broadway (opposite the Metropolitan). It was of Valenciennes lace, with embroidery set on at intervals—not medallions set in lace, as is usually the case; the front of lace and narrow white satin ribbon in innumerable bows, with a sort of Marie Stuart frame of bright cerise velvet, and bows of the same on one side. It is impossible to give any description of this cap which will at all convey an idea of the elegant beauty of the original; but certainly it was as charming as a dream.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

The present month presents rather a realization of our previous anticipations than any special novelty of its own. In the article of dress we find the same amplitude of skirt that has been popular for so long a period, without any flounces except for evening dress. The corsages of all but evening dresses are, in like manner, invariably round, and worn with a belt or sash and a double buckle. The sashes are extremely wide, reaching about three-quarters of the depth of the dress, and richly embroidered at the ends. Some are so ornamented by hand, others have magnificent designs brocaded on them, the most exquisite of this glare which we have seen anywhere being imported by the firm of E. LAMBERT & Co., Broadway, corner of White street.

Reps, velours and Ottoman cloths seem to be the favorite materials for ordinary wear, superseding, in a great measure, the cashmeres and merinoes of former years; but these will also be worn, printed in colors, for peignoirs, morning and children's dresses. These printed designs are more beautiful than we have known them at any former period; indeed, many of them are perfectly exquisite, the woollen fabrics appearing to take the dyes with great accuracy. Chintz patterns and Pampadour styles are most in favor, the latter being detached on quets in natural colors. The same patterns are also printed on the Ottoman cloths and reps, with admirable effect.

The grounds are generally solid, in rich green, maroon, blue or other dark colors, with a fair mingling of grays and fawns, on which the brilliant hues of the flowers are displayed to great advantage; but some are striped, and these we think the prettiest and most becoming of all.

The Capuchon peignoirs at STRANG & ADRIANCE's, which we have noticed especially elsewhere, are entire novelties.

For ordinary evening dress small bright patterns on black and solid colors hold the chief place; the jewelled designs being still the most popular; many of the broché silks are also striped, black being almost always combined with one leading color. Very minute broché patterns and droguets are also in great favor; and moirés, moirés antiques and reps are to be had in every leading color, light or dark.

For evening dress, white and the most brilliant colors are the favorites. Orange, corn, lemon, cerise, Solferino, Magenta, Fleur de Pêche, are all the rage; pale, pink or blue being comparatively neglected. These tints may be softened down by the judicious admixture of black or white lace, which always looks elegant, whether it be worn in wide or narrow flounces, tunics, or any other form. If flounces, they should entirely cover the skirt; and the berth and hankerchief—a very important part of the toilet—must correspond.

The jewellery preparing for the Prince's Ball is of the most magnificent description. We shall have more to say about it when it has been displayed at the Academy. Many of the most splendid *parures* in New York have been set for the occasion; and, with the additions made to them by indulgent fathers and husbands, will render their wearers perfect "gems" in their way.

White silks and moirés are the favorite evening dresses for those with long purses; the less wealthy may console themselves with the fact that they may be dressed as becomingly—and if young and pretty a good deal more so—at a fourth of the expense in some of the fairy-like tarlatanes, glittering with gold or silver, which make such an attraction in the windows of LORD & TAYLOR or JAMES GRAY & Co. These light materials, with the still lighter one of tulle, are far more fit for the dancers in a ball-room than heavy brocades and moirés; and we think that ladies wearing these latter should be considered as not desiring to dance, and be treated accordingly.

For weddings, we may remark, plain white satin or plain white silk is the fashionable material; although both moirés and broché silks are worn.

Evening dresses with flounces have generally the magical number seven; and for tall and slight figures this style is too becoming not to continue popular.

The corsages of *robes décolletées* are plain, and are worn with a berth if of silk, but full when a transparent material is employed; and in the latter case the waist is at least as often round as pointed.

We shall have more to say about ball dresses next month.

The bonnets, of which there has been a great display, promise to be for the most part either of plain velvet, or of that material mingled with the uncut velvet. In the latter case two contrasting colors are employed, and the velvet is used for the crown, border of the brim and curtain, and for the trimmings generally. The shape is more like that of last year; not at all poking over the brow, and somewhat *cease* at the sides. The exterior trimming, except in the most elaborate of the *chapeaux habillés*, consists of a tuft of flowers or feathers, or knots of ribbon, on one side of the front only. The curtain very full, and set in double box plaits, with a heading which of itself forms a finishing trimming for that part. The ribbons employed for the brides are very long and wide, and often hand-embroidered.

There is a change in the form of the bandeaux, which are no longer semi-wreaths over the brow, but plain rolls or bands of velvet, with flowers or bows at the sides, over the temples, and drooping thence.

The favorite colors seem to be Magenta, green and Solferino, combined with black; but we hear that bright scarlet will probably have made its appearance before Christmas.

Plumes are decidedly in favor for trimmings; and in the most elegant French importations velvet flowers mingled with marabouts and forming pompours, with drooping plumes, are frequently seen.

The weather is not yet sufficiently cold for the fur and mantilla season to have fully commenced.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

We do not, as yet, perceive any marked approach to winter costume, either in the street or the home circle; it is rather in the windows of the stores that we must look for evidences of the rapid approach of the Frost King. In our elaborate notice of "What to Buy, and Where to Buy It," will, therefore, be found the best possible explanation of the styles for the month, excepting always the making, which we shall now comment on, availing ourselves of the admirable patterns of that popular artist, Madame DAMONER, as well as of the newest foreign fashions.

Plain high corsage, ornamented only with buttons up the front, is almost the only style for making morning or demi-toilette dresses. The buttons are frequently of the macaroon style, large, graduated in size, and trimmed round with lace. Brandebourgs of plaited silk cord are also, however, employed. We have seen a very becoming style of corsage, sent out here

by a Parisian dressmaker, a full body, set into a yoke, trimmed with pates of black velvet ribbon. The material was black silk : and for a slight person the style was particularly pretty. The sleeve was a pagoda, covered with frills, edged with black velvet.

Sultana sleeves, square and open to the shoulders, are likely to be somewhat worn in evening dress ; but for the morning, tight sleeves, ornamented only on the upper part, are the most stylish, as well as, certainly, the most convenient, since every other kind is liable to be crushed and spoiled by the sleeves of a mantle or the folds of a shawl.

Zouave jackets will be as fashionable as ever, and a little more. Some are made with inner vests, buttoning to the throat ; others have vests of embroidered muslin or fine linen, with large full sleeves. We suspect that these will be the most worn, especially in the house. This is the one garment on which gold is not, except to a very limited extent ; silk braid having almost entirely superseded it. Our readers will not forget that a Zouave is not a Zouave unless it is braided : it may be a pretty jacket ornamented in any other way, but a Zouave it is not. The braided design should have an ornament between the shoulders, at the centre of the back seam along the outer edge, on the fronts and on the sleeves.

Gold is employed on mantles for the street and carriage ; but we are not prepared to say that it is becoming. It is extensively used on bonnets also. When delicate ornaments are chosen and used with discretion, they combine well with rich velvet and have a pretty effect ; but it is rarely that a novelty is allowed to continue *recherché*. Had Shakespeare lived in New York in our day, he would have said, as he did of the English, "It was ever the trick of our nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common."

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1. A ball dress, of white tarlatane, with ten flounces, the upper one reaching two-thirds of the way up the skirt. Above the upper flounce is a bouillon of tulle, with edges, in which a rose-colored ribbon is run, finished on one side by bows and ends of rich brocaded ribbon.

Plain corsage, with Swiss tucker and simple puffed sleeves, the bertha composed of the same brocaded ribbon, with a bow in front. Sash to correspond. Coiffure Imperatrice with cache-peigne of flowers.

Fig. 2. Promenade dress, of Havana silk ; a pelisse, with trimming *en tablier*, ornamented with ruching of ribbon. The skirt has three flounces, two of which are caught within the headings of the one below, so that they are more puffings than flounces. We advise our friends to notice the very pretty sleeves and trimming down the front. Bonnet of green terry velvet, with flowers surrounded by lace on the exterior, and the same with a black velvet bandeau inside. Duchesse sleeves and collar to match.

Fig. 3. Dress for a little boy, in Russian style. Full red pants, and shirt of the same, worn under a tunic dress of rich blue velvet. Velvet cap to match, and large boots, in which the pants are tucked.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

BONNET. MADAME MARTELLI-NOTMAN. PAGE 465.

THIS exquisite bonnet is of green velvet, with white terry. Perhaps we should rather describe it as of the latter material, trimmed with the former ; since it is the green velvet which forms the deep border round the front, the crown, and the edge of the curtain. The crown is covered, also, with another of rich black lace. This bonnet is somewhat deep, but of a peculiarly comfortable shape. Its only exterior decoration is a rich monture flower, of green velvet and white marabout feathers. The bandeau is a roll of green velvet, spotted with small gold ornaments, with a damask rose on one side, and a pink one on the other, with foliage. These are placed over the temples, so

that they are just seen on the outside, adding charmingly to the elegant appearance of the bonnet.

BONNET. MRS. RALLINGS. PAGE 465.

This is a dress bonnet, of white terry, covered with tulle. The curtain is of crape, with an upper one of deep rich blonde. It is carried also round the front, being confined with a handsome pin of pearls and gold. On the other side is a flower tipped with gold, on which is perched a delicate white bird, whose ruby eyes gleam among the blonde by which it is surrounded, whilst the long marabout plume which forms the tail finishes the trimming. Inside is a bandeau of purple velvet, with white and gold flowers and pearl drops.

BONNET. W. SIMMONS. PAGE 465.

This is a remarkably elegant-looking bonnet, from the atelier of Wm. Simmons. It is composed of rich white corded silk, the crown of which is covered by a fanchon of black velvet, spotted with gold beads. A broad white ribbon, edged with gold braid, crosses the top, folded to make a point in the centre, looped on one side in flat bows and long ends by means of pins or white cornelian and gold ; and on the other side caught up by a tuft of black velvet flowers, veined with gold. A piece of black velvet, dotted with gold, crosses the front beyond the ribbon, also forming a point.

The bandeau is of petunia velvet, with lilies and leaves of the same color, on one side ; and bows and ends of velvet and gold on the other, with a gold crescent over the brow, on the middle of the bandeau.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

NETTED WHATNOT. PAGE 480.

For this pretty ornament, which is intended to hold letters, or other odds and ends in a parlor, a wire frame, some single Zephyr wool, beads and bugles are needed. The frame consists of three sets of wires ; each has one straight bar, and one somewhat curved. They are graduated in size, the smallest being placed at the bottom ; and all three connected by bars of wire at the ends of the straight lines. These whatnots are made from ten to eighteen inches long, in the upper part. The wires are covered, by having colored chenille wound close round them ; but this is done after the netting is fastened to it. This netting is in plain diamond stitch, decreased in size by gradually using a finer mesh. It is made in one piece, worked in a round.

A pasteboard, slightly wadded on one side, and covered on both, with silk or satin, fits into the lower part. It is trimmed with a fringe of velvet balls, mixed with beads and bugles. Cerise wool, with black bugles and gold beads, would look very handsome ; but the color should suit that of the hangings of the room.

EMBROIDERED CROSS FOR CARDBOARD. PAGE 469.

A cross to be embroidered on perforated cardboard with colored silks. It is intended for a family Bible. It is afterwards put on a broad ribbon.

Fringe of white, black or gold beads, intended to be added to the above book-marker.

DESIGN FOR A NAPKIN-RING. PAGE 472.

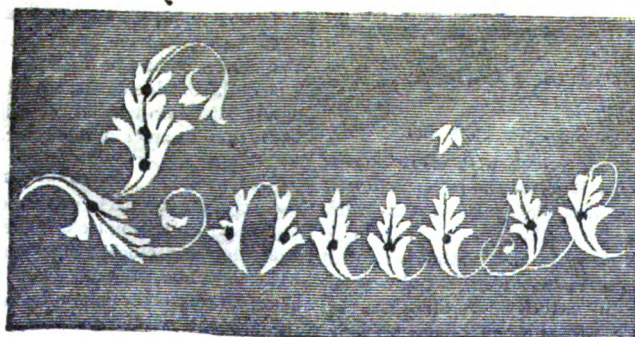
To be worked on brace canvas, with silks or small beads. The berries should be done in two shades of coral, the leaves in green, the outline of the shield in gold ; and the shield is purposely left plain to hold the initials of the owner, which should be worked in any suitable color.

SCARF. PAGE 472.

A scarf for the neck, and a section of the same showing the way in which it is netted. The materials are single zephyrs of one color and crochet silk of another. White silk looks well with any hue of wool. The pattern is produced simply by using alternately a fine and a coarse mesh. The diagram gives the stitches of the full size : the meshes must be such as would suit this. About three of the large ones go to an inch ; it is easy, therefore, to calculate the number for a scarf of any given length. Do alternately ten woollen rows with the large



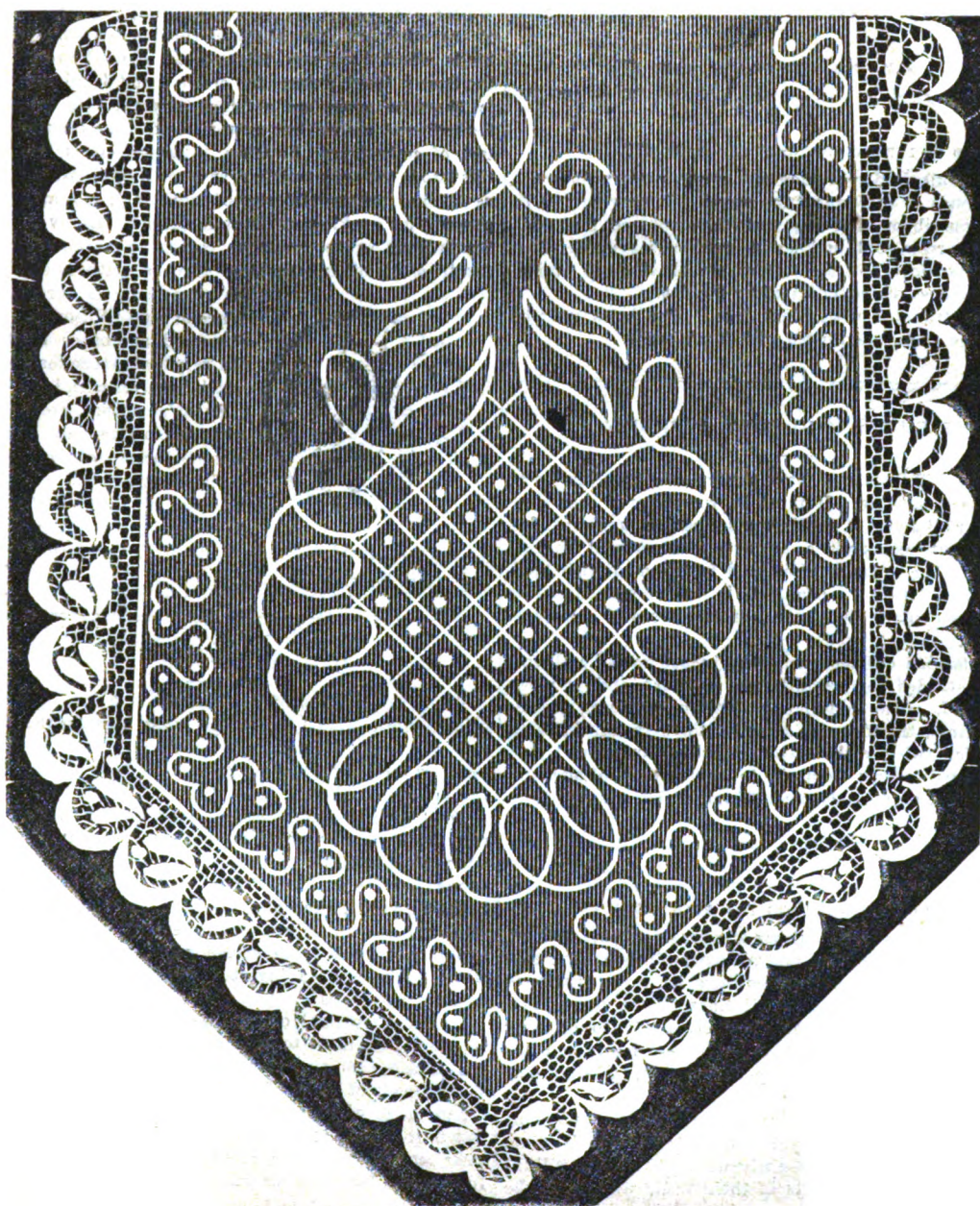
BRAIDED MAT OR D'OYLEY. PAGE 478.



LOUISE. PAGE 478.



BERTHA. PAGE 476.



END OF IMPERATRICE CRAVAT. PAGE 478.

mesh and three silk rows with the small one, working backwards and forwards.

When done, the woollen rows form puffings. Sew up the sides, gather the ends, and add tassels.

The woollen part being full, allow one-third extra length in reckoning the stitches at the commencement.

ZOUAVE VEST AND JACKET. PAGE 473.

Pattern of Zouave vest and jacket, the directions for enlarging which are given elsewhere.

LOUISE. PAGE 476.

Christian name, for embroidering on a pocket-handkerchief; using W. Evans & Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, No. 60 or 60. For very fine cambric No. 80 will be required.

BRAIDING PATTERN. PAGE 476.

We give here one quarter section of a braided mat or d'oyley. The entire pattern may readily be taken from this quarter. It would make a pretty small round cushion if silk braid were used on cloth, the stitches being taken across the braid with silk of a contrasting color.

Piqué or Marseilles, with colored worsted braid, makes a pretty bread d'oyley. Trim cloth with a silk fringe, piqué with one of cotton.

BERTHA—NAME FOR EMBROIDERY. PAGE 477.

It is to be worked in satin stitch, with 70, 80 or 100 W. Evans & Co.'s.

END OF IMPERATRICE CRAVAT. PAGE 477.

This gives a full-sized engraving of a pretty pattern for ornamenting the ends of an Imperatrice cravat. It may be of silk or plain taffetas ribbon, and the material employed for braiding is a very narrow gold braid, with gold or jet beads. The scroll, the cross-lines and the border are all done in braids with beads in those places indicated by the dots.

It is to be trimmed with black lace. The bows may be edged with the same, and dotted with black beads.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOY'S FASHIONS.

MONROE & Co., 507 Broadway, have always a choice selection of the best class of clothing. It must be remembered that they make to order all styles of gentlemen's clothing, uniforms, &c. The fashion cut represents a business coat made of English silk mixture. The collar is plain, and is trimmed with half-inch wide braid, flat on the edge. It is single-breasted, and is of a dark brown color. It is both a handsome and a serviceable garment.

The boys' fashion cut represents the jacket for fall and winter. It is intended for warmth and comfort, and is made double-breasted. The material is Melton mixture, purple, orange and gray; the edges are bound with three-eighths of an inch wide rich twist, with buttons blending in color. This jacket is adapted to boys from six to twelve years of age, and will be found not only handsome but comfortable and durable.

DIRECTIONS FOR ENLARGING OF PATTERN OF ZOUAVE JACKET AND VEST ON PAGE 473—TO THE FULL SIZE.

Take one or more sheets of paper of convenient size, fold or rule them into squares of one and a quarter inches, each corresponding to diagram (the squares of which are a quarter of an inch only), mark with a pencil lines on the paper from square to square, as in diagram, and cut out with scissors. This, if done with care, will take about one hour, and the operator will be in possession of perfect-fitting, full-sized patterns.

N.B. This is a simple and accurate system of obtaining correct patterns; but, as it is as yet untried by our readers, we shall esteem it a favor if those who attempt the task will inform us by letter of the results of their trial, whether it be good or bad. Any practical suggestion calculated to improve this system will be thankfully received.

PORCELAIN TEA SET.

Our illustration represents a new form of porcelain tea set manufactured by COLLAMORE & Co., 479 Broadway, combining the useful with the ornamental, being a combination of the Oriental and the Sarton. The use of French porcelain is becoming almost universal, both on account of the greatly reduced price at which it is sold, and its superior elegance of style. Almost every family now possesses a china tea set; and when we inform our readers that the price of a set of plain white tea ware, consisting of twelve cups and saucers, twelve tea plates, two cake plates, one bowl and one teapot, sugar and cream is but six dollars and a half, and for the same in gold band eight dollars and a half is charged, it will not be thought strange that it so generally used, or that we should cordially recommend the above cheap and elegant articles to the attention of the public.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Monthly* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.



Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent

for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.

THE SIAMESE.

The ordinary dress of the Siamese is a long piece of cotton printed cloth, passed round the waist between the thighs, the ends of the cloth being stuck in behind. They wear no covering over the head, or upper part of the body; and the legs and feet are quite naked.

The higher classes sometimes wear sandals: and have, generally, a piece of white hanging loosely about the shoulders, which they sometimes use to wrap round their head. Young women employ a sort of silk scarf to screen the bosom; a refinement which, after marriage, is much neglected; indeed, no sense of shame or impropriety appears to be connected with the exposure of the body above the waist. In the sun, a light hat, which looks like an inverted basket, made of palm-leaves, is used by both sexes.

On all ceremonial occasions, and in visits from inferiors to superiors, it is usual to wear a silk scarf round the waist. In the presence of the king, the nobles have a garment with sleeves made of tulle, of the most delicate texture, and richly ornamented, which they often take from their shoulders and fasten round their waist. The women who ply on the river wear rather a graceful sort of white jacket, fastened in front. In cold weather an outer garment or robe is worn, whose value depends on the rank and opulence of the wearer.

There is a universal passion for jewellery and ornaments of

the precious metals, stones, &c. It is said there is scarcely a family so poor as to be without some valuable possessions of this sort. Rings of silver and gold adorn the arms and the legs of children; rich necklaces, ear-rings and belts, are sometimes seen in such profusion as quite to embarrass the wearer. Female children, up to the age of twelve or thirteen, wear a gold or silver string with a heart in the centre, performing the part often assigned to the fig-leaf in exhibitions of statues.

To the necks of children, a tablet, called a *bai soma*, is generally suspended, bearing an inscription as a charm against mischief; and men have a metallic ball attached to a belt, to which they attribute the virtue of rendering them invulnerable. A necklace consisting of seven lumps of gold or silver is worn by girls as a protecting influence.

"THE GLORIES OF WAR."

Let imagination run over the history of those weak and bleeding thousands of men, who at their country's call have marched forth to slaughter; let it go to the weary couch where no hand is present to wipe the clammy brow, or administer comfort and relief by its touch; let it follow the surgeon through his terrible duties; let it behold the manly form shrunk to the bone and huddled into the earth; let it go to the unhappy fireside of the widow and the fatherless, and note, if it can, the bitter drops that gush from their lonely and broken hearts, and its material will be at hand for making up a just view of the "glories of war."

It is by merging the individual identity of the thousands that form the "fiery mass of living valor" into one common totality of humanity, and thus considering it, that we forget individual suffering, and forgetting those that nobly die or suffer more than death, shout with the victors and crown the conqueror with the wreath of glory.

Let us bring the matter home. When a dead friend, led by the hand of disease, is descending the road humanity must travel, with what assiduity does affection watch around the pillow of suffering! How hushed the chamber of distress, how soft the tread, how gentle the voice, how kindly the sympathy! How love delights to visit the grave when all is over, and plant upon it the flowers of remembrance!

But in that great field of death—red since Abel lay in his blood—worth and nobleness, and beauty go down in multitudes to their last home, torn and shattered by deadly missiles, their memories lost in the recollection of the victor's success, their names forgotten save at the once happy fireside of home. Borne faint and bleeding from the spot where they fell, some hard couch, the best at hand, receives them, where through feverish hours they toss away their little remaining life, and welcome death comes to close the scene. Such is the contrast.

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advances at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her wits at her fingers' ends.

LIBELLOUS.—An old bachelor remarks that "Romances generally end with a marriage; and many young girls, when they leave the school, would wish to go through the romance of life—as they do most romances—by beginning at the end."

Before the introduction of carpets, to cover the floor with straw or rushes was deemed so necessary a point of courtesy that when not performed it was said that the host did not care a rush or a straw for his guest; hence the origin of the expression common now.

JASPER is a precious stone, not much different from the agate, except that it is more opaque, softer and does not take so good a polish. The florid jasper found in the Pyrenees is usually stained with various colors, though some have only one color, as red or green; but these are least valued. The green, spotted with red, that which borders on a purple color, or that of a carnation is held in the highest estimation.

ACROSTICS.

Do you collect literary curiosities?—cut out a copy of the following:

WALTER SCOTT.

Wondrous Wizard of the North,
Armed with spells of potent worth!
Like to that greatest Bard of ours,
The mighty magic of thy powers:
E'en thy bright fancy's offspring find
Resemblance to his myriad mind.

Such the creations that we see—
Character, manners, life in thee—
Of Scotia's deeds a proud display,
The glories of a by-gone day;
Thy genius foremost stands in all her long array.

LAMB.

Like the bright impress of thy genial mind,
Are "Elia's" essays, humorous, gay, refined;
Most amiable wert thou, gentle, brave,
Burying all thought of self, as in a living grave.

SOUTHEY.

Serenely bright thy life's pure stream did glide,
On sweet romantic Derwentwater's side.
Under great Skiddaw—there, in Epic lays,
Thou dream'dst a poet's dreams of olden days.
How Madoc wandered o'er the Atlantic wave,
Eastern Kehama, Roderic the brave,
Yours cannot from our fondest memory lave.

WORDSWORTH.

Wandering, through many a year, 'mongst Cumbria's hills,
O'er her wild fells, sweet vales and sunny lakes,
Rich stores of thought thy musing mind distills,
Day-dreams of poetry thy soul awakes;
Such was thy life—a poet's life, I ween;
Worshipper thou of Nature! every scene
Of beauty stirred thy fancy's deeper mood,
Reflection calmed the current of thy blood;
Thus in the wide "Excursion" of thy mind,
High thoughts in words of worth we still may find.

IRVING.

In easy, natural, graceful charm of style,
Resembling Goldy's "Vicar"—free from guile;
Vain of rich humor through thy "Sketch-Book" flows,
Imagination her bright colors shows;
No equal hast thou, 'mongst thy brother band,
Genial thy soul, worthy our own loved land.

MACAULAY.

Masterly critic! in whose brilliant style
And rich historic coloring—breathes again—
Clothed in most picturesque costume the while—
All the dim past, with all its bustling train,
Under this vivid, eloquent painting, see
Life given anew to our old history's page;
And in thy stirring ballad poetry,
Youth's dreams of ancient Rome once more our minds engage.

LONGFELLOW.

Lays like thine have many a charm;
Of thy themes the heart must warm.
Now o'er Slavery's guilt and woes,
Grief and shame's deep hues it throws;
Far up Alpine heights is heard
"Excelsior," now the stirring word;
"Life's Psalm," now, onward is inviting,
Longings for nobler deeds exciting;
O'er Britain now resounds thy name,
While States unborn shall swell thy fame.

TENNYSON.

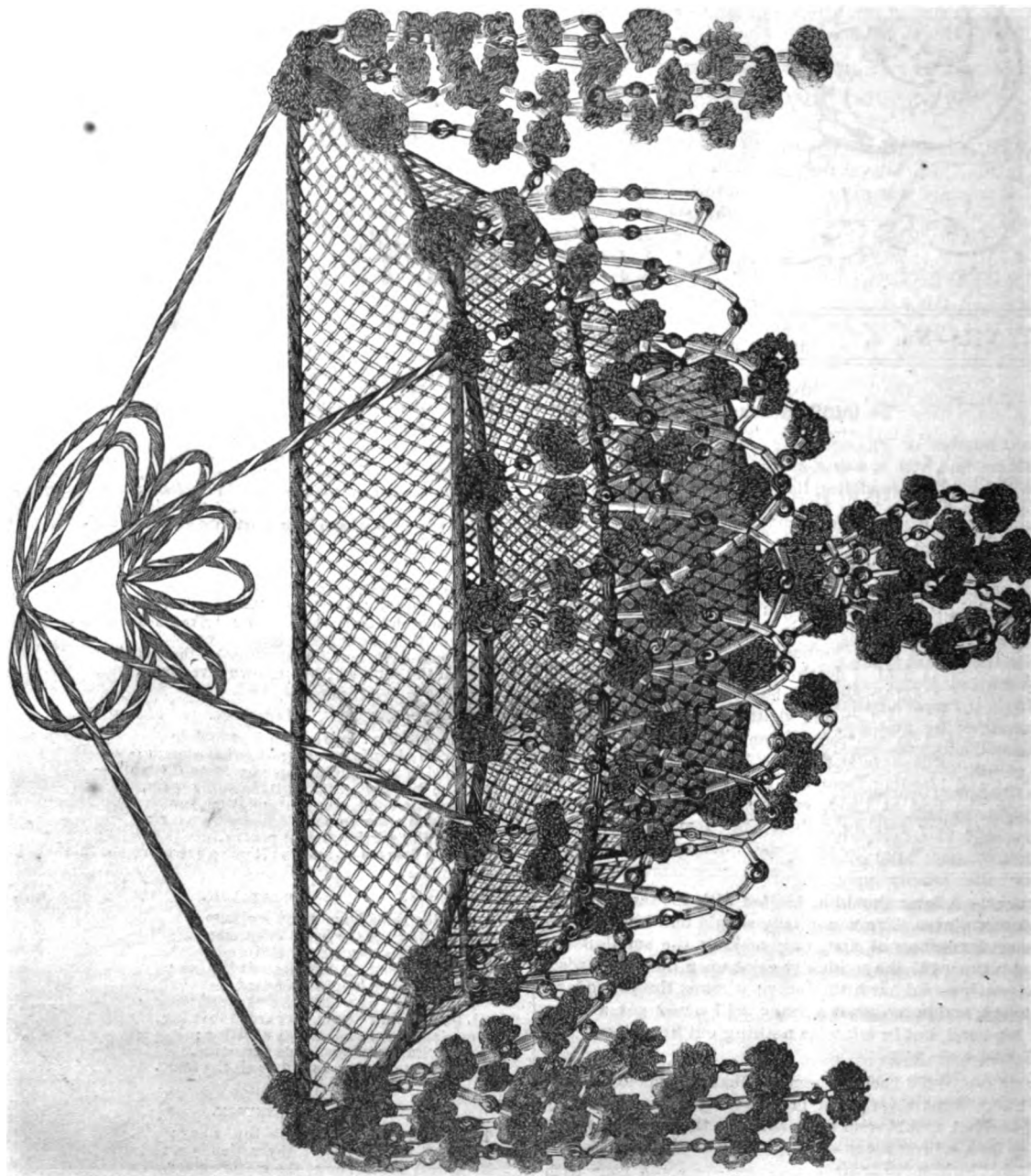
Thy verse is like rich music to the ear;
Elegant, tender, sweet, thy varied lays;
Now soft as lute, or as the clarion clear,
Now pensive as some songs of olden days.
Young fancy revels in thy poet dreams,
Steep'd in such melody of words as none
Of elder laureate bards have poured—it seems
Now like Æolian strains from breezy zephyrs won.

DICKENS.

Delightful Novelist! loved by youth and age,
In many-colored life how rich they page!
Comic, pathetic comes alike to thee;
Kindest benevolence in all we see,
Ennobling humble worth and struggling poverty,
No sickly sentimental trash we find;
Sweet sympathy pervades thy bright, thy glowing mind.

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can pourtray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us below the earth; it takes us round the earth, and across the earth, pointing out and explaining matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to the grave thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world. It recalls deeds, and re-enacts events over and over again as truthfully as though we had been eye-witnesses. It also stretches far into the future. From

becomes the experience of an age, and almost gives to man the attribute of omnipresence. From the wandering Homer, who sang as never man sang before—up to Shakespeare, the bard of all time—down to Byron, Burns and Moore, we can sit and hold converse with every god-like spirit, whose conceptions dazzle the earth. Nor does the desirability of knowledge rest here. It awakens our sympathies, and, by enlarging our desires, it also multiplies them. It enables the possessor to command within himself all that is commendable and attractive in the eyes of mankind. It brings him in contact with society, and



NETTED WHATNOT. PAGE 475.

the past to the present it ascends the dark staircase of coming time, discovering and prophesying things yet to be. It comprehends the possible as well as the actual, and furnishes histories long before they have taken place. It enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolution of empires, the triumphs of art and literature, and the wars and conquests with which history groans, may all be crowded into our life's volume. The experience of a day

adorns him in robes more costly than hand can weave, or skill invent. It is his passport, his champion, his councillor; and what is seldom met with in this world, it is his unfailing, unflinching, uncompromising friend.—*Linnaeus Banks*.

LIMITED AFFECTIONS.—The affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow yet deep within; not flowing forth like a river to seek souls far and near, to gladden God's earth; nor gushing up and around like a fountain in the sun, for all who seek them; but useful, notwithstanding, and very precious, each to some one individual or household.



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PRICE 25 CENTS.

To Our Readers.

THE next number of FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY commences the 8th volume, and with it a new era in its existence. New features will be added, rendering its pages both more ornamental and more useful. The Page Illustrations will be of the most exquisite description of excellence, sufficient to merit separate framing, while the illustrations of the novels, tales and travels will be more numerous and beautiful. The thrilling Novel which we commence in the present number will be continued, and a vast amount of the most admirable literature, by first-class writers, will adorn its pages every month.

The Fashion Department, so valuable to ladies in the country, will be completely remodelled, and will contain esthetic articles upon dress and the toilette, besides the latest and most *recherché* Fashions prevailing in the first circles, not only in dress, bonnets, &c., but in needlework, crochet, Berlin wool, &c., &c.

The series of exquisitely Illustrated Poems will be continued; also our Portrait Gallery, the plan of which will be enlarged, embracing not only the eminent authors and artists of our own and foreign countries, but the eminent and popular lady artists whose musical genius delights the refined audiences in every section of the country.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY enjoys an enviable reputation wherever it has been seen, as its constantly increasing subscription list

VOL. VII., No. 6—81

proves. No pains will be spared to sustain this reputation; no expense will be grudged to render it still more worthy of the patronage of the public.

The subscriptions which expire with this volume should be renewed at once, to insure the prompt delivery of No. 1 of the 8th volume. Subscriptions should be sent direct to this office.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N.Y.



THE INN OF THE FLYING HORSE AT STOKE-DORNE.—SEE PAGE 482.

VERONA BRENT;

OR,

THE WAYWARD COURSE OF LOVE.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT,

Author of "The Lady of Castle-Rose," "The Birthright," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

The skies they were ashen and sober,
 The leaves they were cri-ped and sere :
 The leaves they were withering and sere—
 It was night in the lonesome October,
 Of my most immemorial year :
 It was hard by the dark lake of Auber,
 In the misty mid region of Weir—
 It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
 In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.—*Edgar A. Poe.*

THE evening was dark and chill. A yellow fog hung doggedly over the landscape, and the wind sighed mournfully through the leafless trees that bordered the high road leading towards Stoke-Dorne. Lights twinkled faintly here and there in the distant village—so faintly that there seemed no welcome in their shivering light; and to add to the general gloom, the notes of a passing bell came out through the heavy atmosphere—offering a sinister greeting to the pale traveller who neared the town.

All day that yellow postchaise had toiled over the hills of —shire. All day, the postboy had held converse audibly with his frequently-changed steeds, and wondered inwardly what made the beautiful woman he was driving look so pale and worn. All day, that woman had reclined in the corner of the back seat, with her little child upon her lap, and her soft, blue eyes fixed upon vacancy; declining the refreshments he pressed upon her at their halting-places, with a gentle smile, and sinking back into her deep despondency as soon as he finished speaking. Jem Grove had never, in the course of his professional duties, seen quite such a lady before. He had driven many grander and finer people; and once a dowager-duchess, whose carriage had broken down before his master's inn, had occupied the yellow chaise—bullied him unmercifully at every stage, and finally omitted to "remember" him at the end of the journey. But of all those bright visions none haunted him so pertinaciously as that of the slender lady in black, whose voice was so sweet, and whose eyes were so blue, that, as he afterwards expressed himself, "it was as if an angel from heaven had folded up her wings, and rode all day beside him."

She had arrived that morning at his master's inn with very little luggage and no attendant. The "boots" of that establishment averred that, chancing to be at the station when the early train came in, he had seen the lady alighting from a second-class carriage; and every one at the house knew that she had walked over from the station followed by a railway porter, and with her infant in her arms, instead of performing the five minutes' journey in a fly, as all "genteel" people were bound to do. Nevertheless, though the bluff landlord was barely civil to her, and the stout landlady did not think it worth her while to stand in the porch to see her off, Jem Grove was ready to stake his life upon her right to the title of "lady," and had racked his brains all through the twelve long hours of the day in a vain attempt to find some way of showing her the devotion she had inspired in his heart—a heart belonging only to a poor postboy, it is true, but instinct with thoughts of tenderness, and emotions of delicate courtesy, lacking in the coarser nature of many a peer.

As they neared the village where they were to stop for the night, he thought he heard a faint cry proceeding from the chaise. He checked the rough trot of his horses and listened. All was still, and yet he could have sworn that he heard her voice, as well as that of the child. He scrambled out of the saddle and opened the door of the chaise.

"I beg pardon, mum," he said, making a respectful bow, "but I thought I heard you call."

There was no answer. He peered in, and saw, in the gathering darkness, that the lady had sunk from the seat to the floor of the chaise, and was lying there like a corpse. He lifted her

in his arms, first placing the wailing infant on the soft cushions, and with a pathetic adoration to his horses to "behave themselves like Christians and not go running away," knelt down in the road, and supporting the still form on his knee, took a small flask of brandy from his jacket pocket, drew the cork with his teeth, and managed to pour a small portion of its contents through the lady's lips. His hands were hard and rough, but they chafed her's as delicately as any woman's could have done; and he untied the strings of the little straw bonnet and put a lock of brown hair away from the forehead with the tenderest care.

"Pretty cretur!" he murmured, gulping down the sobs that were almost choking him. "She's dead, sure enough?"

No—the brandy did its work well. No color came back to the thin cheek—it was long since color had lingered there—but the dark blue eyes unclosed and looked up into his with a plaintive glance.

"What is the matter!" she said, trying to rise, but sinking back the next moment with a groan of pain.

"You fainted, ma'am, and you mustn't try to walk on no account. I'll carry you to the chaise."

"Oh, I cannot go farther! I am very ill—I think I shall die here!" said the mournful voice.

"Keep up a stout heart, mum; we are almost there, and I'll drive very careful. Beg pardon, mum, but if I don't take you up in my arms I can't carry you, you know. There!" and he placed her in the chaise once more, with the child in her arms, and folded her cloak carefully around them both.

"Is that the village?" she asked, looking on towards the distant lights.

"Yes, mum."

"It is so dark that I cannot see, and so cold. Make haste, if you please. I suppose there is a woman at the inn."

"Oh, yes, mum."

"Thank you. I should like a woman with me. You are very kind. How soon can we get there?"

"In ten minutes, mum, and I'll drive careful over the stones, mum, so as not to jolt you."

"I thank you."

That sweet faint smile! Jem had never seen anything so beautiful; and he had tears in his eyes when he drew up before the porch of the Flying Horse, at Stoke-Dorne, and nodded to the landlady, who came out to welcome her guest.

"It's a sick lady, Mrs. Gower, and a little baby," he said as he opened the door. "Now, mum, if you will allow me to help you out."

She faltered upon the step, and would have fallen if he had not caught her and carried her like a child into the warm parlour of the inn.

"I am very ill," she said again, as if in excuse, when he laid her down upon the sofa before the fire.

"Dear heart, I should think so!" said the motherly landlady, removing the bonnet and cloak of the infant with her own hands. "Why you are no more fit than the baby to travel—least of all by yourself, in such weather as this!"

"I was obliged—"

The words died upon her lips, and a look of pain contracted her features.

"Oh, what shall I do? I feel ill—very ill! and yet I must go on to-morrow!"

"Lie still, my dear!" said Mrs. Gower, arranging the sofa cushions under her head. "Lie still, now, and get warm. I will bring you a glass of wine in a moment or two, and we will see what can be done to-morrow. Now, don't fret—and, Jem, you come with me."

She went out, closing the door very softly after her, and beckoned Jem into the bar, whose only tenant was a rosy-cheeked girl of fifteen, the heiress of the Flying Horse.

"Sally, my dear, bustle about and see that the sheets are aired and a fire lighted in the blue-room. There's a sick lady in the parlour. Come, don't stand staring there, child, but get about your work."

Sally obeyed, after one or two sly glances at Jem—which were quite lost upon him, so deeply was he absorbed by his beautiful charge.

"Who is she, Jem?" asked his hostess, as, after having

placed a foaming jug of "home-brewed" before him, she began to mull some wine at her own fire.

"Blessed if I know, Mrs. Gower."

"But where did you find her?"

"At our house, this morning."

"Where did she come from?"

"Lunnon!"

"And where is she going?"

"Into Leicestershire, to some gentleman's seat, I believe. But she didn't tell the name."

"Mercy on me! It's my belief, Jem Grove, that she'll never get no further than Stoke-Dorne."

"Why, Mrs. Gower?"

"Why, man? She's dying, that's why!"

"Dying?"

Jem put aside his ale and looked wistfully into the fire.

"Dying? Such a pretty cretur as that dying? How strange it is, though, that them are just the ones to go first, always! I should like to know what that means, now?"

"Why, the Lord wants them to be sure, Jem! But stay here one minute till I carry her this nice hot wine. It will do her good, if anything will."

The parlor was opposite the bar, and Jem watched her across the hall. He saw her open the door, start back, and set the wine-glass down upon a chair.

"What is it? what is the matter?" he cried, running after her.

"Matter enough, Jem? She is fainting! Go for the doctor as fast as you can, and I will get her to bed, poor thing, before he comes?"

Jem darted out of the house and down the street, captured the doctor as he was alighting from his gig at his own door, and without stop or stay brought him back to the inn, where Mrs. Gower was already looking anxiously out of the window for them.

"Hey, what's all this, Mrs. Gower?" exclaimed the good old doctor. "What ails this poor sick lady of yours?"

"Oh, Dr. Thornton!" Mrs. Gower shook her head and took him aside to whisper a moment in his ear. At the end of that time he also looked very grave and took snuff rapidly.

"No wedding-ring, did you say?"

"Not a sign of one, doctor!"

"Tut, tut! what is this poor old world coming to? Young man, do you belong to this house?"

"No, sir; I'm from Harleyville," replied Jem.

"Did you bring the lady here?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Going back again to-night?"

"No, sir!"

"That's well! We may want you. What may be your name?"

"Jem Grove, sir!"

"Well, Jem Grove, go back to my house, if you please, and tell my assistant to send me— Stay, I'll write it."

He pencilled a note on a leaf torn from his pocket-book and gave it to Jem.

"You don't mind going, I suppose?"

"I would do anything for the lady, sir," said Jem, in a low voice.

"Hum! and yet you don't know her?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. Be off with your note. I dare say I shall have to send you again in the course of the evening. Now, Mrs. Gower, I am ready to go up-stairs."

A fire blazed brightly on the hearth of the "blue-room;" an armchair was drawn up before it, and Sally Gower, installed as a temporary nurse, lounged therein, reading a story from the "Arabian Nights," in the intervals of attendance upon the invalid.

"She's been asking for the doctor, mother," she said, looking up as the worthy pair entered. "I think she's getting light in her head, too, for she's been singing."

"I dare say. Now, Sally, you just go and stay in the bar, that's a good girl. And mind, none of your nonsense with the young fellows! Just show them that you know how to behave like a woman."

"Yes, mother."

"When Jem Grove comes back send up the things by one of the girls and tell him to go for Nelly Parton."

Sally vanished, wondering much in her own mind what Nelly Parton, the carpenter's widow, was to do, and Mrs. Gower turned to the bed and drew the blue damask curtains aside.

"There, doctor! I think she's asleep. See how still she lies!"

The doctor looked.

The lady was lying with her face turned towards him and her eyes closed. Her brown hair, loosened from its fastenings, fell in heavy masses over her neck and shoulders; her cheeks and lips were perfectly colorless; and but for the unquiet heaving of her breast, he would almost have thought her dead. One slender hand lay on the coverlet—it was the left; and, as Mrs. Gower had already observed, no plain gold ring glittered there to mark the wife. The little child was slumbering by her side.

The doctor sighed deeply.

"How beautiful she is, and how fair and good she looks! It is a sad business, Mrs. Gower."

"I only wish I had hold of him!" was the good woman's somewhat irrelevant reply. And, judging from the expression of her face, it was perhaps as well that her wish could not be granted.

As if that word had recalled her fleeting senses, the lady opened her beautiful eyes and looked up at them.

"What did you say of him?" she asked, eagerly. "Is he here?"

"No, my dear."

"Is he coming, then?"

"I do not know, my dear."

"Ah, I forgot! you do not know him!" and she sank back upon her pillow with a weary sigh. "I wish you would send for a doctor, if you please."

"I am a doctor, madam."

"Indeed!" She glanced up into his kind face, and then held out her little, wasted, trembling hand. "Please feel my pulse, sir, and tell me what ails me. I wish very much to go on further north, but I feel so weak and ill. Can you give me anything that will strengthen me enough for that?"

The doctor took the extended hand, though he did not touch the pulse.

"My dear lady," he said, bending over her very kindly, "I am afraid you cannot go north to-morrow—nor yet for many days."

"But I must go! I have been very ill all day! But you will cure me? You will let me go to him? He must do justice to me before my child—"

The words died upon her lips as she saw the pitying look upon his face, and a strong shiver shook her from head to foot.

"My poor, poor nameless babe!" she gasped forth. "If—if—baptized—"

"What did you say?" asked the physician, softly and kindly.

"Oh, doctor! I think I am dying!" she cried, as she fell back upon the pillow, rigid and cold.

"A bad sign! Run for a warm bath, Mrs. Gower! Who is that at the door? Mrs. Parton, the nurse, eh? Well, nurse, you are wanted, I can tell you! See to this poor child! And where can that stupid fellow have gone, I wonder?"

"I was in the bar, sir," said Mrs. Parton, with a courtesy, "and Sally told me I was wanted. And a postboy has just come from your house with a case for you."

The doctor darted out upon the stairs, snatched the case from poor Jem, and shut the door in his face before he had time to ask a question about the strange lady. His only resource was to sit in the bar and listen to Sally's tales of her beauty and gentleness, with a greedy ear, as the evening wore away.

The clock in the outer hall struck nine.

"I wish you would go up and see how the lady is," he observed, after fidgeting about for a few moments. "I'll mind the bar for you, if you will."

"Here comes mother! She will tell us! Mother, how is the lady?"

"Don't speak to me, child!" gasped Mrs. Gower. "The poor, pretty cretur!"

"She isn't dead, mother?"

"No; but she will be soon! Has Jem Grove gone?"

"No, mum!" said Jem, who stood with his back turned towards her.

"Oh, Jem, run for the vicar, will you? and tell him a lady is dying and a child to be baptized—at once! Sally, my dear, you must shut up the bar; and when the vicar comes, you will bring him up-stairs; and Jem may come, too, if he likes."

"Does the doctor say she can't live, mother?" asked Sally, looking very sober.

"Yes, my dear! He says she will go off quietly. She does not know any one now."

Mrs. Gower went away with her apron to her eyes, and Sally closed the house, listening now and then to the tiny cry up-stairs, and wondering what would become of the baby when its mother was dead. She had built up a three-volume novel on the strength of the romantic incident, when Nelly Parton came down-stairs to get a "drop of beer" before the clergyman arrived.

"Oh, Nelly, how is the lady now?"

"No better, Sally—no better!" said Nelly, shaking her head. She was a little, delicate, quick-eyed woman of twenty-three; she was a widow—her husband had only been dead a few weeks, and she had become a mother shortly after the funeral. Thus she had enough to excite her sorrows or move her sympathies; and she cried a little after she had finished her beer.

"The poor thing lies there as if she was dead, and she hasn't even looked at her baby for the last hour. It's a chance if she sees it again before she dies!"

"Oh, Nelly!"

"Dreadful, isn't it?"

"But what will become of the poor little thing?"

"I don't know, I am sure. The doctor has been speaking to me about taking it home for a few days, and I think I shall. My little Mary should not be neglected on the little stranger's account; and I can manage them both, for a time. But what is to be done with the little thing afterwards, God knows!"

"Has the lady told mother her name?"

"My dear, she is so ill that she can't speak, and has been ever since I came. Out of one fainting fit into another till now, and now she looks like a corpse. The child isn't a bit like her."

"That's a pity. She is very pretty."

"She's more than that, Sally—she's beautiful! And a born lady, you can tell that by her hands!"

"Has the baby got blue eyes, Nelly?"

"No, black—black as ink. They are going to baptize her now. It's a whim of your mother's!"

"Oh, Nelly, there's the vicar!" cried Sally, as a knock came at the front door.

"No, it isn't—it's the curate. I know his knock—I've heard it often. The vicar knocks as if he would have the side of the house down, but Mr. Gray is always gentle. I'll let him in, Sally; don't you stir!"

Mr. Gray entered, followed by Jem Grove, whose hard features were red and swollen, for he had cried all the way to the parsonage and back. The curate stepped into the bar for a moment to speak to Mrs. Parton, who, to use her own expressive words, had received so many kindnesses from him, that "she loved the very ground he trod upon." He was a tall, slender, serious-looking young man, with a pale, clear complexion, gentle brown eyes, a very sweet smile, and a broad forehead, shadowed by waves of hair that matched his eyes exactly in tint and shade. Very reserved among his equals or superiors, he was always genial and tender to the poor; and they loved him, as I believe only the poor can love. Few troubled their heads about the stately vicar, whose life was mostly spent in Ireland, in a vain attempt to convert the Catholics to his own religion, and whose large fortune was entirely lavished in that praiseworthy cause; but Mr. Gray, who listened to every old woman's tale of aches and pains, and helped the poor laborers as far as his slender means would allow, and sat for hours patiently by the bed of a sick and peevish child, was a general favorite, and well deserved the gratitude and affection he had won.

"Well, Mrs. Parton, how is your patient?" he said, after he had acknowledged the salutations of the two women by removing his hat, and making them a bow, as courteous as if they

had been two duchesses. He was a Chevalier Bayard in a curate's coat, and treated every woman with the greatest attention and respect because she was a woman—a quality sufficiently rare in these enlightened days to be worthy of remark.

"Is she better?"

"No, sir; she is dying!"

"And the child?"

"That is likely to live, sir."

"Poor thing!—poor little thing! I think I will go up, Mrs. Parton, if you will be kind enough to show me the way. Perhaps you would like to go, too?" he added, turning to Jem and Sally.

They followed him in silence. The doctor came to meet the curate at the door, and shook hands with him. Jem and Sally kept near each other and the door, and Nelly Parton went up to Mrs. Gower, who sat in state in the great chair before the fire, with a restless bundle on her lap.

"Come and look at the baby, Sally," said Mrs. Parton in a low voice.

Sally obeyed, and Jem, looking over her shoulder, saw a dark little face lit up by a pair of deep black eyes.

The curate bent over the infant in his turn.

"Why does she wish it baptized at once, Mrs. Gower?"

"Why, sir, she has not spoken, except to say that it has never yet been baptized. You see how she lies yonder. I have a fancy that if she dies to-night she will be glad to know, in heaven, that her baby has been made a Christian. That's all, sir."

Mr. Gray looked first at her and then at the still figure on the bed.

"You are right, Mrs. Gower. Only a woman would have thought of that. Get everything ready, if you please, and bring the child here beside the bed. It is just possible that she may revive and know what we are doing."

"Scarcely!" said the doctor, feeling the faint pulse. "She will go soon. I will be godfather to the child."

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Gower, gratefully.

The ceremony began. All stood around in solemn silence. Silently lay the mother upon her pillows. Mr. Gray's voice trembled now and then, as he glanced at that pale, pallid face. Was she already in that happier home and looking down upon him?

"Name this child," he said.

There was a long, long sigh, and the lady's hand moved slightly.

"Verona—it was at Verona!" she whispered, without opening her eyes.

Every one looked at the doctor, who bent over her.

"Did you say she was to be named Verona?" he asked.

"It was at Verona—that we met—and parted," she said, in that same strange, faint way. "Yes—Verona—it was there!"

"We shall call her Verona, then?"

No answer came to the question, and he looked at the curate with a puzzled air.

"Do you think we may venture? She is not conscious of what she is saying."

"Yes, I will add another, which the purest of women was pleased to bear," said Mr. Gray; and crossing the child's forehead, he went on: "Verona Mary, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen!"

Mrs. Gower received the infant, and from thanksgiving for its baptism they passed to the prayers for the dying.

And still there was no change in that quiescent form. They rose from their knees and stood around the bed. Mrs. Gower laid the little Verona in her mother's listless arms, sobbing as she did so. The doctor bent over his patient with a puzzled air and placed his ear upon her chest, to see if the heart was yet beating. Suddenly it gave a bound that made him start up, and the large blue eyes opened and looked around with a curious expression.

"Has he come yet?" she asked, aloud.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Gower, pressing forward. "But look—look at your little child!"

"My child!" She gazed down with a bewildered look, and touched its hands and arms lightly with her white fingers.

The infant opened its eyes and began to cry.

"Ah, those eyes!" she sighed—"those eyes!"

She never spoke again; but, sinking once more into that dumb, motionless stupor, passed away so calmly, that the light slumber into which the infant had just been rocked was not disturbed by its mother's death.

"She has gone!" said the doctor, rising from his chair. "It has been, no doubt, a happy release to her."

Jem ran out of the room, followed by Sally, who found him sobbing on the stairs, and took him into the parlor to console him with such artless words of comfort as she could give. The curate and the doctor went home in company; Mrs. Parton stole off to look after the welfare of her own baby, before she returned to assist Mrs. Gower in the last sad offices to the dead; and the landlady herself, holding the motherless infant in her arms, kept watch and ward in the chamber, looking sadly at the corpse, and wondering what the future of the lonely child was to be.

Poor, tired, way-worn traveller! Those women arraying her for her coffin wept over her as if she had been a sister of their own, and not one word was uttered that could be called a reproach for her frailty. Morning dawned. Her little unconscious child had gone to another home.

The bell that tolled twelve hours before for another was tolling now for the dead lady; and in the sunniest corner of the churchyard the sexton was digging the grave which was to be her last shelter. The poor postboy, almost heartbroken, had taken his farewell look of her sweet face, and was far on his way to Harleyville; the little village children paused in their play to scatter daisies in the open grave, and wonder how the lady came to occupy it. They buried her there that week, and many wept who had never looked upon her face or heard her voice. Nameless and friendless though she was, she slept none the less sweetly, let us trust, that no unlettered stone was placed above the grave, over which the tears of those gentle-hearted rustics fell.

For the mother, in her grave, there was no further care or comfort. But what was to be done with the child, so suddenly and entirely thrown upon the charity of strangers?

They held a council of four upon the subject the night after the burial, in the best parlor of the Flying Horse. The curate and the doctor came to it, arm-in-arm. Mrs. Gower ushered them into the room, and Nelly Parton slipped in after, with a humble curtsy. A small black trunk, studded with brass nails, stood in the middle of the room, and every eye was fixed upon it.

"Have you the key, Mrs. Gower?" asked the doctor.

"Here it is, sir. We found it in the poor lady's carpet-bag, this morning."

"Ah!" He weighed it in his hand and held it out towards Mr. Gray, saying, "I think, sir, you'd best use it!"

The curate sighed, and bent over the box with an absent air. Every one stood breathlessly around as the key grated in the lock.

But if they fancied the dead woman's secret would start into life and light as the lid went up, they were mistaken. Some finely wrought and fashioned articles of female attire met their eyes, a few caps or robes for the infant, a simple black dress or two, a beautiful Indian shawl and a box of delicate kid gloves. A Bible and Prayer-book, bound in purple and morocco, lay at the bottom of the trunk. The curate opened them; withered flowers marked the places here and there, and on the fly-leaves was written the one name, "Mary"—nothing more.

"I gave her her mother's name, it seems!" he said, holding the books out to the doctor.

"Yes; how odd that you should have hit upon it, Gray; but we are no wiser for that one word. Are there no letters?"

"None."

"Stay! there is a little box of cedar wood in the corner. Open that."

Mr. Gray took it up. Daintily carved and faintly perfumed, it seemed like a casket for some choice treasure. A faded violet, a turquoise ring, wrought into the shape of that lovely flower—a short curl of soft black hair, and a letter, yellow and worn, laid side by side on the white satin lining. He touched these mute tokens with the tenderest care.

"There we have it at last, Gray! I thought as much, poor thing! We must read the letter, you know."

"Of course!" and kneeling on one knee beside the trunk,

the curate unfolded the sheet, which almost fell to pieces in his hands. There was no date. It ran thus:

"You are an unbelieving little creature! Why have you no faith in me? Did I not swear upon that violet, as I matched it with your eyes, that I would be true; and have I not kept my vow?—that English violet which I watched over so tenderly, that in this foreign land it might speak to you of home? Ah, Mary mine, be more generous and more just. Have less confidence in the idle rumors of society and more in me, and all will yet be well."

"I shall be with you early this evening, and kiss the eyes which have been so foolish as 'as to shed tears' for me. Dear eyes? After that happy day, which makes you mine, they will shed no more! I send you a little ring, to remind you of my violet and my vow. Let me see it on your hand to-night, and believe that I am, ever and only, your
"VALERNO."

"Valerno?" said the doctor, musingly. "Not an English name, Mr. Gray."

"Not a real name, either, I am afraid. It is enclosed in quotation marks; it is evidently some pet name bestowed upon him, and by her."

"Hum! the matter is not much clearer for that. Let me see the letter. A bold, dashing hand—a gentleman's hand, moreover—confound him! 'Rumors of society'—he must have been in it then, of course? No seal—no crest of any kind."

"It has been cut away. Look!"

"Ah, yes! But the ring—it may have initials."

"V. to M.—Valerno to Mary. That tells no tales, doctor."

"Blue violets in a foreign land. They were abroad, then!"

"At Verona—at Verona! You know she said so, before she died."

"Ah! there is a clue! I know a worthy old soul in Verona—an old antiquarian, who has lived there for years—and I'll write to him to-morrow and set him on the track at once. We shall soon know all about it, Mr. Gray."

"But the names, doctor. We have not ascertained them yet."

"Bless me! that makes no difference. I'll describe her; and as it must all have happened recently, it will be easy enough to find it out. Who knows, Mrs. Gower? our little friend may turn out to be a princess—an Italian princess—in her own right, one of these days."

"And if she does not?" said the curate, rising from his knees, with the cedar box in his hand.

"Hum! That is a question for consideration. A healthy infant needs food and clothes—and a growing girl—mercy on me, how many frocks and pairs of shoes she will wear out in the course of a year!"

The curate laughed.

"Ah, you don't know what juvenile monsters girls are—you happy bachelor! Between my seven, I believe I shall end one day in the workhouse. But never mind that. As long as I am out I can manage to spare a crumb, now and then, for this poor little wail!"

"I'll nurse her, sir!" said Nelly Parton, with a curtsy. "She is welcome to all I can do for her!"

"And Sally's clothes!" cried the doctor. "Her own will last for some time, and I have some gingham frocks that will do for her by and by!"

"There! Your shoes and frocks are provided for, sir," said Mrs. Gower.

"Yes. God bless the women! They are all alike, when any one is in trouble. It's well their heads are not as soft as their hearts!" added the doctor.

"I heard you say once that they were!"

"When I was crusty, no doubt! But you ought not to rake up such sins, Mr. Gray. When I am in a good temper, and don't want my dinner, there's nothing on earth I admire more than women—God bless them? The world wouldn't be worth living in without them!" And the doctor concluded his benediction with a benevolent glance at Mrs. Gower and her friend.

"Well! Shoes and frocks—what other current expenses will there be, Dr. Thornton?"

"Schooling—when she gets old enough!"

"I'll teach her her horn-book!" said the curate.

"Well! there's not much more, except medical attendance—that will not cost her anything!"

"So, between us all, Verona can be housed, fed, clothed and schooled, at little cost!"

"For the present—yes! When she shoots up into a young lady, and casts longing eyes towards silk dresses and fancy bonnets, we shall begin to sing another tune!" added the doctor.

"We will not look forward to evil days yet. I only wished to ascertain what the expenses of such a charge would really be. It seems so trifling, that I think I may venture to promise to bear my part in it," said the curate.

"My dear Gray, you will excuse me for saying that you do far too much already!"

"Not a bit of it, doctor! I am a poor man, it is true, but I hold even my little means in trust for my Master;" and he bent his head reverently. "And where can I better bestow my surplus, than here?"

"True!"

"If I were a richer or a better man, I would adopt the child at once. Neither my means nor my conscience consent to such a step. I could not make her comfortable; and then, the responsibility of assuming the entire guidance of that free young soul, when I am so little fitted to guide myself, and so continually falling into error—no, it would not be well for me to undertake it!"

He spoke in a low tone, but Nelly Parton and Mrs. Gower exchanged looks. If Mr. Gray, who was so good and pious, thought himself unfit for such a charge, what of them?

"Where is the child?" asked Dr. Thornton, suddenly.

"In the bar, sir, with Sally," said Nelly. "I couldn't leave the little ones all the morning, so I brought them here!"

"Both?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let us have a look at them."

Nelly vanished, and presently returned, bearing a baby triumphantly on each arm. The little Mary leaned her fair head upon her mother's shoulder, and puckered up her rosy mouth to cry when the two gentlemen bent over her; but Verona laid calm and quiet, and actually seemed to be regarding them steadily with her dark, unchildlike eyes.

"She begins to take notice, sir, already."

"I should think she did. Why, she looks one through and through; and how dark she is! Not a rosy little English girl, like our Mary, Mrs. Parton."

"No, sir, but her skin is very clear; and every baby can't look alike, you know."

"No, I suppose not; but I wish the child would not stare so. Positively, it makes me nervous. Gray, did you ever see such a look?"

"Do you remember what the mother said when Verona looked at her? 'Those eyes! those eyes!' Depend upon it they are like her father's!"

"I should not wonder. All I can say is, he must have been a very uncomfortable person to know. They are mad eyes!" exclaimed the doctor.

"What!"

"A person with such eyes might easily go mad. Perhaps the poor little thing inherits insanity!"

"God forbid!" cried the curate.

"To which I say, Amen!"

"But I don't quite agree with you, doctor. They are beautiful eyes!—so soft—so deep—so dark! The eyes of a poet—of a dreamer, if you will; but not of a maniac! It is like looking into a still lake at twilight," he added, taking the child in his arms, and bending over it almost fondly.

"I have no mind, then, for still lakes or twilight. Give me this little English girl," and he patted Mary's curly head, "with her frank blue eyes and open face. The other is too dark—too grave—too still! Ah, little Mary, so you know your old friends, do you? That's right, laugh away, you little John Bull in long petticoats. Look at that, Gray!"

Mr. Gray looked, and smiled; but the child he held stirred in his arms, and attracted his attention again.

"It is a face that seems strange, and yet familiar. Where can I have seen such an one?"

"In your dreams, probably."

"Perhaps. Well, Verona, you belong to us now—at least,

till others claim you. Why, doctor, we must advertise—I never thought of that!"

The doctor gave a long, low whistle.

"To be sure! in the county paper. I'll see to it to-morrow."

"I hope no one will claim her."

"Why?"

A faint blush tinged the pale, clear cheek of the curate.

"I hardly know, doctor—I spoke at random. I ought not to wish such a thing for a moment. God's will, little Verona, will determine all, and time will show us what it is. I fancy the child, however; and, if it were for the best, should be glad to have her grow up in this quiet country home. That is all."

He touched her cheek with his lips, placed her in Mrs. Parton's arms, and then gave the same salute to the little Mary, who received it very ungraciously, and began to cry, much to her mother's horror. But Mr. Gray only laughed and took up the cedar box.

"Will you keep this, doctor, till we ascertain who is the lawful owner?"

"Not I—I should have the fidgets over it by night and day; and then my womenkind—though still in their pinafores—are true daughters of Mother Eve; and, in short, it is far safer at your cottage, Mr. Gray."

"Very well—I must say good morning to you, now, for I have some calls to make. Perhaps you will decide what should be done with the other things?"

"The Bible and prayer-book had best go with you. The clothes, I dare say, Mrs. Parton or Mrs. Gower, will take charge of. May I come and smoke a pipe in your study this evening, Gray?"

"Of course!" and shaking hands with his friend, and bowing politely to the two women, the curate took his departure.

Thus the destiny of the little Verona was decided. The doctor advertised in vain, first in the county paper, and then in the *London Times*. No rich and mysterious relatives claimed the little orphan; and the old antiquarian at Verona confessed himself utterly unable to trace any newly-married English couple, or English lovers, in that city, and finished his letter with a description of a curious Etruscan vase, just discovered, and far more precious in his eyes than any child could be. The doctor read this epistle to Mr. Gray in the garden of the parsonage, and vowed that his old college friend had turned into a fossil, or an Etruscan ruin himself, and had no sympathy left for his kind; but the curate only laughed, and trimmed his rose-bushes with a will, thinking how pleasant it would be when the little one could trot beside him, clinging to his hand, to bring her down that fragrant alley, and talk to her of the loving God who made those flowers for the delight of his exiled children here on earth.

As the weeks and months went on, she grew strangely into his heart. Fresh from an almost monastic seclusion at college, he shunned the society of the village, avoided the young ladies who danced, and the young ladies who distributed tracts, with equal success, and lived the quietest of lives at home with his garden and his books. But the little child formed a strange link between him and the outer world, and made him desert "the Fathers," many an evening, to watch her first sweet smiles, or sit patiently in her nurse's little parlor, while she slumbered in his arms. People "talked," of course, but he did not allow himself to be disturbed by that. The young ladies said he was mad, and the old ones thought it would be infinitely more becoming in him to marry and devote himself to children of his own; but the three days' wonder died away, and he was left to his own devices, while people gossiped about a much more important thing to them—the probable arrival of the "Lord of the Manor;" who, having spent half his life abroad, was coming, with his young son, to dwell at Brent Moodna, the family place, which stood at the distance of two miles from Stoke-Dorne.

Brent Moodna had been long deserted, and some people said that it was haunted. A gray old keeper dwelt in the lodge alone, and, standing by the park gates, one could catch a bird's-eye view of the tall chimneys of the house, rising smokeless in the air, and half hidden by the branching limes of the avenue. For twelve years the young trees had sprung up here and there, without much regard to fitness of place; the green-

sward looked damp and neglected; the borders of the lake were overgrown with strange shrubs; and the dancing faun beside the fountain turned his beautiful wild face towards the gates, as if for ever looking for the playmates of old, who came not, and would come no more.

The villagers had a right of way through the park, but never exercised it. Even the village lovers never strayed through the leafy shades at evening to listen to the birds and talk of their sweet young hopes. Something ailed the place beyond its utter solitude. The last Lady Brent had been found drowned in the lake beside the fountain, shortly after the birth of the young heir; and those were not wanting who averred that she came to her death by no fair means. Her husband, Sir Edward, was a grave and moody man, and treated these whispers with silent contempt—saw her properly buried, and then started for the Continent, with his infant son, and remained there, as he said, to educate him—but as the villagers averred, to escape the visitations of the pale ghost, who wandered up and down beside the lake, wringing her hands and looking for her murderer in vain. The tradition ran that, till Sir Edward and the boy returned, the Lady Isabel would never rest in the grave where they had laid her; and this gave added interest to the rumor of their arrival.

Much as those quiet people feared the ghost of the dead lady, the agent found no difficulty in procuring laborers for the repair of the house and grounds, when he named the liberal terms Sir Edward had authorized him to offer. The haunted avenue was besieged with eager candidates for his favor; and though they worked, at first, with many a timid glance over their shoulders, and were exceedingly scrupulous about leaving the park gates behind them before dusk, their alarm wore off by degrees. Lady Isabel was evidently as anxious for the repairs as her husband could be, and molested no one. By and by, they lingered longer over their task—they joked and laughed by the fountain, where they had only spoken in whispers before; they strolled in the grounds on pleasant Sunday afternoons with their wives and sweethearts; and one or two boys were actually bold enough to penetrate the hazel copse beyond the house, and explore the orchard, the stables and the kitchen garden. In short, they did for Sir Edward more than he had asked of them, and laid the ghost gratis, while they were laying brick and mortar at so much per day.

CHAPTER II.

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
"No more, no more, no more!"
(Such language holds the solemn sea,
To the sands upon the shore)
"Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!"—*Edgar A. Poe.*

Four years passed away, and on a bright, mild evening, such as we sometimes see upon the very threshold of the spring, the village was thrown into confusion by the appearance of a mounted groom, who wore the Brent Moodna livery of green and gold, and whose tired horse showed that he had ridden both fast and far. He stopped before the porch of the Flying Horse and begged of Mrs. Gower a glass of her very best ale. She drew it with her own hands, and bustled out eagerly through the small crowd that had collected, as if by magic, around him.

"When does Sir Edward arrive?" she asked, as he gave back the empty glass and paid a well-deserved compliment on the excellence of its contents.

"In an hour, I should say."

"An hour! Mercy on us! We did not know he was in England!" cried the bystanders, in various tones.

"Came last night, and is about five miles off, on the high road. I mustn't stay gossiping here, or he will overtake me!"

The groom galloped off, and the people stared at each other mutely.

"We ought to ring the bells," suggested the sexton; and, with a great cheer, boys and men dashed off towards the church. A merry peal startled Mr. Gray half an hour later as he walked along the high road, with a toy from the shop in the next village, in his pocket, for the little Verona.

At this moment he heard the wheels of a carriage behind

him, and looking round, saw a postchaise containing a tall, dark, proud-looking man, and a fair-haired boy, who both looked earnestly at him as they passed. Before they had gone far the chaise stopped, and the lad came running back to him, doffing his cap, and showing, a delicate, handsome face, and a pair of soft, dark eyes that contrasted pleasingly with his golden hair.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, courteously; "but my father insisted on my coming to ask if you were returning to the village of Stoke-Dorne."

"I am."

"He hopes, then, that you will accept a seat in our chaise, as you have some distance yet before you."

"He is very kind. I will do so with pleasure."

Mr. Gray followed the boy, wondering inwardly what such unusual courtesy on the part of a stranger could mean. But one glance at the dark face of the gentleman enlightened him. He had never seen Sir Edward, but the family likeness to the old portraits at Brent Moodna was too striking to be overlooked. He raised his hat.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Sir Edward Brent?"

"That is my name, sir. As to the pleasure of the meeting, the less said the better. I fear it is all on my side," replied the stranger, with a slight smile. "You are the vicar of the parish, I suppose?"

"I am the curate, Sir Edward."

"Where, then, is the vicar?"

"In Ireland."

"Ay, I know—the old story—attempts to convert the Catholics! Why does he not stay at home? He is needed more here than there, I'll be bound."

Mr. Gray did not answer. He had said the same thing to himself a score of times; but it did not become him to discuss the failings of his superior with a stranger. He stepped into the chaise, and seated himself beside his patron.

"What are they ringing such a peal for?" was that gentleman's next remark as they dashed on towards the village. "Do they know of my arrival?"

"It would seem so."

"That prating Thomas must have told them."

"I like the bells," remarked the boy.

"Ay, Philip, no doubt. They are very sweet."

"And they show that you are remembered here, father—and loved!"

Sir Edward burst into a hard, dry laugh.

"Do you hear the lad? He believes, because the fools yonder are pulling at those ropes, that it is done out of pure love for me! Not one word of the five shillings, Mr. — I beg your pardon!"

"My name is Gray, Sir Edward."

"Thank you. Not one word of the five shillings, then, or the beer presently to be drunk at my expense, Mr. Gray."

The curate did not answer, and the boy fixed his clear, dark eyes appealingly upon his face.

"Sir, they do love my father here, do they not?"

"Your father has been very long away, my child, but they remember, and will very soon love him. Listen to that cheer."

Philip leaned forward, and looked from the window as the carriage stopped for a few moments before the Flying Horse. Mrs. Gower was curtsying in the porch, and the excited rustics stood around, gaping with all their might, and swinging their hats above their heads in welcome. Sir Edward looked out over the golden head of his boy, and waved his hand.

"My good friends," he exclaimed, "I believe the Flying Horse can hold you all, and I hope you will drink my health, and my sons, in the very best ale it affords. Thank you; and, for the present, good-bye."

He sank back upon the seat and looked at Mr. Gray with laughing eyes as the chaise drove on.

"There, my dear sir! did you ever hear a more successful maiden speech in your life? Those fellows will split their throats huzzaing for the man they were ready to stone to death twelve years ago. It is astonishing what a little beer can do."

"You misjudge them, Sir Edward. I believe they are really glad to see the family at Brent Moodna once more."

"No doubt. It gives the old women something to talk



MRS. GOWER TELLING DR. THORNTON OF THE SICKNESS OF THE STRANGER LADY.

about, and the tradespeople fresh orders," replied the incorrigible Sir Edward.

The curate laughed.

"Do you know, Sir Edward, that you are feloniously abducting a clergyman. We are passing my cottage at this very moment."

"Eh? Well, never mind! I wish you to dine with me to-day. Is there a Mrs. Gray to put a veto on any such pleasant arrangement?"

"No, sir; I am not fortunate enough to possess a Mrs. Gray."

"Fortunate!" and Sir Edward made a wry face. "My dear sir, take an experienced Benedict's advice and shun a wife as you would the plague. Talk about the serpent in the Garden of Eden! I have a private opinion of my own, sir, upon that subject, and it amounts to this: the serpent was about five feet five inches in height, stood on two feet, talked in the sweetest of voices, looked out of the bluest of eyes, veiled her glowing form in the fairest of hair, and was named Eve, sir—Eve!"

Mr. Gray started at the abrupt conclusion and looked exceedingly shocked. The boy was listening quietly; but his dark eyes wandered from one face to the other with a strangely observant glance.

"Do you not agree with me?"

"Indeed I do not, Sir Edward."

"Never mind; you will when your turn comes to be cheated and cajoled and deceived by her false descendants. Not one of them shall set foot upon the threshold of Brent Moodna—I have made my mind up to that."

"But, Sir Edward, the house is already garrisoned."

"With women?"

"Yes."

"By heaven! (I beg your pardon, sir; but there are some things on earth that will make a man swear in spite of himself, and this is one of them!) they shall march as soon as I enter the house!"

"I like women better than men, father," observed Philip.

"No doubt—no doubt! I did once; but I am wiser now. Pray, how many have I to encounter, then, Mr. Gray?"

"I really cannot tell you, Sir Edward; but I see one of my parishioners standing at the door of her cottage and I will ask her, if you like."

"What on earth can she know about it?"

"She has been up at the place for the last week doing odd

jobs. She is a poor widow, and every one gives her a little work when they can."

"Humph!" grunted Sir Edward; but in spite of his evident dissatisfaction, he called to the postboy to stop before the gate.

"What is her name, Mr. Gray?"

"Nelly—that is, Mrs. Parton."

"Here, Mrs. Parton, can I persuade you to come to the window of the chaise a moment?" cried out Sir Edward. "I want to ask you a question."

Nelly, who was watching two little girls rolling about on the grass together under the cottage windows, looked up surprised at this odd salutation from a stranger, but went obediently to the gate.

"Bless us! it's Sir Edward himself!" she exclaimed, dropping a profound curtesy to him and to Mr. Gray.

"Of course! And who may you be, my good woman, that you recognise me so easily?"

"I was Nelly Johnson, please Sir Edward," was the demure reply, "dairymaid on the model farm at Brent Moodna."

Something like a blush tinged the dark face looking down upon her. Fifteen years before the ardent baronet had been smitten by the charms of the fair dairymaid, then affianced to Robert Parton, the carpenter; and on attempting to express his admiration by a quiet kiss, had received a box on the ear—his cheek tingled even now at the remembrance of it! Mr. Gray, looking from him to Nelly's laughing eyes, had his own "little thoughts" about their former acquaintance, which he very wisely kept to himself.

"Nelly Johnson, are you? Indeed! Well, Mr. Gray tells me that you have been at Brent Moodna for the last few weeks."

"Yes, Sir Edward; there were curtains to put up and chairs to uncover and—"

"Oh, spare me the catalogue, if you please, and tell me instead how many women there are in the house."

"Women, Sir Edward?"

"Yes, women—mischievous monkeys, or what you like! What is the sum total, Mrs. Parton?"

Nelly looked blankly at Mr. Gray, who was smiling quietly at the conversation.

"Sir Edward wishes to know the number of women-servants in the house, Mrs. Parton."

"Oh, indeed! Well, let me see! There's the cook and four housemaids—"

"Five to begin with!" muttered Sir Edward, with such a horrified look that Mr. Gray burst out laughing.

"And the housekeeper, Sir Edward; and the laundrymaids, and the—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, say no more! I give all up to despair! I might have encountered three—or even four; but this army in possession is too much for me! I shall build myself a hermitage in the park, turn monk, and have done with it. Will you assume the tonsure and cowl at the same time, Mr. Gray?"

Nelly stared in astonishment and set down the baronet, in her own private mind, as a madman. But a small interruption to the conversation made itself manifest in the shape of one of the children, who ran out at the gate, while the other stood shily reconnoitring the party behind the bars.

"Heavens! whose child is that?" cried the baronet, turning pale.

Mr. Gray looked earnestly at him.

"We do not know, Sir Edward."

"Because it will be under the hoofs of that horse in a moment's time! A girl—I thought as much! The sex can never keep for one moment out of mischief after they have left their cradles. Mrs. Parton, if you have any regard for your offspring, I advise you to take it from under the nose of that white quadruped. Posthorses are not too extravagantly fed, and who knows that a mouthful of uncooked baby might not be a temptation to the animal, quiet as he looks!"

"Oh, Verona, Verona! you naughty child!" pathetically cried Nelly, disregarding the baronet's speech, in her horror at seeing the state the child's pinafore was in; "if you have not torn yourself entirely to tatters! I shall have to send you to the gipsies to-morrow afternoon at exactly half-past four."

Verona had heard this threat so often that she only looked over her shoulder at her foster-mother with a defiant air; and then, leaning fearlessly against the old white horse, commenced a conversation with the postboy, her fast friend from infancy.

"Jem, take me up before you for a ride!"

"Not now, Miss Verona; there's a gentleman in the carriage that wouldn't like it. Perhaps, when I come back, I will."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"And have you brought me anything nice, Jem?"

"Look!" and Jem produced a flat and a round package from his breast pocket. "There's a picture-book, and a lot of sweets for you!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the child, standing on tiptoe to receive the gifts, and running towards the gate as fast as her feet could carry her. "Look, little Mary! See what Jem Groves has brought us! Don't you love Jem Groves? I do!"

"A frank confession?" said the baronet drily. "The post-boy ought to feel highly flattered. Pray how old may that child be, Mr. Gray?"

"Almost four years old, Sir Edward."

"And she talks as plain as if she was six, Sir Edward," cried the proud Nelly, "and says the most sensible things you ever heard. If she did not tear her pinafores so, she would be the delight of my life!"

"She is a promising young lady, I dare say. Please to call her here, will you?"

"Verona, my dear!"

Verona did not stir. Little Mary's soft blue eyes were dilating over the gaily colored plates of "The Children in the Wood," and she preferred staying behind the gate.

"Verona, did you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Then, why don't you come, you naughty child?"

"I want to look at the pictures, mother."

Nelly wrung her hands, and Mr. Gray thought it high time to interfere. He had been sitting back in the chaise all this while, and the child had not seen him. But at the first sound of his voice she started up, regardless of the shower of lollipops and peppermint balls that rained from her small lap into the grass, and bustled out to the chaise.

"Mr. Gray! Is Mr. Gray here?"



THE "CHASE" AT BRENT MOODNA, NEAR STOKE-DORNE, THE FAMILY SEAT OF SIR EDWARD BRENT.

"He is, indeed! And very sorry to see his little Verona so naughty."

"Oh, I couldn't help it! I won't be naughty any more. Have you brought me something, too, Mr. Gray?"

"Yes, you exacting little creature!" and, looking half ashamed of himself, the curate produced a small wax doll from his pocket. "Mary is to have a Noah's ark, and the man promised to send it over to-morrow."

"I want the Noah's ark; I don't like dolls, Mr. Gray."

"Very well. That is all the thanks I get, Sir Edward, for making a packhorse of myself."

"The way of womenkind," growled the baronet. "This is a fair specimen, I think. Little girl, look up here!"

The child obeyed, and fixed her dark, proud eyes upon him.

"It is very naughty of you to say what you like and what you don't like."

"Why?"

"Little girls ought always to like what is given to them."

The child gazed very steadily at him, as she made experiments with her teeth on the wax head of the doll.

"I like Mr. Gray," she observed, at last; "and I like mother and little Mary, and Jem Grove; and I like that little boy there"—indicating Philip with a wave of her hand.

"Indeed!"

"But I don't like you!"

"Verona!" said Mr. Gray reprovingly, while Nelly held up her hands in horror.

"I don't!" said the little rebel.

"There is one comfort," observed the baronet, half to himself, and half to her, "I do not like you. Shall we drive on, Mr. Gray, before she pulverizes me with her indignant glances?"

"If you please."

But Verona burst into an undignified roar, and flung her wax doll upon the ground. To have any one tell her they did not like her was enough; but that they should take her beloved Mr. Gray away directly after, was quite the last drop in her cup. Nothing would pacify her till the curate alighted, and, taking her in his arms, first scolded her gently, and then promised to come and see her the next day, and admire the Noah's ark to her heart's content. Sir Edward looked on silently. Philip, equally silent, was losing his boy's heart to the blue-eyed little Mary, of whom he caught a glimpse now and then through the lattice-work of the gate.

"Now, then," said Mr. Gray, in conclusion, "will you be good, Verona?"

"Yes."

"Then tell this gentleman you are sorry you were so rude to him."

"I'm sorry," the perverse little imp began; and then, laughing outright in the baronet's face, hid her head upon the curate's shoulder. He gave her a little shake, and a gentle kiss at the same time.

"Verona, how naughty you are! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Gray!—good-bye, boy!—good-bye!" and before any one could prevent her, she leaned forward, flung her arms around Sir Edward's neck, and kissed him. A crimson flush overspread his whole face, and he gazed after the laughing little thing with wondering eyes, till the chaise turned the corner of the road, and hid her from his sight.

"Strange! strange!" he murmured to himself, and sank into a reverie from which nothing could rouse him till they entered the gates of Brent Moodna.

The tenantry had had time to muster during his delay at Nelly's cottage, and received him with a shout of welcome as he alighted, that made Philip's heart beat and his eyes grow dim. The boy idolized his father, and any expression of love or esteem for him touched him instantly. He leaned proudly against his arm as he made a little speech to the tenants, and crossed the threshold of his new home with the lightest of spirits. If the pale ghost of his mother had risen before him then, I question if it could have shaken his love for, or his faith in, the man who had rendered her short life so wretched, that the tomb was a welcome refuge compared to his stately halls.

Long as Sir Edward's arrival had been delayed, the house was in perfect readiness to receive him—thanks to the house-keeper, whose endeavors to contribute to her master's comfort

might possibly have relaxed if she had been cognizant of the plan relative to the hermitage and the cowl. As it was, everything passed off agreeably; the dinner was exquisite in quality and well served, the wines good, and the fruit without reproach. After the departure of Philip, who kept early hours as yet, Sir Edward drew his chair nearer the table, lit his cigar, and, gazing out through the open window upon the park, pronounced himself "quite comfortable."

"I begin to believe in two words, 'home and country,' Mr. Gray," he observed. "After all this wear and tear abroad it is something to know that I gaze upon that calm night and sky from under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree—that I am in England and at Brent Moodna."

"How long is it since you went abroad, Sir Edward?"

"Twelve years. Philip will be thirteen in six months—he was but an infant when I took him from home."

"He has no remembrance of this place then?"

"Not he. It is as well;" and Sir Edward's dark eyes seemed piercing through the gloom of evening that encompassed the fountain and its dancing faun. "They would have filled his head with old tales if he had remained, and he would have feared and hated the very name of Brent Moodna. I trust he may love it now, and that he may see his children here one day!"

"It is a long time to look forward to."

"I know it."

"And many things may happen in the course of those years."

"True—the boy may die. We shall see what we shall see. It is all in the hands of fate!"

"We will say, rather, in the hands of God!" observed Mr. Gray quietly.

The baronet shrugged his shoulders.

There was a long silence. The curate was thinking of the parable of the rich man who built himself houses and barns, and proposed to his soul to live right merrily for many years; and yet that night his soul was required of him. Might not this man, who used the favors of his Maker with so lavish a hand, while he seemed so indifferent to His existence or His power, be taught by some awful lesson to be still, and see that it was God?

"I wonder," said Sir Edward, abruptly, as he lit his second cigar, "what prompted that small thing at the cottage first to say she did not like me, and afterwards to kiss me?"

"I cannot tell, I am sure. Verona does and says the strangest things at times, but I confess she surpasses herself to-night."

"Verona! It is an odd name!"

"Yes."

"Who gave it to her?"

"Her mother."

"What! Did you know her?"

"I saw her once!"

"Where?"

"At Stoke-Dorne."

The baronet gazed at him in surprise.

"Never, Mr. Gray!"

"Why not, Sir Edward?"

"Because—because—" he faltered, changing color, and turning uneasily from those soft brown eyes—"because the mother is dead!"

"I know it."

Then how could you see her in this village?"

Mr. Gray was silent. A clue to the mystery of Verona's birth was evidently in his hands, and yet he hesitated to unravel it. He dreaded to find that another had claims on the child more sacred than his own. He felt a pang at the thought of resigning her to one who could never love her better—if, indeed, he loved her half so well. At last he said, "I will tell you more of the mother at another time, Sir Edward. In the meantime, believe that I have seen her—the 'Mary' after whom the child has been named."

"Mary! Yes her name was Mary?" exclaimed the baronet.

"You met her first at Verona?" said Mr. Gray.

"I?"

Sir Edward fairly bounced in his chair at the calm question.

"I, Mr. Gray! Are you beside yourself? Do you intend to charge me with that dark-eyed little vixen, as a perpetual memento of some early folly you fancy I may have committed?"

"It could not have been a very early one," said Mr. Gray, "since Verona is only four years old."

"Confound it! She might be a hundred, for all I know to the contrary!"

"Well, we will say no more about her, Sir Edward, since the subject is so unpleasant to you."

"It is not unpleasant, if you treat it properly. I confess that I have an interest in this child. I think I know who the mother was; and it is an adventure to be able to solve in this quiet village a mystery that has puzzled me for years. I wish much to know how the child happened to be here. I have many questions to ask, and should like to ask them of you, only that you have taken such strange fancies into your head."

"Never mind the fancies, Sir Edward. If they are in my head, they shall remain there without troubling you. And I will give you any information in my power with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank you. Then tell me, how did this child arrive here?"

"With her mother."

Sir Edward started.

"You must be mistaken. I am very sure that the mother died in Italy."

"No, Sir Edward; it was here."

"At Stoke-Dorne?"

"Yes."

"Were you with her?"

"I was."

"How old was the child?"

"Between two and three months, as near as we could judge."

"Did not the mother tell you?"

"No. She was dying when she arrived. She only lived a few hours, and scarcely spoke."

Sir Edward looked infinitely relieved.

"And she named the child Verona?"

"Strictly speaking—no."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Gray repeated the circumstances of Verona's baptism.

"Right! It tallies exactly with the account I had received of this unfortunate woman. She resided at Verona a long time, and met—her lover there."

"Her lover!" repeated Mr. Gray.

"Yes. Did you fancy she had been married?"

"I hoped so—although there was no ring upon her hand. A purer face I never looked upon—and pure faces, Sir Edward, are never the exponents of impure souls."

"Oh, you are a physiognomist, I see! Who was it that said language was given to us to conceal our feelings rather than to manifest them? I have the same theory about the faces. Lavater and all his crew were humbugs; and any one who studies the sciences of phrenology and physiognomy with a sincere wish of arriving at truth will find, at the end, that he has made a fool of himself for his pains."

"And what inference am I to draw from your lecture, Sir Edward?" asked Mr. Gray, building a little pyramid on the table with his filberts.

"The right one, Mr. Gray. In this instance your science failed lamentably. I know that woman's history, and from what you say of her, feel that you are right in thinking you have seen her. But that face—that face, sir, which was such as one might imagine an angel would have—that face was like the Whited Sepulchre of the Jews!"

"I cannot believe it!"

"It is hard to believe, I know, and yet it is the truth. There have been others, it may be, more credulous than you; but, by heavens, their eyes were opened at last!" he added, vehemently. "With that sweet face she won a heart that would have been true to her—but she herself was false!"

He dashed down the half-extinguished cigar he held and began to pace up and down the room. The secret was a secret no longer. The curate, who had never loved, yet recognised all the signs of the passion in another. Jealousy—baffled desire—and that strange, terrible hatred, which springs out of an unhappy attachment—they were all there, and he shud-

dered at the thought which crossed him—"I, too, am a man of like feeling and emotions. Is it not possible that one day I may suffer, even as he is suffering now?"

"I will not deceive you," cried Sir Edward, pausing a moment in his rapid walk. It was I who loved her; it was me that she betrayed!"

"And Verona!"

"We will not speak of her."

"She has the Brent face. I have often wondered what made her countenance seem so familiar and yet so strange. It is no mystery now; and whatever the mother may have been, Sir Edward, it is your duty to befriend the child."

"You really think it?"

"Of course."

"Now listen to me: I loved that woman as I never loved any other being on earth. She knew it. She knew, too, that I loved her honorably; and yet she deceived me—she left me for another. Ought I, under these circumstances, to recognise and adopt her child?"

"Who was this other?"

"One of my own blood and name. He was many years younger than myself, it is true—and gay and gallant and graceful; better formed to win a lady's heart than I. He won hers when I thought it all mine—curse him!"

"Curse no one!" said the curate, gently. "Are you sure that all is as you believe it to be?"

"Quite!"

"And this man is—"

"My trusty and well-beloved cousin, Lisle Fortleigh—Viscount Fortleigh, of Fortleigh Abbey."

Mr. Gray looked surprised.

"I think you must be mistaken!" he said.

"Exceedingly probable!"

"I was at college with Lord Fortleigh—we left in the same year," pursued Mr. Gray.

"What has that to do with this?" demanded the baronet.

"He was the last man to be guilty of such a crime. The gentlest, most refined of human beings, and quite spotless in character."

Sir Edward laughed wickedly.

"Time works wonders, Mr. Gray, and it has managed to change Fortleigh into a most accomplished *roué*, or he is sadly belied. At all events, in this one instance he was guilty; and if I could but compel him to give me satisfaction, I would soon avenge the insult. But I cannot; my lord has strong moral objections to duelling! Very convenient objections they are for himself, if not for me. I have tried every means of rousing him, except striking him in the face; and that, I suppose, will come next, when he returns from the Continent."

"It is strange," said the curate, thoughtfully, "that you should feel this injury so keenly, if you really believe this woman to have been so utterly abandoned!"

Sir Edward paused and looked at him with a sad smile.

"Have you ever been in love, Gray?"

"Never."

"Poor fellow! your troubles lie before you? When this comes upon you, you will cease to wonder at any inconsistency, no matter how great it may be, that you commit under the dominion of a passion like mine for her. I must talk with you more about this matter."

"Not to-night," said the curate, rising from his chair—"it is growing late."

"I can give you a bed."

"Thank you, I must return to my own abode. When shall I see you again?"

"May I come to you?"

"Certainly."

"To-morrow, then, let it be; and you shall give me some advice about my behavior towards that child, whose eyes haunt me with their proud and melancholy glances. Good-night!"

They shook hands and separated. Late as it was when Mr. Gray rode by the cottage of his darling, he made the groom stop for a few moments; and going in, looked at her sleeping in her little cot and breathed a prayer over her to the "God of the little children," that by this evident coming change in her life and prospects she might remain scathless and unharmed.

Scarcely had Mr. Gray finished his breakfast on the following morning, when his visitor was announced. He hurried into the drawing-room to meet him. Sir Edward was gazing vacantly out of the window into the rose-garden, which was the curate's pride. On hearing the step of his host, he held out his hand, disclosing as he did so a face so haggard and pale that Mr. Gray started back.

"I have come at a Gothic hour, I fear," he said abruptly. "But I could not stay at home. How do you do?"

"I am well, Sir Edward; but I fear you are not."

"No; I have spent my night in torments, and they are not the best receipts for improving one's complexion. Where did you get that?"

He pointed to a sketch in water-colors, representing Verona, crowned with a wreath of crimson flowers.

"I am the artist, Sir Edward."

"Indeed!" He examined the picture more closely. "It is cleverly done. But though you have kept the features and complexion of the infant, you have given her a woman's expression. What child at four years old ever looked the world in the face with such deep, sorrowful eyes as those?"

"Yet the expression was in the eyes as I drew them."

"Impossible!"

"Watch her and see."

"Poor little wretch? She seems to me like an accusing spirit. Is she like—like her mother—in your eyes, Mr. Gray?"

"No, Sir Edward; she resembles you for more."

The baronet started and turned crimson.

"You speak boldly."

"I mean what I say."

"I wish I could see the likeness; it would soften my heart towards her. But I cannot. Those are Fortleigh's eyes—that is Fortleigh's smile. Take it out of my sight, will you?" he added, growing suddenly angry at the fancied resemblance; "or I shall tear the thing to atoms!"

"The picture is painted on a panel, Sir Edward, and I cannot remove it. But we will go into the study, if you like."

"Anywhere, so as not to see that!"

As they crossed the hall the wayward visitor suddenly changed his mind.

"We will go into the garden. The fresh air will do me good. Come and show me your roses, Gray."

"With pleasure," was the quiet reply. "My roses are my hobby, Sir Edward."

"You have one, then?"

"Who has not?"

"Lucky man, to have a hobby so innocent and so inoffensive that you need never be ashamed to ride it before any one!"

"Yes, I am lucky, as you say. Look at that guelder rose beside you. In a short time it will be one mass of blossoms. I have promised the first one to Verona."

"You seem very fond of that child?"

"Yes; I am fond of her."

"An intractable little gipsy."

"You are mistaken, Sir Edward. She has a high spirit, it is true; but she is gentle with those she loves."

"Meaning you, Mr. Gray?"

"If you like—yes."

Sir Edward mused a moment, plucking at the branches of the guelder rose in a fashion that put Mr. Gray into fidgets about the welfare of his future buds. At last he broke out in a new direction.

"I have been worrying my brains all the long night through in a vain attempt to know how—the mother—found her way to this place. To my certain knowledge, she was not aware of the name of my estate in this country when we parted at Verona. Who could have told her?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself."

"You say she never mentioned my name?"

"Never!"

"And she seemed to be going further north?"

"Yes."

"It is possible, after all, that she was not aware of her vicinity to Brent Moodna."

"I incline to that opinion."

"If so, that makes the whole thing stranger yet. Fortleigh's

estates lie in Scotland and Wales—could it have been he whom she was seeking?"

"She distinctly mentioned a town in —shire as the place of her destination. —shire is in England."

"Ah! that explains it," cried the baronet. "I once owned property there, but I sold it some years ago. And she was looking for me? What a mysterious thing chance is, Mr. Gray."

"Chance! It was Providence."

Sir Edward smiled.

"My dear sir, I have stepped upon the toes of one of your pet prejudices now. I wonder, after all, if you really believe in a special Providence?"

"I believe, with all my heart and soul and strength, Sir Edward. I should be the most miserable man on earth if I did not."

"Do you think me miserable on account of my want of faith?"

"Most certainly."

"A blunt answer."

"But a true one. Look into your own heart and see if you can deny it!"

"Humph! you earnest parsons are too much for us poor fellows out of the pale."

Mr. Gray took a small, thin volume, bound in purple morocco, out of his waistcoat pocket, marked a page or two, and placed it in his companion's hand.

"Why, it is a Bible!"

"The New Testament. What of it? Are you afraid it will hurt you?"

"No," muttered the baronet, looking intensely confused, as some irreligious persons always do when religion is discussed in their presence. "But what am I to do with it?"

"Read it, I hope."

"Reading the Bible is not in my line," was the reply.

"Make it in your line, then!" said Mr. Gray, boldly.

The baronet looked half-shilly, half-wistfully at the book.

"I remember my mother used to read it to me when I was a little fellow no higher than this rosebush. I thought it all very fine then (I should have thought anything fine that I heard from her, by the way); but I have quite forgotten it now. Well, Mr. Gray, I have taken a queer sort of liking to you, though you do rate me so soundly, and to please you, I'll undertake to read the Testament."

He laughed quietly at the idea, but he put the book in his pocket, nevertheless. Mr. Gray thanked him with a look out of his soft, brown eyes, that paid for the sacrifice of feeling, if any such there had been. And then they went back to the old topic again.

"Where did you bury her?"

Mr. Gray pointed in the direction of the churchyard.

"There?"

"Yes, Sir Edward."

"I should like to see the grave."

"First, let me show you something that I took from her box."

"In mercy's name, let us have no exhibitions of relics!" cried the baronet, waving his hand impatiently and turning pale.

"I think you ought to look at them."

"Ought—ought? Mr. Gray, since I was a lad, I have never done what I ought!"

"Begin now, then! It is quite time!"

"You are as obstinate as a mule, sir. But as I know I shall have them thrust under my nose sooner or later, produce them now."

Taking no notice of the anger or the rudeness of his visitor, Mr. Gray left him for a moment, and returned, bringing the cedar casket in his hand. At sight of it Sir Edward shuddered visibly.

"Be as quick as you can, sir. I am suffering an infernal torture, I assure you!"

"She suffered, too, I think," said the curate, under his breath, as he unlocked the casket and displayed its contents.

"The ring—the hair—the letter—the—" Sir Edward paused in his examination and shot a doubtful look at his companion.

"Has anything been removed, sir?"

"Of course not!"

"Well, put them away, if you please. They tell no tales. Will you show me the grave?"

Mr. Gray concealed the casket in his breast and led the way through a little arched gateway into the churchyard. The morning sun shone fair and bright upon the quiet place; and the tender green of the young trees—the soft tints of the spring flowers planted here and there—the glad song of the birds whose nests were round the ivied church-tower—made the presence of death a lovely instead of a fearful thing. In one corner, close beside the mossy wall, was a long and narrow mound, covered with turf that sparkled in the sun with dewdrops. A plain cross stood at the head, with the sweet name "Mary," carved in old English letters, upon it. At the foot, a smaller one bore the date of her death.

"There it is," said the curate, as they passed the church porch. "Shall I leave you?"

"Leave me? Why?" said the baronet, after one hasty glance. "No; come and stand with me there, Gray, and I will tell you of her."

He looked paler and more worn than ever as he leaned upon the cross and gazed at the grave without a tear.

"Who placed this here?"

"I did."

"I suppose I ought to thank you, but my heart is too hard. She wronged me so deeply while she lived that I feel no pity for her dead."

"It is not here that you should say such things, Sir Edward."

"Show me a better place. This woman knew how I loved her, Mr. Gray. She took my heart in her two hands and crushed it! Not content with that, she trampled upon it! If she hears me, in this grave of hers, she knows that I speak the truth. Give me that casket."

Mr. Gray obeyed.

"There are secrets here, you see!" and he touched a concealed spring in the lid. A square bit of wood moved aside and the curate saw something glittering on a bed of white satin.

"A ring! A wedding-ring!"

"So called, Mr. Gray. Though what it wedded her to, heaven knows—I don't!"

"She was married, then?"

"Put the thing out of sight if you wish me to tell you about it. It makes me ill to look at it!"

"Sir Edward, was she your wife?"

"She was."

"Verona, then, is your child?"

"Don't meddle with that subject just yet, if you please. Shall I bore you by giving you a slight sketch of my acquaintance with the mother?"

"No. Pray proceed."

"She was an Englishwoman."

"I knew it."

"How?"

"By the letter. We thought ourselves at liberty to read it, in order to gain, if possible, a clue to Verona's parentage."

"Oh, of course! Poor old scrawl! I dare say it was foolish enough, for I was so besotted that I really believed the girl loved me."

"I believe she did—even now!"

"She took, then," replied the baronet, "a very queer way of showing it. She was the daughter of an English clergyman. I dare say you may have heard his name—Eustace, of Exeter College, Oxford?"

"I know the name well. He held a fellowship there many years ago, and resigned it just before he married his cousin, the beautiful Miss T—."

"You are right; and Mary was his only child. The beautiful cousin only lived a few months after her birth, and the old man's heart was bound up in his daughter. One thing is sure—whatever she was to me, she was an angel of consolation to him."

His face softened as he looked down upon the grave.

"He was dying of consumption when I first met them, and he had heard some tales not much to my credit—for you must know that Lady Isabel and I were not the best of friends—so that he was not over anxious to change his Mary into Lady Brent. He tried to separate us, but she paid me the compli-

ment of pining away as soon as Philip and I had taken our departure, and he grew so alarmed that he recalled me. I promised faithfully to be kind and gentle to her, and I would have kept my vow if she had allowed me. But there! I will make the story short for your sake, Mr. Gray. We were married privately by him three months before he died."

"And then—"

"Yes; and then I thought myself the happiest creature on earth. Philip was with us, but he never knew that we were married. Her father and Lord Fortleigh alone were present at the ceremony. It was his wish that the marriage should be made public only after we reached England. But he, poor man, never saw the chalk cliffs again. He died at Milan, and after we had buried him we returned to the Lake of Como. Philip went with Fortleigh through Switzerland, France and Germany, and for six months I dwelt in Paradise."

He paused for a few moments, and heavy drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"I dread to go on, Gray. I dread to tell you what came after Paradise; and yet I must! Fortleigh returned. We went to Verona to meet him, and then I discovered that my wife—whom I thought so pure and innocent—loved my cousin! God knows how long it had been going on! He knew them before I did! He had travelled over half Europe with them! I can't finish, Gray!"

"My dear Sir Edward," said the curate, soothingly, "I see no harm in all that you have told me. And I have understood that Lord Fortleigh met a young Italian lady abroad, to whom he was passionately attached, but who was forced to take the veil, against her wishes, by her family, who would not hear of her marrying a heretic. It nearly broke his heart."

Sir Edward laughed bitterly.

"So you have got hold of that pretty little romance in England? They trumped it up between them in Verona to deceive me; but I had no idea that it would be received here as gospel truth. Mr. Gray, you may be sure that the Italian lady's name was Mary Eustace Brent, and that the convent existed only in Fortleigh's imagination, which is well known to be exceedingly fertile at all times."

"I do not believe it."

"She was like every woman. No man ever believes in her treachery unless he has suffered from it. I myself would have staked my life on her purity once!"

"I would stake mine on it now, Sir Edward!"

"You are excessively obliging; especially when one considers that you never exchanged three words with her in your life!"

"I wonder that you, who loved her so deeply, can say such bitter things beside her grave."

"Ah!" Sir Edward's eyes flashed. "By and by some one of her sex will teach you, Gray, that there is but one small step between love and hate—so small, that you may compass both feelings at one and the same time. When I think of my bitter wrongs, I am ready to curse this senseless clay that moulders here below us; but when I think of her youth—her beauty—her tenderness—" He groaned and covered his eyes with his hand.

Mr. Gray put his hand upon his shoulder, half caressingly.

"Mark my words! you will yet find that she was innocent."

"How? Can the dead speak? and if she could, what would it matter. I saw her, Gray, standing beside him in the balcony of my own home. His arm was around her—she did not shrink from it—he drew her nearer, and she returned his caress. I heard my name—he was urging her to fly with him; and at last—at last—she consented!"

CHAPTER III.

I reached my home—my home no more—
For all had flown that made it so.
I passed from out its mossy door,
And though my tread was soft and low,
A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known.
O, I defy thee, hell, to show,
On beds of fire that burn below,
An humbler heart—a deeper woe!—*Edgar A. Poe.*

THERE was a long pause. The baronet's face was hidden; but it was easy to tell how he suffered by the hoarse, uncertain

tones of his voice. Mr. Gray bent his sorrowful gaze upon the grave, as if he would have summoned its pale tenant forth to refute the harsh judgment about to be pronounced upon her by the lips she had loved best on earth.

"She was false! yes, worse than false! I heard them planning their escape; and, on her part, there was no word of pity for me—no sigh, no tear for herself. I stole away unnoticed, and, when my brain grew clear, I decided on my course. It had the merit of novelty at least, Gray." And again that bitter laugh fell hoarsely on the listener's ear.

"What was it?"

"They were plotting to escape from me; I thought I would save them the trouble, by escaping from them. I left Verona before vespers that evening; and, by the time they missed me, Philip and I were far away. An easy method of avenging my wrongs, was it not?"

Mr. Gray was silent.

"I left a letter behind me for her, explaining the cause of my sudden journey. I do not know if she ever showed it to Fortleigh or not. When next I heard of them they were apart. No doubt they quarrelled about me, or the bungling way in which they had managed matters. I have met Fortleigh since. I have done my best to draw him within range of my pistol and all in vain. He will not fight."

"What reason have you given for the insults you have heaped upon him?" asked the curate suddenly. "Have you ever mentioned her name?"

"Not I! False as she was, she was my wife, and I loved her once. I'll not dishonor her name."

"Depend upon it, Sir Edward, you mistook them both!"

"That is very likely! I heard them discuss their elopement as coolly as you and I might discuss some item of village news. And I'll have his heart's blood yet! I shall find a way."

"Where is he?"

"On the Continent. No one knows just where."

"I shall make it my business to ascertain," said Mr. Gray.

"For what purpose?" demanded the baronet.

"To clear up this mystery, for mystery I am sure it is."

"You will find your labor thrown away!"

"I do not think it. The more I recall that beautiful face, the more fully am I persuaded that you have made some terrible mistake—a mistake which killed her at the end!"

"It was as well. Here, at least, she can sin no more—wring no more hearts as she has wrung mine!" was the savage answer. "Come, let us go."

"And this is all you can find it in your heart to feel for her?" said the curate, severely. "I have heard that all is to be forgotten of the dead, except the good they did; and I think, Sir Edward, if I were in your place I should find one tear to shed—one gentle thought to give—one prayer to say for the poor sleeper here!"

"Prayers! tears! What have I to do with such things?" said the baronet, harshly. "What good would they do her? If you were in my place, you would laugh at them as I do. I loved her, I know; but that is all over—all over—and now—" The hard voice trembled and broke, and flinging himself suddenly down upon the grave, he burst into a storm of weeping.

"Oh, Mary, Mary, you have broken my heart at last!" he cried.

The curate stayed to hear no more; but stealing gently away, closed the little gate and watched beside it, that no one might intrude upon that scene of reconciliation between the living and the dead!

An hour passed away; and then he saw that his watching was in vain. Sir Edward rose, and finding himself alone, leaped over the wall beside the grave, and took his way through a shaded lane that led towards Brent Moodna. The curate went back to his study, wondering inwardly when he should see the wayward, moody man again.

His doubts were solved before many hours had passed over his head. As he worked in his garden that evening, and loosened the earth around the roots of his beloved guelder roses, a hasty step came up the gravelled walk and halted beside him. He looked up. It was Sir Edward, calm and composed as when he had first beheld him. Not a shadow of the morning's anguish lingered upon his quiet face.

"Upon my word, Mr. Gray, you should have been an ancho-

rite!" was his first salutation. "You are just the man to study all day long, and amuse yourself at evening by disturbing the earth-worms, from one year's end to another. Give you a book, a spade and a foot of ground, and you ask no more."

"If I asked for more and got it, I wonder if it would make me any happier than these simple things you are pleased to laugh at."

"Humph!"

"The experience of others teaches me to believe that it would not."

"Oh, my dear sir! never trust to the experience of others; believe only in your own. It will come in time. And now tell me what am I to do with that child?" demanded Sir Edward.

"What do you wish to do with her?"

"Anything—anything, so that I may get her away. I have thought of a plan, and it is this."

"She is too young to be sent away," said the curate, feeling a pang at the thought of losing her.

"She is not to go alone. Nelly Parton shall see her safely bestowed in her new home."

"Where is it to be?"

"In Scotland."

"Among strangers?"

"No, I have an aunt there, a worthy old soul, who will take the best of care of her. She shall be brought up there. Is it not a good idea?"

Mr. Gray shook his head.

"I have my fears, Sir Edward."

"Of what? Am I not the child's natural guardian?"

"Of course!"

"You do not think I wish to make away with her, I trust?"

"No!"

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"If you own her as your child, you should bring her up in your own home!"

"Not at all. My bachelor establishment is not the place for her. She would queen it over the whole household to such an extent that there would be no living with her. I can see it in her face. Now, my aunt Griselda has a will of her own, too; and the little one will be taught in time to submit to it—don't you see?"

"Do you visit Scotland often, Sir Edward?"

"Not I. My aunt Griselda is too much for me. We always quarrel five minutes after we meet."

"The child will, then, be quite a stranger to you, if she lives!"

"So much the better," was the hasty reply.

Mr. Gray looked very grave.

"We cannot put our duties aside so easily, Sir Edward."

"Why, what would you have? If I provide a comfortable home for the girl, and see that she is properly educated, what more can she expect at my hands?"

"Love—tenderness—affection!"

"Bah! I have them not for her!"

"Cultivate them, then."

"Listen, Mr. Gray! I promised the mother, beside that grave, this morning, that I would never forsake Verona. I will not break that promise. As for anything more—"

He waved his hand; and Mr. Gray sighed.

"I pity Verona from the bottom of my heart."

"I do not see the need."

"So fine a nature, and to be spoiled like this! So frank and free a heart to be chilled so soon! You will regret it one day, Sir Edward."

"Possibly. But, for the present, I adhere to my plan. I dare say my aunt Griselda will be very kind to her."

Mr. Gray shrugged his shoulders and threw down his spade.

"You should marry again, Sir Edward, and give her a home under your own roof."

"Marry! I?" The baronet smiled sarcastically, and muttered something that sounded like "Not such a fool!"

"Well, I can say no more. Her fortune is in your hands, not in mine. Shall we go into the house?"

"Are you angry, Mr. Gray?"

"No—only sorry."

"Well, go over then, to Nelly Parton's cottage with me. I wish to settle this matter at once."

"Shall you tell her to-night?"

"Yes."

"And the other child—little Mary? It is a pity to separate them."

"Better now than ten years hence, Mr. Gray. Verona must have no plebeian habits or tastes to be eradicated after she has grown to womanhood. I will reward Nelly Parton generously for her kindness and make myself responsible for the education of her child; but, in future they will be together as little as possible."

Mr. Gray made no reply to this speech, and the walk to Nelly's cottage was a silent one. As they neared the gate, the woodbine over its arched top rustled, and a bright, dark face peered down at them.

"Verona," exclaimed the curate, "how in the world did you get up there?"

"I climbed, and he helped me."

"He? Who is he?"

"Philip."

Sir Edward looked thunderstruck as he opened the gate and saw his son and heir stretched upon the green turf, and allowing the little Mary to decorate his fair curls with the heads of daisies and dandelions. Mr. Gray lingered behind to rescue Verona from her somewhat perilous position, and led her forward in time to see the boy start to his feet and return his father's ceremonious salutation, with a blushing face.

"So, sir, this is your method of studying Latin! It seems to be a very pleasant one."

"I learned my lesson perfectly, father, before I came here," murmured Philip, pulling the daisies out of his hair with such a sheepish look that Sir Edward had work to keep from laughing in his face.

"Pray, are you housekeeper as well as nursemaid here, Philip? I see nothing of Mrs. Parton in any direction."

"She is coming, sir. I just saw her in the porch."

"Oh, very well."

The baronet waited very patiently till Nelly made her appearance, somewhat flushed and agitated. Then he accosted her, before she had half finished her curtsy to him.

"You are a careful nurse, Mrs. Parton."

Nelly curtsied again, and looked pleased.

"Remarkably careful. One of your charges was mounted upon the archway of the gate just now, when we came in."

"Oh, that naughty child!" broke in Nelly; "she takes to mischief as naturally as a duck takes to the water! My heart is broken trying to keep her out of it, and it is of no use, after all."

"She gives you a great deal of trouble, I fancy."

"Indeed she does, Sir Edward. It is more than one woman's work to look after her. I am sure I don't know what will become of her if she is not a better girl."

"Well, Mrs. Parton, I have come to save you all further concern on that score."

"Indeed, Sir Edward!" answered Nelly looking suddenly troubled.

"Yes, Verona is going away with me."

"With you, Sir Edward?"

"Tell her, will you, Mr. Gray, how the case stands."

Mr. Gray freed his hand from Verona's and drew Nelly aside.

"I have found out who the lady was, Nelly."

"His wife?" she asked, looking towards the baronet with all a woman's quick intuition.

"Yes."

"And Verona is his child?"

"Yes," said the curate, giving expression to his own conviction.

Sir Edward overheard him, and looked thoughtfully at the dark-haired girl, who had set her back against a lilac tree and was regarding him very steadfastly. Was it true? Was it, indeed, his blood that ran in her veins! Was it his own wild, untractable, untameable nature that swayed the lithe form and looked so defiantly at him from out those beautiful, bold eyes? He turned to hear what Nelly was saying.

"Sir Edward is very kind; but I will take nothing for my

services, Mr. Gray. Don't let him offer it to me. She has been like my own child, and it will break my heart to part with her."

"Why, Mrs. Parton," broke in the obtuse listener, "I thought she was the very plague of your life!"

"Ah, Sir Edward, it was a pleasant plague!" replied Nelly with a sad smile. "I hope you are not in earnest about taking her from me."

"Indeed, I am."

"When is she to go?"

"The sooner the better. To-morrow, I think."

"That would be quite impossible, Sir Edward. I could not get her things ready so soon?"

"Never mind her things; you will go to town with her, first, and fit her out from a shop there. We will say the day after to-morrow, then."

At this moment, Verona thought proper to interfere. She marched gravely up to Sir Edward and began to interrogate him.

"Am I going away?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Where?"

"To Scotland."

Nelly drew a long sigh, and the child looked at her before she went on.

"Is it a pleasant place?"

"Very."

"What does mother look so sorry for, then?"

"Because you are going for a long time, and she will not see you again till you are as tall as she is now."

Nelly took up the corner of her apron at this sentence, and Verona looked disturbed.

"Shall I see Mary?"

"Not till then."

"Or the boy?" and she pointed to Philip.

"Possibly you may."

"And Mr. Gray?"

The baronet shrugged his shoulders.

"You must settle that with him."

"I won't go!" she said, with a little half-checked sob rising in her throat.

"What?"

"I won't go!"

"You must. Come, my dear, it is time we understood one another a little better. Do you know who I am?"

"The child's lip pouted unmistakably.

"I don't love you at all."

"You told me so once before, I think. You can do as you like about loving me; but, at least, you shall obey me. I am your father, Verona!"

He looked at Mr. Gray, and smiled as he said the words. No one else knew how strong an effort he had been obliged to make before he could pronounce them. Philip, hearing this unexpected announcement looked from Verona to his father like one in a dream.

"Yes, my son," said Sir Edward, quietly; "this little girl is your half-sister, and motherless, like yourself. Come and kiss her; and remember that you are to be kind to her as long as she lives."

Philip would have obeyed, but Verona burst into a passion of crying, and stamped her feet as he drew near.

"I won't kiss you—I won't! And I won't go and live with him! I shall stay with Nelly and Mary and Mr. Gray!"

"Tut, tut!" said Sir Edward, drawing her near him with a firm grasp. "We must have none of these tempers here. Kiss your brother Philip directly!"

She struggled desperately a moment, and then, finding she could not get free, bent her head suddenly to his hand. Sir Edward uttered a sharp cry. She had bitten his finger nearly through; and as he released her, she sprang away like a deer and sought shelter in the house.

"Little savage!" he exclaimed. "I doubt if she is human, after all. You must have trained her nicely, Mrs. Parton."

"You worried her too much, Sir Edward," observed Nelly, as she bound up his finger. "She is so high-spirited, she can never bear to be held by any one when she is in a passion."

"By George! I would tie her to the bedpost and draw all her teeth, if I had her to live with me!" exclaimed the angry baronet.

"Then, begging your pardon for saying so, I'm very glad she is not going to live with you, Sir Edward."

"Thank you, Mrs. Parton. You will be good enough to get her ready at once. You will have to stop at my town-house for three or four days, while you are getting the outfit ready. The change of air and the sight of the Scottish hills will do

"Of Verona. If you do not go to town with us, you will wish to see her again before she goes. I will bring her with me to-morrow."

"At your peril, Mrs. Parton!"

Nelly looked puzzled.

"Come, Gray!—shall we leave Mrs. Parton and walk home together? The moon is just rising—we shall have a pleasant stroll."

They went away together; but before the moon was an hour



ASSEMBLAGE OF INJURED BRITISH MATRONS AT THE DIVORCE COURT.

you all good. Come up to the house early in the morning, and you will get all instructions."

"Very well, Sir Edward. Shall you be in town at the same time?"

"Not I; but I will furnish you with all necessary letters, money, &c."

"I was not thinking of that."

"Of what, then?"

higher in the heavens the curate was back again beneath the cottage porch, with his little favorite nestling in his arms. Young as she was, she never forgot that quiet evening talk, or the little prayer he made her say at his knee before he gave her his blessing and his good-night kiss.

(To be continued)

DIVORCE A VINCULO ; OR, THE WRONGS OF AN ENGLISH HUSBAND.



YOUNG gentleman who had spent his early life in those pleasant regions which lie immediately around the primate's residence in Lambeth, and at the Surrey end of Westminster Bridge, was asked who, in his opinion, was the most powerful man in the world? He replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Mr. Norton, the Lambeth Beak." From his own point of view, the boy was perfectly in the right. The worthy magistrate named was the Nemesis of his little world—omnipresent—omniscient—omnipotent.

I am inclined, however, to think that had this smutty young neophyte of civilization enjoyed wider opportunities of observation; could he have enlarged the sphere of his mental vision so as to take in the territory and population comprised within the limits of the British empire—Scotland and Ireland excepted—he would have reconsidered his cruder and earlier decision. It may be that he would finally have agreed with me that, powerful and dreadful as Mr. Norton undoubtedly is, if we wish to arrive at a notion of incarnate omnipotence—always within the limits named—Sir Cresswell Cresswell is the man.

Talk of the House of Commons as a powerful body, what do they represent but a parcel of miserable county voters and ten pound freeholders? but Sir Cresswell Cresswell represents five millions of English wives. Five millions of Mrs. Caudles, all in one, are sitting there in that dreadful Divorce Court. Lieutenant-General Sir Cresswell Cresswell commands an army, I say, of five millions of able-bodied matrons. He is in military possession of the country: he has billeted his followers in two out of every three houses in the land. He knows—or can know

any time he chooses—what we say, what we do, nay, what we think about. No human being, that is if he be indeed a man, has ever wielded such authority since the first valentine first changed hands. Nay, by Cupid's shafts, a mature bachelor, with a taste for Gothic architecture, is not safe in his very seclusion in the Albany, although St. Senanus might be a man about town in comparison with him. The bachelors can't laugh at us married men. There are such beings as Co-Respondents. Shade of O. Smith! indulge us with one genial ha! ha!

The co-respondents, however, must take care of themselves. An English husband has enough to do in these hard times so to order his own ways that he may avoid an official interview with awful Sir Cresswell.

I am an English husband. I write for husbands—and in the husband interest. Brother husbands! we are betrayed!

As far as I can yet see my way, our only chance of safety lies in combination, but we must combine secretly indeed; for the

avengers are ever beside us, and the Fouquier-Tinville of matrimony is ready there at Westminster to slice off our heads for an unguarded word. Perhaps something may be done through the masonic lodges, if we can trust each other; but we must be speedy, for it will soon be held that to be a mason is to be a brute, and to be a brute is cruelty, and cruelty entitles a wife to summary remedies indeed.

This awful truth has been recently forced upon my apprehen-



MRS. FAEDER VISITS THE "DIVORCE" MILLINER WITH COUNSELLOR LAMB.

sion. In an idle moment, but a few weeks back, I resolved to make my way into the Divorce Court, to see how that dreadful class of business in which the court deals is conducted. I had expected little more than a certain amount of amusement at the exhibition, with perhaps a little melo-dramatic thrill of horror if "The Dead Heart" in real life might happen to be on for trial. Little did I anticipate the result.

It is not so easy to get into these connubial shambles as you might suppose. Enter Westminster Hall by the great door, and the first indication that you are near the grand stand will be the presence of a group of firm-featured women at the right and upper hand of the hall by the steps leading into the old Chancellor's Court. There they are—they know their power—they look at you just as a group of tall brawny Horse Guards might look at a feeble civilian. Yes! there they stand, upon their own ground, and any one of them could give you a back-fall at a moment's notice; and, what is more—I repeat it—they all know it. They are not showily dressed, but like the Ironsides of the old Puritan days—fit for service. Time was, as I have been given to understand, when the court was first opened for business, that ladies of a different kind used to come down to Westminster to obtain a glimpse of the judge who was henceforward to be the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the female world. I have also been told by the gentlemen who frequented the court in those days, that as far as they could judge from the exclamations they overheard, the result was very favorable to the presiding judge.

"Oh! what a dear man! I'm sure he wouldn't do anything unkind! Well, I'm not afraid of him!"

Such were the flowers with which the earlier steps of this Rhadamanthus of hearts were greeted by his devotees. Since these times, however, matters have been much changed. The nature of many of the trials, since the court has settled down to serious work, of course excludes all notion of the presence of women, save of those who may unfortunately be mixed up with the case under discussion. For the most part the group of which I have made mention consists of witnesses, most of whom are there two or three days before they are wanted, with vengeance clearly written on their features. I should not like to have that rigid-looking woman with the pinched lips engaged in the capacity of my own wife's confidential maid. I should fear that she might be disposed to take a somewhat one-sided view—not in my favor—should it ever happen that one of the rose-leaves in my matrimonial bower became at all crumpled through somebody's fault; nor do I think her presence generally calculated to inspire harmony and good-will in a household. She will swear hard.

The first effort is to make your way from this group in the outer hall to a narrow passage inside. A policeman at the door keeps on repeating "The court is full," and repelling the applicants for admission even into the passage; although the gain is small even when you have secured a position there. You tap quietly at the door of the court; but instead of admitting you the policeman inside quietly opens a little trap, and if you are not a barrister or attorney, or otherwise professionally engaged with the business in hand, you are again informed that "The court is full!" At this moment your heart is in your mouth, for although you cannot even see through the trap into the body of the court—a horrid red curtain is in the way—and the first surge of matrimonial agony here rolls upon your ear.

"Did you, or did you not come home in a beastly state of intoxication at four o'clock in the morning, although your poor wife—"

Bang goes the little trap, and you are cut off from hearing the answer of the miserable husband. What will happen next? Will Sir Cresswell with smiling lips intimate to the accused, that "he is free;" and will he be turned out into the body of the hall rejoicing in his liberty, but to fall under the blows of those hard women outside? One has read of the Septembrists in revolutionary France, and of the sly way in which the victims were consigned to the untender charge of the *travailleurs* outside. I did not, indeed, notice any marks of gore upon the pavement of the hall; but with a little sawdust, and a few buckets of water all traces of each incident might soon be washed away. The bodies, no doubt, would be removed into the Common Pleas. Besides, the case of *Tubbs v. Tubbs* is the

first one taken this morning, so nothing can have yet occurred—of consequence.

I am standing in that awful passage still. There is a young and pretty woman leaning with her back against the door. I dare scarcely raise my eyes to note the fact. She gives me an awful idea of power—like a lithe hunting leopard in the Zoological Gardens. There is a stout, rather shabbily dressed man, of middle age, who has come down in a great hurry—for his first act is to take off his hat and swab his poor moist head; his second, to fix a pair of spectacles on his nose; and his third, to produce from his pocket a slip of paper, a subpoena, or sub-agony, or something of that sort, which he hands triumphantly to the policeman on guard in the passage, as entitling him to instant admission to the body of the court. Admission there, indeed! The policeman in the passage taps at the trap. The policeman in the court opens the trap, and you catch a glimpse of, I think, a somewhat well-disposed face—(but by this time you are in a frame of mind in which you would be ready to thank Jack Ketch for his obliging attentions)—with two red whiskers. There it is—portrait of policeman, 23 Z, in a frame. Whilst he inspects the slip of paper, which is held up by his brother officer, a thin, maundering voice reaches me from inside—it is clearly that of some official personage, reading what I suppose is called a document here. The words I catch are these:

"If ever, dearest Louisa, you could mark the palpitations of my feverish heart, you would know that every moment is an endless age of torment whilst I am separated from thy dear side. Could I but gaze for one instant on thy deep blue eyes—"

Here there is a sharp dogmatic interruption—like that of a cracker during a cathedral service.

"My lud—clear gray in my copy."

"Deep blue, my lud—deep blue, in mine."

Then follow some courteous tones. Yes. This must be Sir Cresswell at last!

"It is not of much consequence, Dr. Dubbs." (Gracious powers, what do these stony-hearted men then reckon of consequence?) "As we have the 'original' before us, we need not dispute about copies. Go on."

"Deep blue eyes," the reader was proceeding, when it became necessary for him—I must tell the truth—to blow his nose, which he did in a very sonorous way, and then, "the rapture of that glance—"

Bang goes the trap again! It appeared that the policeman inside had taken counsel with the usher, and the result of their deliberations was, that the middle-aged man in the perspiration was informed through the trap that the case of *Moppet v. Moppet* and *Boiling* was not likely to occupy the attention of the court until next week, and that he could not be admitted, as "he was neither a professional man, nor a witness in the case." The poor fellow drew back: as his eye fell for a moment upon the young lady with her back to the door, I thought I marked in it a vindictive gleam. Could this be *Moppet*? and was that glance an expression of his feeling to the sex in general, since *Boiling* had glided like a serpent into his paradise? However, my reflections soon took another turn. How about a man's love letters?

Is it possible, dear *Flora*, that those remarkable compositions, in which I endeavored to disclose the nature of my sufferings to—as I then believed—thy not wholly unsympathizing heart, shall ever be copied out at the rate of seventy words to the folio, and for the charge of three-halfpence per folio, and delivered into the hands of those objectionable, heartless men in wigs and gowns, that they may serve as nets of my own knitting to entrap and bind me in my struggles? Shall I, like a foolish, thoughtless—but at the same time well-meaning—bee, be smothered in honey of my own collection? I know that thou hast preserved them—not without a few rose-leaves, and, I believe, some sprigs of lavender, in allusion to a playful passage which occurs in one of the later documents. It runs thus:

Roses are red,
Diddle—diddle;
Lavender's blue—
Flora, by George!
Diddle—diddle—
How I love you!

Although it expresses the emotions of an honest heart, I should not like to have that passage read out in full court by the gentleman with the cold in his head—not only on account of the poetical liberty which I have taken with the metre (I mean with reference to the patent discrepancy in sound between the words “red” and “George”)—but because, even as far as the floral illustrations of my passion are concerned, I think I could do better with a view to publication. As I stand pondering over these things, another letter rises to my recollection, which I had addressed, “To my Flora, then in her Rose-Bower at Twickenham.” You were then stopping, dear Flo, with Mrs. Maigrail—Bessie Hincks was of the party. I remember that I had been torn away from thy beloved side (as I presume the writer in the case of *Tubbs v. Tubbs*, now *sub judice*) by some inconsiderate friends, and compelled by them, sorely against my own will, to dine with them at the Crown and Sceptre.

When I returned home it was 1:45 A.M. or thereabouts. The passion pent up within my breast throughout that tedious banquet would have its way and poured on in impetuous current through seven sheets of note-paper. This time I expressed myself in prose—but such prose!—a Niagara from a furnace—seething, burning, boiling, bubbling—red-hot from my manly heart. I cannot but fear that if this document were submitted to Sir Cresswell’s inspection on a cold morning in February, at 11 A.M., that learned judge might find the imagery overwrought, and of a somewhat Eastern and voluptuous character. Indeed, there was one contrast between a supposed Alhambra and a foul pothouse, and another between my Flora and the friends who had torn me from her beloved presence, of which I should never hear the last if my friend Molyneux—Molyneux the Black we used to call him—were to get hold of it. He has a courteous but distant way of making allusions to any disagreeable little incident of this kind—the result of which would, in the long run, be my own disappearance from London life and emigration to British Columbia.

Then there was another letter in which I had confided to my Flora the aspirations of my youthful ambition. I looked forward then to driving my triumphal car through the British forum at a slapping pace indeed, although, for reasons not worth entering upon just now, I have not followed up the profession. But, as I remember, in the letter in question I had ventured to speak of the fifteen judges as of fifteen mature matrons, and perhaps Sir C. C. might not take this well, as he was upon the judicial bench at the time, and I have not had the opportunity I anticipated of setting him right upon points of law. There is but one thing to do. I will invite my Flora to accompany me this very afternoon upon a long walk and fairly weary out her tender limbs. When sleep has sealed up her gentle eyelids I will steal softly forth and glide with that desk of my beloved one into my dressing-room and abstract the documents. One never knows what may happen.

Whilst these thoughts are passing through my mind and my cheeks are uncomfortably red—two young men have strolled into the passage and tapped at the door with little ceremony. They have come down to enjoy the fun—they are obvious club-bists—and it needs not any long experience to inform me that they must have chucked away the ends of their cigars at the entrance of Westminster Hall. The trap is summarily shut in their faces. Sir Cresswell does not keep open court for them. Their turn will come; but not yet. Nature has set the indelible mark of “Co-Respondent” upon the brow of each of them. There will surely be a day when the policeman at the trap will give them admission to the court without any difficulty, if they care to claim it. They try a little quiet joking—but it won’t do—you might as well offer a slice of nicely toasted bacon to a French gentleman, when half-way between Calais and Dover, as try joking here—that is, what they would call joking. One of the youths—the one with the mandarin hat—unless my eyes deceive me—has distinctly made ocular overtures to the young female leopard before alluded to. The young lady simply glares at him in reply; he might as well have winked at Medusa. I am sorry for him—so awful and stony is the gaze of that young sphinx, in the leghorn, trimmed with black, at the foolish boy. Away, young co-respondents—back to your pool and your muddled betting-books—your time will come!

Then an elderly clergyman-looking man drops in and tries

the door, with a bland smile, just as though he were about to claim admission to his own vestry. The trap opens and the usual few words of dialogue are exchanged, the result of which is that the reverend gentleman is left smiling in the passage just like one of us ordinary people. What can he be doing here? I should as soon have expected to meet such a man at Cremorne or the Cider Cellars. His respectable consort cannot, I am very confident, have the smallest idea of the way in which he intended to occupy his morning. When that reverend gentleman left home after breakfast—he looks like a person who would have lodgings in Suffolk street—he spread false reports of his intention to assist at a meeting of the Society for the S.P.G. or the S.P.C.K. His wife is gone with the children to the Soho Bazaar or is spending her day with the friend of her childhood—now married to the Reverend Josiah Chasable and resident in the Polygon, Camberwell—with an abundant nursery. He is balked, and I am glad of it; but whom can one trust?

When the trap opened this last time, there were no contentious voices—only dead silence broken by a low female moaning and stifled sobs. Can Sir Cresswell have caused Mrs. Dobbs to be placed on the rack, and is the policeman with the red whiskers giving a last turn to the screw? I can’t stand this—as a man—as a husband—as an Englishman—in the name of Flora and womanhood—here goes! Down with Haynau and Sir Cresswell! Just as, in defiance of all constituted authority, I was about to make a violent assault on the door in order to relieve Mrs. Dobbs from her agony, it suddenly opened, and, to my surprise, a gentleman stepped out who was evidently making strong efforts to suppress his laughter. With difficulty I repressed my indignation to the articulating point, and was about to give him a bit of my mind; when, on glancing at him a second time, I fancied I recognized the face—could it be? No. Yes it is my old friend—Horatio Lamb. We exchanged the friendly grasp—he passed his arm under mine and led me out into the hall.

My friend Lamb had, I believe, in early life, been upon the provincial boards, but he was not fond of alluding to this period of his career. He had subsequently been articled to an attorney, but, though admitted, I never heard that he had practised his profession on his own account. He had subsequently been secretary to a steam-packet company with enormous pretensions, but owing to a series of untoward circumstances they never succeeded—as far as I am aware—in getting a vessel afloat, and the affairs of the company were subsequently wound up. Lamb next turned up in the wine-trade, in connection with a speculation for bringing South African sherry home to every Englishman’s door; and during the epoch of his eventful career he was much engaged with a project for amending the currency.

I do not pretend to understand the question myself, but as he often explained to me in those days, when I invited him to dinner—poor fellow! I was sometimes afraid that he did not dine every day in the week—the result of his system, if adopted, would have been to add eight hundred million pounds immediately to the national wealth, with unlimited powers of expansion—and it was based upon credit. Certainly no man knew more about that part of the subject than Lamb; but somehow or other there seemed to be some hitch about the adoption of his ideas. The successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, as he used to tell me, were “stupid dogs—stupid dogs, sir; slaves of routine.” I fear he was sadly out at elbows when we last parted; it was some years since we had met; and now he presented every appearance of a smiling, prosperous gentleman. “Come along,” said he, “come along; my brougham is waiting, and it will take us round to Great George street—my offices, you know.”

I knew nothing about the matter, and I confess I was thunderstruck, but not even in the midst of my surprise could I lose sight of Sir Cresswell’s horrid cruelties and the agencies which Mrs. Dobbs must at that moment be undergoing. I stopped my friend in the middle of the hall, and seizing him solemnly by the coat, said,

“Lamb—friend of my youth—I rejoice to see you well and to all appearance a prosperous man, and at any other time I would cheerfully go with you, and a proud man I should be

to sit by your side in your own brougham, with your own horse in shafts before you—"

"My own horse," broke in Lamb, "pooh! pooh! pair of horses; as neat a pair of grays as ever stepped. I gave a cheque for two hundred and forty pounds for them the other day to our friend Hinchinbroke."

Now Hinchinbroke was Sir Jasper Hinchinbroke, Bart., of Slopy Mead, Lincolnshire, and I had myself endeavored, but in vain, to procure for Lamb, some years ago, the situation of clerk in the office of his bailiff; but this was neither here nor there just then. I couldn't get that poor creature's agony out of my mind.

"Lamb," I continued; "I won't stir from this hall till I know what is taking place within that horrid den of iniquity."

"What den? The Divorce Court? Sweetest spot in town!"

"But those sobs—that moaning—those groans—it was a woman's woe. I tell you, Lamb, Sir Cresswell is torturing a female in there!"

The unfeeling man actually burst into a long fit of laughter.

"Groans—agony—woe—stuff and nonsense. That's only my client, Mrs. Dobbs, repeating her lesson; and devilish well she does it, too. I gave her the first principles myself; but, egad! she has so far outstripped her teacher that I was fairly obliged to leave the court lest the jury should catch me laughing; and that would have done for our case in no time. We had to prove cruelty in order to entitle us to dissolution, and so I called Mrs. Dobbs and left her to make out her own case. Women have a surprising genius for these things. But, come along, and we'll talk as we go. By the way, what brought you down to the Divorce Court? Nothing wrong at home, eh?"

I was enabled to give my friend Lamb the honest assurance, dearest Flora, that despite of the few occasions on which our peculiarities of character slightly clash, there was no disposition on the side of either of the partners trading under the name of the matrimonial firm of "Mr. and Mrs. Jones" to dissolve their connection and wind up the concerns of that well-known establishment. It may be that we have both discovered that there are other flowers of the field besides roses and other birds in the air besides the nightingale and the lark—that Romeo will lose his figure and Juliet suffer from occasional nervous attacks. Still, and on the whole, Flora is quite prepared to scratch out the eyes of any lady who should venture upon any disparaging remarks with regard to her beloved Frederick; and Frederick stands equally ready and willing to punch any gentleman's head who may insinuate that improvements in his Flora are possible. Petrarchs and Lauras of XL can you hope for more?

In return for my explanations my friend H. Lamb related to me, that after having made many attempts to improve his condition in the world, and as often failed, the opening of the Divorce Court had given him the opportunity of which he had been so long in search. He had now established himself as lady's solicitor in Great George street, Westminster—a genteel address and handy to the court. He added, that as the business in which he had engaged required the most opposite qualifications, he had taken to himself a partner, the Antipodes to himself in all respects. This gentleman's name was Rackem. The door-plate in Great George street bore the inscription of "Lamb and Rackem, Solicitors."

Mr. Lamb took the lady department; Mr. Rackem looked after the gentlemen. Mr. Lamb avenged the wives; Mr. Rackem the husbands. Mr. Lamb used as a seal a stricken dove; Mr. Rackem, Waller's eagle, with the device. "That eagle's fate and mine are one." Mr. Lamb gave little dinners in a charming little house in Chapel street, Park lane; Mr. Rackem lived at Camberwell, in a stern stucco villa, protected by two stucco dogs sitting upon their own hard tails, and never entertained anybody. Mr. Lamb was the Corinthian, Mr. Rackem the Doric, pillar of the establishment in Great George street.

"But, my dear fellow," he said, "I'll tell you all about it another time; here we are in Maddox street. A thought of my own. I have established business relations with a French lady who has undertaken to dress my clients for the court. Madame Leocadie Lareine is a most remarkable woman; she can enter into the spirit of a case. She has, as you may say, a feeling for an allegation, and can dress a lady up to the mark. You can't conceive what a mess the ladies would make of it

for themselves. They overdo or underdo the thing. No woman her own client—no client her own mantua-maker. Madame Lareine is a decided genius. I have known her dress a lady who couldn't be brought up to town until the last moment, from the affidavits."

We entered the ingenious French lady's establishment by a private door and were shown up-stairs to a drawing-room, with a table in the centre with a few bonnets and caps upon it. Two or three dresses were spread out upon the sofas, and as we came in Madame Lareine was gesticulating away in a very energetic manner to a pretty but somewhat overdressed lady, about eight-and-twenty years of age, as I should judge.

"Madame, if you present yourself so before the court *vous êtes perdue*. That bonnet would even turn what you call de common jury. See here, Monsieur Lamb, here is Madame Barbar, who is to go to de court to-morrow, and all depends upon *cravate*, and her idea is a green shot gros with de pink bonnet. Oh, *mais*, madame, your husband—*le barbare*—would give that in justification."

Lamb whispered to me, "A client of my own. Barber v. Barber—on to-morrow at eleven;" and then aloud,

"Mrs. Barber, I have the responsibility of your case, and you must allow Madame Lareine to decide what is for the best. Have you read the evidence, madame—and what is it to be?"

"Oh, yes, sare, I have sat up three night and here is de result. Robe of black gros, wid tree flounces—de usual *robe à la divorcée*; crinoline not *prononcée*—*chapeau à la Cresswell*; and here was de tought. After reading de letters of madame's from Florence, I put in that small bunch of *pensées*—violetts. Indian shawl, leetel collar *aux trois larmes*, leetel muff also wid *mouchoir* not too fine. What you say to that?"

And then turning round to Mrs. Barber:

"Madame, you are half away across between de British *matron* and *la femme abandonnée*; not too stern, not too mild; you have a right to your opera-box, for you have de *dot*, and to your small shild."

After some discussion, Mrs. Barber accepted her fate, having only compromised for permission to wear a pair of gold earrings.

"Madame—it must be—but *vous vous compromettez*—de Scotch lawyer against you will say you are fond of admiration. Ah! *quel horreur*! but it must be so. Have you seen my special jury sleeves, Monsieur Lamb, and *le petit bonnet à l'évanouie*? Dat is very good."

It was finally settled, Mrs. Barber making no objection, that I was to be the next morning at his offices and attend the great trial of Barber v. Barber.

At a few minutes before nine o'clock I reached the offices in Great George street, and even at this early hour found the Divorce World wide awake. A number of clerks were copying out letters and filling up forms in a lower room—what forms? and what letters!—and I was informed by one of these young gentlemen that the two partners were at breakfast in Mr. Lamb's private room; but L. had left word that on my arrival I was to be shown up-stairs.

Mr. Lamb introduced me at once to the sterner member of the firm. Mr. Rackem was a tall man with high cheekbones and a double eyeglass. His trousers were made of some gray mixture, and short for him. He wore highlows, and had a cast in his eye. He was just the sort of man you would expect to find presiding over the Kentish Fire at an Orange meeting in the famous county of Derry. There was a look of "No Surrender" about him that suggested very forcibly the idea that you would rather have that gentleman for you than against you, if any little ruffle had occurred in the placid lake of your domestic existence. My friend Lamb was the very opposite of all this. He had, I think, gathered flesh since we had last met; and I was not quite satisfied at first with a look about the corner of his eye, which seemed to me to be somewhat indicative of cunning; but then, of course, a man's features do take a color from his usual pursuits; and when I considered the class of clients with which poor Lamb had to deal, I could not but admit that he had great need of caution and circumspection. Mr. Lamb was making a light breakfast off chocolate and lady's fingers; Mr. Rackem was devouring slices of cold boiled beef with an appetite worthy of a coalheaver.

"I shall be happy, sir," he said, in a deep hollow voice, after

he had satisfied the cravings of nature, "to give you all the information in my power on the delicate subject which you are now investigating. The spread of frivolity and immorality among Englishwomen of the present day is awful."

"Amongst the men, you mean," broke in Lamb. "Never have I known such a crop of broken hearts—such a series of outrages upon the delicate susceptibilities of female nature as at present."

"No, sir—amongst women. Oh! for the good old days when the robust acorn-fed helpmates—helpmates indeed—of our Saxon forefathers, after days of severe toil, laid down their robust limbs by the sides of their loving masters, and were worthy of their confidence and true to their own lofty calling. When I see a modern English lady of fashion mincing into her brougham—when I reflect upon those diminutive bonnets and those exaggerated crinolines, I give you my assurance, sir, as an honest man, knowing what I do know"—here Mr. Rackem brought down his clenched fist with a tremendous thwack upon the table—"I tremble—yes, sir, I tremble."

"Pooh, pooh, Rackem, it is the business of women to look pretty; that's their first duty in life. And what do you say to the clubs and the Derby days?"

"There is a satire of Juvenal, sir," said Rackem.

Lamb answered in song with the rich mellow voice which I remembered so well:

Your Polly has never been false she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and a clerk announced:

"Mrs. Barber."

The lady was good enough to recognise me as having been present on the previous day at Madame Lareine's. As she entered the room in the costume of the Divorcée, she turned her

candid blue eyes in a playful, girlish way upon Mr. Lamb, and said:

"Will this do, Mr. Lamb?"

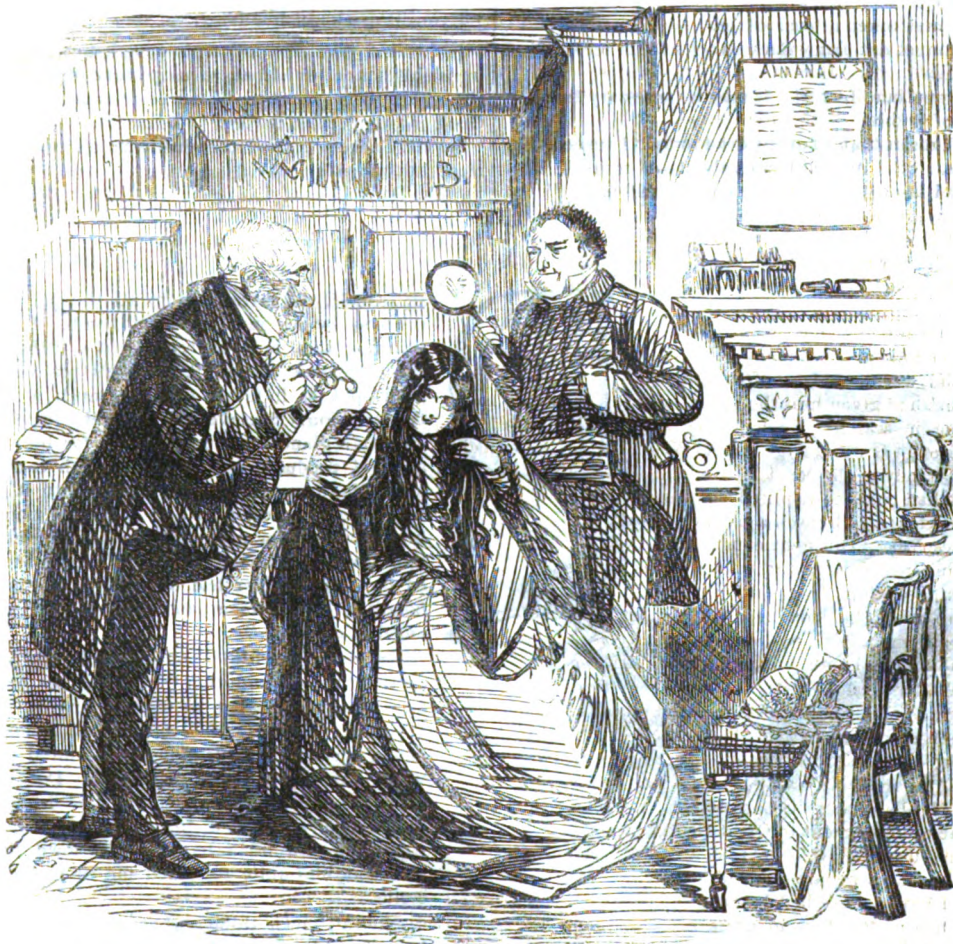
"No, madam, it will not do. I am very confident that Madame Lareine never sent you that veil; and I tell you frankly the crinoline must be smaller; but we need not dwell this point just now, for Jobson v. Jobson and Boyce will occupy the whole day, and your most interesting case cannot possibly come on for hearing till to-morrow. We have plenty of business before us, however. You may not be aware of the fact, Mrs. Barber, but the most important part of these inquiries takes place in the office of the solicitor. It is not always right to tell Sir Cresswell everything. My friend, Mr. Dodge, has been good enough, for once, to sink the question of professional etiquette, and be here presently; but meanwhile we can handle one of the chief points of the case—the incident of the hair at Brussels. I want Mr. Rackem's opinion as to the probable line of defence which will be taken on the other side."

Mrs. Barber settled her drapery in such a way as to display a very elegant little hand, perfectly gloved, and looking at us all in a bashful manner, said:

"It was when we were stopping at Brussels, you mean, Mr. Lamb. Oh! I am sure I shall never be able to tell the court about that. Oh! no—never—never; but it was so cruel—so very, very cruel of Mr. Barber, for I had just been attending to him that morning: he was rather poorly, and I had quite drenched my pocket-handkerchief with eau-de-Cologne, for his poor head ached so."

"Headache, eh?" said Lamb. "What was amiss?"

"Oh! dear Mr. Lamb, you must not be hard upon poor Augustus—but he had been dining out the night before—if I must tell the truth—and hadn't come home till three in the morning. I had sat up watching for him all night by dear baby's little cradle, thinking of other days; but of course, Mr. Lamb, you won't let anything be said about that—when he



DOCTOR DODGE AND COUNSELLOR LAMB EXAMINE THE SCAR UPON THE LOVELY HEAD OF MRS. BARBER.

started up and swore at me, and said, oh! such frightful, frightful words, and then he seized me by the hair and dragged me about the room—and, let me see, what happened next—I was so overcome."

Mrs. Barber, I thought, looked towards my friend Lamb for a suggestion; but that gentleman maintained a rigid silence.

"Oh, yes, I remember; he took a pair of shears, or it might have been a large carving-knife, from the table—for I know there had been a dreadful piece of beef for breakfast——"

Rackem groaned.

—"and he brandished them over my head, and I thought he was going to kill me, and I implored him to let me say my prayers and kiss baby once more before he did it; but he tore me about the room, and at last he said he knew I was proud of my hair, which was such a story—I only took pains about it, because there had been a time when he used to say he thought it pretty, and I wanted to please him, and now he would cut it off—so he dragged me back and cut off all my hair."

"What do you say to this, Rackem?" said Lamb: "awful cruelty!—they can't have anything to say to that."

"I could say a good deal to it," replied Rackem. "I have been accustomed to deal with these incidents from the other point of view. Was any one in the room, Mrs. Barber, when this occurred?"

Mrs. Barber looked towards Lamb, but couldn't remember. She didn't like to speak about the maid who was carrying in the breakfast things.

"Did you scream or call for help? because the alleged cruelty took place in a room in a public hotel, so that you could easily have summoned assistance."

Mrs. Barber replied eagerly, but was checked by Mr. Lamb with a "Not so hasty, ma'am. Every answer is a chess move."

"I couldn't have cried for help; for when Augustus was dragging me about the room my head struck against a console, and I fainted away."

The two solicitors looked at each other.

"Mrs. Barber must not faint, Rackem; I seldom recommend fainting."

"No—o—o! not safe, Lamb! It may be necessary to speak to other points of detail."

"Oh! I don't mean that I fainted dead away; I turned very sick; but I knew what Augustus was about—of course I did—else how should I know that he called me a horrid minx?"

Lamb smiled at her blandly.

"Your hair seems to have grown again very luxuriantly, madam," said Rackem.

Mrs. Barber, in a playful way, stroked her remarkably glossy waves of hair and smiled.

"Perhaps we had better shave the lady," said Rackem; "it would produce an effect, I think, upon the jury, if at the critical moment Mrs. Barber was to tear off her wig in their faces and burst into an agony of tears."

"I'm sure I shan't," said Mrs. Barber, "cut off my hair to obtain all the divorces in the world: besides, it would be so naughty—so deceitful."

Rackem raised his brows and looked at Lamb. After a moment's reflection he turned to Mrs. Barber and said:

"How do you think, madam, that incident will tell when described thus? You must not be offended with me for putting the matter plainly to you, for it is better you should hear it from me than for the first time from the counsel cross-examining you. What will the jury think when they are told that your picture of alleged cruelty is a total misrepresentation?—that your husband had taken you to Brussels for your own pleasure, because he always endeavored to gratify your smallest whim?—that upon one occasion you were sitting in the most luxurious room of the most luxurious hotel of that famous city, he surrounding you, as usual, with every comfort you could desire; that in a playful mood he stole behind you, having taken your own scissors from your own workbox, and cut off just the end of your hair enough to garnish a little locket? I will tell you what, Lamb," concluded Mr. Rackem, emphatically, "were I handling the point for the other side, I would produce the locket in court with Mr. and Mrs. Barber's initials interlaced, and with an inscription upon it of

Thine—

Ever thine!

Brussels, such a date.

and I would give the locket to a clerk to wear for a few days under his flannel waistcoat, so as to take off the brightness of the gold. Observe, there is no corroboration on either side. Good morning, Mrs. Barber."

As Mr. Rackem retired the door was again opened, and the clerk announced:

"Dr. Dodge!"



DOCTOR DODGE.

R. DODGE was introduced to all the party with formal courtesy by our mutual friend Lamb. I couldn't help thinking that Mrs. Barber soared a little too high into the empyrean—flapped her dove's pinions a little too hard—put on, in fact, a trifle too much of the angel for the occasion. She avoided and yet courted the learned civilian's glance—she made place for him by her side, and yet produced an effect as though Lamb had put a chair there, and forced the doctor into it. There was such sweet confusion in her downward glance—so melting an appeal for protection in her candid blue eyes—that Dodge must have been a brute indeed to have resisted it. Mrs. Barber had evidently thrown Lamb overboard for the moment, and appointed Dodge "guardian angel in ordinary."

My friend Lamb did not appear in the least put out by this sudden revolution in the feelings of his client—nay, he seemed rather to regard her with increased admiration. For myself I confess that although the suspicion suggested above did cross my mind for a moment when Mrs. Barber was placing Dr. Dodge in solution—one playful glance which she cast my way when the professional gentlemen turned round to look for some papers on the table brought me down like a struck pheasant, and quite reassured me as to her perfect sincerity.

After all—poor thing—what could she do? It must be heart-breaking indeed for an injured lady to be compelled to bare her tender breast to the gaze of two unfeeling professional men, to be examined as to the innocent endearments which she had lavished upon a wretch unworthy of the possession of such a treasure; nay—far worse, to have to tell how she was

repelled with scorn by the brute when she had glided down to his side with healing on her wings. Oh! to be obliged, for her dear child's sake, to claim the protection of the law against the father of that blessed child—her own, too—fondly adored—idolised husband—the lover whose vows had sounded so honey-sweet in her virgin ears. But now! she who would have given her own life for his a thousand times—must tell the world what manner of man he really was! Oh! oh! oh!

I confess that, at this moment, the thought occurred to me that it would be well if I broke through the indolence in which I had been wasting too many years of my life. What if I should blaze into practice before Sir C. C., and carry balm and consolation to many a bleeding heart? Flora would, I am sure, approve of the idea, and I felt convinced that I could do the work better than—by Jove! Mrs. Barber is fluttering round him again—that beast, Dodge. How can Lamb employ such a fellow!

"We were speaking, Dr. Dodge, when you came in," said Lamb, "of a particular incident in this distressing case? I mean the conduct of Mr. Barber, at Brussels."

"Yes, you allude, Mr. Lamb, I presume, to the severance or abscission, or curtailment of Mrs. Barber's hair. When I was drawing the allegations I had not the particulars of the *res geste* before me in a satisfactory way, so I charged the other side broadly enough to let in the scalp, if Mrs. Barber can swear up to that point. What do you say, Mrs. Barber?"

"I don't think we can actually scalp Mrs. Barber," said Lamb, as his client appeared to be hesitating for a reply. "Not quite that."

"Boggles v. Boggles," continued the learned gentleman, "is the leading case on the point which has governed all subsequent decisions under this head of *sevitia*, or cruelty. It was there held that within limits the marital power extends to a control over the wife's hair during cohabitation. Mrs. Boggles charged that, upon one occasion, her husband cut off her hair when she was asleep—and, to use her own graphic but somewhat trivial phrase, when she awoke she was as bare as a barber's block. Boggles replied, that true it was he had softly, during the lady's slumber, removed a certain portion of her hair, which she was in the habit of wearing of an undue length, but that he had done so because it excited remark, and to avoid scandal. The court held that the husband was justified to the extent of moderate curtailment, but not to the length of a total deprivation of the wife's hair—not upon the ground that the hair is an ornament—for as to the propriety of certain ornaments the husband is the best judge—but because the total and sudden loss of hair might imperil health, and might therefore be well called *sevitia*. The learned judge let fall an *obiter dictum* upon that occasion, that it would have been otherwise had the scalp or cuticle been injured by a sharp-cutting instrument, for there was manifest cruelty—save indeed the lesion had occurred, *per incuriam*, or through carelessness, when it would have been well enough. But in Boggles and Boggles there was a *prima facie* presumption that such was not the case, as the amotion or removal of the hair had taken place during sleep, and, as the ecclesiastical judge shrewdly remarked, had the lady been cut or otherwise wounded on the head during her sleep, there was a violent probability that she would have awoken. But it was not so. Ah! Mr. Lamb, these cases were well looked into before the alteration in the system."

"Yes—Sir Creswell would never have thought of that," said Lamb, not without a certain tinge, as I thought, of irony in his tone. I may here as well remark that Dr. Dodge was a somewhat portly elderly man, with gray hair, and a healthy red face, which seemed indicative of good, yet of careful living. You would have said here was a man who might not impossibly drink his two bottles of port a day, but who knew the value of shower baths, rough towels and early walking. He talked in a slow, emphatic manner, and had a way of throwing back his head and closing his eyes during the more involved portion of his argument; but he would awake from his apparent lethargy, and look you defiantly in the face while letting off his scraps of law-Latin. He actually rolled these about in his mouth like delicacies—they evidently smacked sweetly on his intellectual palate. During his exposition of the law, Mrs. Barber's remarkably red and satisfactory lips had been the seat of considerable nervous energy; you would have supposed that her

thoughts had been busy with her sad and desecrated past, save at the moment when Dr. Dodge spoke of the barber's block as an illustration of the condition to which the lady's head had been reduced by the barbarous act of that monster Boggles. The nervous twitching was then an obvious effort to repress a smile; but Mrs. Barber quickly subsided into her more mournful, and now, alas! more usual tone of thought. It appeared, however, that she had thoroughly appreciated the gist of the learned civilian's argument, for she remarked, as soon as Dr. Dodge had concluded his exposition of the law:

"I might have done it myself, perhaps—indeed, of course, it was so—besides, I don't think—"

"What, ma'am!" said Lamb. "Give us the facts; it is for Dr. Dodge and myself to judge of their value."

"I never said anything about it at the time, but, in struggling to escape from Mr. Barber, the knife with which he was threatening me certainly did cut me—not that I think for a moment that he really intended my death—but Augustus was so incautious. The wound bled very much, and spoilt a sweet little collar of Brussels point, which I had only bought the day before, because dear baby—"

"Never mind that interesting child just now—any scar left, Mrs. Barber?"

The lady threw back her veil, and gave a triumphant start—but in this she instantly checked herself and stared into vacancy, whilst her eyes filled with tears. I could not have supposed that any human eyes could have contained so much water without overflowing. At last down it came with a rush—it was a positive relief to me, and I am sure to the other two gentlemen also, when we heard her sob. Oh! for but one quarter of an hour's private interview with Barber—giving me just time to have a pair of boots made for the occasion!

"Mrs. Barber, be calm," said Lamb.

"My de-e-ear Mrs. Barber!" said Dr. Dodge.

For myself, I turned round to the window, and without shame to my manhood be it spoken, attended to my Adam's apple, which was feeling unpleasantly large in my throat. When I looked round again on the group, Mrs. Barber was holding Dr. Dodge's wrist tightly with one hand, Mr. Lamb's with the other.

"Oh! I'll never tell! Augustus, is it come to this? I'll never, never, never tell. You won't hang him, sir, will you?—besides. Oh! how can I save him? I shall go distracted—if it was not for my blessed, blessed child. No matter, I'll go to the foot of the throne—"

"It will be quite unnecessary, ma'am, I assure you, to give yourself that trouble. Sir Creswell doesn't go the length you suppose, even in his sternest moods. Mr. Barber's neck is perfectly and unfortunately safe."

"The more's the pity; a scoundrel who thirsted after a woman's blood—and such a woman, such an angel as that!" said I; but I was instantly frowned down by the two professional gentlemen. For this I did not care one rush, as Mrs. Barber turned upon me her blue eyes overflowing with gratitude for my honest sympathy—and, her nostrils distended, quite panted in her efforts to suppress her natural and very creditable emotions at the danger which, as she supposed, threatened her unworthy husband. Poor soul! what could she know about the differences in jurisdiction between a criminal and a matrimonial court of justice?

"Haden't you better leave me alone with the lady?" said Dr. Dodge, in a soft, soothing tone, like that of a surgeon about to commence an operation.

"No, sir, certainly not. I am in the habit of attending to my clients myself. Would you like a little sal volatile, Mrs. Barber? I always keep a quart in the cupboard, besides twelve bottles of salts and a packet of staylases."

"Thank you, no, dear kind Mr. Lamb. Thank you, no—thank you, no." A change had evidently come over Mrs. Barber's mood, for she rose from her seat and kept shaking the two gentlemen, who did not seem to know what to make of it, violently by the hand. I had sometimes seen my beloved Flora "taken"—so could the better understand these sudden revulsions of feeling; the female organization is so sensitive—so delicate—by George, it won't do to trifle with it. I thought I might as well have a shake myself whilst they were being served out so plentifully. I confess, however, that even I was

not prepared for the extent of Mrs. Barber's gratitude; for, after all, what had I done? Nothing, certainly, that deserved "to be remembered to the last moment of her sad existence!" In another moment she was quite playful, and it was pretty to see the infantine way in which she tore off her bonnet—the identical *chapeau à la Cresswell* which Madame Lareine had prepared with so much taste and discrimination. She then took out two little side-combs and let her hair float in disorder round her face. If the jury could but have seen her as she put it aside and peeped out like a sweetly mischievous child, I am very confident they would have torn Barber into atoms, only allowing the foreman the privilege of the first kick. She then indicated to Dr. Dodge the spot which was the seat of the injury. That learned civilian put on his spectacles, in order that he might the more clearly discover the mischief.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Lamb, here is a well-defined *cicatrix* or scar. See here, Mr. Lamb. Will you allow me, Mrs. Barber?"

That lady had folded her arms upon her breast, and smiled on him so meekly, that it went to my heart. In proper hands what might not that woman have been, and here were all her

was playing at soldiers with us girls, and doing the Life-Guards at Waterloo, and he ran the teasing-fork into Elisa's eye. Poor Elisa always had a cast in it afterwards till the twins were born, and then it got right again."

"Dear me," said Lamb, "very singular circumstance! However, there is the scar, sure enough; and we may perhaps import it into the case. Will the other side call any of the old servants of the family, I wonder? Well, well, we'll think about it. Now, Mrs. Barber, let us go on to the other points of the evidence. You understand we are confining ourselves just now to the head of—cruelty."

"Yes, Mr. Lamb, I perfectly understand you; and Augustus was so very, very cruel!"

"Will you forgive me, madam, for impressing on you the importance of precision in this matter. I want to know when was the first and when was the last act of cruelty charged? Within what limits did the respondent ill-use us? When did the defence—if I may so express it—first show the cloven hoof?"

"You mean, sir, when Augustus was first naughty? I remember very well, for I was astonished at it. It was within a



THE PROSECUTOR'S VIEW OF THE OUTRAGE.

pretty ways to be commented on and measured and balanced by these two rude professional men! Dr. Dodge gently enough, I must admit, put her hair aside, and, stooping down, blew upon her head—the vile grampus!—in order to secure an efficient parting. Mrs. Barber gave a little shudder, and looking up, archly said:

"O-o-oh! doctor, it tickles so! O, how funny!"

Lamb was examining the scar with the help of one of those large magnifying-glasses which they hand to you in an engraver's shop to help you to a sight of the finer and more delicate efforts of the artist. On the whole, I thought that the two gentlemen spent more time over the investigation than was actually necessary.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Barber," said Lamb, "that you never received any injury on your head in childhood—never tumbled down stairs or over a fender, or anything of that sort?"

"Oh! never, never, never!—dear mamma was always so careful of us" (here the poor soul began to cry again) "and would never let us out of her sight. There was never any accident in our family but one, and that was when little Alfred

week after our marriage. We were at Hastings, and he asked me to play at ball; and as we hadn't any ball, he asked me to chuck my purse to him, and he would catch it. I did so, and he quietly put it in his pocket, and called me a 'little goose,' and wouldn't give it me back, and I was so disappointed because I wanted to buy presents for him with it; but when I burst out crying and told him this, he said he would give effect to my wishes in a more judicious way than I could myself."

"Your husband never had any money of his own, Mrs. Barber, I believe?" said Dr. Dodge.

"I never saw any: he used to tell me before we were married that he had a fine estate, although he didn't wish to mention it to my family, as it would be an agreeable surprise to them. After we were married I kept teasing him about it, for I wished to see the castle of which he had told me so often; so one morning he said he would gratify me by showing me the title-deeds, and he brought down a long box—"

"The usual thing, doctor," said Lamb, "a brace of billiard cues."

"Yes, yes, the usual thing," answered Dodge, as though the point wasn't even worth discussion. I confess I was scanda-

lised at Mr. Barber's duplicity ; but, of course, professional men do get hardened.

"And the last time, Mrs. Barber? You see I want to fix the limits, and then to show that the *savitia*, or cruelty, was continuous."

"The last time, sir," said Mrs. Barber, "I shall never forget it. We were stopping at the Pavilion, at Folkestone : we had just come back from Paris, and I was very tired with the journey, for Augustus had insisted on my crossing that night—the stormiest night in the whole year—and I had gone to bed and fallen asleep, when I was awoken with a stifling sensation, and found my nose in flames."

"Your nose in flames, Mrs. Barber?" said Dr. Dodge.

"Allow me to say that that is a very singular circumstance!"

"Ah! but it's true for all that. Augustus had rubbed my nose over with cold cream, and then he had torn off a bit of my handkerchief and cold-creamed that too, and then he put that on my nose and set fire to it. I hope that's cruel enough; but then he was so very, very unkind."

"I protest, madam, in the course of my professional expe-

upon his wife, more especially when he was not *inops consili*, but *magnas inter opes inops*. Had it indeed been the amputation of a limb under circumstances of great pressure it might have been otherwise; but nobody could contend that the change in Mrs. Mapleson's nose, from a snub to a Grecian, could not have been postponed until such time as regular professional assistance could have been secured. But I am far indeed from saying, my dear Mrs. Barber, that Mapleson and Mapleson goes the length of your nose. It can scarcely be argued on the other side that Mr. Barber intended an improvement in your appearance by burning it."

"Mrs. Barber's nose is quite a feature in the case," said Lamb, with a disgusting chuckle; but the lady soon brought him to his senses by the simple process of applying her handkerchief to her eyes. How could any one with a man's heart and feelings venture to joke at the sufferings of a distressed lady?

Lamb attempted to repair the mischief he had done by various expressions of a soothing character; and that which was, to me, a decisive proof of the vulgarity of the man's mind was,



THE DEFENDANT'S EXPLANATION OF THE CASE.

rience I never heard of such a fact," said Dodge. "I can't get nearer it than Mapleson and Mapleson, in which case the husband slit the lady's nose up with a penknife. This, if done with felonious intent, was obviously well enough, and would have brought Mr. Mapleson within the cutting and maiming statutes; but it was proved on his side, *aliunde*, that he was fanatically convinced of the advantages of the Taliacotian operation, and did seriously intend the conversion of the wife's nose from a snub to a Grecian. He was examined according to the forms then in use amongst us at the Commons, and deposed that the snub-like character of the lady's nose had weighed upon his spirits for years; that he had brought her over to his own views; that she actually requested him to proceed with the operation, and that in pursuance of such request the alleged injury was inflicted. The court decided that whatever might be said to such a transaction before another tribunal, it could not be pronounced to be *savitia* in an ecclesiastical court. Here was the husband intending the lady's benefit—the lady consenting—the pretext colorable; at the same time the presiding judge let fall a strong expression of opinion that a husband should never venture to perform a surgical operation

that he caught hold of her little hand, forced it open and began tapping on the palm with all the ardor of a monthly nurse. Mrs. Barber was, at that moment, at least five degrees removed from the point at which such a method of treatment is available—though, indeed, it is doubtful if a man's rude hand can ever administer it with advantage. That blundering, though perhaps well-meaning, solicitor had better look to himself. It would not greatly surprise me if his ears were well boxed within the next thirty seconds, or Mrs. Barber may possibly become perfectly rigid, or else dissolve in a Niagara of tears. Of the three alternatives I should much prefer that her grief took the form of an assault upon Lamb—he is a stout fellow, and blows inflicted by that fairy hand could not hurt very much. Besides, he would have brought it on himself.

Tears won the day. Dr. Dodge and I exchanged glances which meant as plainly as glances could utter it, "Is the time come for thrashing Lamb?" But the injured angel stood between him and his fate. She took his hand quite affectionately.

"Oh! dear Mr. Lamb! I am very, very sure, you didn't mean anything; but I have undergone so much, and words and little fancies which are nothing to a stranger's eye put me so in mind

of other days. I am sure I am so troublesome to you—why should you give yourself any more pains about me? I am sure it must be very tiresome to you—a perfect stranger—to listen to the story of my sorrows. If I have done anything wrong, or anything to offend you, I will ask your pardon on my bended knees. I won't go on with this business. I know—Oh, yes! I know too—too well that all Augustus wants is my fortune. Let him have it. I have a little money left, and I can go down to Poldadek by this evening's train—and I will creep into the house at night and steal away with my child—and I can live in perfect obscurity somewhere in London. Yes; I can take a house near Dorset square, or some other low neighborhood, and take in needlework till I have earned enough to send my child to Eton or buy him a commission in the Guards. Perhaps, Dr. Dodge, you will be good enough to patronize me and let me make your shirts. Indeed I can do fine-sewing very nicely. Yes—yes! that will be best—let me be gone."

"Mr. Lamb, you are much to blame," said Dr. Dodge.

"Oh! don't say anything against my good, kind adviser. There, Mr. Lamb, give me your hand and let us be friends. We'll say no more about it. I am sure you always mean well."

So Mr. Lamb was pardoned, and we went on with the business in hand. Mrs. Barber then gave us as a third instance of her husband's cruelty, another scene that had occurred at Folkstone upon a different occasion, when Mr. Barber, with many opprobrious words, had accused her of showing her ankles as she got in and out of the railroad-train and up the ladder from the steamer. The accusation, as Mrs. Barber observed, was perfectly ridiculous, because she knew perfectly well that her foot and ankle were not as well made as they might be. "Indeed," she continued, "it is very odd, but I was the only one of the Montresors who had ugly feet. Oh! if you had seen Eliza's foot and ankle. Gentlemen used to go and take their stand near crossings on dirty days just upon the chance of getting a glimpse of them. Mamma, too, has the Montresor foot to this day; but I always knew that I was not a Montresor in this respect. Now, if you'll promise not to tell," she added, smilingly, "I'll show you my foot, and you shall judge for yourselves what a story Augustus was telling when he said I could wish to show it. There, see how clumsy!"

Mrs. Barber, as she said this, was good enough to indulge us with the sight of a foot which, if it did not prove her case, at least proved how humble-minded she was and how poor an estimate she had formed of her own attractions. For the first time I understood the story of Cinderella. The thought occurred to me that I would request her to allow me to have a model taken of it, that I might use it as a paper-weight. However, Flora perhaps wouldn't like the idea; so, on the whole, it was safest to say nothing about it. For the first time I comprehended the frenzy of which a friend of my own had been guilty. He saw one day a lady's foot in a dressing-room. The tender passion filled his soul—he caught it up—kissed it repeatedly—put it in his pocket—found out the lovely owner—proposed in three days, and was accepted. They have now been married seventeen years and have two thumping boys at school, one of whom has just been put into the Georgics. I don't believe there was ever a happier marriage. My friend treasures up the marvellous boot and swears it shall go into his coffin.

To proceed—another instance of her husband's ungovernable passions mentioned by Mrs. Barber was, that on one occasion, when a bill of one pound, five shillings and sixpence was sent in for a hat and feathers for the child, Mr. B. had declared that she was ruining him, and threatened to send her home. Not satisfied with this, he had seized up the cat, which was asleep on the hearthrug, by the tail, and, twisting the animal several times round his head, had finally flung the infuriated creature at his poor wife.

Lamb suggested that perhaps it might tell upon the jury if they were to produce a cat in court as the unwilling actor in this disgraceful scene, and he offered the services of the office cat—a remarkably fine tabby—for the purpose.

"Mrs. Barber's maid, a remarkably intelligent woman, who had lived with her through all the struggles of her married life, would readily identify the cat—she was a most intelligent woman."

Dr. Dodge, however, over-ruled the suggestion, on the ground

that Sir Cresswell would never for one moment admit the cat as a competent witness, as it would be impossible to show that puss was aware of the sanctity of an oath. This was not the first time I had remarked that the remembrance of his dramatic career still exercised too much influence over Lamb's mind. He was always for striking off an effect and producing a series of tableaux to the jury. The principle no doubt is a sound one but it may be worked to death. So, despite of some faint mutterings on Lamb's part with reference to the Dog of Montargis, his valuable suggestion was put aside.

It next appeared that, very soon after her intermarriage with Mr. Barber, his amiable wife had been taken by him down to Poldadek, to stay with his two elderly maiden sisters. It is only surprising that she could have retained her senses after the sufferings inflicted on her by these ladies. They may possibly have done it with the best intentions, but was it just—was it right to send her to bed at seven o'clock in the evening—to prevent her from wearing any of the clothes she had brought with her from London? It was so natural and excusable at her age to take pleasure in attire which, however elegantly conceived, was befitting her condition. Besides, why did they put her hair into curl-papers—though the pain of the disgusting operation caused her to shed tears and she implored of them to desist—and the odious screws of paper kept her awake all night by scrubbing between her tender cheek and the pillow? Besides, they were always sneering at the Montresors, who were of an excellent family, and connected, on the father's side, with an Irish viscount. Miss Harriet and Miss Jane Barber, however, held such trifles in small account, and were always sneering at dignities which Mrs. B. believed they envied in their very hearts.

Mr. Lamb ventured to call her attention to what he was pleased to term a very troublesome feature in the case—namely, a series of letters or notes containing declarations of the most passionate affection which had been found by Mr. Barber in his wife's writing-desk and appropriated by that ruffian.

Mrs. Barber explained.

When she and her husband were staying at Brussels, Augustus had gone into society which had caused her great uneasiness. In point of fact she was convinced that he had fallen into the hands of a pack of gamblers. For a long time the poor wife had resisted his earnest solicitations to receive these men; but, at length, overcome by his importunity, she had consented. The most noticeable man amongst them was a Comte Alexis de Cubillard. "His appearance was well enough," Mrs. B. observed, "in fact, rather good-looking than otherwise, but those foreign good looks she detested." He was a notorious gambler, and the most noted pistol-shot in Brussels. He soon began to persecute her with his odious attentions; but as she would not listen to him, he wrote to her; wrote repeatedly. If she showed these letters to her husband, there might be a duel, and Augustus might be consigned to a bloody grave on her account. If she destroyed them, and it ever came to light afterwards that such letters had been in her possession, it might be supposed that they contained matter which they had not contained. What was she to do? If Mr. Barber could have shown letters of hers to Count Alexis it would have been another thing.

"Excellently reasoned, Mrs. Barber," said Dr. Dodge, full of admiration; "one would really suppose you had been brought up in the Commons. The count's letters are only evidence against himself. You are quite sure there are no letters of yours which the other side might spring upon us?"

"Quite!" said the lady, with a smile of seraphic innocence.

"Very well. I don't think there's anything more to say," said Lamb. "With your permission, Mrs. Barber, Dr. Dodge and I will go carefully through the evidence in a professional way when I have had the honor of conducting you to your carriage. Mind, to-morrow, at half-past ten punctually—punctually, Mrs. Barber!"

"Will Mr. Barber be there?" said the lady.

"Oh, certainly!" replied Lamb.

"I will take care and be punctual!" said the injured angel, as she glided out of the room, with a sweeping smile at Dr. Dodge and myself, and left us standing there full of sorrow and sympathy for her and abhorrence for each other.

(To be continued.)

FACES IN THE FIRE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I sit and brood beside my fire,
Watching the red coals change their shape :
Through waving flames rise gates and towers,
Black eyeballs stare, and hot mouths gape :
While dreaming I spin rhyme on rhyme
Of dew-fall and the summer time.

The red flames stir like dragon stings,
Or Devil's arrows barbed with red ;
I stab the fire's heart—hot the rain
That falls from veins that branch and spread ;
And then I doze, or spin a rhyme
Of dew-fall and green summer time.

So pass my midnights ; shadows dance
Upon the wainscot silently ;
They shape the future—bow and point—
I let the sable creatures be ;
And careless sit and spin my rhyme
Of dew-fall and the summer time.

Sometimes from dark nooks in my heart
Glide forth my oldest skeleton—
Comes silent and sits by the fire,
His hands upon his knees of bone ;
While shuddering still I weave my rhyme
Of dew-fall and hot summer time.

I and that dreaded friend of mine
Sit staring at the crimson fire ;
Whate'er I do, he moveth not,
Watching the midnight's funeral pyre,
As through long lonely hours I rhyme
Of dew-fall and sweet summer time.

MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE.

By D. RICHMOND.

CHAPTER I.—MRS. PATTY'S LODGERS.

ANGY and I had been taking tea at Miss Fairlawn's, in the Market-place. We were rather late in getting home—later than was well for a child like Angy ; but, poor thing, she seemed to be enjoying herself, and I did not like to hurry her away before the other children left, more especially as her little heart had been heavy lately, and she did not often share a child's pleasures. It was but two months since poor Mr. Stevenson's death ; and though Betsy and I had got the house cleaned down and the placard of "Lodgings" up in the window in no time, there had been no chance of letting from that time to this.

I had left mother in a dozing state, talking of going to bed early. I expected to find the house locked up, as still and dark as a mouse ; but what was my surprise, on turning the corner, to see a railway fly with lighted lamps standing before the passage door, a fat driver in a gray overcoat helping the ostler from The Bull to unstrap a quantity of luggage ; while a tall man, with a loud, broad-spoken voice, shouted out directions and counted the packages, mingling with his instructions certain expressive ejaculations, which seemed to me—to say the least of them—objectionable. Obviously the lodgings were let ; but how and to whom was yet a mystery.

Betsy was running down the stairs as if she would break her neck, a flaring candle in her hand. "Yes, ma'am, lodgings is let," she said, in answer to my question. "Coming, sir," and she darted off in obedience to a summons from the tall stranger.

I hurried up to the parlor, Angy scrambling after me with hold of my gown, on the braid of which she was perpetually stumbling. Mother was standing, crutch in hand, at the head of the first landing. "Ay, Patty, I'm glad yer coom, hooney," and she trembled so with nervousness that I had to give her my arm to lean on, and guide her to a chair and soothe and comfort her, before she was in any state to make explanations. But, with cross-questions, I knew all about it in a few minutes.

The strangers—a Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson—had come into Aiskrigg by the last train ; and, inquiring at the station for a small lodging, the woman at the refreshment-rooms had directed them to our house, sending her girl on before with a message to mother. But the girl had dawdled, and they had come straight—they were here before her. Luckily the rooms were ready, and mother knew I should be anxious to let. She had agreed to receive them, and Betsy was doing her best to make them comfortable. I flung off my bonnet and tucked up my dress. The night was cold, and they would want a fire. I found kindling and a few lumps of coal, and sent Angy for my big apron and the matchbox. The sitting-room door was ajar, a candle on the table ; a lady was sitting in a listless sort of attitude on the horse-hair sofa. I made a sort of half-curtsey as I went in ; but she was drawing patterns on the carpet with the end of her umbrella, and took no notice of me. I wanted to know about the fire, and I asked her if I should light it.

She raised her head quickly, noticed the empty grate and my inquiries, shivered as though she were for the first time conscious of the cold, and said "Yes."

I glanced hurriedly at her. She had a young, fresh, small-featured face ; not pretty altogether, but interesting ; not good-tempered in its expression, but child-like from the very prettiness depicted there ; not thoughtful, but—as it seemed to me—very, very sad. I could see that the round gray eyes were all swollen and inflamed with tears ; that the light glossy hair was disarranged, as though a weary hand had pushed it impatiently from a throbbing temple. I could hear that the querulous voice was husky with sobs.

The fire had not been lighted for a day or two, and the weather had been damp and raw ; thick, blinding smoke puffed down as I set fire to the kindling. She smelled the smoke and looked up impatiently.

"Goodness ! I hope that chimney does not smoke. Leave it alone for my sake if it does, and see if the grate up-stairs is better. I'll go to bed when the fire burns there."

It really was too bad to complain so of my fire, which hardly ever smoked ; and I showed my displeasure when I answered her.

"It will go off directly, ma'am, if you'll have patience ; or if you'll let me put up the window, it will be all right in a second." I paused, and she nodded assent—nodded ! what am I saying ? She rather gave a sort of haughty, condescending permission to my request ; she bowed as proudly as a duchess might have done, and drew the folds of her large shawl closer round her. It seemed absurd of a child-like little creature like that to give herself airs. I wondered who and what she was. She acted the lady uncommonly well. But her name was Tomkinson, and mother had said that that vulgar-voiced man down-stairs was her husband !

He was coming up-stairs now with great heavy steps, apparently setting down a box outside the door, laughing loudly, and exchanging bantering words with some one—with Betsy, it seemed ; for he pushed open the door and carried in a package, and I saw the girl's red, grinning, good-tempered face above the candle with which she had been lighting him through the passages.

The draught banged the door loudly behind him. His wife started and put a pair of little white hands before her face, rocking herself to and fro, and I saw that not a few tears were falling through her fingers.

"Holloa !" he said, "what's the matter ?" And he bent over the sofa and laid a couple of large red fingers on her tiny wrist, as though he would draw her hand away. He spoke roughly, but there was considerable kindness and affection in his tone and manner. I was surprised that she pushed his hand away pettishly and said "Don't" in the very voice of a spoiled child.

He looked at her ; another man might have answered, or at least shrugged his shoulders ; but he did neither. He laid his hand for a second on the little fair head, from which she had removed the bonnet ; very softly he did it with that coarse red band of his, and took no notice when she drew herself angrily away ; only he walked to the window, closed it, put in the shutters ; and I, feeling I was not wanted, raised the crackling, bright burning coals, and left them together.

"I say, Mrs. Brown, Green—what do they call ye?—let's have tea as soon as possible—my wife's tired; will you?"

Mr. Tomkinson had found his way to our room. I set at once to get things ready; and, instead of going back to his wife, he came in and watched my preparations. He had questions to ask about the townspeople; he seemed familiar with many of their names, and his inquiries proved that he had besides a certain acquaintance with their circumstances. I ventured to ask if he had been in Aiskrigg before. He had a good-natured, free-and-easy manner, just as though he were one of us; and he said readily enough, "Oh, dear, yes, many a time;" but he did not, as I could have wished, add when and where.

I saw him well, as he stood leaning against the mantel-piece, watching me take out the china. I had hardly ever beheld a handsomer specimen of a man—so tall and broad, with such a well-featured, sun-burnt, open-hearted face, shaded by a mass of deep-brown whisker and curly hair. His clothes were of excellent material and well made; yet, in spite of his good looks, I do not think that any one would have called him a gentleman; his manner and tones were too noisy and rough, and he wanted something—I don't know what—something that makes the stamp of a gentleman. Still I could not help liking and admiring him.

I had got all very nice for tea, when unfortunately, at the last moment, I discovered that I had no silver out. We always used German silver ourselves, and since Mr. Stevenson's death I had put the rest away. I could not easily get to it to-night, and I asked Mr. Tomkinson if it mattered, and he said not in the least; and I sent Betsy to lay the table in the sitting-room. When the muffins and chops were ready I carried them in myself. Little Mrs. Tomkinson was still on the sofa—still wrapped up in the great shawl—still with a very cross pout on her pink-and-white face. Her husband had made the tea, poured out a cup, sweetened it and added cream; now he brought it to the sofa, and asked her if she would rather remain there than come to the table.

She took the cup a little more graciously, but the next instant she had dropped the teaspoon with a little scream, and the full teacup was with great peril rescued by her husband and placed on the table.

What was the matter? only that nasty, horrid, sticky teaspoon. To think that she should be brought so low that she should not have a silver teaspoon! And again the small hands went up, and the childish heart cried hysterically.

I felt half amused, half vexed. I hoped she never might be worse served; but it was not fair to say such things of the teaspoon—it could not be horrid, and nasty and sticky, I had washed it myself not ten minutes ago!

Mr. Tomkinson was really annoyed. You could not look at him without seeing he had a quick temper; and now he was provoked into showing it. He called his wife a little goose, and said it was all nonsense and absurdity on her part to make such a fuss about a spoon: it would not kill her to eat once without silver. If he fancied he was quieting her he was mistaken; she buried her face in the sofa-cushions and sobbed out that he was very, very unkind; he had brought enough sorrow upon her as it was, and now he was trying to break her heart altogether. She would write to grandpapa to-morrow, that she would, and ask him to let her go home; she had been very, very foolish, but she did not know what she was doing, and he would forgive and pity her when he knew how she had been deceived.

Mr. Tomkinson had stood listening to his wife in silence, not trying to quiet her, but yet not replying in anger. I was astonished to see how dark and stormy his face grew.

"I wish, I wish I'd never seen you! I wish, I wish I'd died rather married you!" sobbed that little childish, passionate heart.

"I wish to goodness that I had!" the man said, in a deep, angry voice; and he banged out of the room, slamming the door behind him. I heard him clattering down stairs and opening the passage-door.

Yes, and his wife heard him too. She stopped in the middle of a sob, raised her little head, with its light, disordered hair falling in confusion round it, listened almost breathlessly for a second, then, as the outer door closed, she put down her pale,

tear-stained face amongst the cushions and cried long and drearily.

She looked too much of a child for me to leave her in her trouble, and I was really sorry for her now, provoked as I had felt not a moment before. I saw the small hands tightly pressed against the hot, painful forehead. I was assured she was ill, and illness makes the best of us querulous; besides she might have sorrows that I knew nothing of to trouble her, and there was no one at hand to comfort her; at any rate, she had reason to be vexed and grieved with herself, and there is nothing more bitter than self-conviction.

She cried for a long, long time, and I stood silent. The steam died off the forgotten cups of tea, and the mutton chops grew white and cold in the dish beside me. I took up the cover again and set them down inside the fender. How I wished that man would come in and make it up with this naughty child? I really believed she was faint and sick for want of food. "Come, ma'am," I said at last, coaxingly, "do take a drop of tea; you are quite wearied out, and nothing refreshes one so much."

She looked up with a long, heaving sob, and, childlike, took the cup from my hand and raised it to her lips. All her little pride and temper was gone now. She let me help her off with her shawl and handkerchief, gather up her gloves and brooches and freshen the pillows behind her back. She said "Thank you" at last, in a low voice, and, as the wind sounded high out of doors, she asked me, shudderingly, if it were raining. I went to the window and told her "No." She waited an instant, then, in a restrained, half-shamed way, inquired if I knew whether her husband had really gone out.

I said I thought so; but to satisfy her I ascertained that his hat had been removed from the passage.

We waited a little longer together, and as he did not return I recommended her to go up to bed—poor little thing! she seemed so sleepy and wearied out. But she wanted to stay up for her husband's return, and it was only by great coaxing that I carried my point. She looked regretfully at the tea-table as she left the room. "He'll be hungry and want something when he comes in; can you keep it nice and hot?"

I promised, and was glad in my heart that she had asked it. I had half feared that she did not love him, but she must have done so when she cared for his comforts. I went up with her, helped her to undress, and tucked her snugly into bed. I was just folding up the clothes which she had left untidily strewn about when she spoke to me. She asked me shyly what my name was. I told her, and she sat up in bed, looking brighter and more childish than I had yet seen her.

"Martha! Oh, I am so glad; let me call you so! and do come and let me shake hands with you. Martha, I love the name! They call my old nurse so—my dear, dear old nurse! I wonder what she is doing, and if she is grieving about me; oh, Martha!" She had put down her head and closed her eyes: the light of my candle showed me a round tear rolling slowly down her cheek. What sad memories was she thinking of, God bless her? But I would not excite her by prolonging the conversation, and bidding "Good-night" softly, I left her to sleep.

Down-stairs, over the parlor-fire, I wondered curiously about her and her husband, who and what were they, and what was the cause of their troubles? There was something taking about them both, yet they were evidently unhappy together. I liked his frank, handsome countenance—his rough, hearty manner; but he had evidently a violent temper, and neither his language nor manner was that of a man of education; his speech was coarse, and in some instances almost objectionable. How different to the little lady of a wife—the spoiled, wilful, but lovable child up-stairs; there could not be a greater contrast anywhere! Those wee white hands; that delicate face and form; the very tones, low and tender, proud and defiant, wilful and reproachful, sad and heartrending, were ever gentle and musical and refined. I could not doubt that she was a lady!

Sadly and curiously I thought of them with wonder and conjecture and a strange foreboding of evil. Round and round went the minute-hand of the eight-day clock, and its perpetual tick-tick grew almost irritating. Time passed on. I was weary of sitting up waiting, and in spite of my best efforts the mutton-chops were scorched and burnt in the dish.

Half-past eleven chimed from the church clock, and shortly

after a rough hand tried the lock of the front door, and finding it secured within rang the bell loudly. I went down to let Mr. Tomkinson in. He was not the same man that had gone out; his hair was disordered, his eyes dull and heavy, his gait unsteady, his hand trembled when I gave him a bed-room candle, his words came thick and indistinct when I asked him if he would take some tea. He said he had had tea elsewhere, and as he stumbled up-stairs, holding by the banisters and half aloud singing the chorus of some vulgar song, I positively trembled to think where and in what company he might have been. The fumes of spirits and bad tobacco were unmistakable in the passage, and my thoughts turned quickly and fearfully to the delicate young wife up-stairs. Perhaps she had been awaiting his return with a trembling confession of sorrow and repentance—ah! well, but I would not think of it.

I put away the burnt remains of the mutton chops and muffins, locked up the china; there had been for some time foot-steps in the little room above which we had given up as a dressing-room, but now these had ceased, all the house was still and silent—I might as well go to bed too. Up the dark staircase I went, with its strip of Kidderminster carpet down the centre of the steps. I listened on the landing—there was no sound, no one speaking or moving, and I turned into my own little closet to try and rest. I had felt very, very angry with that coarse-minded man just now, but I grew more right judging as I lay awake thinking the matter over. His directions for tea proved that he had not originally intended to leave the house; he had been driven from it by his wife's reproaches and ill-humor. She then had her share of blame. But why had she reproached him so bitterly, and how had her childish words so exasperated him that he had sought to forget them in intoxication? There was some barrier between the two—there was something, some sympathy or equality or temper of mind failing—something that stood in the way of union and happiness. I little knew how near to the truth was my surmise. But in the course of the next day I learnt all. I was buying groceries at Mr. Hammond's, and the old man himself came forward to serve me, observing, facetiously,

"So you have the runaways at your house, Miss Flint?"

I asked what he meant.

"Why, do you mean you don't know?" he said. "They are the people there has been all the fuss in the papers about. Didn't you hear of the heiress, living with her grandfather, who ran off and married the groom?—those are them! Tomkinson's a man from this neighborhood; his mother lives at Ayrton, seven miles t'other side Aiskrigg, and keeps a dame's school. The lad himself began life in this shop as errand-boy, but he had a greater fancy for the stable, and left me at the year's end. A fine, stirring, honest lad he was, as ever stepped, and handsome too, happily for himself, when one considers the sweets his good looks extracted from my dame's cupboard and the prize he's gotten himself now. He's made a rare bargain, they say, and he'll not be a bad husband neither. And one thing I will say for him, he's not a bit set up by his good fortune; he came to see me this morning as brisk and pleasant as ever. I'd like to see his wife; what is she, Miss Flint?"

"Ay," I said, to myself, gruffly, as I walked home, "it's no wonder, Patty Flint, that they're not happy, when they are so unequally mated. There's not one of these mad fancies but brings it's own punishment; and what can be the sympathy between such different minds? No wonder they disagree, no wonder they can't understand each other—oh, it's a true proverb which says, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure!'"

CHAPTER II.—THE "STATTIS."

It was Thursday night when our new lodgers arrived, and the following Saturday was the beginning of the hirings—what we Aiskrigg folks call the "Stattis," I suppose because there is some statute or act of Parliament which enables us to hold them in the town.

The hirings are always busy times with us. A great many people come from the country to attend them—farmers' wives that want dairymaids, or young housekeepers looking out for nursemaids—and as they are many of them friends of ours and drop in at dinner-time, mother and I keep a good spiced round of beef on hand, so that folks may cut and come again, and there may always be plenty. I was throng about the house

that first week and saw but little of Mrs. Tomkinson, except when I was in and out of the sitting-room at meal times. Her husband went a good deal into the town. I heard of him at Mr. Hammond's, and with almost all the better set of tradespeople, and every one seemed to like and speak well of him. But she never accompanied him; and as he was each night home by tea-time, they seemed to go on together pretty quietly. To be sure, I often noticed a sad, dreary look in her gray eyes; and sometimes, when the door was open, fancied I heard her crying softly to herself.

But she had got her bit of a workbox down in the sitting-room now, and womanlike, appeared to grow more quiet and contented when she was occupied. She had a child's fancy for pretty things, and she would thread colored beads on a piece of canvas with as much pleasure as Angy might do; or work red roses and green leaves on senseless little kettle holders and vase-rugs and call me in to admire them. She never spoke to me again as she had done that first evening, but I saw she was always glad when I could dawdle about the room and talk to her; and often she would ask Angy into the sitting-room and keep her there the whole afternoon playing and chatting with her. Angy liked going and liked Mrs. Tomkinson. She would come back to mother with long descriptions of all she had seen and heard. Mrs. Tomkinson had, one day, let her turn over her jewel-case, and she had seen such necklaces and bracelets and brooches—such fine things—and Angy's great eyes quite dilated with wonder and excitement.

Another time, Mrs. Tomkinson had been telling her what she used to do when she was a little girl; how she used to ride on a long-tailed Shetland pony called Monarch! and how her great dog, Jack, would lie at her feet in the summer's days and sun himself on the grass, while she read fairy stories under the lime-trees; of the tall swing in which she used to fly swiftly and dizzily through the air; of the squirrel that made its nest in the fir tree on the lawn; of her many pets and pleasures. Angy wondered what she had done with all these nice things now; and I, going softly in to replenish the fire in the sitting-room, found the poor little wife wiping her red, swollen eyes with a damp pocket-handkerchief. I dare say she had been going still further back with her memories after Angy left her.

I did pity her very much—very much, indeed. During the finer days I often tried to persuade her to go out; I thought perhaps the fresh air and change would do her good. But she always said "No," as if she shrank from the idea, and renewed her old request that I would admit no one that called to see her. But no one came, and so far I had little difficulty. Only one Saturday morning, as I was coming down-stairs with my things on, ready for market, she looked out from the sitting-room door, and called me.

"Are you going out?" she said. "Oh, would you mind my my coming with you? I don't know my way to the shops and I want some wools."

Of course I had no objection, though I hardly liked to be detained, and I chafed and fumed about the kitchen as the time wore on, and she was longer and longer. I knew all the best vegetables and eggs and things would be bought up before I got into the market. Angy was coming with me too, and she was equally impatient; she stood at the bottom of the stairs tapping the painted banisters with the end of my old parasol. But at last Mrs. Tomkinson made her appearance. She had been changing her dress—and, my word, she did come down like a lady; not that she was smart or tawdry, for there was not a gay color about her; but the dark flounced silk was so handsome; and she had such a way of putting on her large shawl and tying her bonnet-strings. I felt quite proud of her and kept just a step behind as we went along the street. She had pulled down her veil and looked neither to the right hand nor the left; perhaps it was as well she did not, for as soon as she was once perceived heads bobbed up and down in the windows, and the passers-by jostled and whispered; and I knew they were one telling the other who she was and passing their comments upon her. That old woman putting in coals remembered "lile Jackie Tomkinson," and she clapt her fat hands on her sides, and said, "Oh, Lor!" quite audibly as we passed, and some one pointed out to her Jackie's lady wife.

This was the last Saturday of the "Stattis," what they call

the Runaway Hirings; for the young people who have been engaged the first Saturday and not suited or not liked their places, generally take the opportunity of running away before the expiration of the fortnight, and by this means have another chance of getting into service.

I had a commission to see after a likely girl for a cousin of mine in the Dales, and I kept my eyes about me as we got into the market-place. The young people were standing together in rows and groups—girls in nonsensical bits of finery, with bonnets half off their heads, their red, exposed faces all freckled and shiny. Many were still disengaged, and I am sure I didn't wonder that they were, nor was I going to engage them myself. I had not patience with such flaunting nonsense. Pity their hot faces, indeed! No wonder they were hot, with the sun baking full upon them and those hideous padded things under their untidy, froozy, or grease-saturated hair. Those were not the girls to suit a farm place, nor a tidy mistress neither! I went on, Mrs. Tomkinson keeping close beside me, looking quite interested and amused as we got fairly into the crowd. I'll be bound she had never been in a North Riding market before.

We threaded our ways between the stalls, Angy nudging me every second to go and see the Big Giant, or the Pig-faced Lady, or the Siamese Twins, of all of which we saw huge-painted representations outside the show caravans; while drums and hurdy-gurdies and barrel-organs deafened the air; and a crowd collected a little lower, round a loud-voiced auctioneer, who was selling old furniture. Such a din as there was, and the crowd jostled so, and the air was hot and stuffy, and the pavement slippery with refuse vegetables and orange-peel; and a blind man with a dog sang excruciating hymns in a cracked voice, and his hideous wife rattled an old tin snuff-box and demanded charity. I offered to take Mrs. Tomkinson at once to the wool-shop; but she seemed rather to wish to stay with me while I did my marketings, and looked so amused by the scene that I was glad enough she should remain if she liked, and perhaps went further out of my way to show her all that was to be seen.

We had passed almost all the groups of young women, when I caught sight of a tidy-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen, standing somewhat apart, with a bundle in her hand. She had a good-sized bonnet on, and the face beneath it, while comely and fresh-complexioned, had the further and greater merit of quiet gray eyes and a modest expression. I liked the look of her smooth, dark hair, and the general neatness of her dress, and I went up and asked her if she wanted a place. The color mounted to her young face as I spoke to her, and she answered modestly and nicely, she did want a place, but she had rather it was in a nursery; she was fond of children and used to them. Well, and as I wanted a girl to look after my cousin's bairns, nothing could be better! I would have engaged her at once and took the God's penny out of my purse on purpose, but she asked to see "mother" first; mother, who she said was in the market and would be coming presently; might they bring me the answer by-and-bye? There was nothing else for it, and I gave her my address and bade her call in half an hour. When we had gone a few steps further I recollected that I had not asked her name, and turned back for the purpose; but she had moved from her place and I could not immediately find her—after all, it did not signify.

I got what I wanted in the market-house, and made Angy's heart happy by a gift of twopence, to be laid out at the lolly-pop stall on the way home. We had then to show Mrs. Tomkinson her wool-shop and return to dinner—oh yes, and I was forgetting an earthenware dish that I wanted from the piles of common china bedded in straw, over which the black-eyed potter-woman and her dirty children were keeping guard. How the tinner's pans glittered in the sun and dazzled our eyes as we went past his stall; what a row that medicine vendor was making with his explanations and lectures; now, those were uncommonly nice egg-baskets and I got one; and that pale-faced woman bothered me so with her stay-laces that I bought some just to get rid of her; and the girl with mock-lace, and the boy with matches, and a man with oranges—oh dear! now I had given to one they were all pestering me! I was quite hot and flustered before I was out of the crowd, and Angy was so tiresome—twitching my gown, now one side, now the other;

first wanting bull's-eyes, then Spanish, then gingerbread, then apples! I had to slap her smartly and make her cry before she was quiet.

We had done all at last, and were going home; I, with my face all flushed and red with exertion, and the heavy market-basket weighing down my arms, and no disengaged hand to hold up my long petticoats, which I felt crossly conscious were dragging behind me along the pavement; Angy, clutching tightly hold of a corner of my gown and sucking a thick stick of red and yellow barley-sugar; Mrs. Tomkinson, walking a little advance, as cool and ladylike as ever—I could not help thinking what a pretty slight figure she had and how well she held hers. As we turned into the High street we saw just before us the young girl that had so taken our fancy in the market-place. She was accompanied by a respectable-looking elderly woman, who no doubt was the mother for whom she had waited. For some few paces we followed them, until they had reached and turned into the passage, and in the meantime I had sufficient leisure to notice the woman's neat stuff gown, the many dams in her well-worn Paisley shawl, the fashion of the black satin ribbon on her old poke bonnet, to decide that they were nice, decent people, of a stock that was likely to make good, trustworthy, hard-working servants.

Angy danced on before us, racing into the passage; Mrs. Tomkinson followed her more leisurely; I had a message to give to the butcher, and was a moment later. Slowly I was entering the door; I had balanced my basket while I turned the lock and put down a great bundle of red rhubarb against the doorway, when a loud exclamation of surprise in a woman's voice, a little half-scream and the sound of confused voices on the staircase, hurried my movements and made my pulse quicken with apprehension. What was my surprise to see the respectable elderly woman with her arms round Mr. Tomkinson's neck, kissing his brown cheek again and again, while her own wrinkled face was wet with tears. I heard her call him by his name and say he was her dear, dear lad; I noticed how his face had flushed, half as if in shame, half as if with real pleasure, at the meeting. I guessed at once how matters stood; how the poor mother had found and recognised her gentleman son!

At the foot of the staircase stood the modest-looking sister, meek and quiet as ever, but there was moisture in her large brown eyes as she looked up at her mother's tear-stained, anxious face, and I saw her more than once glance round quickly and wonderingly at the fine lady by her side; for, with the way up-stairs blockaded by this unexpected scene, lost in wonder and amazement at her husband's conduct and confusion, poor little Mrs. Tomkinson was standing motionless and with a wondering look of inquiry and a shadow of disgust on her childish face. When she saw me she drew closer to me, as if for protection, and a bright red overspread her forehead and features, and even dyed the slight, delicate neck, from which she had removed the handkerchief. She thrust her fingers between mine, and I let my hand close warmly and return the pressure; poor thing, no wonder she wanted some one to help her just then!

Her husband had not noticed her presence; he was taking his old mother up-stairs—I was glad, at least, to see that he was not ashamed of her—and the young sister followed them into the parlor. The door slammed to after her—slammed quite accidentally, but it slammed in the face of that poor little wondering wife, who was about to enter as well. She turned round on the landing, and, throwing herself into my arms, burst into a great fit of hysterical crying. I half drew, half carried her into our room, and closed the door: we were by ourselves: she wanted comforting, and I drew her close to me and let her weep quietly till all the angry, wounded feeling was wept away.

"It's so very hard, so bad to bear; I never expected such things as these," she said at last, dashing away the tears with the backs of her little white hands.

"Yes, dear," I said, "it is hard just now, but it need not be so for long, if you only go the right way to work;" and, seeing she was inclined to listened to what I might have to say, I drew in a chair beside her, and, sitting down, still holding her hand, I told her how much our own happiness is placed in our hands, and how far our usefulness and loveliness lie in cheerful adaptation to our circumstances. It was well for me that that

little rebellious heart still loved and clung to the rough man in the next room, and so I found a tender chord that I could work upon while it was yet fresh and yielding. The child had been deceived and disappointed, cruelly hurt and mortified by the change in her position; she had not heretofore known what the world was; she was beginning to learn it in an unusual phase; to hate it for its contrast to her old life; to trace its hard influences, when her foolish conduct had, alas! made her position irremediable; but still some relics of her former day-dream still survived; I could yet truthfully touch upon her husband's affection for her, and the power she possessed of making him happy or miserable.

She looked up eagerly when I said this and asked me how.

I said by putting herself aside, in order to seek out and perform his wishes; she must appropriate his interests as her own and adapt herself to him.

She looked petted and but half pleased; but still she asked me to go on and explain what I meant—how could she adapt herself to her husband?—and by the flush on her cheek I knew she was thinking of the vast difference which she had proved between their educations, and tastes and interests.

I made no direct reply, but I spoke of the good points in her husband's character, which his very reception of his poor mother had manifested—points of which any one might be justly proud—perhaps he was anxiously hoping that his wife would be equally ready to receive and love her.

"Love her!" Mrs. Tomkinson exclaimed, with a childish expression of repugnance—perhaps directed to the rusty garments and the provincial accents. I could not think that any one would find it difficult to love the mother's heart which I had seen beaming out so tenderly in those wan features and tearful eyes. Mrs. Tomkinson would appreciate that when she had proved its beauty and value. I was not really afraid of her.

Just then the parlor-door opened, and Mr. Tomkinson's voice was heard calling his wife. Receiving no reply, he ran up stairs to look for her.

"Your husband wants you, dear," I said, "and you can please him so much if you like. Do try this once to make him happy, and see if you are not happier too. Go in and speak kindly to his mother and sister, for his sake—do, dear."

She said nothing, but she got up and wiped the traces of her tears from her cheeks. She looked softly at me, gratefully, almost, but she did not trust herself to speak, only she put up her lips as she was leaving the room and kissed my cheek.

Poor little young heart! I thought and prayed for it when I was left to myself. I heard her close the door gently behind her and go in. I heard no more for a long time, and I went on with my daily duties. But when Mr. Tomkinson came out to hurry dinner and bid me lay two more places, I saw his face was brighter and more radiant with good humor than I had ever known, and I guessed from his happiness that his wife was happy too. For is it not always so, that our own happiness is entailed on the happiness we make?

EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS.—With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order!—and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they appear! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment, and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.—*Count Rumford.*

WORK.—"Work," said I; "airn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work, and see how well you will be. Work, and see how cheerful you will be. Work, and see how independent you will be. Work, and see how happy your family will be. Work, and see how religious you will be; for, before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy."—*Sam Slick.*

HOW GOLD LACE IS MADE.

GOLD lace is not gold lace; it does not deserve this title, for the gold is applied as a surface to the silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making this material are wound around with gold wire so thickly as to conceal the silk. The making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable.

In the first place, the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness, he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a coating of gold leaf, burnishes this down, applies another coating, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one hundredth part the thickness of the silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, and it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessened step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations. It is one hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end.

As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wollaston. This was an example of solid gold wire, entirely free from silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure. He subjected the silver to the usual wire-drawing process, until he had brought it to the finest attainable state, being, in fact, a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in its centre. To isolate this gold wire, he subjected it to warm nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving a gold wire one thirty-thousandth of an inch in thickness—perhaps the thinnest round wire that the hand of man ever produced.

But this wire, though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in manufacture, does not approach in thinness the fine film of gold on the surface of silver in gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one millionth of an inch in thickness, that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

SUDDEN WHITENING OF THE HAIR.—Mr. D. P. Parry, staff surgeon at Aldershot, writes the following very remarkable account of a case of which he says he made memoranda shortly after the occurrence: "On February 19, 1858, the column under General Franks, in the south of Oude, was engaged with a rebel force at the village of Chamda, and several prisoners were taken. One of them, a Sepoy of the Bengal army, was brought before the authorities for examination; and I being present had an opportunity of watching from the commencement the fact I am about to record. Divested of his uniform, and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers, and then first apparently became alive to the dangers of his position; he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted in his countenance, and although he answered the questions addressed to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear; while actually under observation, within the space of half an hour, his hair became gray on every portion of his head, it having been, when first seen by us, the glossy jet black of the Bengalee, aged about twenty-four. The attention of the bystanders was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming, 'He is turning gray;' and I with several other persons watched its progress. Gradually but decidedly the change went on, and a uniform grayish color was completed within the period above named."

THE BAKER'S DOZEN: THIRTEEN.—This was originally called a devil's dozen, and was the number of witches supposed to sit down at table together in their great meetings, or sabbaths. The baker, who was a very unpopular character in former times, seems to have been substituted on this account for the devil. In Cleaveland's poems, 1561, we find the line:

Hercules' labors were a baker's dozen.

We quote this from the additions to "Nares's Glossary," hence the superstition relating to the number thirteen at table.

HE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

THE *Akbar*, of Algiers, relates the following alarming adventure, which lately took place at Mostaganem :

Two brothers, named Braquet, were about to ascend in a balloon, one of them having engaged to go through a variety of gymnastic exercises on what is called the *trapeze*—a piece of wood suspended from two ropes hanging below the car. As the spectacle was a novel one in that part of the country, a great multitude had collected.

The Spaniard finding the balloon ascending became alarmed, and called loudly on Braquet to descend.

"I want to go down," said he.

"And I," replied Braquet, going through his exercises, "want to get rid of you, so let go."

"But let me get down, I say. I cannot sit comfortably here."

"It was not I who asked you to come here," said Braquet; "why do you intrude yourself here?"

"My head is getting dizzy, and I am losing my hold," urged the Spaniard.

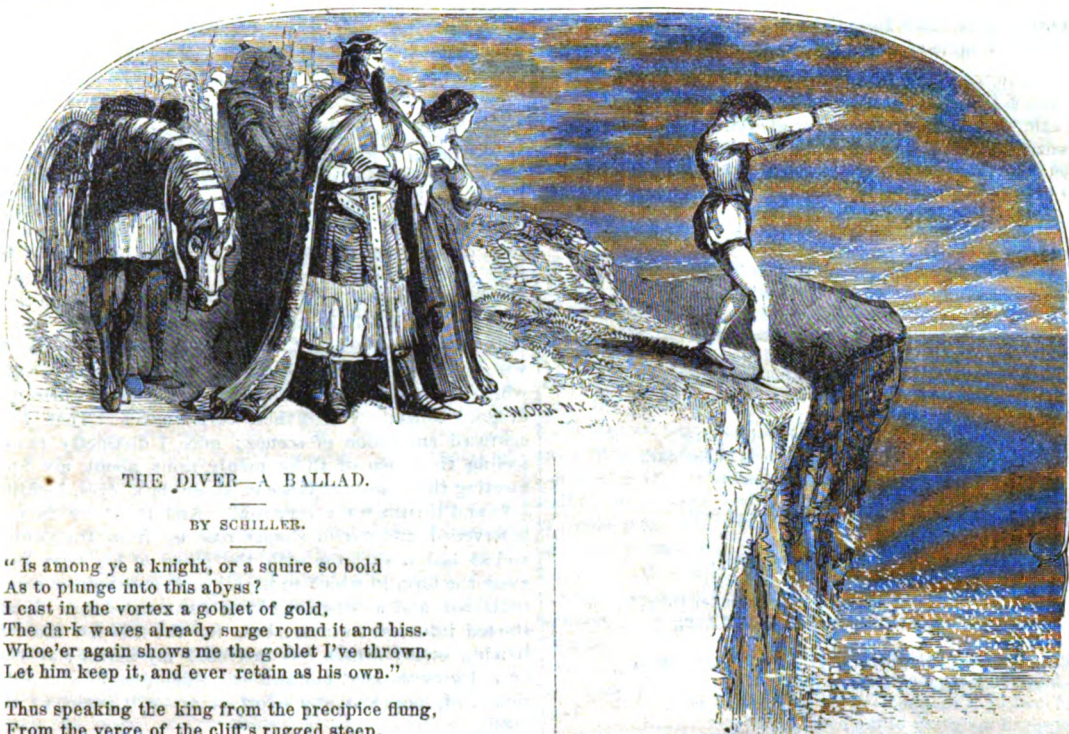


THE BRINGING OF THE GOLD OF OPHIR TO KING SOLOMON.—SEE PAGE 514.

At the moment when the order was given to let go, the men who had hold of the cords all obeyed the order with the exception of one, a Spaniard, who, by some mismanagement, got entangled in the rope which he had to hold, and was lifted in the air. The alarm of the spectators was extreme, but they became somewhat tranquil by seeing the man climb up the rope; and, though not without some difficulty, take his seat on the piece of wood astride which one of the aeronauts was seated.

"Shut your eyes," said Braquet.

In this state the man was borne through the air for some time, when at length the aeronaut in the car took compassion on him, and skilfully bringing the balloon near the ground, enabled him to drop along the rope from the critical position in which he was seated, and reach the ground without any injury beyond a few bruises.



THE DIVER—A BALLAD.

BY SCHILLER.

"Is among ye a knight, or a squire so bold
As to plunge into this abyss?
I cast in the vortex a goblet of gold,
The dark waves already surge round it and hiss.
Whoe'er again shows me the goblet I've thrown,
Let him keep it, and ever retain as his own."

Thus speaking the king from the precipice flung,
From the verge of the cliff's rugged steep,
Which o'er the dark waves of the boundless sea hung,
The cup, where Charybdis howls down in the deep.
"Who is the bold-hearted I ask ye again
Who dares to dive down to the depth of the main?"

The knights and the squires with silent emotion
All hear it, but cast down their eyes,
They gazed on the depths of the raging wild ocean,
But there's none that will risk the bold deed for the prize.
Thrice lifting his voice cried the monarch again,
"Is there none that will venture down into the main?"

But now as before no answer was heard,
Till a squire, young, daring and gentle,
Steps fearlessly out of the tremulous herd,
His girdle he casteth aside and his mantle,
The knights all around, and the ladies amazed,
Upon the bold form of the noble youth gazed.

And as he stepped on to the rock's hanging verge,
The dark gulf beneath him to view,
Charybdis, with deafening roaring, the surge
Which she had engulphed now disgorges anew,
And, as with the roar of the far thunder clap,
The billows rush foaming from out her dark lap.

It seethes, and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire,
To heaven the steaming froth surges and splashes,
And flood upon flood rolleth maddened with ire,
Exhaustless and endless, succeeding each other,
As would the wild ocean give birth to another.

But at length the mad billows' wild fury doth cease,
And, black in the foaming white bed,
Wide yawneth a fathomless gloomy abyss,
As if to Hell's regions of darkness it led,
Hurled onwards the furious breakers are borne,
And down into the bubbling vortex are torn.

Now quick, ere returning the breakers resound,
To God he commendeth his soul,
And—a wild cry of horror is echoed around,
Already the surging waves over him roll,
The jaws of the cavern back over him close,
And to the bold swimmer its secrets disclose.

Now o'er the dark chasm deep silence lies,
Dull moans rise alone from the wave,
From lip to lip echo these trembling cries,
"Fare thee well, gallant youth, the bold-hearted, the brave!"
More hollow and hollow now grows the dull roar,
More fearful and fearful suspense on the shore.

E'en if in the billows thy crown thou shouldst fling,
And say, "He who bringeth it thence
Upon his own brow may e'er wear it as king;"
I should not lust after the dear recompense.
What the howling depths in their dark bosom conceal
No living soul ever to thee will reveal.

For seized by the vortex, resistless and fast,
Shot many a bark in the wave,
But dashed into atoms, the keel and the mast
Alone rose from out this all-swallowing grave—
Like the roar of the tempest, now clearer and clearer
They heard the wild breakers rise nearer and nearer.

And it seethes, and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire,
To Heaven the steaming froth surges and splashes,
And wave upon wave rolleth maddened with ire,
And, as with the boom of the far thunder clap,
The billows rush roaring from out the dark lap.

Lo! amid the dark waves of that deep-heaving womb,
What gleams so swanlike and white?
An arm, and a neck peering forth from the gloom,
They stem the waves boldly, with vigor they fight—
It is he, and, O joy! he upraises his hand,
He waves the gold goblet, saluting the strand!

And long and deep was the breath that he drew,
As he greeted the heavenly glow.
With joy to each other they shout as they view,
"He lives! lo, he comes! he has vanquished the foe!
From the bubbling vortex, from out the dark grave,
Comes the living soul, saved by the hand of the brave."

He comes, they surround him with shouting and glee;
At the feet of the monarch he falls;
The goblet he offers upon his bent knee,
To his lovely young daughter the monarch then calls,
She fills it with sparkling wine to the brim;
Thus the youth to the king, as he turned unto him:

"Long life to the king! O rejoiced may he be
Who breathes 'neath the roseate sky!
But terrible is it there down in the sea,
In the secrets of Heaven let man never pry,
And never more strive to reveal to the light
What its mercy concealed beneath terror and night."

"With the speed of the lightning it tore me along;
When forth from the dark caverns gushed
A furious torrent, resistless and strong;
The double stream seized me, as o'er me it rushed,

In dizzying circles it hurled me, and vain
Was the struggle of man 'gainst the might of the main.

"Then showed me my God, unto whom I had cried
In this terrible hour of need,
A cliff, jutting out of the deep at my side,
I seized it, and thus from Death's grapple was freed.
The goblet there hanging on corals I found,
Or even as yet 'twould have reached not the ground.

"For beneath me the sea as a mountain was deep,
In purple darkness it rolled,
What though to the ear it appeared as in sleep,
With a shudder of horror the eye could behold
Below in this fearful hell-chasm wander
The dragon, the snake and the salamander.

"Black, swarming in hateful and fearful array,
Coiled in hideous shapes deform.
I saw the electric and prickly ray,
And the balance-fish writhing its horrible form.
And menacing gleamed the white teeth in the dark
Of the Ocean's Hyena, the terrible shark.

"There I hung by a feeling of horror oppress.
Far, far from humanity's aid,
'Mid demons, the only one sensitive breast,
Around me drear solitude's terrors arrayed,
Deep, deep, where the accents of man never rung,
'Mid the monsters of ocean's dark desert I hung.

"Thus thinking I shuddered, lo! then it crept near,
A hundred feet moving beheld,
And darting it snapped—in the madness of fear,
I loosened my grasp of the coral I held;
Then seized me the vortex, with fury it 'ore me.
But 'twas to salvation, for upwards it bore me."

At the tale of the youth marvelled greatly the king,
And he speaks: "The goblet is thine,
For thee too I destine, bold swimmer, this ring,
Adorned with the costliest gems of the mine,
If again thou wilt venture and tell unto me
What thou'st seen in the lowermost depths of the sea."

The maiden's heart thrilled with soft pity's emotion,
Her accents caressingly plead,
"Urge, father, no more this dread sport with the ocean!
None other would venture the perilous deed.
And if thou canst tame not thy yearning desire,
So let then the knights put to shame the brave squire."

Then the king seized the goblet and hurled it again
Down into the furious sea:

"And if thou canst bring me the goblet again,
The noblest of all my brave knights shalt thou be,
And to-day shall embrace, too, the maiden as bride,
Who pleads with soft pity for thee at my side."

Then thrilled in his breast a might wild as the storm,
And his eyes flashed forth fire around,
He sees the blush rise o'er that beautiful form,
And he sees the pale cheek as she sank on the ground;
To win the loved prize, by sweet hope hurried on,
To win it or perish—a plunge—he is gone!

The breakers were heard as returning they broke,
Their herald the deafening roar,
And o'er the wave bending, love casts a fond look,
And billow on billow rolled back as before,
They surge to the surface, then downwards they sweep,
Not one bears the youth on its breast from the deep.

THE BRINGING OF GOLD FROM OPHIR TO KING SOLOMON.

In these days, when civilization has transferred the seat of empire from the East to the West, it seems difficult to realise that the shores of the Red Sea were studded with thriving ports, where shipbuilding flourished, and golden-prowed vessels were first launched upon the bosom of the deep. Yet that such was the fact is known to every reader of the Holy Scriptures.

Through the kindness of our friend, Mr. Cassell, we present to our readers one of the splendid engravings of his illustrated Bible.

THE PROPHECY.

CHAPTER I.

YEARS have passed since that night, and yet my memory of it is as distinct as if it were but yesterday. I had retired early, with a heart untroubled with care, but as the still watches of the night wore on a dream came to me, so strange, so full of horror, that, when I awoke, my veins were chilled, great drops of cold, clammy perspiration stood upon my brow, and I trembled with agitation and terror. Yet, in the first moments of my bewildered awakening, I could not fully reproduce the dream. One face was indelibly stamped upon my memory, and the outlines of the manly form to which it belonged. I remembered I was separated from that being too, by a wide and yawning gulf, which my soul yearned to overpass, but over which two fiery dragons constantly kept their horrid watch. Then followed a confused succession of scenes; once I distinctly remembered feeling the clasp of those manly arms about my form, and meeting the beaming glance of those dark eyes, looking down into and thrilling my very soul. And then the fiery dragons intervened, and horrid shapes rose up from the yawning pit, and at last a skeleton with the grasp of his bony hand bore away the form in which to me all earthly happiness seemed concentrated, and a dungeon gloom surrounded me. From this I started into wakefulness; but, for the first few moments, the rousing of my senses but increased my horror; at last, however, I grew calmer, but still the solemn and awful impression remained, nor was any effort of my will sufficient to shake it off.

What was it, I asked myself, that such terrible forms should be sent to haunt me—that such fearful events should be foreshadowed in my destiny? A pale child, an orphan for years, and living at the mercy—though thank heaven, not upon the bounty—of a widowed stepmother and her haughty but magnificently beautiful daughter; what had I to do with brave suitors and gay amusements, with the mysterious and holy relations of lovers, and all the deep and tender joys which spring therefrom? And yet—and yet—if that strange horrible dream were not a prophecy, what could it be? Surely it was not a creation of my own brain—for, in my calm, retired and unfurrowed life, no such ideas had ever presented themselves to me. But there was one blessing in connection with this strange and unwelcome premonition. Over all and through all of those terrible scenes, I had felt such a sense of strength and protection from the invisible world as I had never before experienced, and could not possibly describe. It was as if an angel, invisible to the natural eye, yet distinctly perceived by the spiritual senses, stood ever by my side or hovered "on noiseless wing" above my head, whispering words of comfort, breathing strength, faith and a holy heroism of soul, and arming my life with renewed energies to strive against the flood-tide of evils which beset me. If such an influence could really go with me through the conflict which my soul foreknew, I felt that I could survive it—nay, could rise above it and write myself victor at its close.

All night I pondered these things, and with the earliest light of morning I arose and prepared myself for the duties of the day, which I knew would be neither few nor trifling.

CHAPTER II.

My stepmother and her beautiful daughter were expected home from the gay world of London; a train of visitors was also to arrive with them, and much was to be done to place the house in readiness to receive them, therefore I could not pause long over my toilet; but, as I twisted up my hair that morning, I did look intently at the reflection which the mirror showed me, and again asked myself what reason had I to look for lovers or expect attention from the gay party of townsfolk whom my beautiful half-sister would bring with her to cheer the solitude of the old hall. My complexion, though very clear, was too pale and tintless to inspire admiration; my features were delicate, though not perfectly symmetrical, and my hair, though not abundant, was soft and wavy. My eyes had often been called beautiful; they were a clear soft hazel, and the dark brown lashes were long and finely curved. But then what availed my beauty of face or feature when the irredeemable

ugliness of my form was so conspicuous? I had always been thankful that I was not born deformed. It was a satisfaction to know that in my infancy I was petted and admired, and of as fair proportions as any other child. But the carelessness of my nurse had inflicted upon me a life-long injury. My spine had been injured by a fall to such a degree that one limb was shapeless, and though I managed to walk without support, my gait was ungainly. Yet even with this disadvantage, I was able to make myself useful to my stepmother, and although my private fortune was more than sufficient for my wants, I labored in her family with all the zeal and sense of duty of a dependant. My reasons for this were not precisely the affection and respect which I bore her or her daughter, for when did arrogance and pride inspire any such return? but reason and conscience informed me that it was both my duty and the surest means of happiness to me, to whom society and the ordinary duties of life were a sealed volume, to make myself useful in whatever station my Maker had assigned to me. Here were labors to be performed, suited to my strength and capacity; as a servant of His, therefore, I diligently performed them.

But that morning I felt an unwonted reluctance to enter upon the tasks assigned for the day. I longed for leisure to ponder over the strange impressions of the night; yet this I felt would be only to perpetuate what might, after all, be but a phase of nervousness; so I resolutely overcame it and set about the tasks which lay before me.

It was late in a brilliant autumnal day when the gay cavalcade arrived. From an upper window I espied them a long way off, and watched them as they wound down the hill-side and through the ravine which skirted the hall grounds. As they came over the brow of the hill again, I readily distinguished the superb form of my stepsister, mounted on her favorite milk-white steed, with her riding-habit of deep blue, which so well became the dazzling fairness of her skin and the long waving plumes of snow-white which floated back over her shoulder. She was, indeed, magnificently beautiful, but as cold and proud as she was fair. I had gazed some minutes upon her, and caught myself half envying her the graces which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her, when a clump of trees hid them from my sight; when they reappeared, my glance was arrested by the form of her escort. That he was very proud and manly and rode with the grace of Camanche, I saw at one glance, but as he approached, I vainly strove to trace a likeness between him and any one of the scores of gentlemen who usually accompanied Constance when she returned from the gay circles of town. He was evidently a stranger.

Again my attention was diverted to the carriages which followed, and I busied myself for a few moments in endeavoring to form some estimate of the number and rank of our guests. When again my eye fell upon the advance group, I started and uttered a cry which, had not every one been absorbed with other matters, must have been distinctly audible in the courtyard below. In the figure of my sister's companion I had at once and distinctly recognised the hero of my dream.

I grew dizzy and clenched the casement for support. What mad freak of destiny was this, that my fortunes should be interwoven with the devoted and highly-favored attendant of Constance Wynn? For that he was all this I could see from the character of his attentions towards her and the manner in which she received them.

It was time for me to descend to my stepmother's room and bid her welcome. I started to go down-stairs. Oh! how my limping gait confused me. For the first time in my life I realised the immense distance which my infirmity placed between me and those who were otherwise only my peers in social life; and in that moment of mortification and poignant regret I would have exchanged places with the poorest peasant-girl who trod the soil of England could I have but regained my physical perfection. Yet there was a spirit within me which rebelled against this feeling, which asserted that in spite of my infirmity, I was still a human soul, as noble, ay, nobler far, than many of those who basked in the full rays of social distinction and homage; and some time I would make this truth known and felt. I would not be always the drudge, the insignificant attendant upon others which I now seemed to be.

Mrs. Wynn received me very graciously and made her usual

inquiries in regard to family affairs, all of which I was able to answer satisfactorily.

"You are a good creature, Nellie," she said, at length; "and really invaluable in your way. And in consideration of your fidelity and prudence I am going to make a confidant of you in regard to a matter which lies very near my heart. Constance, you know, has been, ever since her entrance into society, a great favorite. Still she has never received an offer of marriage which perfectly accorded either with her views or my own. At present, however, there is every probability that she will soon be established in a manner every way satisfactory. Ashford St. Clair has, it is true, no title; but he is of excellent descent, and there is, besides, an earldom in reversion in the family. He is, moreover, the heir of unbounded wealth, and himself a most thoroughly accomplished gentleman. He will pass several weeks with us, I presume, and I doubt not he will leave the declared accepted suitor of our beloved Constance. Nevertheless, there is always an uncertainty about these things until they are finally decided, and I hope, therefore, my dear daughter (how ineffable her condescension! I was usually only Nellie, or perhaps Nell), that you will endeavor to see that everything in your peculiar department of superintending shall be so conducted as to make the pleasantest possible impression upon Mr. St. Clair; and on every occasion when you can in any way favor our plans (and a person of your tact and discernment can find many such), I shall depend upon your assistance."

Having thus graciously delivered herself, my stepmother settled back in her chair and awaited my answer. It was very brief.

"I shall endeavor to do my duty, madam," comprehended all that I had to say to Mrs. Wynn.

Just as I was leaving the room Constance entered. She received my offered hand and welcome with her usual indifference and bent her proud head slightly to return the accustomed caress, and then passed on. She could scarcely have bestowed less notice upon a faithful household dog; her pet horse was certain to receive three times the attention.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK had passed. During that time I had enjoyed several opportunities of studying Ashford St. Clair. He was physically a fine specimen of manhood, and the expression of his deep-set blue eye, and his whole manner and bearing, betokened him the refined and high-souled gentleman. His manner towards Constance was marked with respect and admiration, but as I watched them closely I thought he admired the ideal which he had formed in his own mind rather than the real Constance whom I knew.

My actual acquaintance with him commenced this wise: One quiet Sabbath afternoon I wandered out alone, as was my occasional custom, among the wild hills and solitary ravines that bordered the park upon its western limits. There was a particular seat upon the topmost height of a ledge, accessible only after a good deal of, to me, rather hazardous climbing, but which, however, commanded a splendid view of the sunset. That I should ever attempt the feat of reaching it would have surprised most people, but I was possessed of some native energy, and had once, two or three years ago, reached unaided the famed spot. That evening I felt a longing to repeat the performance; to stand once more upon that famous height and look out into the glowing sunset land, a land ever to me full of romance. A path had been cut up the steep, so that the finest ladies of St. James's Court might have ascended without danger of soiling their robes or fatiguing their limbs; to me it would be a more difficult task, but I could but essay it.

I reached the top with no very great hazard. For half an hour I stood there, feeding my hungry and thirsting soul, to whom so many avenues of delight were sealed, with the gorgeous romance of the hour, and turned to descend, when, greatly to my surprise and agitation, I met Mr. St. Clair.

"Miss Wynn! is it possible?" he exclaimed. "And alone!" he added, quickly, noticing the embarrassment which his involuntary surprise occasioned me. "There are few ladies who would have ventured so far from the hall unattended. Will you allow me to be your escort home?"

"Certainly," I replied, tremblingly, for I had not yet quite quelled the vexatious agitation which his sudden appearance caused me. "I am no stranger to these grounds, you know, since I have passed my whole lifetime here; and as for fear, I do not think there is a creature within miles of here, not even a dumb brute, who would harm me."

Meanwhile he was assisting me to descend. With what gentle care he handed me from step to step of that rugged pathway; how carefully he balanced himself, lest one untoward slip of his should endanger my safety! His attention was only gentlemanly, and yet it was such a novel delight to me. We were nearly at the foot of the declivity, and fancied ourselves quite safe, when chance (or fate) directed my foot to a stone which an early but severe frost had rendered less secure than I fancied, and stumbling, I must have fallen, had not his extended arms saved me. As it was, I wrenched my ankle cruelly, and it was some minutes before I could bear the least weight upon it. My extreme embarrassment rendered my situation doubly pitiful, but his tender, humane nature was equal to the task of soothing me, and by the time I was able to walk with the assistance of his arm, I felt as free to lean upon it as though I had been Constance Wynn herself. He had taught me that I was a woman, and therefore the rightful subject of manly care.

It was a tedious walk to the hall, or would have been, had not his pleasant and intelligent conversation relieved it of every trace of dullness, and shortened every rood of ground. When we parted, he said to me, encouragingly:

"Come oftener into the parlor, Miss Wynn; your natural diffidence leads you to undervalue your power of pleasing. There are many of your mother's guests who would be delighted, I am sure, to become better acquainted with you. I think you do us injustice by absenting yourself so much."

I thanked him for his kindness, and resolved to keep more than ever away from their gay assemblies. To what but pain and mortification could any aspirations after gay society lead me?

On that very evening Mrs. Wynn informed me, confidentially, that Mr. St. Clair had formally proposed for her daughter's hand. I offered my congratulations, added an expression of my high esteem for Mr. St. Clair's gentlemanly qualities, and warmest hopes that the union might be a happy one.

I had resolved to avoid as much as possible the society of Mrs. Wynn's guests. But scarcely a week had elapsed after my adventure with Mr. St. Clair, when, as I was gathering my flower-seeds in the garden one evening, he surprised me again, and insisted upon my putting aside my employment and listening to him. He alluded playfully to his prospective relationship with the family, and claimed a right to an acquaintance with me. His notice pleased me, and we spent half an hour in pleasant conversation. After that I went more into the parlor, and enjoyed frequent opportunities of listening to his polished discourse. I certainly did not think of wrong to my accomplished sister in thus cultivating an acquaintance with her betrothed. Who could dream that I, a poor, deformed creature, and a perfect novice in society, could be a dangerous rival? And yet sometimes, when I met his earnest eyes following my motions, and reading the expressions of my countenance, I could but think of my dream and shudder. If that were really a premonition, as in my own heart I felt it to be, what was my duty in the case? I could not decide, and resolved to follow the leadings of fate.

After a time Mr. St. Clair commenced to relax in his attentions to Constance. The fair lady was at first a little jealous, but Mrs. Wynn assured her that it was only another proof of the good sense and excellent taste of her lover, since over-eagerness was exceedingly ill-bred; so her anger was appeased.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day before Christmas was the one appointed for the formal ratification of the engagement, and the signing of certain writings necessary to the bond.

On that occasion I was invited to be present as a member of the family, to witness the writings. We were to assemble in the library; Mrs. Wynn and her uncle, Sir George Bentley, Constance, Mr. St. Clair and myself, together with the legal friends of both parties. When I entered the room, St. Clair

stood leaning against the mantel, apparently absorbed in perplexing thought. As his eye fell upon me, I read in it an expression of intense and almost hopeless sorrow; yet there was tenderness, too, in his glance, and a deathless yet an almost despairing purpose. In an instant, however, he was composed, and as I, the latest comer, took my seat, the business of the meeting was commenced.

Mr. St. Clair was to be the first to sign; but when the notary signified to him that the papers were in readiness, he hesitated for one moment, and then with erect front, and looking around him with the glance of a man who knows he is about to do a desperate thing but feels within him the strength to do it, he said:

"Sir George, Mrs. Wynn, ladies and gentlemen all, I have an unpleasant and, I doubt not, an unexpected declaration to make to you. At the time that I made the proposition for Miss Constance's hand, the acceptance of which we have met to ratify, I did it believing that my sentiments towards her were such that I could conscientiously undertake the marriage vows and obligations. She had certainly won my esteem and regard, which she still retains; but I no longer feel that I have any right to ask of her such an affection as I am now certain that I cannot return. That I am compelled to such a decision, I deeply regret, and I am perfectly willing to agree to any compromise which may be deemed necessary to vindicate the lady. All that I stipulate for is my personal freedom, and that I must retain."

The scene which followed it is, fortunately, as needless as it is impossible to describe. The amazement and indignation of the family were boundless. When questioned as to the motives for this extraordinary conduct Mr. St. Clair replied:

"I have already stated them. My principles do not warrant me in accepting any obligations which I cannot fulfil. If I were to promise at the altar to love, honor and cherish Miss Wynn till death do us part I should perjure myself—a sin which many have committed before me, but which I cannot assume for their sake."

"Your vaunted principles, young man, would do you far more credit," said Sir George, sneeringly, "were they associated with some small degree of that manly honor which thinks it cowardly to disgrace a woman. Your conduct, sir, in this case, admits of no possible apology."

But St. Clair was firm, denying that any benefit could arise to Miss Wynn from a union based upon anything but mutual affection. An explanation of the motives which led to this change of feeling was insisted upon, but this for a long time Mr. St. Clair declined giving. At last—although he assured them that it was a concession that nothing but his desire to prove, in every possible way, the sincerity of his regret for the course of conduct which he felt himself obliged to pursue could have induced him to make—he promised, if the ladies would retire, to enter into some explanations with Sir George.

Accordingly the latter supported his weeping relatives from the room, while I followed, escorted by the legal adviser of the family. We awaited the conclusion of the interview in Constance's boudoir. The rage of Constance and the fiery indignation of her mother, now that they felt at full liberty to give vent to their feelings, were perfectly terrible.

"Evidently," said Constance, "some one of the deceitful wretches whom we have invited here has rewarded our hospitality in this manner. If I but knew who she were I would tear her hypocritical heart out!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wynn, "and doubtless she is this moment glorifying in her shameful triumph! Such a precious bit of scandal as this will make; for, if he marries soon, of course we cannot keep it. I declare I could kill the villain!"

Was it any wonder that I thought of the dragons in my dream?

In less than half an hour Sir George entered. Turning a fierce, resentful glance upon me, he bade me instantly leave the room, which I gladly did. I met St. Clair in the hall, but he only bowed and passed on. Five minutes later, however, a servant brought me a note, to the following effect:

"MY DEAR MISS NELLIS—I am obliged, of course, to leave the hall this day, but I prize your friendship very highly, and cannot willingly resign all claim to it. I shall not have the

opportunity of seeing you again, but will you not designate some friend through whom I may communicate with you? I wish to make some explanations to you in regard to my motives for the conduct which has necessarily attached so foul a stigma to my name. I beseech you do not allow all the unkind things you will hear of me to prejudice you to such an extent as to lead you to deny me this request. If I could be allowed to communicate with you openly, I should prefer it; but at present it could only lead to the most unpleasant results.

"Very truly, your friend,

"A. Sr. O."

For a moment I was unable to collect my thoughts sufficiently to reply. Very shortly, however, I wrote:

"I have not the heart altogether to deny a request urged from such a motive. Mrs. Hume, the rector's lady, is my friend, and through her I can receive your communication. Allow me, however, to express my general dislike for clandestine correspondence, and to hope that there will be no further occasion for anything of the sort between us.

"N. W."

Mr. St. Clair had hardly left the Hall when Mrs. Wynn entered my apartment, very pale, and evidently calm only through the practice of the most rigid self-control.

"Nelly," she said, "you have always been an obedient child; to my present requirements, therefore, I shall expect the most implicit obedience. Constance and myself have decided to leave England for the continent immediately after the departure of our guests, which will be early next week. The hall will be closed, and you will go to your mother's relatives in Wales, to remain during our absence. I shall not allow you to go alone, as the state of your health would make it imprudent to do so; but as I shall require the services of your maid, Rosine, I shall give you Julia, who is older and more experienced; and I wish you to be in readiness to leave to-morrow morning. You need not reply to me now, for I know you cannot do so considerably, as the proposition is doubtless unexpected to you; but I shall nevertheless expect you to comply, and to occasion no delay by spending time in useless conjectures."

I expressed my assent and she left the room.

Perhaps some natures more positive than my own would have yielded a less ready compliance to her demands; perhaps I should have done so myself had the events of the morning left me in a less confused and excited state. As it was, I felt that to escape from my outraged and indignant relatives, who, I felt, although no word of Mrs. Wynn's had betrayed it, regarded me already with jealousy and hatred, would be a relief. Had I known then what I afterwards learned, that Mr. St. Clair had confessed that it was his acquaintance with me which had led to his breaking the engagement with Constance, I should hardly have dared to stay another night under the same roof with them.

All that night I was busy with preparations for my journey. If St. Clair were really disposed to cultivate my friendship, Mrs. Wynn had effectually removed all barriers between us, by the means which were intended to effect a complete separation. I was aware that the maid whom she had designated to accompany me was a tool of her own, who was sent merely to be a spy upon me and prevent, if possible, all communication between me and those friends from whom she desired to remove me. But with a faith in destiny which was almost desperate, and a deeper feeling that whatever of happiness came to me would be transitory, a gleam of light engulfed in deeper clouds of darkness, I kept steadily on in the path marked out for me.

CHAPTER V.

THE retreat to which Mrs. Wynn had exiled me was in one of the most romantic sections in Wales. Here my maternal grandmother resided with her youngest daughter, who had married her father's curate years ago, and since the death of the old gentleman had been mistress of the same parsonage in which she had been born and reared.

Two weeks had not elapsed after my arrival before I received a letter from Mrs. Hume informing me that Mr. St. Clair had called on her for the purpose of leaving a note for me; but on hearing of my change of address had concluded to send it by

mail. After this I was not much surprised when, a month later, he arrived in person.

Those were halcyon days which we passed in that quiet but most romantic and beautiful retreat. At first I could but feel somewhat embarrassed at meeting the gentleman from whom I had parted under such peculiar circumstances; but his gentleness soon soothed all my tremblings, and then, when I began really to understand and appreciate the depth and strength and perfect integrity of his manly soul, did the real period of my love for him commence.

His history interested me. An orphan from childhood, he had travelled much, and seen much of the world, both in a physical and a social sense. That he had escaped unscathed from all the snares which beset the feet of young men, he did not pretend; but the good in his nature had triumphed, and he had returned to his native country determined to find among his own countrywomen that one, if one there was, upon whom his heart's deepest affections might rest; who might be to him the epitome of all the joys of life. For a long time he had been unsuccessful, and at length despaired of ever realizing the ideal of his soul. Constance Wynn had attracted him; her beauty held him spell-bound for a time, and under the magnetism of her witching glances he fancied that she more nearly resembled his ideal than any other woman he had met. And then came the mystery. The accepted suitor of the beautiful Constance, he had found that in the plain, quiet, lame girl which attracted his fancy.

"How," I asked him, "was such a thing possible?"

"Because," he replied, "I had all my life long been a worshipper of physical beauty, whose sway is ever transient. I tired of Constance much as I had wearied of other beauties before her; but when you, who made so little pretensions to physical attractions—when I felt that you had power to thrill my heart and sway both my waking and dreaming sense, I was certain that it was a different passion which moved me from any which I had ever before experienced. And had you been a peasant and ten times less attractive personally than you are, I would have given myself freedom that I might follow out my new sensation. Even after I had committed that desperate act, I felt a terrible fear, lest, after all, I might be mistaken in my hopes that at last I had found my ideal, and purposely delayed my visit to you for some time, determined to give my new fancy the test of absence. When, however, I could no longer bear the torture of suspense, I yielded and came. And now, that I have the assurance of your love, I am happier than if the wealth of the Indies lay at my feet."

We were married in the spring. For a month we travelled through Wales, dear to me as my mother's birthplace, and then set out upon a continental tour.

COOKING HIS GOOSE.—A speculative correspondent of "Notes and Queries," Second Series, vii. p. 252, has found the following among some witty stories in a MS. of the middle of the seventeenth century, in Sion College Library, which he considers to explain the vulgar phrase of "cooking his goose." "The King of Sweden's Goose.—The King of Swedland coming to a towne of his enemies with very little company, his enemyes to slight his forces, did hang out a goose for him to shoote; but perceiving before night that these few soldiers had invaded and set their chiefe holds on fire, they demanded of him what his intent was. To whom he replied, 'To roast your goose.'"

ON TICK.—Tick, for credit, is a word at least as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was formerly called; and the phrase was originally on ticket, that is, things taken to be put into the bill. Sedley, in the "Mulberry Garden," 1668, says: "I confess my tick is not good;" and Oldham ("Poems," 1688) has:

Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was faine to die, and be interr'd on tick.

The statute 16 Car. II. against gaming enacts that "if any person shall lose any sum of money so played for, exceeding the sum of one hundred pounds at any one time or meeting, upon ticket or credit, &c."

THE WREN'S NEST.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"BEEN out sketching again, Frank?" said I, meeting my old friend, as he left the railway station, with his carpet bag in his hand, and his portfolio under his arm.

"Yes, old fellow, I've been having a fortnight of it in your favorite neighborhood, the Wren's Nest," answered Frank.

"This is a capital sketch of the Wren's Nest, Frank," said I, turning over his sketches.

"Here have you been making another portrait of our pretty hostess for the twentieth time at least. She's in a meditative mood, I see; thinking no doubt, what a smart-looking fellow you are, Frank, and that her husband is some dozen years older than herself. If you keep on sketching his handsome wife, this way, every time you rusticate, he'll get jealous, and shoot you with as little ceremony as he would a snipe."

"He'll never more be jealous of either you or me, in this world," replied my friend, in so sad a voice that I felt alarmed.

"Good God! Frank, tell me what has happened?" I exclaimed, springing up, and placing my hand on his shoulder.

Frank filled a large tumbler of sherry, his hand shaking as he poured it from the decanter; then drinking it off at a draught, he gave a long gasp, and said, "He is dead."

I should not have felt the shock those three short monosyllables gave me, if, on meeting Frank at the railway station, he had said, "I have been to the Wren's Nest, and our friend John is dead." I was holding the sketch in my hand, and with the wife's pretty face so lifelike before me, and all those little "surroundings" which we take so much note of in a country house; and being wholly unprepared for such melancholy tidings, and it may be, also, through speaking somewhat irreverently of the deceased; but that was erring in ignorance of what had happened; though light words come back on the remembrance with sharp pangs, if even spoken unwittingly of the dead.

"Dead, Frank!" I exclaimed in amazement and sorrow; "his death must surely have been very sudden?"

"It was very terrible," answered Frank, shaking his head. "I would have given all I possess in the world not to have been there when it happened. And yet," he added, rising suddenly from his chair, and pacing the long coffee-room, "such a feeling's very unmanly and very selfish. No! I was some comfort to her. The boys seemed a little happier when they went out with me, and half forgot their loss, as I taught them to sketch trees, gates and stiles. I was useful, after all. Poor dear woman! we thought once we should have had to have buried her in the same grave with him; but God ordained it otherwise. It was heart-rending to see her."

Frank never stood higher in my estimation in his life than at that moment, when he turned aside to hide the tears from me, that would fall, in spite of the struggle he made to control his feelings.

"And how did it happen?" I asked.

"Through his usual daring spirit," replied Frank. "You know how it used to be his boast that he did not know what fear was. He was returning from market; he had forded the river in the morning, and though he was cautioned, and advised to come back by the bridge in the evening, as it was a very high tide, he dashed into the river, was carried away by the strong current, and perished."

"Poor fellow!" said I; "the high tide and the heavy rains we have had of late must have made the river roll along like a torrent. Was the horse saved?"

"The horse managed to land," answered Frank; "but the saddle was turned round, and he showed signs of great distress. I met the poor animal, hanging his head down, and walking slowly home. He made a dead stop before me. Somehow, in a moment, I knew what had happened; I gave the horse in charge of a boy, to take to a neighboring farmer, scribbling a line telling him my fears, and begging of him to join me at the jetty by the river, as soon as possible; but on no account to send the horse home at present. Then I made a short cut across the fields, and was soon standing by the river side."

"Did anybody see him drowned, Frank?"

"Only one man—an ignorant laborer, who was at work in a field," answered Frank. "He says they drifted in the direction of the old wharf, and that he never caught sight of our poor departed friend a second time after he went down; that the horse was carried past the ruined wharf. I went round to look, and saw his hoof-marks where the current makes a sharp bend from the pier to the shore. It made my blood run cold to think of him lying among those vast clusters of decaying piles, which support the disused and deserted old wharf, every plank of which is rotten."

"It is, indeed, a dreary and melancholy object to look at," I remarked; "but for any one to be drowned under those green, slimy and decaying piles, is terrible to think of. And the great fat weeds that grow in the mud beneath, just above the water-mark, are terrible to look upon; they seemed, in my eye, to be rooted in drowned men and the remains of dead fishes, for there is a smell of death under that ruined wharf."

"Drags were obtained from the ferry-house," continued Frank, "and men set to work to search for the body: but it was nowhere to be found."

"How you must have dreaded returning to the Wren's Nest," said I, "the bearer of such disastrous tidings."

"It was that dread which kept me by the river side, watching the men using the drags," answered Frank. "I thought of the words of Job's messengers, when they came, one after another, with tidings of death and ruin, and exclaimed, 'And I only am escaped alone to tell thee!' Whether I should break the bad news gradually, or tell her the worst at once—what words I should make use of—and then trying, but finding none fit. All these thoughts were whirling to and fro in my brain, as I returned to the house. When I got there, I had not the courage to enter. I looked through that little window at the end, and there I saw her sitting as you see her in this sketch—her elbow on the cradle, and one hand on the open Bible. If it was unmanly to turn away and weep, I could not help it; for I think my heart would have burst if I hadn't found relief in tears."

The big-bearded, broad-shouldered, tender-hearted Frank blubbered again, like a great girl, and for some time was unable to proceed.

"I can imagine all you felt, my dear fellow," I said; "this little sketch tells it all. That dear child in the cradle, he had kissed in the morning before he mounted his horse, hoping to see it smiling in her arms at the gate when he returned to the Nest in the evening sunset. He had presents in his pocket for those dear boys, who were then eating their supper; for he never went to market without bringing them something. Even Jack, the farm boy, who had always a knife in his hand, and was constantly cutting his fingers, if he could find nothing else to cut, was not forgotten. And poor Keeper, that sits begging, was always ready to run up the road, when he heard the tramp of the horse's feet, and bark a welcome to his kind master all the way home."

"I do not know what I said," continued Frank; "I have hardly any remembrance of a single word I uttered; for I no sooner entered the house, than she sprang up, pale as an apparition—her eyes dilated, and a feeling of the coming horror already upon her—and when she spoke it was in a whisper, as she said, 'Gracious God! what has happened, Frank? My husband, where is he?' I could not speak; I tried to find words, but none came; my throat was dry, my tongue parched. 'Oh! my husband! my dear husband! He is dead! he is dead!' The last words were uttered with a shriek so shrill, that they went through my heart like a sharp dagger of ice; I caught her as she was falling. Then the child screamed and the poor boys cried out, 'O! where's father? I want dear father.' Even poor Jack dropped his stick and knife, and sat sobbing in the chimney-corner, with his face buried in his hands. The dog howled terribly."

"Poor dear Mary!" said I, "it was a heavy blow to be struck at one who is still young and beautiful. She was not more than seventeen when she was married, and cannot be near thirty yet. And so fond as she was of her fine, manly husband. Such an indulgent mother, too, and doatingly fond of her home—her pretty Nest, as he endearingly called it—and her children her little Wrens. Death does select his time

savagely to strike, when he wounded a loving heart like hers. And yet what would she have done, Frank, had you not been there?"

"God knows; I did my best to console both her and the children," said Frank; "but the greatest comfort I could give her was reading the Holy Bible; and I often drew consolation from it myself while reading to her. They may sneer at religion, who please; but when we come to moor our bark at last, old friend, in the dark old sea of death, it's the only sure anchor we can let fall. The resignation of that dear, sorrowing woman has taught me a lesson, and made me a better man than I ever was before. It was two days before the body was found."

"And where was it found?" I inquired.

"Jammed under one of the crossbeams that span the piles of the old wharf," answered Frank. "Poor dear fellow! I went to see him. They had fastened his body to the piles with a rope, and it was floating. They dare not remove it without the coroner's warrant. I heard some silly report about a right of way for ever over the ground the corpse of a drowned man was carried."

"That's a very old tradition," I answered; "but how it originated I am unable to say. One disgraceful custom is still prevalent, and that is, to send the corpse afloat, to be washed up on the shore of some other parish, when it has been left aground at low water, to save the expense of burial. That, I believe, has often been done."

"It was a sorry sight," continued Frank, "to see our poor dead friend floating there; to hear the rippling of the river under the rotten floor of the old wharf; and to see him lifted and turned with every eddy that broke over his wet, dark hair, and yet his face was as mild and meek as if he slept—as if he had died without any feeling of pain. Once it floated under the wharf, for the rope was rather long, and the sunshine streamed upon his face from a hole in the broken floor above. It had a strange appearance, all the rest of the body lying in shadow."

"So has water to me," I replied, "when I have looked at it, and known that some one recently drowned was lying somewhere under it. To see the sunshine making a golden pathway across the blue of heaven, and the silver of the clouds, and the shadows of the overhanging trees, all reflected in that bright mirror; and to know that there was a face upturned beneath, that would never again look on these beautiful and ever varying lights and shadows, no more for ever, does set one thinking, Frank, and makes us, like Falstaff, begin to cobble up our sinful bodies before it's too late. Of course she had his body brought home?"

"Yes; and seemed to be much calmer after it was under the roof of the Wren's Nest," answered Frank. "It was pitiable to see that great, strong man lifted stiff out of the wagon that brought him home; to hear the shuffling of heavy feet as they carried his body into the parlor, so different from his own firm, manly tread; to watch the poor dog, following behind with his head down, and to hear his harrowing whine when he discovered that it was his master they had carried in. Then to see her wax as moonlight, moving about without shedding a tear while strangers were present, but giving plaintive utterance to her deep sorrow the moment they were gone; while the poor children sought the darkest corner to sob in, and tender-hearted Bessy, that model of an affectionate and faithful servant, trying to comfort her dear mistress, while her own tears were falling like the summer rain, and her heart beating as if it would break—these are things, old friend of mine, not soon to be forgotten."

"Do you remember us all sitting in the large trailing arbor, in the twilight of a warm June evening, Frank?" said I; "you on one side of her, and her husband on the other; and that, by some means or another, our conversation ran on marriages and deaths; and what you then promised?"

"I remember it too well," answered Frank, coloring as he spoke; "and have thought of it a thousand times since his death; in truth, I never looked at her but what that promise was uppermost in my mind, though it was not made in earnest. Could he really have thought I was serious at the time?"

"God only knows, Frank," I replied; "he was looking at the moon rising at the moment, and in his simple, thoughtful

way, had been saying the moment before, that the only fear he had of death was, that his children might fall into unkind hands when he was gone, and that if he knew there was some one to protect them—whom he knew and had faith in—he could die happy that very night; that all he prayed for was to be spared long enough to make some provision for them; for that, good as their mother was in every way, she would find it a hard battle to bring up a young family, should he be called away. You and I, old fellow, had dipped pretty deeply into that cold milk-punch, I remember."

"We had so," answered Frank; "but the way in which he seized my hand, and his earnest manner, sobered me in an instant, and I resolved from that moment never to make a promise in jest again the longest day I might live."

"But it showed he liked you, Frank," said I; "and so does she, too, come to that. But when a husband says that he would sooner you married his widow, if anything happened him, than any other man in the wide world, and says it seriously, too—for he was not a man to joke on such a solemn affair—he pays you the greatest respect that one man can pay another. I know you intended it being taken as a joke, when you said, 'Never fret yourself; if anything happens you while the children are young, I'll marry Mary, for your sake, if she'll have me, and be as good a father to them as you have been.' He believed you, Frank, as much so as if you had pledged yourself on the gospel."

"I believe he did," answered Frank, pushing his plate away with the "fag-end" of the chop on it, dipping pretty deep into the sherry and seeming a little uneasy at the moment.

"I remember she sighed heavily at the time, and said, 'Oh, husband don't talk so, for fear anything should happen.' " I continued: "that she said, she often wished you were her brother, that she never had one, but fancied, if she had, that the affection she had for you was such as she should have for a brother—a feeling that only a tender-hearted and pure-minded woman could have given utterance to, and which never would have escaped her lips had any other thought existed in her mind, but that she and her husband would grow old and gray together, then sleep side by side amid the green tranquillity of the quiet churchyard, where the weary are for ever at rest."

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," is one of those old, true aphorisms that comes home to every right-minded man who deviates in the least from a straightforward, honorable course," said Frank, holding his wineglass between his hands and looking down into it, as if to avoid my eye, for he had the delicate mind of a true gentleman; and I could see, from his embarrassed manner, that he was half-ashamed of what he was going to say. "God only knows what her thoughts were when I left her this morning; but I would as soon be doomed to be shot from the mouth of a cannon as undergo such another painful separation. 'Your going away, Frank,' she said, as I held her hand, while her tears fell noiselessly, 'seems like opening the grave afresh and leaving me more all alone than ever; but for his sake who loved you as a brother, you will come and see me as often as you can. I shall always keep your room in readiness, and it will be some solace to me to expect your coming.' I don't know what else she said. I'm a great soft-hearted fool; all I remember is, I stood crying like a silly woman—that her head was resting on my shoulder, and she sobbing, at last, as if her heart would break, while the dear boys clung to me, blubbering and bellowing with all their might—and— There, ——— it! I've promised to go back to the Wren's Nest to-morrow and stop and paint there all summer. I have several orders on hand; and now I've told you all;" and Frank looked up at me with the old, honest light beaming on his fine manly face; and I knew by that look he had eased his heart of a great load.

Excepting a Cockney blow at the seaside, just to clear my throat of the London fog, dust and smoke, for a day or two, business prevented me from spending a fortnight in the country until the following spring was verging upon summer, when I again started off for the Wren's Nest. Meantime, I had corresponded pretty regularly with Frank; but, beyond inquiring after the handsome young widow and her children, I never once alluded to what was uppermost in my mind every time I wrote to him. Indeed, there was hardly any necessity for me to do so, as, like Uncle Toby, he began at the top of the page



"THIS LITTLE SKETCH TELLS IT ALL."

of every letter with some new virtue he had discovered in his fair hostess and was never weary of enumerating them. I knew that Frank was smitten.

When I entered the Wren's Nest, Frank was out with the two boys. Why did she blush like a wild rose when she shook hands? I wondered she never alluded to her husband's death, having written her as consoling a letter as I could at the time it happened. She did not look a bit sorrowful. Twelve months, and Frank for a comforter, had exorcised grief, though she was as fond of her husband as any woman ought to be; and I dare say, if she had had no children, she would have moped, and pined and died. She had to be father and mother to them, she said.

"And what has Frank been?" I asked, with a look she well understood.

A smile broke over her sweet face for a moment, like a brief gleam of April sunshine; then her beautiful eyes filled with tears, as she said,

"I never kneel down without thanking God for having sent me such a comforter. My poor dear husband was right; there are not many such noble-hearted men in the world as Frank; the boys are as fond of him as if he was their own father, nay, fonder, I fear, for he spoils them by indulgence."

I leant forward and whispered a few words in her pretty pink shell-like ear. Her neck and brow crimsoned, but not with anger, and, looking up at me with her sweet, smiling eyes, she said,

"He has never even hinted at such a thing, though I am sure he likes me; and as for me, how can I help—"

"Loving him, as I know he does you!" I said, cutting the matter short at once by interrupting her; for I knew Frank had too much maiden-like delicacy about him ever to confess even that he loved her. So I broke through the easily-yielding boundary at once, and said,

"You must be his wife. Where is he? I know I shall have to pop the question for him. It must be all settled and the day named before I return to town."

It needed no words to convince me how happy it would make her to have my friend Frank for a husband; the soft liquid light of her beautiful eyes told me all.

"Now, you young rogues, run home as fast as you can and tell your mother I am as hungry as a famished wolf and that

she is to get dinner ready as quick as she can," I said, getting rid of the boys, while I shook Frank's honest hand and crushed to death the beautiful red campion he had gathered to paint from.

"When's the wedding to take place, old fellow?" I began, as soon as we were left in the orchard alone. "I have asked her consent and obtained it. You are a happy dog, Frank, to be loved by such a woman. She will make you a gem of a wife, for she loves you to idolatry."

Frank blushed

"Rosy red, Love's own celestial hue;" and was, I think, a little angry for the moment at my rough, off-handed manner; but it passed quick as the shadow of a cloud over a narrow brook, when all the silver of heaven is in rapid motion.

"I knew you would do it, old fellow, as soon as you came," he said, "all the more through your not alluding to her in that way in your letters to me. I couldn't, though I've often made up my mind I would. I do love her—and——"

I will not write all the silly things Frank said. He thought her an angel. I thought her a woman who would make a better wife than fifty of your crinolined angels—those moving fictions founded on fact—rolled into one, for she was reality.

What a happy dinner we had. I sent the boys out to play as soon as the cloth was removed. I drew Frank to her and put his hand in hers. I saw him give her his first kiss—she held her pouting, cherry lips up and met it half-way—she did, indeed, and put her arm round his neck to pull his handsome face down, into the bargain.

The Wren's Nest was freehold, and as part of the land skirted the busy roadside, though some distance from the house, I ascertained that a wealthy builder had been inquiring about that portion of the little estate to build on. The nearest market town was an improving place, and I soon ascertained that a few of the well-to-do townspeople were sighing after country houses in the neighborhood of the Nest, as there was no place so picturesque for miles around and it was within an hour's drive of the town. "On this hint I spake;" and land which—no matter how well farmed—could not have been made to produce more than a clear hundred a year profit, was, I found, worth thousands in the market, being freehold; so I advised Frank to realize, which he did within a year after his marriage. This enabled him to send the boys to a first-rate school, and what with the interest of the money and the four or five hundred a year he can earn easily by painting, and, above all, the treasure of a woman that is his wife, he is about as comfortable and happy as any man I know. One of the boys will make a first-rate farmer; the other, Frank says, will be heard of as an artist; but what his own children will turn out there is no telling yet, and every eighteen months keeps adding to the Wren's Nest.

SUNDAY LAW IN CHICHESTER, ENGLAND—Edward Blythe, a vendor of sweetmeats consumed by children, has been twice before the bench of magistrates, charged with trading on a Sunday. He was recently convicted of selling an orange and a pennyworth of pear-drops on Sunday, and was fined "5s., & 9s. costs." In default, a distress warrant to issue, "and if this should not produce the amount, defendant to be exposed for six hours in the stocks."

TEMPER.

BY MARGUERITE A. IOWER.



HALL you go to the opera, to-night?" asked Frank Mostyn of me, one day, at Crockford's; "you can have my stall, if you like. I dine at the Haverford's, and go to the play with them. There's this new woman, Calzoletti, coming out; I fancy she's no great catch, but if you choose to go on the chance of what she may turn out, Number Ten is at your service."

I accepted Number Ten, and in due time was installed in my place, just before the rising of the curtain.

The opera was the "Sonnambula," and Amina was to be represented by a *débutante*, the Calzoletti above named. She had never been seen or heard in London or Paris; her reputation was solely Italian; and though the *impresario* promised the public she should do great things, nobody, somehow, seemed disposed to believe him or to take much interest in the expected *début*.

Her first appearance was little calculated to do much towards turning the tide of public favor towards her. She was very young, but moderately good-looking, ill-dressed and horribly frightened; and soon the few faint sounds of welcome, got up with a view to encourage her, dropped into an ominous silence.

Poor soul! I pitied her; there she stood, ghastly through her paint, trembling so that she could hardly keep her hands from shaking and her teeth from chattering, with an earnest, terrified, almost despairing look in her large dark eyes, that to those near enough to see it was very touching.

I have a great dislike to that sort of so-called charity that induced the lady to recommend to all her friends a man as a dancing-master solely on the grounds of his having a large family. If people have not abilities of their own to sustain them in whatever career they may have adopted, no one else either can or ought to try to sustain them in it; nothing good or satisfactory ever comes of it. Still every one should be afforded the chance of a fair trial; and though I strongly inclined to the opinion that the Calzoletti would prove unsustainable, I thought it but just that she should be allowed to prove her abilities or the absence of them, and not be benumbed into silence and incapacity by the frigidity of her reception. So, telegraphing to some of the people I knew, I made myself an amateur *chef de clique*, and soon got up a pretty respectable following. It seems she saw me (I was in the first row, behind the orchestra), and I shall never forget the look I got from the great dark eyes, which were not filled with tears.

She began to sing, at first almost inaudibly, but by degrees she found a little more confidence, and got pretty creditably through the first act. She had evidently a clear, sweet, flexible voice, with considerable cultivation though no great power; and though too thin, she was graceful; acted with feeling and intelligence, despite her timidity; and she had about her an air of innocence and refinement that rendered her interesting.

When the curtain fell on the first act people said as much, and then reverted to other topics and began to look about them.

I had been out of England for two or three years (the time I speak of was about 1839 or '40), and this was about my first appearance in public since my return.

Besides the old, well-remembered *habitués* of the house, therefore, I could distinguish many faces new to me, and among these I was not long in singling out a pair that must have inspired persons even less fond than myself of observing the ways of my fellow-creatures with interest.

It was a young couple of about the respective ages of two-and-twenty and eighteen. The man was a type of the best style of the young Englishman of the upper class; not the conventional "swell," talking of his "bittah beah," afflicted with an incapacity in the matter of the enunciation of his r's, and indeed a general incapacity on all points, that it has of late years become much the custom for the press and stage to give an acquiescent public as the representative of the young Englishman of the "upper ten thousand;" but a tall and slight and well-made specimen of humanity, with a fair, open, intelligent, handsome face; plenty of curly, wavy hair, a promising pair of whiskers, and the easy, natural look and manner, as free from insolence and self-assertion as from shyness or uneasiness, that marks the man whose social *status* being beyond all question or dispute, he has no care to force it on your attention.

The girl (I had long known her mother, Lady Rosstrevor) bore no less evidently the stamp of her class than did the young man. There was the small, well-set on head, the graceful turn of the neck, the fine, falling shoulders, the half-shy, half-easy *ensemble* so often seen among quite young girls of our aristocracy (especially before "fastness" came into fashion), and joined to these no small degree of beauty.

That the pair were engaged was a fact perfectly apparent to less observant eyes than mine; not only from their manner to each other, but from the way in which the young man retained his seat just behind the girl's chair, ceding it to no new-comers; and from the discreet demeanor of the mother, who, when there was no fourth person in the box for her to talk to, eclipsed herself as much as possible, turning her opera glass and attention everywhere but in the direction of the adolescents, or occasionally addressed her future son-in-law with the air of affectionate cordiality good mothers commonly display to the chosen of their daughters, where they approve of the choice.

Having made my own observations, I turned to my neighbor,



LADY ROSSTREVOR AND LADY MAUDE AT THE OPERA

a club acquaintance, for further information respecting the objects of my contemplation.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," I said, indicating the box in question. "Of course there is to be a marriage in that quarter? I see the girl is Lady Rosstrevor's daughter, but I don't quite make out who the young man is, though I fancy I ought to know his face, too."

"Yes, Lady Maude, she's charming, isn't she? looks so thoroughbred. She only came out this season, and is already engaged to that young fellow—Launceston's son—who is one of the cleverest, nicest boys you ever saw; full of talent and information, and yet not a bit of a prig."

"Oh, then, I do remember him as a lad—Carleton Fitzmaurice."

"Just so. He, too, is only come out, you may say, this season. He's been all over the world already, and is as new to London as the girl. He takes to it pretty kindly, not but what he's steady enough."

Here the general settling down that precedes the commencement of a new act began, and my interlocutor and myself once more turned to the stage.

The modicum of success that the young singer had already obtained, and the having got over the terrors of a first appearance, had evidently reassured her; and it soon became apparent that her powers, both of singing and acting, were by no means inconsiderable, and her youth and intelligence augured well for the improvement of her capabilities.

The second act concluded much more satisfactorily for the *débutante* than the first, and having given my share of applause, I proceeded to pay my respects to Lady Rosstrevor.

"You back!" she exclaimed, with her comely smile, offering a plump, tightly-gloved hand; "I fancied I saw you in the stalls, but I'm so blind, I couldn't be sure. Let me make you acquainted with my daughter"—bows interchanged—"and Mr. Fitzmaurice."

Mr. Fitzmaurice held out his hand:

"I beg to lay claim to an acquaintance which Mr. L., I fear, has forgotten. I remember you quite well, when I was a boy, and you came to stay at my father's. You made a great impression on my youthful mind by stopping in the middle of a run to pick me out of a ditch, into which I and my pony had tumbled."

Lady Maude smiled on me, then on him, and I saw her good graces were gained.

"What do you think of the *débutante*?" Lady Rosstrevor asked, after questions and answers had been exchanged respecting my absence. I expressed my opinion as already recorded.

"Yes, I think she promises well," her ladyship replied.

"I think she promises uncommonly well," young Fitzmaurice exclaimed, with warmth; "and she's such a good actress, and so in earnest about her part; no *minauderies*, no hanging out of catch-em-alive-O's for the omnibus boxes. She looks a sort of girl that has a sad history."

Seeing that Lady Maude took no part in the conversation, I contrived to turn it, and as no one came into the box to displace me, I kept my seat during the next act behind Lady Rosstrevor's chair, and noted between whiles the demeanor of the young couple.

From this I gathered two facts:—firstly, that Lady Maude was piqued at her lover's interest in the Calzoletti (possibly, nay, probably—from the newness of the engagement—she was the first woman beside his *fiancée* of whose existence he had been conscious since the forming of that tie, and all young and much-loved *fiancées* are peculiarly sensitive to the dawning of such consciousness on the part of their intendeds); secondly, that the lover disapproved and was resolved to ignore such a feeling, and resolutely to plead not guilty to having done anything to excite it if accused.

He spoke to Lady Maude two or three times in his usual manner; but receiving brief and dry replies, he took up his glass and amused himself with the sights it gave him.

Little Maude, "beware of jealousy!" Do you think that if your lover's eyes and thoughts wander for a moment from a sweet smiling face and loving temper, they will be won back by frowns and unreasonable discontent? for it is unreasonable, Maude; and he, not you, is the ill-used, whatever you may

think on the subject, and, if I mistake not, he is not of a temper to bear unmerited distrust.

But you are young, Maude, and proud and inexperienced; and if an old fellow that might be your father, and has been knocking about the world since before you were born or thought of, were to tell you what he knows about these matters you would think him an impertinent old fool, and tell him so with those large eyes of yours. So, little Maude, you must e'en gang your ain gate and take your chance with the rest of your sisterhood.

I need not tell the history of that evening, stage by stage, but conclude with the information that, supping at Crockford's, Carleton Fitzmaurice was loud in his praises of the Calzoletti, maintaining her merits against all opposition.

And now, about this period, it happened to me to make an acquaintance whose claims on my time, thoughts and attention weaned me, or nearly so, for the moment, from all other objects or subjects. Now, did Signor Podagro first come to greet me—not in the usual fashion of friends, or those who call themselves so, with a close pressure of the hand, but with so hot and fervent a grasp of the foot, that for a fortnight it tingled, and the pain, heat and swelling refused to yield to any of the remedies prescribed. At the end of the third week I ascended the steps at Crockford's with a gait and a mien that provoked more mirth and sympathy, especially among the juniors.

"Ha! ha! old fellow! been in for it? much good our abstinence has done us. 'What's bred in the bone,' you know. What the deuce is the good of a fellow who has had the gout in his family from the time it was a family at all, thinking to fight it off by denying himself all that makes life pleasant? Now, when Sir Anthony had a fit, he knew what it was for; he used to say he'd had the worth of it; but you—you're a degenerate scion of the old stock, and get no good of your apostasy!"

Amid such greetings I made my way to the best chair I found unoccupied and asked the news.

"News? Jack Holderness is going to *faire une fin* and marry a brewer's daughter, who has two hundred thousand pounds. He'll get fatter than ever on papa-in-law's double stout. Davls is doing the reverse, getting unmarried; Mrs. D. won't stand him any longer and is giving him notice to quit. She's right; he's a blackguard—always was—always will be. Barkley has just brought out a book to prove, on the strength of French academical authorities, that Shakespeare was a myth, o', at best, a humbug. But, I say," the speaker went on, lowering his voice and speaking more earnestly, "there's a whisper of things not going as smoothly as might be between Fitzmaurice and Lady Maude. They say he admires the Calzoletti more than is agreeable to her little ladyship, and that she gives him the cold shoulder even in public; which is a mistake, especially with one of his temperament."

"And Calzoletti—what about her? What sort of girl is she? likely to prove dangerous?"

"Well, I fear so; first, for the reason that any affair with her would be likely to be taken *au sérieux*. She is, it seems, perfectly well-conducted; lives with an old father, who guards her like the apple of his eye; and I should fancy would be a woman quite above *amourettes*, but capable of creating and feeling a *grande passion* of the tragic order, an 'all for love and the world well-lost' sort of girl. I should be sorry if mischief came of it; but, though I don't want to take the blame off Carleton, I must say I don't think he'd ever have given the Calzoletti a serious thought, if Lady Maude hadn't put it into his head by being jealous when there was no cause for it."

The following Saturday Lady Rosstrevor's box at the opera was empty; a most unusual circumstance, and one I could not help connecting with what I had heard at the club. Late in the evening, Carleton Fitzmaurice came into one of the omnibus boxes looking jaded and dispirited. Calzoletti—now become a general favorite—came on the stage a few minutes after his arrival. Her eye turned instinctively, as it were, to the spot he occupied; I saw it flash; I saw a thrill run through her; I could trace the color rise through the paint, and from that moment she sung with a passion, an *abandon* that I, who had never heard her since her earlier performances, and during the first portion of this evening, when she had struck me as fallen off in feeling and expression, had no idea she could com-

mand. It was like nothing so much as the fervid ecstasy of a bird that throws itself into a very passion of rapturous song as the only mode of expressing the wild joy that fills it.

Alas! poor little Maude!

Before the season was over I was off to Genoa, intending to stay there some time, and thence, stopping at Florence for a while, to make my way gradually to Rome, where I proposed spending the winter. One evening in August, after a particularly oppressive day, I went to take a drive in the vicinity of the city, and, proceeding along leisurely, another carriage met mine; it contained a man and a woman—Carleton Fitzmaurice and the Calzoletti!

Astonishment and vexation at the encounter deprived him, for the moment, of all presence of mind; he knew not whether to salute me or to turn away without acknowledgment. After an instant, however, he compromised the matter by a hasty, doubtful recognition, and we passed each other, and I saw no more of them during my stay at Genoa.

A few months later, in Rome, I met Fitzmaurice walking alone. The change in his looks was painful; all the bright spirit was gone—all the "glad, confident air" that used to be one of his most distinguishing characteristics, and he moved like a man in a dream.

Catching my eye, he, this time, greeted me cordially, as if glad to find some one to divert him from himself and his own thoughts; and passing his arm through mine we walked on together, he talking of home and asking questions about our mutual friends and acquaintances.

"Nobody writes to me from England," he said, sadly; "indeed, very few know where to address to me. Would you mind," he added, hesitatingly, after a pause, "coming to see me? You know I am not alone."

"I will come, certainly, if you wish it."

"That's a good fellow; I shall be very glad to see you. Will you come and dine to-morrow?"

"To-morrow I'm engaged to dine with the Selwyns; but I'll come in the afternoon, say three o'clock, and dine with you some other day."

"If ever there was a man '*puni par où il avait péché*,' that's the one," was my reflection, as we separated.

Next day I went to the address he had given me and was shown into a handsome apartment, where I found Fitzmaurice and the lady, to whom he presented me in due form.

She received me with a heightened color, but otherwise with perfect calmness and dignity, and I found that her manners and conversation were altogether those of an entirely well-bred, intelligent and educated person.

There was nothing, so far, on the surface of their relations to explain the dejection of his air on the preceding day.

When I rose to go he proposed to accompany me; then she darted at him a look and her brow darkened, symptoms which he declined to notice, as I had seen him do once before, it was but a few months ago; but, ah! what a gulf lay between him and that time!

We met often from that day. I went to his home as seldom as I could; but he frequently came to me, and we used to take long rides together in the Campagna. At last, one evening, in very bitterness of spirit, he opened his heart to me. It appeared that his having accepted an invitation to dine with me had been the occasion of a violent quarrel at home, and smarting from its effects, he, when we were left alone in the evening, unburdened himself of the load of "perilous stuff" that weighed on him.

"L—, I am very miserable!"

"I feared something of the kind," I said.

"Ah! but you have no conception of the extent of it. Nobody could have that did not know what an idiot I have been! You know I was engaged—you know who to. I will not tell you now how I loved her; it must sound to you like a mockery, as it sometimes does to myself, when I contrast what might—what ought to have been—with what is! I declare to you—by her darling name—that when I first saw Irene, my feeling towards her was nothing but a certain admiration for her powers as an artist, mixed with some natural interest for one so young and so well calculated to inspire it. I swear to you that I never would have given her a thought beyond this had not Maude, seized with the most causeless, the most unaccountable

jealousy, treated me in a way that often stung me to madness! As you may remember, Irene's spotless reputation gave her a position in society rarely accorded to others of her class; she was treated quite on a footing of equality with the other guests at some of the best houses in London, and (I used to sing in those days, you may recollect) it frequently happened we were asked to sing together. One evening, at Lady Wharton's, where there was a musical party, I was to sing, according to a concerted arrangement, in a trio with Irene—not a very compromising proceeding, you will admit. Maude was present, with her mother, and when she heard of the engagement she peremptorily forbade my holding to it. As you may suppose, it was impossible—had I even been willing—to submit; but though her mother—if ever there was a good woman, she's one—took my part and tried to convince her of the absurdity of such conduct, she persisted. That was our first great and terrible quarrel, and the breach made then was never truly healed. From that time, partly that she really interested me, partly in a devilish spirit of spite and opposition, I began to pay attention to Irene, and—you will not accuse me of fatuity—with such fatal success, that ere I had given a serious thought to the possibility of any such consequence, she was completely infatuated. Poor girl! Heaven knows she deserved a better fate; for she had great qualities, and I feel daily, hourly, that it is the torturing consciousness of how poorly I can repay her devotion that calls forth these displays of her only defect—temper. I feel it, and yet, at the time, mine rises in opposition to hers, so that we mutually render our lives yet more miserable than they need be. But the story is already a long one, and I may cut it short at once. Maude hearing, I suppose, something of Irene, gave me a formal dismissal, refusing to enter into or receive any explanations; and next day Irene and I started for Genoa, where you saw us. The rest of the history is no secret to you; I am miserable—so is she; and I dare not reflect on what may be Maude's feelings. There's the present state of things; you'll allow it's a hopeful one."

A week later, at Fitzmaurice's earnest request, I went to dine with him at his temporary home. I always did so reluctantly; not merely from the circumstances of his position, but because it was evident that I had become an object of mistrust and jealousy to the unhappy woman who held the place of hostess there. I had tried, by every demonstration of consideration and politeness, to soothe the irritation the perpetual consciousness of her doubly-distressing position kept alive in her, and sometimes with tolerable success. But a word, a look of Fitzmaurice, would set her on thorns again, and undo all I had been attempting to establish.

On the day in question I saw, on my arrival, that there was a storm in the air; and after dinner, *à propos* of heaven knows what trifle, it burst out with a force that pained and shocked me more than words can describe.

At last, Irene, heeding her words no longer uttered a threat.

Fitzmaurice had been playing with a little riding-cane she had given him but a few days before—a slight, beautiful thing, with an enamelled head. At her words he rose, very white, and took the cane, an end in each hand. Very slowly, deliberately and distinctly, standing so, he said:

"Do you wish to break with me?"

For a second she paused, then said:

"Yes!"

He snapped the cane in two, threw the pieces on the floor, and quite slowly walked out of the room. I followed him.

"It is all over now!" he said, "and will you be my friend? Will you help me to enter into such arrangements as may secure a provision for her? Her father will never take her back. I can never see her more!"

"God help us both—all!" he added, with, as I saw, a thought of Maude. Then he buried his face in his hands, and spoke no more.

He returned with me to my lodging that night, but we neither of us went to bed; and, early in the morning, he left me, saying he had much to do, that must be immediately attended to, but would return early in the afternoon.

Three, four, five o'clock passed, and he did not make his appearance. For some time my uneasiness, seeing the frame of mind I knew him to be in, had been increasing, and, as the

clock chimed the quarter past five, I went out, determined to see if, at his lodgings, I could not obtain any tidings of him.

As I turned the corner of the street that led to them, a closely-veiled and muffled figure swept silently past me in the fading light. Something in the rapid step, the bent head, the evident wish for concealment, of which the whole figure was expressive, struck me; and I looked after it more than once. In a few seconds, however, it had passed out of sight, and my mind again engrossed with anxious forebodings, I pursued my way to my destination.

Fitzmaurice's confidential servant opened the door.

"Has Mr. Fitzmaurice been in to-day? Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes," the man said; he had been in, was but lately gone out again; he believed to go to me.

This re-assured me.

"And madame? did they meet?"

"No! she had never left her room since last night: his master had not gone to her—had forbidden him to say he was in the house.

Poor soul! my heart ached for her.

I retraced my steps to my domicile, and there found Fitzmaurice a prey to the most intense and hopeless despair.

"I wish to God, L—, you would see her!" were the first words I could get him to speak.

"I will, if you desire it—when?"

"Now! Say to her—I know not what—you'll know best—anything to comfort her; tell her I'm ready to do anything she wishes—to help her in any way. But—no patching up a reconciliation! don't let her think that that can be! It can't! never—never on earth!"

I went at once, and again Williams opened the door.

"I want, if possible, to see madame; say I come from Mr. Fitzmaurice."

Williams showed me into his master's morning-room, and went to convey my message. Quickly, and with a scared face he returned.

"Madame is not in her room; her maid left her there on her bed, about three o'clock, and has seen or heard nothing of her since!"

The veiled figure—it was just her height—had turned up out of this street. It was she—I felt as convinced of it now as if I had seen her face!

I told Williams my suspicions, and agreed with him to go and give such information to the police as might lead to her discovery; any tidings of her were to be conveyed to him, and he would bring them to me. Meanwhile I was to keep her disappearance a secret from Fitzmaurice, merely saying that I had not been able to gain access to her, but that I would call again to-morrow.

We never had tidings from that day. She passed away, and was never heard of more in this world.

Last night I was at the Opera. In Lady Rosstrevor's box sat her ladyship, some eighteen years older than in the time I have been speaking, much aged and changed: opposite to her, Lady Maude, a thin, dry, grave and worn spinster; and between them a blooming, fresh, sweet girl, much like—though somewhat older—what Lady Maude was when I first remember her. She, too, has a lover; I wonder if Maude ever gives her the benefit of her experience in the management of him.

And in the omnibus box, at the left hand side of the house, was Carleton Fitzmaurice; a dry, quiet, somewhat sarcastic, single gentleman, with the hair thin at the top of his head, and a grizzled pair of whiskers.

They often meet in society, those two, but of course there is no recognition. Well, well; as the old ballad says—by way of comfort!—

These things can never mend.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—A curious discovery has just been made in the archives of the city of London, a new fact about Chaucer. In the reign of Edward III. a lease was granted to Geoffrey Chaucer of a room above one of the city gates—Aldgate—and of premises adjoining. The poet was the lessee, in the east of London, of a room like that over Temple Bar, and of a house adjoining, like that of Messrs. Child.

THE TAILOR'S BIRTHDAY; OR, WHAT CAME FROM PUTTING OFF A PLEASURE TRIP.

CHAPTER I.

IN a narrow, quiet, out of the way street, in one of the suburbs of the great metropolis, some fifty years ago, resided one Samuel Grey, a tailor by trade, poor in all that worldlings term wealth, but rich in the possession of a contented mind, and a tidy, good-tempered little wife, who was sincerely attached to him. He was a good-looking fellow, too, was Sam Grey; and, although he was but a tailor, nine such as he would not only have made a man, but would have constituted a giant of such tremendous growth as was never yet heard of, even in nursery lore.

Sam Grey had not been married very long, but quite long enough to find out that he had drawn a capital prize in Hymen's lottery, for never did a more industrious, careful, clever little housewife bless the humble dwelling of a poor, hard-working man.

"Mary," said he, one fine morning in the bright summer time, "this is my birthday, and I mean to take a holiday; so get yourself ready as soon as you can, and we will go and have a merry day with your mother, and take the boys and girls to Peckham Fair. What do you say to it, eh?"

"Oh! Sam, dear, I should like it of all things. But are you sure you can spare the time? You must not forget those waist-coats that you have promised Mr. Bensley he shall have to-morrow."

"No, no; I have not forgotten. But, if you can help me to-morrow, they will be done in time, so that need not prevent us from enjoying ourselves to-day."

"Of course I can help you," replied Mary, with a smiling face.

She began to clear away the breakfast things, and set her house in order; and, having done all that was needful in that way, she hastened to make her own toilet for the festive occasion. It was very simple; yet when she was arrayed in the brown silk gown that had been her wedding dress, her little straw bonnet with its clean, white ribbons, the neat shawl that her husband had presented to her in their days of courtship, and all the etceteras that belong to feminine costume, many a richer and greater man than Sam might have been proud of such a wife as Mary Grey.

In a short time they both were ready, and on the point of starting, when a man, with a great coat hanging over his arm, came in, as if in haste, and said:

"Here, Sam, you are to put a new lining in this coat, and it must be done before two o'clock, for Mr. Frederick is going out of town."

"I can't do it to-day, Tom, for I'm going out of town myself, for it's my birthday, and I have determined to make it a holiday."

"Well, that's a pity," responded Tom, casting an admiring glance at Mary. "But I should advise you to put off your holiday, for you know my young master as well as I do, so I needn't tell you it doesn't do to thwart him when he's up to anything; and I fancy there's some wild prank going on now that makes him want this coat for night travelling."

"Then he must wear it as it is, for I won't baulk my wife of a day's pleasure for anybody."

"You had better think twice before you make up your mind to that," said Tom, "for, if you refuse to oblige him, you will never have another job to do for him as long as you live, depend upon it, for he swore at me like anything when I said I didn't think there was time to do it."

"Then let us stay at home to-day, Sam," said Mary. "We can take our holiday some other day, and it would be very foolish to offend a good customer for the sake of a day's pleasure. We should be sorry for it to-morrow when the pleasure is over."

"That's well said, Mrs. Grey," said Tom; "just the sort of reasoning I like. When I get a wife I hope she'll talk like that, and then I shall keep all right. Now, Sam, what do you say? Shall it be work or play?"

"Well, I suppose it must be work," replied Sam. "But I can't say but what I'm disappointed."

In a little while both husband and wife had doffed their holiday attire, and, in their ordinary dresses, were busy at work, Mary looking as happy and smiling as if no holiday had been contemplated, and in answer to some petulant remark on the part of her partner, who could not conceal his vexation, she said :

"Never mind, Sam, I dare say it is all for the best."

Whether Sam subscribed to the truth of this axiom is somewhat doubtful, but, after working on for awhile in silence, he raised his head and said, in a low mysterious tone :

"Mary!"

"Well, dear."

"Here's a letter in the pocket of this coat. Would it be wrong to look at it, do you think?"

"Yes, dear; very wrong. I would not have you do so on any account."

"But I have done it — and a very good thing too; for here seems to be a precious business afloat. Tom said he thought Mr. Fred was after some wild prank, and what do you think it is?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. What is it?"

"Why, neither more nor less than to carry off some young lady from a boarding-school."

"Good gracious, Sam! You don't mean to say he is so wicked as all that?"

"I do though; and it is the luckiest thing in the world that I have found this letter, for it may be the means of saving two foolish girls from a couple of rascals that deserve horse-whipping."

"Two!" repeated Mary, looking perfectly aghast.

"Yes, there are two of them, it seems. Two rich heiresses; and these two fellows, young Lee and one of his scapegrace companions, are going to run away with them from a school at Reading to-morrow morning. So that's why he is in such a hurry for his coat. But I'll put a stop to his proceedings, or my name isn't Sam Grey."

"Did you say Reading, dear? Why, that's where Miss Bell is at school."

"Is it, Mary? Then, as sure as I'm alive, that's the game he's in pursuit of. Her name is Rowena, is it not?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then just look at this." And he handed her a torn and crumpled letter, of which a part only was legible, and it ran thus :

"They are both willing, and I shall have a postchaise in readiness near the garden-gate at five o'clock Thursday morning. The old dragon and the minor guardians of innocence will be safe in the arms of Somnus at that early hour, and our two little doves will be prepared for flight. Then off to Gretna with all speed. I wish my Isabel was as pretty as your Rowena, but, *n'importe*, thirty thousand pounds goes a long way towards beautifying the plainest features; and, as I am hard up, it won't do to stand upon trifles."

Here the paper was so torn and crushed that little more of the writing was traceable, but the date was plain enough, and also the postmark, the latter proving that the epistle came from Reading, the former that the exploit was to be performed on the following morning.

Rowena Bell, supposed by the Greys to be one of the heroines of the plot, was the only daughter and sole heiress of a gentleman of large fortune, whose property being chiefly in the West Indies, he had fixed his residence there, leaving the young lady to be educated in England, under the guardianship of her maternal grandfather, Mr. Camplin, who had placed her at a highly respectable school at Reading, where she formed an intimacy with one of the pupils, a Miss Grant, who was about her own age, the daughter of a wealthy country banker, and, like herself, an heiress.

Frederick Lee and his friend, Lieutenant Bullen, met these two girls at a ball during the Christmas vacation, and being aware of their brilliant expectations, had then and there declared, amid a vast deal of flattery and the most passionate vows of unalterable faith, that they had fallen deeply in love, and should be the most wretched mortals in existence unless

they might be allowed to hope that their love would be requited. Now, as they were both handsome, fashionable young men, it was scarcely to be wondered at that two inexperienced and romantic school girls, only just turned sixteen, should be inclined to listen to such an avowal. Besides, it was something interesting to talk about in confidence to each other; and so, by dwelling perpetually on the same theme, they worked themselves up into a belief that they were twin Juliets, and their lovers a pair of Romeos, and that nothing could be more delightful than a clandestine attachment.

The fortune-hunters, for such in truth they were, followed them to Reading, and contrived two or three secret meetings, and so successfully did they play their parts, that the thoughtless girls were at length persuaded to consent to an elopement.

Such was the state of affairs when the accidental circumstance above related led to the discovery and frustration of the conspiracy. The mother of Mary Grey had formerly lived as housekeeper with Mr. Camplin. She had nursed Miss Bell, too, in her infancy; and although it was not certain that the Rowena mentioned in the letter was the same person, yet there seemed a great probability that it might be so, and on this supposition Samuel Grey was resolved to act.

"And even if it should not turn out to be the old gentleman's granddaughter," he said, "this is a nefarious piece of business, and whoever these imprudent lasses may be, it is a duty to interfere and save them if we can."

"Certainly it is," said Mary; "but how is it to be done?"

Sam pondered for a few moments, then said :

"I'll tell you what, Mary. You must take this letter to Mr. Camplin, and tell him how it came into our hands; but make haste about it, for there is no time to be lost."

Mary was soon ready, and set off for Belgrave square, where the old gentleman resided, but unfortunately he was out of town, so that all she could do was to get the name and exact address of Miss Bell's governess, as the school was not in the town of Reading, but near it.

When Sam heard that Mr. Camplin was not to be found, he instantly made up his mind what to do.

"Now, Mary," he said, "this is it. Mr. Lee starts by the coach at half-past two o'clock; but there is another coach that goes through Reading which leaves the Black Bull at twelve, and if I go down by that, I shall have the start of him by two hours and a half. So, do you take this coat to Jenkinson, and ask him to oblige me by finishing it, and you must carry it home before two o'clock, but don't say a word about me. If I don't come back to-night, you must not be frightened, for there's no telling what may have to be done."

Poor Mary! It was a very different day from what she had anticipated in the morning; but she tried to console herself for her husband's absence by the reflection that he was engaged in a good cause, and she received his parting kiss with a smile and a fervent wish that his efforts might prove successful.

CHAPTER II.

It was five o'clock in the morning. The sun had been up for some time, and so had Messrs. Lee and Bullen, luminaries equally bright in their own estimation, who were waiting at the garden-gate of Mrs. Groveby's establishment for young ladies, looking out anxiously for the appearance of the two deluded girls, who, like, silly moths, had been hovering round the flame that was luring them to destruction, and would have rushed madly into it but for the intervention of a wiser head than their own, which happily came to their aid in time to save them from the bitter pangs of that sad and sorrowful repentance which comes too late.

"What the deuce can be the matter?" said the lieutenant, impatiently. "Why, it is almost half-past five, and no signs of them yet. I'm afraid something has gone wrong. What a bore it would be to be disappointed after all."

"A deuced bore!" replied Fred. "However, I shan't give them up for half an hour yet. I daresay one of the dragons has woke up just at the wrong time, and they are waiting till she goes to sleep again."

"Hark!" said his companion, "I hear footsteps. Here they come at last, the tender creatures. I knew they would."

But he was most unpleasantly mistaken; for, instead of the

tender creatures he had expected to behold, there appeared upon the stage two very rough specimens of animated nature in the shape of constables, who came up, and with unfriendly hands touching the shoulders of the two heroes, produced a warrant for their apprehension, and, handing them into the vehicle that had been "destined for a fairer freight," they carried them off to the abode of the lord of the manor, Sir Thomas Bainbridge, who was justice of the peace for the district. Here they were locked up till the worthy magistrate had taken his breakfast and was ready to commence his official duties.

The two young men at first appeared to put a bold face upon the affair and brave it out, but they soon found that would not do, and then they looked very sullen.

Sir Thomas was a very respectable and good kind of man; he was, moreover, the father of a large family, and had two daughters at Mrs. Groveby's school; therefore he could fully enter into the merits, or rather the demerits of the case, and spoke with the feelings of a parent as well as those of a magistrate. He addressed the delinquents at great length, setting forth in a most impressive manner the enormity of the offence they had meditated.

"If," he said, "these young ladies had been of an age to judge between right and wrong there would have been, perhaps, some excuse for your conduct; but, to take advantage of the youth and inexperience of mere children, to destroy the domestic happiness of two respectable families, to tempt those children to violate the sacred ties of filial duty and affection, to break into the house of their temporary guardian like ruffians and carry off the treasure committed to her charge, and all for what? To obtain a legal claim to rob the parents of that wealth which, it would be useless to deny, was the real object of this heartless attempt. Fie upon you! fie upon you!"

The discomfited heroes were rather abashed at this forcible appeal. They hung down their heads and said nothing.

It was then intimated to them that they must find sureties for their future good behavior, but they begged so humbly that the affair might be kept secret from their families, that at length the magistrate consented to accept their own solemn assurances that they would cease all correspondence with the young heiresses, and never show themselves at Reading again.

"I don't know that I am quite justified," he observed, "in exercising so much lenity. I might have committed you both to prison, and insisted upon substantial bail, and perhaps I should only have been doing my duty. But I am unwilling to disgrace a man who holds a commission in his majesty's service, and I sincerely hope that in future he will take care not to disgrace himself."

The young men were then dismissed, and it may readily be supposed, they looked extremely foolish at this most mortifying and unexpected termination to their adventure.

Sam Grey had remained at Reading to watch the event of the proceedings, but took especial care to keep out of the sight of Mr. Lee, who never entertained the slightest suspicion that it was to the tailor he owed his defeat.

On his return to his home Sam related to his delighted little wife, with great glee, all that had occurred, and handed over to her, with pride and pleasure, a five pound note, which Mrs. Groveby had forced on his acceptance, in addition to paying all his expenses, for it was truly a material service he had rendered her.

"Ah! Sam," said Mary, "did I not tell you the loss of the holiday was all for the best; and now see what it has brought us, besides the good you have done."

But this was not the only reward this worthy pair was destined to meet with. In a few days Mr. Camplin, who had received from the schoolmistress an account of the whole transaction, sent for Sam, and, after complimenting him highly on the energy and promptitude he had displayed, he said:

"And now, Grey, I should like to give you some better proof of my sense of the obligation you have conferred on me and mine than by mere words. You like your business, you say, but I dare say you would have no objection to carry it on in a larger way if you had the capital, should you?"

"No, sir—of course I should be glad to go into a better way if I could."

"Well, then, what I propose is this. Take a shop in a good

situation and stock it well with cloth and all the materials requisite for your trade. I will pay the first outlay, and be answerable for one year's rent."

Sam could hardly believe he heard aright. This had always been the very summit of his ambition, but it was a height he had never hoped to reach. It was like a dream, and he was half afraid he should wake and find it was not true.

Oh! the happiness of that joyous evening, when Mary and he sat together talking of their good fortune. The shop was soon taken; and, backed by the patronage of Miss Bell's grateful friends, the business increased so rapidly that, in a few years, Mr. Grey was a rich man. A large family grew up around him, and his home was a beautiful picture of domestic peace and love.

After awhile the young lady to whom all this prosperity might in effect be attributed returned to her parents in Jamaica, where she married a very amiable young man, the son of a rich planter, with whom she lived very happily, and often laughed over her girlish folly, and rejoiced at her providential escape from one who had turned out an incorrigible spendthrift, and a trouble to all belonging to him.

Every year, when the 10th of June came round, Mr. and Mrs. Grey never failed to relate the story to their admiring offspring, who always listened with as much pleasure as if they heard it then for the first time. And, on that same day, they also made it a rule to keep holiday, and hold some pleasant domestic festival to celebrate the anniversary of the Tailor's Birthday.

GLUTTONS.

INASMUCH as eating is an operation no less necessary than universal, I am justified in contemplating it as affording a rational basis for a classification of mankind. According to I would, for present purposes, distribute mankind under the two categories of people who eat to live and people who live to eat. The latter I would call gluttons purely and simply, little heeding the delicate names which have been, from time to time, devised for placing in a graceful and attractive light a very ungraceful propensity. Thinking people have experienced a feeling of late something between ridicule and disgust for a certain class of distressed individuals, who with incomes varying from five hundred pounds per annum upwards, cannot tell how to dine! "Our condition is bad enough, with nothing at all to eat," remarked one poor starveling to another, on the authority of an illustrated satirical journal; "but think of the sad condition of the unfortunate middle classes, who must dine off plain roast and boiled meat day after day." A more silly whine than the one raised by certain well-to-do diners-under-difficulties has seldom been committed to the type of English journalism. Such people may prate about the refinements of the *cuisine*, and stigmatise as vulgar features all who merely eat to live; but I tell the Sybarites, who must needs dally with bouquets of violets whilst partaking of a meal, that they are *gluttons*, neither more nor less—veritable *gluttons*!

In all ages there have existed gluttons, and gluttony has been notably of two kinds. Some gluttons have merely craved for large allowances of food, without much heeding the nature or quality of it; whilst in the case of others, and by far the greater number, the quality of food has been the special matter of importance. Perhaps in all that concerns the gourmandage of gluttony, no people have ever come up to the degraded standard of the ancient Romans under the empire. To fancy men changing their ordinary dress for habiliments loosely made, and specially intended to dine in, is sufficiently repulsive; but when, guided by historical records, we invoke imagination and complete the scene—when we picture up before us the degraded gluttons complacently permitting attendant slaves to deck their heads with garlands, and to sprinkle their robes with perfumed water—when next we picture them lazily reclining at full length on sofas, or rather beds, sprawling with greasy fingers amidst the horrors of Roman imperial cookery—the measure of one's disgust is complete, the degradation of gluttony can no farther go. I use not the phrase, *horrors of Roman cookery*, in any figurative sense. It was a custom amongst the epicures of that benighted age, or at least the most exacting of them, to feed

such fish as they kept in private ponds with human flesh, in order, as was imagined, to improve the flavor! Slaves were profusely murdered to this most iniquitous end by many a votary of the too infamous Roman cook, Apicius. A certain Vedius Pollo is reputed (though extremely fond of lampreys), to have only eaten such as had been fattened thus by human flesh. Epicurean gluttony became so much a fashion under the empire, that most of the bad emperors associated their names with some particular dish. The memory of Heliogabalus is in this respect particularly notorious. His epicurean notions about eating, however, did not even aim at refinement; he merely strove to astonish his guests by the expense of his dishes. One *entrée* would be a soup in which pearls of great price had been dissolved by an acid; a second, perhaps a fricassee of thousands of peacocks' brains, or tongues of the flamingo. Of a certainty the dinner-table of Varius Heliogabalus would be well provided with sausages. In the eccentricity of their sausage production, the Romans went beyond our friends in Germany by far. Heliogabalus himself is represented to have invented sausages of crabs, lobsters, shrimps, oysters and prawns; not quite so eccentric after all, I think, as the sausages of dormice, for which the gluttons of Imperial Rome were indebted to the depraved genius of their great *artiste* (the fashionable word, I think) Apicius. To put dormice in a sausage is an idea grotesque enough; but to pack them whole and undivided into a sausage skin, was a notion worthy of Apicius. The modern French *charcutiers* are celebrated for the numerous ways in which they dress up hogs' flesh, in order to make it palatable. Whether they equal the variety of pork dishes composed by the Romans I do not know: it would be difficult to outnumber the latter. Pliny says fifty edible preparations were made of the hog; and as for brawn, the Romans were so violently attached to it, that Cato the Censor endeavored to restrain the use of brawn by a penal enactment. Roman partiality for hogs' flesh was characterized not by gluttony alone, but by cruelty of deepest dye. As the notion prevails amongst cat-stealers of the present day, that cat-skins are only good when torn from the poor animals alive; so did the Romans eviscerate living swine, impelled by their savage gluttony. Like the Chinese of our own age, the ancient Romans were very partial to gelatinous and tendinous materials. Good flesh and bone they seem to have heeded little, if we may be guided by the statements handed down to us. I cannot say much in favor of Roman seasoning. Salt they used sparingly, and in like manner pepper; but coriander, aniseed and ginger were profusely employed; and a compound of mustard with honey (there was no sugar then) appeared on every dinner-table of refinement. The most esteemed Roman sauce or condiment has yet to be mentioned. As we have our appetizing Worcester sauce, so had they their *garum*. Whether the latter would be congenial to modern tastes may be judged of when the recipe for making it has been given. Intestines of fish closed up in an earthen jar and buried in a dunghill until putrid—that was *garum*. You turn up your nose at it, no doubt—but softly! Russian caviare treads close upon the heels of *garum*; and moulded cheese, so far as I can see, is not a long way behind.

Strange to say, the Greeks, with all their ingenuity, never seem to have become celebrated as epicurean cooks. Amongst the Spartans simple eating was enjoined by legal enactments. Spartan black broth was the ordinary fare of that warlike people—nothing more nor less by the way than modern black-pudding, liquefied by mixture with boiling water. No one would have expected to find much epicureanism of any kind in Sparta; but even the refined Athenians appear to have been in no way celebrated as cooks. Before bidding adieu to the culinary horrors of classical cookery altogether, I just bethink me of an anomaly worthy of being mentioned. The Romans liked *garum*, as we have seen; and *garum*, it will be remembered, has the remotest possible affinity to fresh fish. Nevertheless, so particular were the Romans in the way of having their fish absolutely fresh, that epicures were in the habit of having sea-fish brought to them in sea-water, living—to die and be cooked, and, oh, folly!—eaten with *garum* sauce!

I wish it were in my power to bid adieu to the atrocious cruelties of Roman gluttony, and congratulate myself that we have nothing like it at the time in which I live. Few would eat London veal, if they only knew the cruelty involved in its

manufacture (that is the word)—I never do; and as for the far-famed Strasburgh *pâtés*, they are made of goose livers studiously enlarged by disease. I have never seen the process of goose training at Strasburgh, and therefore can testify nothing respecting it personally; but I have heard and believe it to consist in nailing the geese by the webs of their feet to a plank lying before a fire, giving food in abundance, but nothing to drink. Under this treatment the liver becomes enormously enlarged.

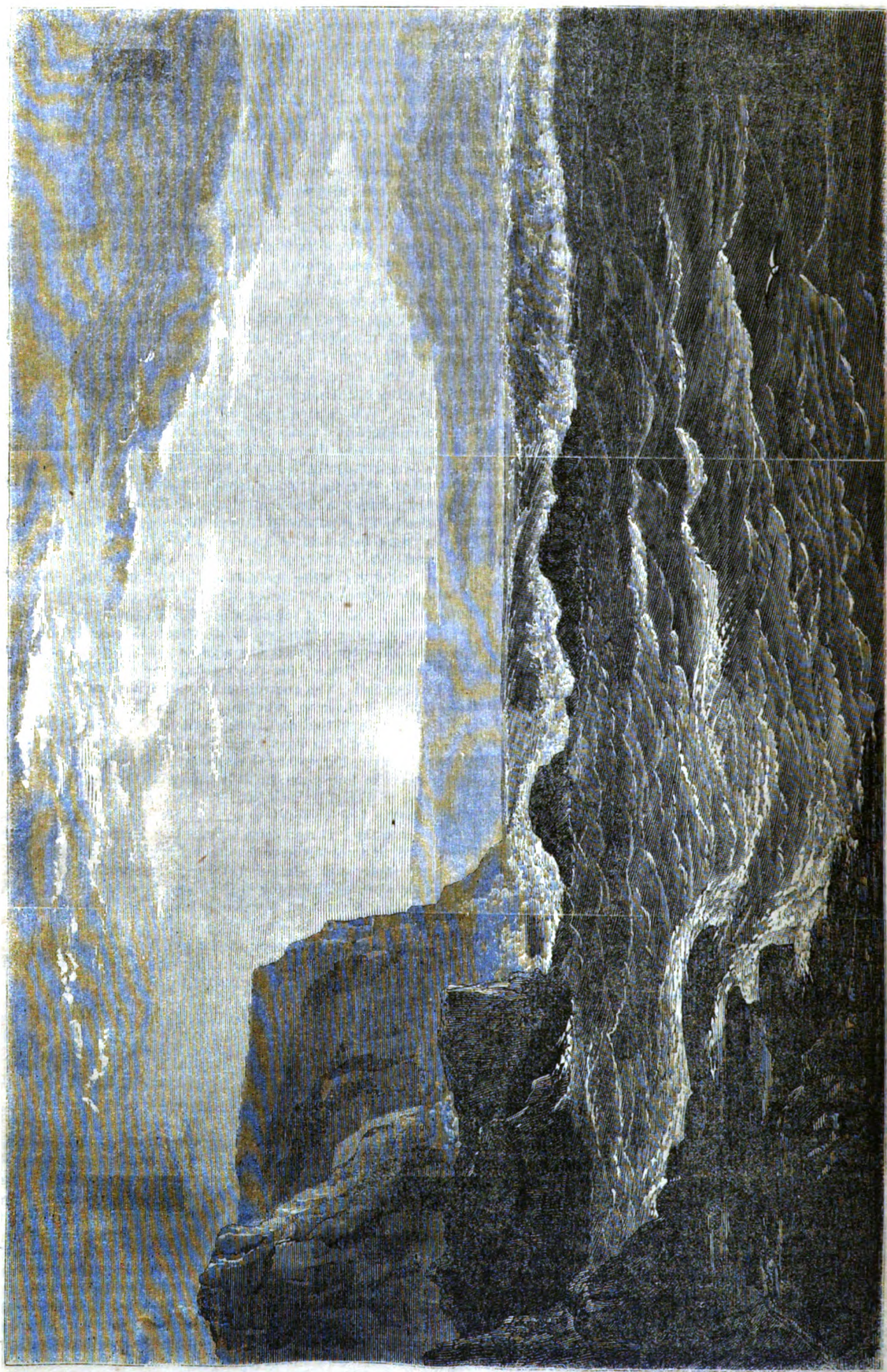
Coming now to the gluttons who are neither gourmands nor gourmets; men who feel an insatiable craving after quantity, not regarding much the quality of what they eat, those persons awaken pity even more than my disgust. Frequently this intense craving after food is accompanied with mental weakness, and no great amount of physical strength. Gluttons, however, there are, both of antiquity and modern times, as strong as they are gluttonous. Milo is reported to have killed an ox with one blow of his fist and eaten the animal afterwards. About the size of the ox we a told nothing, which renders my digestion of the tale more easy.

I read quite a modern account the other day of a certain glutton in the north of India, who could readily eat two native sheep, besides stop-gaps and trimmings. A German glutton, mentioned in a thesis published at Wittenberg in 1757, ate up at one meal a sheep, a sucking pig, and sixty pounds of plums, stones and all! Afterwards he carried four men on his shoulders for the distance of three miles. Towards the latter end of the last century, a Frenchman, named Farare, attracted much notice by his repulsive gluttony. When quite a lad, he swallowed a large basketful of apples; at another time a heap of finis and corks. Being on one occasion an inmate of the Hotel Dieu, he tried to swallow the doctor's watch and seals. In 1789, his daily allowance of meat was twenty-five pounds, when he could get it; and get it somehow or other he would, even if dogs and cats were the victims of his gluttony. Farare having become a soldier, his appetite was regarded by the army surgeons as a veritable disease, for the treatment of which he was confined to hospital. The enormities to which his cravings there led him, I forbear to announce. Suffice it to indicate, amongst other things, that a child mysteriously disappeared, and Farare was believed to have eaten it. Laboring under suspicion of this crime, Farare was chased away, and, after a miserable existence of four years, he at last presented himself at the Hospice of Versailles as a patient. Strange to say, his gluttonous appetite had quite disappeared. He died at the early age of twenty-six. It may seem strange that Farare was thin, undersized, and not stronger than an ordinary man of his build and appearance. In point of fact he was weak. On one occasion, when campaigning in Germany, he came across the dinner prepared for fifteen German peasants, and swallowed it quite. At another time he ate thirty pounds of raw liver.

Gluttons like Farare are to be pitied; but nothing save reprobation have I for the sickening crew of epicurean gourmets and gourmands. Let no reader think, however, that I am an advocate for bad cookery. On the contrary, I look upon cookery as a rational science—one having for its object the turning to account of God's beneficent gifts with the least expenditure of nutrient matter and the greatest assistance to digestion.

PERTINAX DEARLOVE, M. D.

LAWS FOR CATS AND KITTENS.—Amongst the laws of Howell the Good, one of the Princes of Wales, there was a singular law regulating the price of cats. The price of a kitten before it could see was to be a penny (he it remembered that a penny at that time was a considerable sum) till it caught a mouse, twopence; and when it commenced mousing, fourpence. It was required to be perfect in its sense of seeing and hearing, to be a good mouser, to have its claws whole, and be a good nurse. But if it failed in any of these qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat which guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on a cat suspended by its tail (the head touching the ground) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former.



COAST SCENE. BY WM. HART.—FROM THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

MYRTILLA.

My fair is full of smiles,
 All care in laughter drowning,
 And ev'n in anger frowning,
 She still is full of wiles.
 No grief she ever shows,
 But scorn and anger often ;
 Yet tenderness can soften
 The fire that in her glows.

Her bosom's full of sighs,
 But oft with pride is swelling ;
 And love might find a dwelling
 Within her scornful eyes.
 Her voice, like music sweet,
 Is sweetest in complying ;
 Yet even in denying
 Its harmony's complete.

Her charming face so fair,
 Its sweetness never loses ;
 When scorn her cheek suffuses
 'Tis, as in pity, rare.
 With laughing lips, love free,
 Not Venus more engaging ;
 And when in anger raging,
 A beauteous Pallas she.

JUNIUS.

MARRYING AN IDEAL.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER I.—WHICH WILL BE FOUND EXCEEDINGLY COLD, AND THE
 READER AND DR. RICHARD GAY MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF AN
 ECCENTRIC YELLOW GENTLEMAN.

It wanted just a week of Christmas Eve, and I may safely say,
 and run no risk of being charged with exaggeration thereby,

that it was outrageously cold. The atmosphere had a singular pungency that suggested the propriety of inhaling it with caution, and one's breath straightway formed itself into very palpable mist, which forthwith congealed upon the beards of those who wore such appendages, uniting whiskers and moustache in a loving though somewhat cold embrace, and such noses as were abroad that night blushed at their extremity and dropped a tear now and then over the severity of the weather.

Broadway, however, presented an unusually lively scene ; for precisely eight hours previous to the opening of my story a great blue cloud had come drifting down from the north-east, and after hovering over the metropolis for a little time, had unfolded, scattering its white contents in the streets and on the housetops, which presently gave them an unwonted appearance of purity, and so pointedly suggested sleighing, that New York threw aside business and all ordinary pastimes and took to sliding.

Soon the great thoroughfare of trade and wickedness was alive with every variety of gliding vehicle, from the great six horse barouche, with its gay party of pleasure-seekers enveloped in shawls and wolf robes, to the cozy little affair just large enough to accommodate you and Nelly if you sit tolerably close ; bells jingled out their merry music ; the snow continued to steal coldly, quietly and persistently down, while the mercury went to call upon its old acquaintance, zero, with whom it had not exchanged civilities since the preceding winter.

You might have glanced at the street that night and have been excusable for thinking everybody was sleighing ; but they were not, for the sidewalks were as crowded as was the street, and with one of the pedestrians we have now to do.

It was eight o'clock by St. Paul's when Dr. Richard Gay emerged from a narrow street far up town, leading towards the East River, and hurried down Broadway, his face thrown forward and partially concealed, and his hands thrust deep into the capacious pockets of his pilot coat.

"Bless me ! what an abominable night !" soliloquised the



JONAH QUOGG, OFFICE BOY OF DR.
 GAY.

doctor, as he bent his head still more to escape the driving blast; "this wind cuts like a knife, and say what you will about the beauties of philanthropy, it wears into a fellow's good nature confoundedly to tramp off a good three miles to make a professional call, for which there isn't the first chance of obtaining any other remuneration than a sort of comfortable feeling under one's vest. Hum! plague take the snowstorm! Now I have taken the widow Chips' three young ones through the inflammation of the lungs, and I suppose I shall have her eternal gratitude, which will be pretty enough to think about if one could only forget that monstrous long doctor's bill, which is of no particular account so long as she hasn't got bank bills to pay it with. Heigho! perhaps my next patient may be a richer one, if I could only have patience to wait for it; not but what the widow is welcome enough. Of course she is; but then a fellow can't help feeling that a year's practice, which hasn't paid his office rent, is sort of discouraging. The fact is, it's hard getting started in the medical profession, and I wish I had a rich old uncle to die and leave me his fortune. I wouldn't care so much about his dying if he'd only put me in the possession of a little more 'filthy lucre' than I have at present, so that I could doctor all the young Chips in New York without caring whether school kept or not; but it is one of the peculiarities of the Gay family not to have any such appendages. Who cares though? I don't," and thereupon Dr. Gay whistled in an assured not to say defiant manner.

It will do to soliloquise in Broadway, or even whistle, if the spirit moves you so to do, for you are more alone as one of that great steadily rolling stream of humanity than you could possibly be in the deepest forest recess; consequently our medical friend may be pardoned for indulging in such pastimes, which he did at intervals until he turned down Fulton street, in which was located his office.

As he reached the door, decorated with a modest piece of colored tin bearing his name and the significant capitals that indicated his profession, he was somewhat astonished by the apparition of Jonah Quogg, his office boy, a nondescript youth with a large head and sleepy expression, who stood shivering on the sidewalk, alternately blowing his fingers and thrashing himself with his arms by way of promoting circulation.

"What in the name of wonder are you doing here?" Dr. Gay said, surveying his retainer wonderingly, well knowing him to be an animal of the salamander species; "was it so hot in the office that you were obliged to take to the street to cool off?"

"If you walks up-stairs you'll see for yourself," responded Jonah Quogg decidedly; "I can stand fire some myself, but there's an old cove up thar that I ain't no more'n than a pine shavin' to."

"Quogg, you're tipsy again; there's no one up-stairs, I'll wager."

"Well, 'praps you'd a said so, if you'd been here 'bout an hour ago," pursued the youthful Mr. Quogg, doggedly, "but if my eyes amount to anything, I seed an old cove, as yaller as brass, and all rolled up in fur and shawls come poking in without askin' if he might; and he sez, sez he, 'Whar's that 'ere boy, Dick Gay?' and sez I, 'If it's the doctor what you mean, why he's gone;' and then sez he, 'When'll he be back?' sez I, 'Twixt now and mornin', and with that he sort o' growled, and sez, sez he, 'You fill up that stove thar and then go and find Dick, or I'll break your head;' so I fills it up chockfull, and travelled, leaving him a settin' thar, with his feet on top the stove, with the office ruler under them to keep his boots from burnin', and here I've been a waitin' for you ever sence."

"Well, this is singular," Dr. Gay said musingly; "but come along, I must see who this old brick is and what he wants."

So saying, Dr. Gay sprang lightly up the stairs, somewhat hesitatingly followed by the still apprehensive Quogg, quietly opened the office-door and peeped in.

Rather to his surprise, he found things very much as they had been described by his retainer. In a large armchair before the stove, that was almost at a white heat, sat an exceedingly yellow gentleman, with thin iron gray hair and heavy beard and moustache of the same color. The yellow gentleman was encased in all manner of cold exclusives (I don't know but I am coining a word), and now and then drank brandy from a bottle that he produced from one of his innumerable coat pockets, and when not engaged in assuaging his thirst, he applied him-

self diligently to the smoking of a large pipe that emitted a faint odor of opium.

Dr. Gay gazed for a moment at the intruder, with an expression of amused surprise. "Hello! are you getting comfortable here?" he said, without venturing to step from the landing into the heated atmosphere, which resembled an oven in temperature.

The yellow gentleman started, and after glancing searchingly for an instant at the laughing face of the young man, rushed forward, exclaiming, "My dear nephew, I am really overjoyed to see you. Why, I should have known you anywhere. You wear your mother's face, boy, and I never loved any other so well; but I say, what possesses you to live in such an abominable climate? By the nose of Mohammed, I had as soon have my quarters at the North Pole."

"My dear sir," responded the doctor gravely, "according to the late Dr. Kane, that climate is even less desirable than this; but begging your pardon, permit me to inquire your name; you addressed me as nephew just now, and according to that, you should be my uncle, but as I have reason to suppose myself entirely destitute of that class of relatives, I incline to the opinion that you have mistaken me for some one else."

"Lord bless me! just hear the boy talk! as though I didn't recognise my own flesh and blood. I wonder, Dick Gay, if you never heard your mother speak of her only brother, Absalom Lake, who went to sea years before you were born, and got drowned."

"I certainly have heard of that name, but as he was drowned, as you just observed, I had rather given up ever meeting him in this vale of tears," replied the doctor, with the gravity of a judge passing sentence upon a criminal at the bar.

"Dick Gay, you're stupid!" pursued the yellow gentleman, peevishly; "don't you see your uncle didn't get drowned, because here he is, alive and middlin' well, and after spending half a lifetime in the East Indies has come back comfortable—comfortable in circumstances, to look up his relatives. Wont you own me, Dick?"

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear sir; for although, in the expressive language of my office boy, you are as yellow as brass, I perceive in your face a strong likeness to my mother. Permit me to bid you welcome, and if you will avail yourself of such hospitality as I have to offer, I shall be extremely gratified."

"Thank you, thank you, Dick Gay; that's just the sort o' welcome I expected from your mother's son and my nephew. I only arrived this afternoon, and my first business was to hunt out your address in the Directory. You see, for the last year or two I've been in correspondence with sister Sophrony, and learned from her that your mother, who had married a while after I went away, was dead, and her husband too, leaving a son, who was a doctor, and lived in New York; so says I to myself one day, says I, 'Ab, you've been away from home a good while, and you can afford to take time for a visit. Here is your old friend Captain Toolypse, with his ship Sea Turtle, all ready to sail for the States to-morrow. She's a dull old craft, but she'll drift across the Atlantic before Christmas, so why not go over and spend the holidays with your friends? Hunt up your nephew and see what sort of timber he's made of.' And here I am. How d'ye do, Dick?"

"Very well, I thank you, sir; how is your health?"

"Tolerable, Dick, I'm obliged to you. And now you must know, my boy, that I've taken this voyage more on your account than anything else. You aint married, and you ought to be. Your aunt, Sophrony, agrees with me on this point—in fact, she's been a good deal worried about it."

Dr. Gay laughed immoderately. "So you and aunt Sophrony have been discussing my case across the water, have you?" he said: "it's rather strange she has never mentioned it, as I live with her."

"Not at all strange, Dick, for she is a single woman, and queer—the queerest woman, in fact, that ever lived; but she thinks a deal of you, and has your interest at heart."

"I don't doubt it, uncle. But, by the way, I suppose you would like to go round to see her immediately. Shall I send Quogg for a carriage?"

"By no means—at least not just yet; I can't think of leaving this delightful atmosphere and going out into the horribly

cold streets for an hour or two; besides, I want to discuss this matrimonial question with you, Dick, it's important. Direct your boy with that singular name to make up a little more fire, and let us have a comfortable, confidential chat."

It is almost unnecessary to say that our young medical friend found himself decidedly amused with his eccentric relative; and feeling quite ready and a little anxious to know something more of him, he directed the youthful Mr. Quogg to replenish the already seething stove, and stationing himself in the coolest corner of the apartment, he prepared to listen to whatever the yellow gentleman might have to say.

Mr. Lake observed these arrangements with great complacency, and having ignited his long pipe, he drew his chair a little nearer the stove and began: "Matrimony, my dear Dick, is the chief end of man, although it is not mentioned in the Catechism; and you should take warning by my fate and marry before you become unsteady in your habits, or wander off, the Lord only knows where, and throw away the best part of life, and finally come back to your friends a yellow, disgusting old bachelor."

Dr. Gay assumed a serious expression, and observed with becoming gravity that he might be exceedingly anxious to procure a mate, but that it was absolutely indispensable in the first place to find a lady who was willing to be a party to the bargain.

"Stop, stop, nephew Dick, don't prevaricate," said the yellow gentleman, with a severe frown. "Youth should be open and ingenuous. Now your aunt Sophrony has given me reason to suppose that there are half a dozen lovely ladies among your acquaintance, either of whom could be had for the asking. She has even mentioned to me their names and expectations. I have them here on a slip of paper. The question resolves itself into this then—Why don't you ask?"

Dr. Gay glanced searchingly at the yellow gentleman for a moment, and then responded with a slight dash of seriousness in his voice: "Well, uncle, I believe you ask the question in good faith, though you've a queer way of getting at things, consequently I've no objections to giving you a plain answer: I lack the first great requisite—love."

"Bosh! are you a sentimental schoolgirl of sixteen? Love, indeed! Marry first, and love will come after, at least in your children."

"It is the want of sentiment that I fear is the trouble with me, uncle, and farther, where should I find what I should regard as a fitting companion to join me in the voyage of life?"

"Nephew Dick, I fear you are a horrible infidel. Don't you know there are plenty of young ladies, elegant, accomplished, affectionate, and worthy to be any man's wife, God bless them?"

"I grant all you say is just, except the last; and even to that I would say, a lady may be all you have described, and yet unsuitable for the wife of a physician."

The yellow gentleman looked slightly disconcerted and reflectively twirled his gray moustache for a moment, while he gravely examined a paper which he drew from his pocket.

"Well, there's just a grain or two of sense in what you say, nephew Dick, and admitting that, be so good as to tell me if Miss Ella Fitzjones would be suitable for a doctor's wife. I don't see, by the way, why a doctor should have a better wife than any other man."

"See here, uncle, if aunt Sophronia has furnished you with a list of my lady friends, I object most decidedly to being examined relative to their virtues and eligibility. I confess to having an ideal which I am persuaded there is no lady on your list qualified to fill, and I should not like to marry a wife which fell short of my standard."

"Well, suppose you describe your ideal, if the king's English will furnish language strong enough."

"Certainly, I will do so with a great deal of pleasure. In the first place, she must be of good family—I believe in blood; secondly, a reputation above even a suspicion; third, a decided Christian; fourth, a perfect English education—I will dispense with bad Italian, French and German—I will not even require that she be learned in music, drawing, painting or dancing; and finally, a lady that could live contentedly on a thousand a

year, or one who could preside with grace and dignity over a palace."

"Exceedingly modest, upon my word!" said the yellow gentleman, thrusting aunt Sophronia's list back into his pocket with an unmistakably peevish gesture. "I only hope you'll find her, that's all, but—"

At that instant there was a quick, nervous rap at the door, and Dr. Gay arose for the purpose of ascertaining who was endeavoring to gain admission thereat.

CHAPTER II. — WHEREIN MR. NATHAN NAFTYLE, SHIP-CHANDLER, INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO THE READER AND DR. GAY TO A YOUNG LADY.



NAFTYLE opening his office-door, Dr. Gay confronted a rather brief but exceedingly round old gentleman, with a good Samaritan cast of countenance, with a stiff arm and a wooden leg, who stood upon the landing, hat in hand, making little jerking bows at the door or the doctor, which it was difficult to decide.

"Are you a doctor, sir?" began the little gentleman, speaking with great volubility and improvising a

fresh series of bows. "I mean an A No. 1 doctor."

"I am a doctor, my friend; but the college that conferred my degree most unaccountably neglected to furnish me with a number. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Not for me, oh! no, I thank you; never had occasion for a doctor in my life, except once years ago, when I had my leg carried away by a devil fish off the bight of Panama Bay, and then our captain managed my case tolerably, though it has used up old Nate Naftyle for whalin'. It's on account of my Cat that I boarded ye to-night. You see, as ill luck would have it, Job Tingle—that's my clerk—invited Cat to go a sleighing this evening, and Job, bein' a little wantin' aloft, though he's a good-natured critter, managed to run his craft aground, and she struck on a lamp-post, just forard the bends, demolished the upper works and hove Cat clear of the wreck, but damaged her a good bit."

"A very serious accident," Dr. Gay said with mock gravity; "but I never prescribed for a cat in my life, and—"

"Oh! bless you! doctor, I didn't mean a four-legged cat, but my little girl. Her natural name is Lisa, but I call her Cat for short, though Tabby, that's my wife, laughs at me about it wonderful. Would you mind going now?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Naftyle. Step in till I am ready, I will only detain you a moment."

The round gentleman indulged in a few more bows, followed the doctor into the office, bowed twice to the yellow gentleman, and turned his back to the fire with every appearance of satisfaction.

Dr. Gay was soon ready, and very much to his surprise, the yellow gentleman, who had been studying Mr. Naftyle rather curiously, suddenly started up, proceeded to invest himself in such upper garments as he had thrown aside, and announced his intention of accompanying them if there was no objection.

There was none, on the contrary, Mr. Naftyle expressed himself honored with the proposal; the doctor nodded his approval, so the party presently found themselves in the street, wending their way in the direction of the East River.

Twenty minutes' rapid walking brought them to an ancient deserted-looking block on Front street, which had the appearance of having retired from business upon a very limited income, that was proving insufficient for its expenses. A few years before it had been the very centre of certain kinds of business that partook more or less of salt water, but now it had about it that unmistakably semi-deserted look peculiar to certain portions of the extreme "down town" of New York, indicating that it had been left behind in the march of trade, and would soon be a forgotten locality to its former denizens.

The building was black and time-stained, with heavy iron shutters, and doors strengthened by the same material, and seemed to be unoccupied, with the exception of one of the

stores into which the block was divided and the apartments of the second story, immediately over it. Upon the door of this was a rusty tin sign bearing the words "Nathan Naftyle, Ship-Chandler."

Mr. Naftyle's business was farther indicated by a pair of old and rusty kedge anchors, a pile of equally rusty chain cable, some coils of heavy cordage, and divers other articles of a marine nature. The iron shutters of the shop were unclosed, and a light was burning within, revealing the figure of a youth with a singularly stupid expression, and "got up" in a decidedly fancy, not to say fantastic costume; but the young gentleman seemed to regard himself with very considerable complacency, as he stood with his back to the stove, and his legs very wide apart, picking his teeth with an ivory toothpick, that opened like a penknife and had many blades.

"Here we are," said Mr. Naftyle; "this is my store, been in the ship-chandlery line ever sence I had that misfortin I spoke about, that sp'ilt me for whalin'. I used to do lots o' b'isness, but somehow it's all left me, sailed off up town or somewhere else I reckon; but it's jest as well—we have enough to live on, in a small way, and besides Job Tingle, my clerk, you see the critter through the window there, don't know how to do anything but pick his teeth. It would astonish you, gentlemen, to see how much time that boy can spend in that way. I really don't understand it myself, but he can mind my shop as well as anybody, because, you see, I never sell anything now."

"But what on earth do you keep a clerk for, if you've nothing for him to do?" queried the yellow gentleman.

"Why bless you! as I was saying, Job is rather wanting aloft, and couldn't take care of himself, if he was to die for it; so I can't cut him adrift, especially as he's the son of an old shipmate who slipped his cable ten year ago."

"Ah! to be sure," responded the yellow gentleman, who looked, however, as though he saw no sense in the arrangement at all.

This conversation had taken place on the steps in front of the shop where Mr. Naftyle had paused for a moment, but he presently led the way within, remarking that he lived aloft; and after admonishing Job Tingle to stop picking his teeth and mind the store, to which that young gentleman essayed a reply which ended in an unintelligible stutter, he preceded his companions up-stairs, and admitted them into a neat but oddly furnished apartment, where reclining upon a lounge wearily, painfully it seemed, was a fair young girl, and seated beside her was a stout old lady with a kindly face, diligently plying a sail needle.

The room was a study for a stranger, and had evidently been arranged with the idea of giving it as much the air of a ship's cabin as was possible. From the ceiling a hammock was swung, and slowly vibrated to and fro, as the opening door emitted a little current of air; in one corner was a harpoon and whaling lance, and close beside them, depending from the wall, a barometer and quadrant; on the broad mantelpiece was a chronometer, showing Greenwich time, and suspended near by, like a telltale on shipboard, was a mariner's compass. There was also a quantity of charts on a little rack overhead, together with a telescope and hourglass, while scattered throughout the room were various articles of whalers' accoutrements, outlandish specimens of the handiwork of the South Sea Islanders, and many quaint, curious carvings in whale-bone.

But it was not in the nature of things for Dr. Gay to waste his time upon such objects when there was really a very beautiful picture in the room awaiting his attention—a picture that acquired an additional beauty from contrast with its singular surroundings—in other words, it did not require a second glance to show him that his patient was as lovely a little flower as Nature ever persisted in planting in an out-of-the-way place. She was young, not more than sixteen, he felt persuaded, with the brightest, most vivacious black eyes, and soft brown hair, that just now was thrown carelessly back from her forehead, whereon a wondrous intellect was unmistakably written; bright, fresh complexion, and a mouth—it is really too bad, but the truth must be told—her mouth was somewhat too large for perfect beauty—still it was such an expressive, decided, comic, mischievous, sedate and quizzical feature, that our medical friend startled himself by remarking in a whisper,

"I believe, upon my honor, her mouth couldn't be improved after all;" and a moment after he was thinking what a pity she isn't a little older, of unmistakably good family and undoubted reputation, with a sound education and the other items, though come to think of it, I'd run the risk of there being any hereditary disease in the family.

But the doctor was presently roused from his reverie by the voice of Mr. Naftyle.

"This is the doctor, Tabby," he said, "and a shipmate of his who was good enough to come aboard with us. How is Cat now; a bit easier, my pretty one?"

"Oh! yes," said the patient cheerfully; "indeed I do not think I was seriously injured, and I am afraid when the doctor comes to examine my case he will think you have been troubling him unnecessarily."

"Permit me to be the judge of that, Miss Naftyle," Dr. Gay said, assuming his look of professional solemnity and concern, and I am truly sorry to be obliged to add that he mentally resolved her recovery should be exceedingly tedious, if it lay within his power to render it so without doing her any particular injury.

"Did you ever, Tabby!" chuckled the ship-chandler in a pleased whisper; "the doctor called our Cat Miss Naftyle, just as if she was a born lady, as betwixt you and me I allus b'lieved she was."

"I always believed she was!" repeated the doctor to himself. He had overheard the conjugal whisper, and was speculating upon the probable import thereof—the sinner! "Well I believe she is, a natural lady I mean, and if she was only a little older and—and—a little nearer like my ideal, confound it! I should be inclined to—"

His attention was called to the patient just then, so we are unable to say what speech he had upon his tongue's end that remained unspoken.

Miss Cat Naftyle's injuries were found to be of a nature that did not necessarily place her life in peril. She had been thrown from a sleigh upon the sidewalk and was somewhat bruised; but no bones were broken, and Dr. Gay, candid soul that he was, gave it as his unhesitating opinion that she might recover eventually, provided she was kept quiet and he was permitted to see her often. Whereupon the ship-chandler and his wife warmly grasped his hand and begged him to pass as much of his time with them as he could possibly spare from his other engagements, and he magnanimously promised so to do. A shrewd looker-on might have suspected that the roguish Miss Lisa saw through the artful doctor; at all events, a very quizzical smile lurked in the corners of her mouth and played at hide and seek in her merry black eyes; but the young gentleman was comely to look upon, and was, beside, very tender and delicate in his attentions, conversing easily and pleasantly all the while, and, perhaps, on the whole, Miss Lisa was excusable for feeling rather complacent over the impression her own little self had made. There was more than one stylish lady in the city, residing in a "brown stone front," who could tell what an Italian opera was about and appreciate the singing in Grace Church, who, according to Sophronia Lake, spinster, would have had no objection to awakening a similar interest in the same quarter.

The yellow gentleman, meantime, looked quietly on, but his face had been well seasoned under the Indian sun, and was, moreover, so concealed beneath his heavy beard, that it was only capable of revealing intense emotions; so it was impossible to say of what he was thinking; but he presently twirled his gray moustache round his yellow finger and began to chat familiarly with the ancient mariner, gradually bringing his conversation into a mercantile channel, which induced the ship-chandler to invite him down stairs to "cast an eye over his stock," while the doctor considered Cat and her ailments.

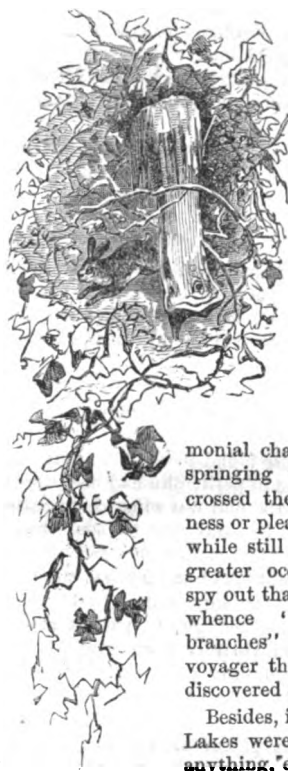
The yellow gentleman graciously assented, and the two went down together and were absent some time; but those above could only conjecture as to their doings; for, with the exception of an occasional request in a high key that Mr. Tingle should stop picking his teeth and mind the store, there was only an indistinct murmur of voices.

When the two returned, however, an excellent understanding seemed to exist between them, and Mr. Naftyle was heard to express the hope "that Mr. Lake would come aboard frequently,

and particularly that he and the doctor would help him eat a Christmas dinner, if his Cat was well enough," to all of which the yellow gentleman made affirmative responses.

There was really no excuse for remaining any longer, so Dr. Gay and his companion presently took their departure, and availing themselves of the first conveyance that offered itself, were set down in due time at Miss Sophronia Lake's residence, in a certain quarter of the city which I forbear to mention because the buildings were of brick and mostly inhabited by small traders, who had never failed in business and were not in society; consequently, the locality, though respectable, was not fashionable.

CHAPTER III.—WHEREIN THE CIRCLE OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE IS ENLARGED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF SOPHRONIA LAKE, SPINSTER.



It would afford me pleasure to dwell at some considerable length upon the meeting between the long-separated brother and sister, but my readers have all had friends come back to them and are familiar with the formula.

There is a kiss, you know, an item, by the way, which should never be omitted when there is a pretty cousin in the play; then follows some hurried questions concerning the old social circle and the answers thereto, telling of the changes that time has wrought.

One has put on the matrimonial chains, and sees "olive branches" springing up around him; another has crossed the ocean, and in pursuit of business or pleasure wanders in foreign climes; while still another has gone to sea on that greater ocean, even that of eternity, to spy out that mysterious land beyond, from whence "no carved wood or broken branches" have ever drifted, nor has any voyager thither returned to tell us of his discovered San Salvador.

Besides, if the truth must be revealed, the Lakes were eccentric people, and never did anything, even meet after a lengthy separation, like the rest of the world; and in the present instance their greetings were so peculiarly untender (I'm afraid that word isn't in the smaller editions of Webster), that a stranger overhearing them would have been apt to have set them down as unfeeling; but it must be borne in mind that Miss Sophronia was a notable spinster of lofty altitude, with a Roman nose and a hawkish eye; and Mr. Absalom— But I have already described him; and when these circumstances are taken into consideration their apparent want of affection will not occasion so much surprise.

It was past midnight—a good deal, in fact; still Miss Sophronia had not retired, for she made it a point never to do so until her nephew returned, so there, in her drawing-room, sat the antique spinster in her moire antique dress, quietly pursuing her knitting, when the doctor, with the assistance of his night-key, came suddenly in upon her, accompanied by his companion.

Miss Sophronia looked steadfastly upon Mr. Absalom through her spectacles for a moment, seemingly considering his identity, and then said,

"Ah! how d'ye do, brother Ab? Wan't expecting you to-night!"

To which the yellow gentleman made reply,

"Tol'able, tol'able, sister Phrony; how's the folks?"

To which the lady made answer,

"As well as could be expected, Ab, though thirty years have made us a bit older."

To which the other rejoined,

"Well, you couldn't really expect thirty year wouldn't add something to one's age, sister Phrony;" and then the yellow gentleman divested himself of his multifarious coats, and the two sat down before the cozy, open stove, and fell to chatting as easily as though but a week, instead of the third of a century, had passed since they had last looked upon each other's faces.

Very soon Dr. Gay withdrew to his own room, leaving the eccentric ancients still comfortably chatting, and sought repose; but it was some time before slumber could sufficiently crowd the events of the evening from his mind and take possession of him.

When sleep did at length visit his pillow, he had a vision of an old-fashioned Christmas dinner somewhere, where there were many guests and a Christmas tree, half-concealing among its dark-green foliage a present for each of the assembled company. The distribution of these gave rise to much mirth and hilarity, particularly when his turn came, and he found himself owner and proprietor of a gigantic doll arrayed in silk and crinoline; a significant hint, he thought, that he had been long enough mateless. All at once, to his astonishment, the doll became an animate little woman, sweet and lovable enough to satisfy even his fastidious taste, but not at all like his ideal. He was rather sorry for it, and indicated the feeling by a sigh of such portentous volume that he forthwith awoke and found the morning sun far risen, so he made his toilet and descended to the drawing-room, where he found his relatives still seated as he had left them by the open stove, which now contained an abundance of ashes and cinders. Whether they had been there all night or had risen early to resume their converse, he could not determine.

Doctor Gay thought his relatives exchanged quizzical glances when he entered, and was also inclined to the opinion that his uncle significantly twirled his gray moustache, which induced the young gentleman to suspect that he himself had furnished the theme for their conversation, and that the returned Indian had been relating with a wicked sneer to the hawk-eyed lady the memorable conversation of the day before, and how but an hour later that magnificent ideal had been apparently forgotten in the presence of the pretty little daughter of a ship-chandler.

But breakfast passed without any unkind allusions from the elderly people, and when the meal was concluded the uncle prepared to accompany the nephew down town.

The yellow gentleman acted strangely that morning. In the line of general conversation he had nothing to say; but he now and then observed, in a voice unnecessarily loud even for Broadway, "I say, Dick, that ideal of yours does you credit, and I commend your resolution never to marry till you find her; for, when you do, you'll see a reg'lar stunner." And then he would poke the young gentleman in the ribs with his great hand, enveloped in its immense fur glove, and laugh out such an outrageous guffaw that Dr. Gay became disgusted, and in a state of mind bordering on desperation, drew him into Delmonico's, fancying certain liquid potations he had in his mind might have a quieting effect upon the yellow gentleman's tongue.

But the doctor was doomed to disappointment, for the hot contents of tumbler after tumbler seemed only to place Mr. Lake in fair talking condition, and at length the young man was obliged to plead a professional engagement to escape from a convivial sitting which, he began to fear, might last the day through.

"A professional engagement!" cried the yellow gentleman, boisterously; "'tain't likely—I know what that means. Oh, Dick, what will become of that ideal? But, off with you! I'll try another whiskey-skin. Capital things, nephew, capital! and then I must go aboard the Sea Turtle and call upon my friend, Captain Toolypse; I'll be around to the office by the time you get back."

Very much relieved by this disposition which his uncle had seen fit to make of himself, and thinking withal what a disagreeably observing way he had about him, Doctor Gay bade him good morning and was soon wending his way in the direction of the ship-chandler's.

We do not think the exigencies of Miss Lisa's case made it necessary for her medical adviser to pass the greater part of the morning with her; but we know little of such things; besides,

he received such a kindly welcome from Mr. Naftyle, Mr. Naftyle's wife, and even from Mr. Naftyle's daughter, though the last was rather hesitatingly given, that he was, perhaps, quite excusable, particularly as he really had the morning on his hands, and the Naftyles' sitting-room was as snug and cozy a little place as one could wish on a winter's day, and there were worse companions than the plain, unostentatious couple and their pretty daughter.

Presently the young gentleman surprised himself by feeling very much at home and wonderfully interested in the conversation of the ex-whaleman, who, when he found his guest was disposed to listen, had much to tell of his old adventurous life, to which it was still his greatest pleasure to refer.

Mrs. Tabby did not take much part in the active entertainment, though she laughed appreciatingly at her husband's stories, and now and then asked a question by way of drawing him out; and finally, with true hospitality, produced from a little closet a queer old decanter of genuine Madeira and a little china plate of poundcake, with which she begged their guest to regale himself, remarking that a drop of wine was wonderful to keep out the cold air.

Miss Lisa, too, said but little, but she did not appear to think hard of the doctor for staying so long; on the contrary, she seemed to regard his lengthy visit as very friendly and attentive; so she smiled approvingly upon her Esculapius, and that gentleman at once resolved that he would faithfully attend her until she recovered.

He has also admitted (and he can safely do it now for certain reasons) that at about half-past ten, as he sat listening to a thrilling account of the capture and subsequent massacre of an old "hundred barrel" sperm, and thinking, as in his professional capacity he was of course bound to do, of his patient, he came very near saying, loud enough for his entertainer to hear,

"If she were only older, a consistent church member and of a good family, I'd risk the scrofula, her reputation and——"

But just then Job Tingle entered and prevented such a catastrophe, and interrupted his train of thought by scowling at him and commencing to pick his teeth.

"Stop picking your teeth, Job, and mind the store!" said the ship-chandler, sharply; "when I want you I'll hail;" and thereupon Job attempted to say something in self-extenuation, which, as usual, ended in a hopeless stutter, and then withdrew, scowling fiercely at the doctor over his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH WE ALL GO TO DINNER.



VENTFUL and exceedingly happy was the ensuing week to our doctor. He was assiduous in his attentions upon Miss Lisa, who, notwithstanding all his praiseworthy endeavors, would persist in regaining health and strength, and at least two days before Christmas Eve was about as well as she had ever been.

But he continued his visits nevertheless, and if appearances were to be relied upon, he was not only welcome, but fast becoming a favorite at the ship-chandler's. He had fallen into

quite a regular hour for his morning calls. Mr. Naftyle was always on the steps of his store, wrapped in his shaggy peajacket, waiting to receive him with a cheery "How fares ye now, maty?" Mrs. Tabby, too, never forgot the little old fashioned decanter of Madeira and the china plate of poundcake; and after the first day or two Miss Lisa learned to greet him with a cordial smile, and to say with delicious naïveté, "I am very, very glad to see you, doctor, I've been so lonely all the morning."

Job Tingle alone did not appear to relish this growing intimacy, and scowled at the medical gentleman with renewed ferocity every day, and was more than ever addicted to picking

his teeth; but poor Job had had his own mild designs upon Miss Lisa's heart, and could not be expected to quietly resign the field to a rival.

The yellow gentleman had not forgotten to follow up his acquaintance with Mr. Naftyle, although he did not again accompany the doctor in his visits to Front street, but timed his calls intentionally, it seemed, in order to avoid his nephew.

But the young gentleman heard of him there, and also perceived that upon the ex-whaleman he had made a very favorable impression.

Dr. Gay was hopelessly in love at last. He revealed it in every look and action, and the only wonder is that Mr. and Mrs. Naftyle did not discover it. Of course Miss Lisa saw it. What woman ever failed to discover it, when she has awakened such an interest in the heart of one of whose love she may be justly proud? So she forthwith gave way to a very pretty daydream that filled her little heart with such a gush of warm happiness, that she wondered how she could ever have regarded herself as otherwise than miserable before.

Miss Lisa had a young girl's confidence in her new friend's integrity of purpose. So she did not consider it necessary to conceal her newborn happiness under a cold, formal exterior; perhaps she could not had she wished to do so, consequently Dr. Gay soon read in her joyous manner that she had divined his secret, and was only timidly waiting for him to disclose it in words, to bestow upon him the boundless wealth of a fresh young heart's first love.

But still he hesitated. The ideal was not quite dethroned, and it seemed absurd for a keen man of the world, who had philosophically settled in his own mind what sort of a wife he must have, to surrender at discretion to a little miss so entirely the reverse, he could not help thinking, from the ideal Mrs. Gay.

And so Christmas Eve came on apace, and the vicinity of Washington Market and other points about the city forthwith abounded in evergreens of every variety and description, and crowds of customers thronged thitherward, and bore away with them these time-honored decorations for the approaching festival, commemorating the day that declared "peace on earth, and good-will to man!"

The sleighing was still fine, and Miss Lisa had that afternoon accepted an invitation from the doctor for a drive to High Bridge.

It was evening when they reached the city again, and far and near on every side church-bells were clashing out their deep-toned music, and people were thronging churchward, there to fittingly celebrate the Anniversary of Christ's Nativity by listening to the oft-told tale of the Infant of Bethlehem, and joining in the service which our church, time out of mind, has consecrated to the day.

At Miss Lisa's suggestion, they turned aside and joined the concourse, wending their way to St. George's, and were soon listening to the stirring words of the venerable and eloquent rector, whose earnest piety and faithful ministry has so endeared him to the hearts of his people.

"Do you often attend St. George's?" Dr. Gay asked, when they were again on their way.

"Oh! yes, always, when I am able to walk so far," Miss Lisa said, "and I have been absent but few times since I was confirmed three years ago."

"What! are you a church member, Lisa?"

"Yes; not a very consistent one, I know, but I think I wish to be; and if the wish is really sincere, shall I not be upheld and strengthened?"

"Doubtless, little one," and thereupon the doctor fell into a reverie.

It was Christmas morning, and a little before eleven. Dr. Gay emerged from his room dressed for his prospective dinner at the ship-chandler's, and when he made his appearance in the drawing-room, he found not only the yellow gentleman in gala trim, but aunt Sophronia also.

"You see, nephew Dick," said his uncle, in answer to his look of inquiry, "I got an invitation from your aunt Phrony to our Christmas party and for my friend Captain Toolypse, also, believing in the saying 'the more the merrier,' so if you will

escort your aunt, I'll go for Toolypse and join you in the course of an hour."

Dr. Gay could not do otherwise than acquiesce in this arrangement, and perhaps it pleased him; at all events, he gallantly gave the ancient maiden his arm and conducted her to the sleigh that had been ordered and was already at the door, and in due time landed her safely at Mr. Naftyle's.

As usual, the ship-chandler was awaiting his arrival on the steps of his store, but the ex-whaleman was elaborately dressed on this occasion in a fine blue roundabout, with a profusion of brass buttons, and exceedingly wide black trowsers.

Miss Lisa was there too, but she was not waiting for the doctor; for a little crowd of ragged, famished-looking children were around her, to whom she was dispensing with a liberal hand the materials for a plain but substantial Christmas dinner; perhaps the only one, God help them! that had gladdened their hearts for the livelong year.

"It's her notion, and I have to humor it," said Mr. Naftyle, with a gesture of apology toward the ragged little multitude, at the same time gallantly touching his tarpaulin to the maiden lady.

"And you do well," said Miss Sophronia, with a glance of grim approval at the young philanthropist; while Dr. Gay said to himself, "Not inconsistent with Christian conduct, surely."

On reaching the little room over the store, the guests found it prettily decorated with evergreens, that added a new novelty to its ordinary grotesqueness, while a well laid table indicated that preparations for the feast had already been made, and there was a genuine heart politeness in the genuine welcome Mrs. Tabby gave them, and her heartily uttered, "I wish you a merry Christmas, sir and madam, and may you live to see many another."

Scarcely were the introductions over, and the customary greetings exchanged when there was the sound of a new arrival, and presently after the yellow gentleman entered, accompanied by a tall, well-dressed individual, with a marine look about him, however, whom he introduced as his friend Captain Toolypse.

The words were scarcely uttered when Captain Toolypse's eye chanced to rest on Miss Lisa, and an instant pallor swept over his swarthy cheek.

"Pardon my seeming rudeness, Mr. Naftyle," he said in a tremulous voice, "but permit me to ask, is this young lady your daughter?"

The ship-chandler looked troubled, and glanced from the speaker to Miss Lisa for some moments before he replied, and when he spoke his voice was as faltering as the other's. "I can't honestly say she is mine, cap'en, though I b'lieve I've the best right to her of anybody, seein' as I've been all the father she's had this fourteen year."

"Do you know nothing of her parentage, then?" continued Captain Toolypse.

"Bless you! no, I found her cruising about alone in the street, and as she could give no account of herself except that her name was Lisa, I took her home to Tabby, thinking I should see her advertised by-and-bye, but I never did; so I came to think that her parents had set her adrift, and that it was fortunate she had fallen to Tabby and me, who had no little ones of our own."

"Was there nothing about her by which she might have been identified?" continued the captain.

"Well I don't know about that. She had an or'nary gold watch stowed away in her bosom, which we allus kept. I reckon she's got it slung to her neck now."

"Let me see it! let me see it!" said the captain huskily, and trembling like a leaf.

The company seemed dumbfounded, and stared vacantly at each other. Miss Lisa alone appeared to retain her presence of mind, and quietly detaching from the cord that held it a large old-fashioned gold watch, handed it to the captain.

He received it with a start, touched a hidden spring and a false back flew open. He gave it but one glance—it slipped from his trembling fingers, and the next moment the wondering Lisa was clasped close in his strong arms, and he was calling her his long lost daughter.

Dr. Gay picked up the watch, and read on the inside of the false back, "Cyrus Toolypse. Presented by the Officers and

Crew of the Ship Walrus. Dec. 25th, 1830." He passed it to Miss Sophronia, who read the inscription and passed it to Mrs. Tabby, who did likewise and handed it to her husband, who followed her example, and was about transferring it to the yellow gentleman, but with a nonchalant gesture he declined it, observing, "I know all about that, Mr. Naftyle, I've seen it before, and take some credit to myself for getting up a very pretty little drama. Cyrus, be good enough to establish your claim to that young woman."

"To do so I must make a little explanation," said the captain. "Fourteen years ago, this last summer, I arrived in New York from Calcutta. My wife, who had accompanied me to sea for her health, died on the homeward passage, leaving me with a little girl about two years old. A few days after landing here, on returning to my vessel one day, my black steward met me with the terrible intelligence that my little Lisa had managed to clamber through the cabin window and was drowned. I never suspected the man of uttering a falsehood, and could only blame myself for leaving her in such an ungarded situation, for he was the only one present, and his antics frequently took him from the cabin. I can now understand how it was. He had doubtless taken her ashore with him, as he frequently did, and while his attention was otherwise engaged she wandered off, and he was unable to find her; and fearing my displeasure, with negro cunning, he invented the story, well knowing I should blame myself more than him for such an accident. The plan succeeded, for I was deceived, and after making such search as I could for her body, I resigned myself to the thought that I had seen my little Lisa for the last time. Fortunately she had taken my watch with her, which I had left on the cabin table, and thus gave me the means of identifying her beyond a doubt; though I recognized her in an instant by her resemblance to her dead mother. The likeness is wonderful."

"It is indeed," said the yellow gentleman. "I frequently saw your lady while she was in Calcutta, and I traced the resemblance the instant I saw this young woman, when I first called here with my nephew. Under pretence of looking at Mr. Naftyle's stock, I followed him down-stairs, and by a few seemingly careless inquiries learned the substance of what he has just related to us, and satisfied myself that she was your daughter, and I then laid this little plan to bring you together at a Christmas dinner to which our friend here had given me an invitation. But Naftyle's dinner is getting cold; let's pay our respects to it."

"Aye, aye," said the ship-chandler. "A good dinner shouldn't spile for the want of eatin'. It'll go agin me dreadfully to part with my little girl, who has come to be very near and dear to Tabby and me; but, nevertheless, I give you joy, cap'en, upon finding a daughter. Here's to her health!" and the old man raised and drained a bumper.

"Spoken like a true sailor, shipmate," said Captain Toolypse; "and you will have my eternal gratitude and that of my child, whom I shall almost regret taking from you."

"By the nose of Mohammed! I can tell you, Cyrus, it won't pay to take her, for you won't keep her long," said the yellow gentleman with his great guffaw.

There was a general expression of curiosity.

"Oh! ask Dick," continued the yellow gentleman. "Speak up like a man, nephew, and tell us your experience."

"Most willingly," said Dr. Gay, stepping forward. "Captain Toolypse, I have to inform you that I sincerely love your daughter, and with your permission would make her my wife."

"This is sudden," said the captain. "You are a stranger to me, young man, but being the nephew of my friend Lake here would obviate that. What says Lisa? Let her decide."

"Tell him yes, mamma," whispered Miss Lisa to Mrs. Tabby, and then hid her burning face on the dear, kind bosom. And Mrs. Tabby did as she was directed.

"Now that's what I call coming to a general understanding gleefully; but I say, Dick, how about that ideal?"

"I have found her, sir," responded the doctor with a profound obeisance. "I know the Toolypse stock; the blood is good, and Lisa has the other requisites. At all events I think she has the qualities to make me a good wife."

"Well said, nephew Dick. You're putting your head into



DR. GAY IS INTRODUCED TO THE SHIP-CHANDLER'S DAUGHTER.—SEE PAGE 531.

the matrimonial noose gracefully. I'll give you a marriage portion of ten thousand dollars. What'll you do, Cyrus?"

"Give my daughter the same, and my blessing on her wedding day," replied the captain, and thereupon the company sat down to the ship-chandler's Christmas dinner, and were merry.

Moss Farm, November 1860.

SALUTATION.

THE expressions used as salutations among different nations have something characteristic and interesting, even for the most casual observer.

In the East some of these expressions savor, in a more or less degree, of the Scriptures, and of the serene and patriarchal sentiment of the inhabitants. The salutation used by the Arab, "Salem," or "Shalum," means peace, and is found in the word Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus, "May you have a happy morning."

The Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny clime—"May your shadow never be less."

The climate of Egypt is feverish, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks, "How do you perspire?"

"Have you eaten? Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman, a touching solicitude which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands.

"Good cheer," says the modern Greek, in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends.

The Romans, who were robust and laborious, had energetic salutations, expressing force and action: *Salve*, "Be strong," "Be healthy," and *Quid facias?* "What do you?" or "What make you?"

The Genoese, of modern times, say, "Health and wealth," which is very appropriate for a commercial people.

The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grow in sanctity." The "How stand you?" of almost all Italy forcibly indicates the nonchalance of the sunny land.

The Spaniard, grave, haughty and indifferent, wishes you "Good morning," to which we respond, "At your service, sir."

The ordinary salutation of the German is, "How goes it?" To bid one adieu, he says, "Live quiet and happy." This last plainly exhibits his love for the simple joys of life.

The travelling Hollander asks, *Hoe waart's go?* "How do you go?" The thoughtful, active Swede demands, "Of what do you think?" while the Dane, more placid, uses the German expression, "Live well—Live well." But the greeting of the Pole is the best of all, "Are you happy?"

The English have the "Good-bye," a corruption of the words "God be with you," and some others; but that which exhibits best the character of the English is, "How do you do?"

The *Comment vous portez vous?* of the French, "How do you carry yourself?" is equally characteristic of the free and easy Frenchman.

THE FASHION.—We have it on the infallible authority of Jenkins that it is no longer correct to say "the height of the fashion." When ladies wish to convey the idea that any one of their acquaintance is at all *bien mise*, they affirm that "she was dressed in the full breadth of the fashion;" only perhaps it would be more exact to put it in the plural, as the lady's dress certainly takes now-a-days a great deal more than one "breadth." However, the alteration in the term is a decided improvement; that, like the dress itself, is now quite "as broad as it is long."

THE FIRESIDE.

My room is warm, my lamp burns bright,
I'm sitting here alone;
It is a cold and dreary night,
And sad the wild winds moan.

Why am I sitting thus alone?
Is my heart now filled with sorrow?
What am I waiting, watching for?
The coming of the morrow?

My books are piled upon the shelf,
My drawings all laid by;
I'm sitting in the old armchair,
And gazing at the sky.

My eye is fixed upon a star,
Now shining from above;
It is the star of "other days"—
The star I now do love.

This lonely star I view to-night,
I oft have watched before;
And as it shines as brightly now
As in the days of yore,

It 'minds me of myself so lone—
Of one that's far away,
Whose friendship burns as brightly now
As at an earlier day.

OUR SCHOOL.

BY RUTH RAYLEIGH.

"WELL, girls, what are we to do to get a living?"

It was only a friendly way our self-constituted guardian had of identifying himself with our interests; he in his own indi-

vidual person had solved that problem successfully, years ago. To my sister and me, however, it was a question of momentous interest, and we looked anxiously first at each other, then at him.

"Have you thought of nothing?" he pursued. "Olive," addressing me, "has no plan suggested itself to your mind?"

"Yes," I said, coloring and hesitating, "I have thought of a plan, but there is a difficulty at the outset."

"Pride pulls," answered he; "I see the tug! Take my word for it, Olive, there is no humiliation in facing our necessities. Come, let us hear the scheme!"

My sister came in to relieve my difficulty, which was further increased by his misconception of my meaning. I felt almost angry that he should suppose I was ashamed to propose my plan of earning a livelihood; my only shame was (and that I acknowledge was a false shame) that I had not the means to set about the business at once.

In all her characteristics, my sister Lizzy was very different from me; she was always able to put freely and promptly into words the feeling or resentment which I shut up within my own breast, there to canker or burn. Now, therefore, she began to put Mr. Foster right, with her usual fluent ease.

"It is my belief," she said, "that nine times out of ten when a man makes a guess at a woman's meaning, he guesses wrong. You are quite out, doctor, about Olive's difficulty; we are both heartily willing to work for our living; the question is"—and now her own cheek grew red—"where are we to find the means to begin? Everything," concluded Lizzy, with a solemn earnestness which made the phrase seem almost ludicrous on her girlish lips, "everything requires capital!"

"Well," said Mr. Foster, "I shall furnish the capital if the scheme is business-like and promising, and be paid back at your convenience, when the profits come in. Now, Miss Olive, your path is smoothed."

"If we were sure of the profits, sure of being able to pay you



CAPTAIN TOOLYPSE DISCOVERS A LONG LOST DAUGHTER.—SEE PAGE 585.

back," began I, interrupting Lizzy's ardent thanks; "but we may fail!"

"Then the dignified resource will be left you of pining away under the weight of an obligation," said Mr. Foster, looking at me with an expression so near akin to displeasure that I flinched under it. "Many people have enough selfish benevolence to enable them to give; I've yet to meet with man or woman high-hearted enough to know how to receive."

He got up and took a turn or two through the room, with the air of one who has a right to be offended. I sat digesting his reproof. Lizzy went up to him, slipped her little hand through his arm, and walked to and fro with him.

"That awful frown of yours," she said, caressingly, "has frightened poor Olive into silence; so I'll tell you our scheme. We should like to keep a school."

Mr. Foster stopped short in his walk and faced me.

"Yes," he said; "we are very fit with our high-strung, irritable temperament, to keep a school! We have the cast-iron nerves and toughness of frame proper for the task! We have been rightly disciplined and drilled—absolutely cut out for it by a foreseeing Nature!"

This went a little beyond my endurance. Up I stood, trembling with wounded dignity.

"Because I have been delicately brought up must I be good for nothing? Because I have never had to work before must I be incapable when the necessity comes? You shall see, Mr. Foster. Lizzy and I will keep school, and we will succeed, too, without cast-iron nerves—without having been trained on the hardening system. We must succeed," I repeated, passionately; "for we will do our very utmost."

Mr. Foster took a pinch of snuff; he had that most objectionable habit.

"Angels could no more," quoted he, drily. "But how now, Miss Olive? You will humble your stiff neck, and take my money to help you to set up school, just to enable you to give my doubts the lie? Well, I shall have my revenge in my own power; for if, after a reasonable time, I'm not paid all up, to every fraction of principal and interest, I shall throw both Lizzy and you into prison, and neither shall come out thence till you have paid the uttermost farthing."

"Very well, I accept the terms," said I; "and now let us talk the matter over with our future relentless creditor."

I have far too much sympathy for the reader to make him follow all the involutions of that "talking-over." We came to some kind of a settlement at length. Mr. Foster had a good deal of house property in the neighboring cathedral town, and that fixed our locality there. We were to rent one of his houses, a small but respectable residence, in a good quarter of the city; and our landlord said, provokingly, "He looked for payment at a very future period—barely on this side time! But, in spite of his threats, he would not be too hard upon us."

Then, out of the wreck of a once somewhat extensive establishment, we had one good, faithful servant who had stuck to us in our adversity. We all three decided we should do at first without any other. Fortunately, we had furniture enough to furnish the house pretty well. Mr. Foster said he should fit up the school-room, as he had long wanted an opportunity to show his superior judgment in such matters. We were sure of a few pupils ourselves, and Mr. Foster guaranteed to bring us in a dozen at once. Now for the teaching!

"I can teach the elementary branches," said I, seriously, determined not to be disconcerted by the twitchings at the corners of Mr. Foster's mouth, "and music."

"And I," said Lizzy, "draw very well; you know I do, Mr. Foster; and both of us can talk French, thanks to that year at Paris; and so I think we shall do."

"And who will teach the poor souls to write and cypher?" asked he, with a hard-hearted grin.

Lizzy looked disconcerted.

"We must have a master," said I, decisively; "for we will undertake to do nothing that we can't do well. Mr. Blake, who lives at L—, and who taught Lizzy and me in by-gone days, will be reasonable, I know. And if we get on, and some of the girls want to learn German, I am equally sure that our other favorite master, Adolf Reichenbach, will treat us handsomely. Are not you, Lizzy?"

Lizzy's face was all in a glow, but she gave in her assurance.

"And I," said Mr. Foster, rising to take his leave, "in order to give the finishing stroke of distinction to the establishment, shall accord my medical services. Good-bye," he added, shaking each of us by the hand, "as I pass Slater's, I shall call in and order the brass plate to be engraved. It is pleasant to see one's name for the first time in print."

Relying upon the reader's well-known and heartily-reciprocated antipathy to back-narratives, I shall not enter into detail of the circumstances which had reduced Lizzy and me to the necessity of keeping school. Bankruptcy and death had shaken us from our pleasant height down to the level where men struggle for subsistence, and we were forced to find or sharpen disused weapons for the strife, and take our share of it. After the first shock, we were not averse to the necessity; in truth, I, in measure, found it a pleasant and invigorating thing to have a business in life.

Besides, on the whole, we began under favorable auspices. Mr. Foster was an efficient friend; he brought us the pupils he had promised, we gathered those we had expected, and he was always ready to help or advise.

It was enough for him to see that we were in earnest; and we were in earnest. After all, we had hard work to do; we had twenty pupils, of whom six were boarders, and the chief drudgery fell to my share.

How I strove to teach them thoroughly and well! to make them understand, so that fact and inference might cling to them for ever. Then the effort to repress the instinctive contempt their stupidity aroused—to temper with discretion the indignation excited by their carelessness and indifference! I do think Mr. Foster's doubts of my capacity helped to strengthen my endurance, on much the same principle as that which enabled the Olympic racer, despite exhaustion, to reach the goal, because Greece was looking on.

I must here say something more about this friend of ours. He was a surgeon, rising fast to distinction, far beyond the limits of his native city. We had known him ever since Lizzy was nine years old, when he had attended her during a dangerous illness, and to his skill and devotion, under God, we owed her life. From that time we had kept up, not only a professional, but friendly intercourse, and I especially had a strong admiration of Mr. Foster. I admired his untiring energy; his ever prompt sympathies; his secret benevolence, that sometimes transpired; his strong-hearted, self-denying fearlessness in the most trying circumstances of his profession. I liked him for his uncompromising honesty to the rich; I revered him for his tenderness and delicacy to the poor.

Mr. Foster was not married, but was reputed eligible to that relation by the mothers of L—; at the same time I am in duty bound to say he was reputed plain—very plain, I have heard some pert misses say.

I never thought him so; I never could have thought any man so who was six feet in height, and that six feet in perfect and manly proportion, who had no facial deformity—eyes through which shone the upright and earnest soul, and a forehead noble to the view, and upon which once hearing a phrenologist expatiate, I pledged myself a convert to the science until death.

Our school flourished. On Lizzy its duties fell light; not that she had little to do—we divided its labors equally—but her light, buoyant temper threw off the anxieties that weighed on mine; nor did she put forth, as I could not help doing, so much intensity of desire and effort.

Occasionally, when the day's work was done and our pupils in bed, I succumbed; that is, I sat down with Lizzy before our little fire and owned that I felt worn out.

"And then, Lizzy," said I, in one of these moods, "we have so little to look forward to! One day repeats another, and often I feel the want of society and diversion."

Lizzy was kind and affectionate, but she did not sympathize with me here.

"I know our temperaments are different," she said, "and my being so happy proves it. Think how well we are getting on! There are more pupils promised next half-year. I think we shall be able to afford an under-teacher to take a little off your hands; and Mary and Selina Gordon were saying their mamma would like them to learn German. If we can get one or two more, we may fairly engage Mr. Reichenbach."

"No!" said I, firmly, "we can afford no under-teacher. You forget our earnings are Mr. Foster's: I want to save every possible shilling until our debt is paid: his liberality shall be no ark of shelter for my habitual indolence. As for Reichenbach, that is a different consideration; I think we may venture upon that."

Before the Midsummer of the following year, so prosperous had we been, that were able to pay all our debts to Mr. Foster. He received the money somewhat distastefully. Lizzy said, laughing, "Mr. Foster does not like the idea that we are out of his power. He can no longer frighten us into good behavior by threatening to send us to prison."

"I suppose Miss Olive has been denying herself daily bread to help her pay off this precious obligation?" returned he, drily. "But if she thinks she has done with me now she is mistaken. I shall come and look after you sharper than ever."

"Miss Olive thinks she has only paid off the least of her obligations to you," said I. "There are some debts one can never cancel, nor would wish to cancel." My voice trembled a little as I said this; Mr. Foster thought proper to assume a look of cynical incredulity.

"Pretty sentiment," he said; "but I never yet found an appropriate way of acknowledging such dainty speeches; so where one cannot fight they had better fly;" and he forthwith took his leave.

"Lizzy," said I, turning indignantly towards her, "does Mr. Foster presume to think me insincere?"

Lizzy laughed at my warmth.

"Presume!" she repeated; "I don't know; I should think not, as you seem a favorite; but it is difficult to say when he's in jest or earnest."

"Seem a favorite!" I said to myself, as I went to the school-room; "I have always comforted myself that he liked me; perhaps, then, after all, it has only been an appearance!"

If I were disposed at this time to yield to my constitutional "low spirits," I certainly found no countenance in Lizzy. Lively she had always been, but of late there seemed a constant well of living joy springing up within her heart, which flung its bright sparkles all around. I fancied she grew lovely—she had always been very pretty; that there was a softer music in her clear ringing voice, and, while I observed and wondered, I never divined the cause. Whether it were the dulness of pre-occupied feeling I cannot tell, but though I knew very well that Lizzy took untiring pains with her German class, that she was herself pursuing eagerly her private study of the language, that she was one of the most intent listeners to Reichenbach's intelligent instructions to his pupils, I never associated this interest with the individual, but put it all down to my sister's pure love of knowledge.

A school-girl gossip which I chanced to overhear roused me from this obtuseness of perception. My pupils, as such pupils will do, were talking about their masters—not in their capacity of instructors, but as men subject to feminine criticism.

They were enthusiastic about Reichenbach. He was everything admirable in a superlative degree; and they added, "they were sure Miss Lizzy (who, by the way, was held as an "angel" throughout the school) liked him, and he liked Miss Lizzy."

I carried the vague, bewildering notion this talk excited with me into my private parlor, and sat down to think. Handsome! well, very likely he might be. For my own part, I think my ideas were confused on the point of masculine beauty. Clever, kind, warm-hearted, honest, frank! It was a long list of excellencies; but on reflection I adjudged them all as his due.

Lizzy liked him! why, she always liked him when he taught us privately, long ago. As for his liking her, who could help liking Lizzy?

The matter was not left long in doubt; I had scarcely opened my wondering eyes to the state of the case when it was frankly, manfully announced to me.

One evening Lizzy happened to be out to tea, and as I sat trying to read in the waning summer twilight there was a knock at the street-door, and presently the servant showed into my presence Mr. Reichenbach. I shall never forget the impression the young man's manner made upon me as he introduced that subject few men are able to treat manfully.

I was Lizzy's elder sister—the only relative she had—therefore he came to me. He had my sister's sanction to plead his cause with Olive; and, in truth, he pleaded it well. He seemed so deeply conscious of his own unworthiness and of her excellencies, that I felt almost tempted to stimulate his self-esteem. Then he came to important detail. He was not poor, for he had a large professional connection, and a very small private income, saved out of the wreck of the family fortune, wrecked on some political headland. It was not enough to live on, but it was enough to make want impossible and to form no contemptible item in the yearly balance. Moreover, he and Lizzy had thought of taking a few private pupils.

What could I say? His earnestness would almost have won me over had the connection been less desirable than it was; but as the case stood I saw little or no objection. I sent Reichenbach away rejoicing and grateful, and then waited impatiently for Lizzy's return. She came home early. I saw at a glance it had been a concerted plan, and she knew what had passed. She looked so lovely in her sweet girlish confusion, that I forgot to reproach her for her secrecy.

"Lizzy! my darling Lizzy!" I said; and by a mutual impulse we met in a fervent, sisterly embrace.

Then we sat down to talk. How long we talked! how Lizzy eulogized her lover! I began to wonder if he really could be all she said, and whether it was my blindness that was at fault. At last I said,

"But you ought to have confided in me, Lizzy."

"Well, Olive, I always meant to tell you, but you did not seem to have the least suspicion and I never could find courage to say, Sister, I love Adolf."

"Mr. Foster must know, Lizzy; we must consult him about it."

Lizzy fully agreed, and we took the first opportunity. I was spokeswoman. My sister had thought at first of leaving me alone to tell the tale; but she finally agreed that "coming in afterwards would be more embarrassing than facing it out; and besides, she would like to judge for herself how Mr. Foster received the news."

Mr. Foster received it very quietly; he sat a long time without speaking; at last,

"I have seen it all along and kept a sharp look-out over the outgoings and incomings of the young man consequently. Reichenbach is not a bad fellow in the main. Come and shake hands with me, Lizzy; and God bless you, my child!"

"As for you, Miss Olive, we shall go on keeping school without our sister (for, of course, the young people won't be able to wait) and I shall look in now and then (though I'm afraid people will gossip) to keep up our spirits, for it will be very dull work indeed."

The young people were not able to wait, and it was very dull work indeed. The teacher I had engaged could not fill Lizzy's place, and, I confess, I stood in need of Mr. Foster's visits. They were kindly frequent, and I lived upon them; the last serving me in retrospect till another came. Meanwhile, Lizzy was very happy—"romantically happy," Mr. Foster said; and I tried to appropriate her bliss to myself. However, as my readers, I dare say, know, that sort of communism is not very practicable.

When the dreary winter set in, I longed for Lizzy more than ever. Miss Sundrell was a sensible, grave young woman, with whom one might profitably converse; but how I missed Lizzy's ringing laugh, merry, clever chatter, and bounding footstep on the stair!

One afternoon my teacher had taken the girls out for a walk, and I had sat down by the window to indulge in a melancholy mood. I had expected Lizzy and her husband to tea; but she had written to excuse themselves, and that I was disappointed me. I rested my eyes upon the cathedral, being an object of beauty, and, therefore, of rest, for as I stood

I could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity.

and it certainly helped to compose my mind. I had just succeeded in persuading myself into a frame of becoming resignation to a cheerless home and fate, when Mr. Foster came and banished the cheerlessness.

"I met Miss Sundrell and your pupils," he said, "taking their walk; and I hoped I should find you alone."

"Why?" asked I, with a half smile; "do you want to lecture me? Have I done anything wrong?"

"Very wrong, indeed," he said; "you have worked the gossips' tongues hard and introduced disquiet and painful anxiety into a quarter which I always esteemed proof against such intrusions. Olive, what have you to plead?"

I think I must be obtuse by nature; for I never glimpsed his meaning, but sat looking at him, earnestly distressed by the serious tone and ill-understood reproof.

"Come, Olive," he said, getting up and coming nearer to me; "give me a little help! I can't quote Schiller to explain my meaning, like young Reichenbach; but, may be, it's as deep, or deeper than his. Olive, do you think you could persuade yourself to give up school and trust yourself into my hands for the future? I would lay down for my first object the banishment of that melancholy look from these dear eyes; I would try to make you happy with all the heartiness of a man in love for the first time, and who dares swear he will get deeper in love from the moment you give him leave to say, my wife."

Reader, I liked the strain so well that I had as little wish as power to make him cease. Reichenbach! Schiller! what was their combined eloquence to the sweet peremptoriness and convincing energy with which Mr. Foster urged upon me that it was my first duty, and his first necessity, that I should be his wife? From childhood my mind has been open to reason and conviction, and I closed it not against either that night.

Mr. Foster took his leave when he heard the sound of the children's return with their governess, but he came upon the little flock in the passage.

"Good-bye, my little ones," he cried, with a cheerfulness which had its response in my own happy, grateful heart; "and make much of Miss Olive, for you won't have her long." ~

REPUTED VIRTUES OF THE ASH.—This tree has been the object of some curious superstitions, one of which at least, absurd as it is, is not quite obsolete; we allude to the reputed virtue of a split ash in curing ruptured children. The programme of the ceremony by which this supposed power was called into play is as follows:—The stem of a young ash being cleft down the middle and kept open by wedges, the afflicted child, in a state of nudity, was forced through the opening; the mother standing on one side of the tree and the father on the other. This uncomfortable transit having been twice performed by the astonished and shivering infant, both it and the disrupted tree were respectively swathed up at the same time; and if the wound in the latter healed and the parts coalesced, as was generally the case, a simultaneous cure was supposed to be effected in the child. It is but a short time ago that a poor child suffering from the above infirmity was actually subjected to this process somewhere in Warwickshire. In many parts of England we meet with old ash trees bearing deep scars or seams down their sides—memorials of the ill usage they were subjected to in their youth, from the gross ignorance of the peasantry, for the benefit of suffering babes. Equally celebrated and unfounded were the potent curative virtues of the contrivance known as a Shrew Ash. There is a gentle, harmless little creature, with a long nose, called a "shrew mouse," which, however, our sagacious forefathers invested with a terribly malignant character, insisting it was of so venomous a nature that whenever it happened to creep over the limb of a cow, horse or sheep, that limb would be forthwith seized with grievous pains and loss of power. To provide against such an accident, always liable to occur, the good folks set their fancy to work and composed an *antidote*, somewhat on the homeopathic principle, that "like cures like." This they managed by boring a deep hole in the tree with an augur, into which a poor shrew mouse was thrust alive, with appropriate incantations. The entrance being then plugged up, of course the wretched mouse shortly died, and the tree thenceforward became a wonderful "shrew ash," and as such was treated with the greatest veneration; for when any animal was afflicted by a shrew, as aforesaid, all they had to do was to touch the limb gently with the twig of such a tree, and straightway the creature so tormented was cured.

MAUDE HERAPATH—FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

How the lapse of a few years alters the aspect of things and places! When I first went down to Herapath Hall, we were two days and a night upon the journey, by the "fast coach" of those days. Last week it occupied but five hours. I might have seen the sun rise over London next morning had I been so minded; but there was a miserable satisfaction in wandering about the old place, gloomy and forsaken as it is.

Very different to when I first saw it—the bright fires crackling on the hearths, the merry voices of children ringing from the old walls; cold and neglected, and cheerless they are now: the very terraces and flower-beds run to wilderness; the croak of the raven and melancholy cry of the lapwing have taken the place of the nightingale and blackbird: the greenhouse covered with moss, tangled in weeds—and that fearful avenue!

They have all passed away who once peopled it with life and gaiety, all scattered up and down the world, who shall say where?

When I knew Herapath the family consisted of six, besides the parents. Herne Herapath was a widower with a son and daughter, when he married the widow of his cousin, who had one child, Maude. The rest, a son of sixteen, and the younger twins, to whom I was engaged as tutor, were born since the last marriage.

The father was a stern, unbending disciplinarian, strict in observances, from the minutest point of honor to the smallest conventionalisms, though little of the outer world reached Herapath.

A greater contrast could hardly be found than that presented by him and his wife; she was all gentleness and yielding, and one might easily believe how, before the gloominess of his character had overshadowed her, her sweet disposition had made sunshine wherever she appeared. Even now it had power to disperse the chill of his presence in the house, and many a harsh sentence of his on some unlucky offender has been lightened by the honey-dew of her soothing words.

But one gnarled thread could not mar the unity of a web where all else was lovely. What happy times were these! Looking back now at the peace and purity of the life in that happy home, I almost repining ask myself why was it so permitted, only to make what came afterwards more horrible by contrast? But we question blindly of such matters.

The eldest son was, at the time of my arrival, absent with his regiment; during the time I saw him at Herapath he seemed to inherit the stern disposition of his father; the rest were kind, good-hearted, ordinary characters—the two elder much attached to their stepmother and the younger children; but the life of the old house, the very spirit of joyousness, was sweet Maude, whom every one loved and petted, down to the lowest house servant. Even the unbending father had oftener a smile for his sunny-hearted step-daughter than for any other of the household.

What tender cares, and little thoughtful ways, she had for every one; quick to observe the smallest want, and anticipate a desire even before it was spoken. She lived less in herself than others, I am certain. I have met women far more beautiful, more gifted with grace, spirit and accomplishments; but never one so excelling in the power of attaching hearts. I have really wondered whether there do not exist around such natures an atmosphere of attraction! I have wondered, how often! whether I did not love Maude Herapath with another love than others, in spite of the difference in our condition. Yet, if so, could I have known the horrible truth and lived?

I remember still some of her artful kindnesses—her cunningly devised home surprises for the pleasure of her brothers, and indeed of us all.

In the warm summer evenings, when the sun lingered in the west, and scholars and teacher alike wearied of the books, how often the white dress flitting past the windows has been to us the sign of relief, and the golden-ringletted head peeped in with the welcome invitation to a refreshing meal laid out under the shade of the old trees, dressed with fruit and flowers, and arranged by her hands so temptingly a sick man must have

eaten—and was ever the taste of one, the whim of another, the prejudice of a third unattended to?

If a birthday fete or a childish anniversary seemed likely to be overlooked, it was Maude rescued it from oblivion, dressed it in due dignity, and just as the young heart was swelling with sense of neglect, restored to smiles and rejoicing its owner. Did a head or a tooth ache—was wound, or sprain, or bruise, the result of some boyish foray, who but Maude received the sufferer, soothed his complaints, administered the healing drug or balsam, and hushed her own mirthful voice and laughter in sympathy with the pain she seemed to share. How often has a disgraced servant owed his pardon and recall to the intervention of the kind girl, who, in the cause of justice became bold, even to the facing of the terrible step-father in his own grim domain of the oak study, looking out upon the black northern hills crowned with firs, where the drifted snow lay white, and slowly melted only before the June sun.

I stood in that study yesterday; the dust was thick upon the windows, and as with difficulty I opened one, the brambles which straggled wide upon the terrace sprang in and trailed upon the floor, and among them, smothered in their savage embrace, a dwindled spray of the honeysuckle it used to be her care to train upon the balustrade which faced the corner of my little window next to his, where, sitting one soft spring evening, I heard that sweet voice pleading for myself, who had unwittingly given cause of offence to the stern master of the house by overstaying, by a day, my leave of absence, and had thereby incurred my dismissal.

I had not appealed against the decision—a feeling of pride at the injustice of the sentence had deterred me, though bitter enough it was; but she, sweet Maude, had understood it all. I seemed to live that hour over again, standing at the time-stained window, looking out upon the deserted gardens and the dark hills, over which the cloud shadows were hurrying. I seemed to hear the sweet voice and remembered the very words,

“His mother is very old, papa, and he has a blind sister, it will so grieve them; he is sorry, I know, papa, that he offended you—”

“He broke a rule of mine, Maude; he knew it well enough—”

“Next time, father dear. If he ever offends you again I will not ask you; but this once, father, only this once.”

And then, as her voice stopped, I knew how she would be looking up into his face, and how its sternness would struggle in vain before those deep pleading eyes.

“You will forgive, father?”

Oh God! that a time should come when there were none to ask forgiveness for her—when the voice which had pleaded for others became powerless in its own defence.

I staid at Herapath—staid to learn yet more fully the worth and loveliness of dear, beautiful Maude. Both she and her sister at first shared a certain portion of their brother's studies; but in a few months these were discontinued, and much of our quiet life broken in upon by the arrival of a visitor at Herapath, the affianced of the elder sister, Blanche.

Then I learned that this had been a destined match since the childhood of the young lady, who was some eighteen years younger than the bridegroom. He, but recently returned from abroad, was a man of the world, attached to its gaieties and pleasures, and seemed strangely out of place among the simple happiness of our sylvan home.

Yet, strange to say, all seemed taken with him, myself and Maude the only exceptions. Handsome, of good presence and fascinating manners, he possessed the art of rendering himself agreeable alike to all. With the freedom and condescension that charmed even the dependents, he never forgot the punctilious etiquette which made way with fastidious Herne; the studious display of affectionate gallantry had won the affections of his intended bride before she was, I believe, herself aware; and the lads were full of wonderful tales of their new companion, who could shoot, run, leap and row with the same ease that distinguished him in quieter pursuits by the side of the ladies.

I was now almost a recluse in my little study; it was holiday at Herapath. Fortunes and lands were to be united, as well as hearts, in the match; the father was no less to be congratulated

than the pair, and all shared the joy of the occasion. Maude was the only one who would now and again break in upon my solitude, when the rest were away upon some gay expedition, or entertaining the guests who now visited more frequently the hall. In the quiet evenings she would join me at the window, from the long ramble over hill and dale—book in hand, or from some errand of charity to the poor village, or, bow and quiver at her side, from a solitary expedition to the now deserted field where our targets stood.

“I must accustom myself to this,” she would say, “for when Blanche has gone I shall be so much alone.”

By degrees I got to accompany her in her rambles when she could escape; but her father, with a sense of what was due to his guests, insisted upon her presence on most occasions.

Even my position in the family did not shelter me from what was far from being appreciated as an honor—the taking share in these festivities. I could not repress a feeling, which I still felt to be groundless, of dislike to the new member about to favor Herapath with his alliance. It was strange, unjust—I acknowledged it to myself; a man so universally admired. I endeavored, with all sincerity, to shake off the impression; but it was not to be done. It was, perhaps, more excusable in my case than in that of Maude, who evidently shared the feeling; for while, in his manner to me, there was the slightest possible shade of dislike and haughtiness conveyed, to the beautiful girl his partiality was marked by even more than admiration of her grace and sweetness.

“I almost wish he were not to be Blanche's husband,” she said one day, when we had been speaking of him; “I do not like him as I ought, and I can't pretend. I get away whenever I can, for I fear my dislike may show itself in some way, and I would not for the world vex Blanche or anger my father; and the worst of it is I can give no reason for my antipathy. Yet I cannot like him—I never shall, and you seem to fancy him no better.”

I could not disown my feelings, though I was able to give no better reason for them. I believed in my own mind that Maude had some more substantial reason for her aversion than she was willing to confess; but the subject was not a pleasant one, and it dropped.

The days passed; that of the marriage came and went. Quiet old Herapath was itself again; quieter—even lonely—by the contrast, though but one of our little circle was gone.

After awhile all fell back into its old routine. Bright-eyed Maude accompanied us a little less frequently upon our longest rambles, being more by her mother's side than formerly—that was all. We had our hours of study, recreation, enjoyment and merriment alike; and when, as happened twice, the sombre master-spirit absented himself for a short time on a visit to his son-in-law and daughter, the reins of authority slackened to give us a brief breathing time, of which we availed ourselves joyously enough.

Another year rolled away, in such a quiet, peaceful life, I sometimes amused myself idly in speculating what event would next occur to break its delicious monotony. Little did I dream of the horrors that awaited the very actors in it.

The mistress of Herapath was called on to preside at the birth of a grandson. Both she and her husband were absent a couple of months, he returning first, and, at his request, Maude then went on a visit to her sister. At the end of a few weeks Mrs. Herapath returned alone. The husband of Blanche was from home upon some affairs; Blanche, not yet very strong, begged so hard for the company of her sister that Maude consented to stay, rather, it seemed, against her own inclination.

How we missed her at Herapath! There was not a servant in the kitchens, not a dog in the yard, but I believe felt the loss of the sunshiny spirit that had so long flitted amongst us, and joined in the jubilee of rejoicing which welcom'd her home; the schoolroom had an especial holiday on the occasion.

But it was not our darling that returned; we soon knew that. True, the sweet face met us with its old smiles, but it was plain she returned our greetings with an effort. These over, she relapsed into silence: she was evidently glad to be once more at home, but she made no haste to revisit her favorite haunts. She was pale and depressed; there was an expression of anxiety which, as she once or twice saw me gazing at her, deepened into terror. But all were so delighted to see her that no one notic

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the change, with the exception of her mother, whose eyes I saw turn inquiringly upon her child, though she made no observation.

The days passed on; Maude resumed her usual occupation, but not her childlike gaiety. The sunshine was all gone, the merry song and ringing laughter were no longer heard; her light foot went wearily about her household duties; more than once I heard a half-smothered sigh break out when alone. As she sat reading, the book would drop from her hand to her lap, and insensibly her eyes, wandering out to the distant landscape, filled with tears, which, as they fell, would startle her to hastily wipe them away and look around with a look of dread, lest she had attracted the notice of any present.

At times a sudden interval would appear when the old habits were resumed, and a burst of sunshine would gleam out to gladden all hearts; but the gloom that followed only appeared the more terrible by contrast.

I recalled her, as I stood at that lone window, in the gathering twilight, the other evening—how, as night drew on, standing there, I have seen her white dress glancing in sight over the dark hillside; how I watched her coming nearer and nearer, her hands clasped and hanging down, her eyes turned to the ground, or fixed upon the solitary star coldly glittering on the moor, and I shrunk out of sight as she approached, for I knew she avoided me, and invariably declined my escort in her lonely walks. She never followed now the pleasant strolls we had been used to take, but chose the wild heath, or dark river side, or barren hills. For my part I always watched anxiously for her return, nor ever rested till I knew her to be safe within doors closed for the night.

Still I saw her mother watched her with anxiety equal to my own; yet even her tender care seemed to have ascertained nothing, as I judged from the silent eagerness with which she followed Maude's every movement, without seeming to do it.

One lovely night in September the still repose of the earth and sky tempted me to a longer ramble than I had intended. I had taken a path I had often trodden in company with my dear pupil, and thinking of the past, wondering would it ever be renewed, endeavoring to account, by any possible cause, for her alarmed manner—I had forgotten everything else.

It must have been very late; all seemed to have retired when I entered the house by the glass-door from the terrace into my own study, where a shaded lamp burned low. Everything was still, and I moved cautiously, not to disturb the sleeping household.

I had reached a book, and was seating myself for a few moments ere retiring, when I started, as the deep voice of Herne Herapath broke the stillness close upon my ear from the adjoining chamber in tones of violent reproach.

I failed to catch the meaning of his first words, though the concentrated rage, that yet seemed hushed for fear of exposure, thrilled through every nerve. I understood only that he was reviling some one with all the savage bitterness of which he was capable. Then came the gentle voice of his wife interposing between him and the object of his anger, whose sobs I heard in the short intervals of Herne's wrath.

I rose to close the window, for I had no desire to be an involuntary sharer in any private conference—some domestic disgrace or family dispute, I supposed—but ere I had made two steps the words which met my ear arrested me; I remained fixed to the spot, and heard what thrilled my very soul with horror.

I spare you his words, the cruel questions, the bitter remarks which told the tale; made even more horrible by the unnatural calm with which he veiled his fury and passed the fearful sentence.

As briefly as may be let me relate the sickening truth.

The husband of Blanche, as I have already said, was a man by whom the pleasures of the table were held dear. In her married home that soon became familiar to the bride which at Herapath would have been deemed excess.

Once, while at Herapath, it seems he had dared to address Maude in a manner unbecoming his position with her sister. She had resented with indignation his conduct, though she had refrained from exposing him; hence the girl's unwillingness to make the visit, and only that he was absent she had consented.

He returned; then Maude would have returned home, but

her sweet temper and obliging nature had endeared all to her. It was who should show her most attention. Blanche, with tears, entreated her stay; and the sister, dreading to give rise even to suspicions in the dear invalid, deferred from day to day her departure—still avoiding her unworthy brother-in-law on every occasion.

To brutal passions unused to control, stimulated ever by indulgence and excess, the persistence of her behavior only was fresh inducement. He was resolved, but he knew his victim; he dissembled, feigned indifference—even silently acted repentance and regret for what had passed. The hapless child was deceived into security. Alas! in what words can I relate how, in one fatal hour, she—unsuspecting, terrified, alone—fell a prey to the brutality of the wine-flushed libertine!

Such was the tale—wrung out by half accusations, half broken-hearted tearful confessions—which I learned, and how, dreading the effect of its knowledge upon her sister, the miserable girl had borne in silence the agony of her unnatural secret, wasting in the fever of a concealment, which—climax of horror!—would soon become impossible. All this I heard. Listening—the very life congealing in my veins—to the broken sobs and murmured anguish of the sweet voice I had so often heard in gladness, or mercifully suing for others. And there was none to speak for her! None—when she at the feet of her stern judge and parent was repulsed with a slow deliberate curse, when he took the awful oath not to punish the base betrayer of innocence, who had outraged kinship and hospitality—but to preserve at all cost the family honor, to bury his crime, and cover up the secret, though she should be the sacrifice. None—while in the still night his words fell horribly distinct, calm and cold, passing sentence upon her—when she unresisting pledged to him her word that she would comply, nor by word nor deed show sign of dissent from his will. I heard the trembling voice faintly, slowly utter the words which sealed her fate—this poor child, who had gained pardon for so many, who had never thought or asked for pleasure or indulgence for herself, whose whole brief life had been passed in giving happiness to others—there was none to plead for her,

Only the poor mother; but he silenced her, as she would have appealed against his harsh judgment.

It was given, he passed out. I heard a faint cry, a quick step—the mother had caught her child to her breast as she fainted; then all was still; and from the watching heavens came no signs, from the oppressed earth no moans, testifying against the man's pitiless rigor.

With difficulty I refrained from yielding to my first impulse to make unreserved offer of my services. But for what?—as I asked myself, during those few minutes in which I hesitated to intrude upon their sacred grief. Certainly I a poor dependant of the family could do nothing, though my heart might ache to serve her, and bleed for pity at her sad case—nothing! It would but add to her shame and sorrow to learn my knowledge of the secret.

Noiselessly I closed my window and saw them, mother and daughter, step out into the moonlight, away from the open terrace into the deep shadows of the avenue. There as I looked again from my upper window, I saw the two gliding in a close embrace, their white dresses glinting between the boles of the dark old trees.

She came among us no more. From that night reputed illness kept her a prisoner to her rooms; where even her mother was perforce a rare visitor. It was a part of her well-planned punishment. But when night fell, and all who might slept within the house, the grief-stricken mother and unhappy child paced the dark avenues. Come moonlight, cloud or storm, it was the same to them. Up and down, to and fro, those solemn hours, holding their sad communion, I keeping watch, unknown, lest any should intrude upon their miserable consolation. Even that ended. The day came when from Herapath went another bride—when to hide crime and shame, slavery was bought for one, who sinned guiltlessly, if ever mortal did.

Herne Herapath had done no more than purchase a husband for the stricken Maude. With a portion large enough to cover many scruples, he put her into the arms of a hind who had worked upon a distant estate half his lifetime.

Heavy, ignorant and unscrupulous, the man seemed aptly

formed enough to carry out any purpose that might be formed, even though it should be no worse than silence.

But no bridal cortege bore Maude Herapath from loving arms to the arms of love.

Alone, at midnight, she, in the escort of her hard stepfather, quitted her home, her mother.

I saw her, as she tottered forth, under the dim light of the portal lamp, wrapped in the shroud-like cloak that hid her from view. I stood before her; I cried "God bless you!" and starting she gave me her cold hand wet with tears, and "God bless you," she cried; then looking back sobbed, "Oh! mother, mother!" The words rang in the old archway after she was gone, and while the broken-hearted mother lay unconscious in her grief. Parent and child beheld each other no more. A prompt and stern dismissal from Herapath was my portion in return for my poor benison; and for months after I cared little what befell me. Of dear Maude the sufferer long afterwards I learned the last. What weariness and anguish she endured till the rest came none ever knew. But her child brought the message of mercy, bade the whipped spirit be free, and led it home.

A twelvemonth later Herne Herapath was a widower; taking his young sons with him he went to settle in a foreign country.

Standing within the deserted walls of the old mansion, amid the gathering shades of twilight, I recall the mournful history of those who dwelt within them. I try, but in vain, to conjure the dear form and the merry laugh of the bonnie creature who was wont to fill these echoes with delight. But the owl hoots mournfully from the ruins, over the wilderness the wind moans drearily; I seem again to listen to the sobs and lamentations of that night's confession, and—yes, that is no fancy—they pass slowly along the avenue, and their white dresses glint in the moonlight, between the boles of the ancient elms.

TORTURE.—At Keithsburg, Illinois, recently, a man and his wife being suspected of stealing some money, a mob broke into their dwelling, with the intention of executing Lynch law. The man fought like a tiger, but was soon overpowered, and both were carried off into the woods. They were told that if they would not confess the theft and give up the money, they would be immediately hung. As neither would acknowledge anything, the lynchers at once proceeded to accomplish their fiendish purpose. The man was first hung up, and kept there until he was entirely unconscious, and then, with a refinement of cruelty which could only be looked for in the most hardened brutes, he was taken down and buried in a shallow hole, which was dug for the purpose, to make his wife believe that he was dead, in the hope of frightening her into a confession. But the woman was brave, and would give them no satisfaction. She was accordingly swung up by the same rope used on her husband, and was let hang till life was nearly extinct. In the meantime the man was taken from his grave, and the lynchers, finding that nothing was to be got out of them, after some difficulty resuscitated them and left them to get home as best they could.

BAKING ON SUNDAYS.—The statute of Charles II. against labor on Sunday contains an exemption in favor of cook's shops, which has been extended to the baking of meat, puddings and pies on a Sunday; it being held, on the general exception contained in the act in favor of works of piety and necessity, that the act of the baker did not fall within the statute; Mr. Justice Wilmut observing, that it was "as reasonable that the baker should bake for the poor, as that the cook should roast or broil for them" (the magistrates). A conviction under the statute against a baker for baking meat and pastry for his customers, for pay, was quashed upon similar reasoning; Lord Kenyon maintaining that the laborious part of the community were entitled to indulgence, many of them not having the means of dressing their dinners at home. These cases led to the passing of statutes (first in 1794) for the regulation of baking and the sale of bread on a Sunday; when a piece of hair-splitting was uselessly raised, as to whether the permission for the sale of bread would include also the sale of rolls.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON SHEEP.

HAYDN relates the following anecdote with regard to the power of music:

"In my early youth I went with some other young people equally devoid of care, one day during the extreme heat of summer, to seek for coolness and fresh air on one of the lofty mountains which surround the Lago Maggiore, in Lombardy. Having reached by daybreak the middle of the ascent, we stopped to contemplate the Berromean Isles, which were displayed under our feet, in the middle of the lake, when we were surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which were leaving their fold to go to their pasture. One of our party, who was no bad performer on the flute, and who always carried his instrument along with him, took it out of his pocket.

"I am going," said he, "to turn Corydon; let us see whether Virgil's sheep will recognise their pastor."

"He began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following one another towards the mountain, with their heads hanging down, raised them at the first sound of the flute, and all, with a general and hasty movement, turned to the side from whence the agreeable sounds proceeded. Gradually they flocked round the musician, and listened with motionless attention. He ceased playing; still the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those nearest him to move on. They obeyed; but no sooner did the flautist begin to play again, than his auditors again returned to him. The shepherd, out of patience, pelted them with clods of earth; but not one would move. The flautist played with additional skill; the shepherd fell into a passion, whistled, scolded and pelted the mutinous amateurs with stones. Such as were hit by them began to march, but the others still refused to stir. At last, the shepherd was obliged to entreat our Orpheus to stop his magic sounds. The sheep then moved off, but continued to stop at a distance, as often as our friend resumed the agreeable instrument. The tune he played was nothing more than the favorite air of the opera at that time performing at Milan. As music was our continual employment, we were delighted with our adventure; we reasoned upon it the whole day, and concluded that physical pleasure is the basis of all music."

THE SECRET OF INCOMBUSTIBILITY.—In February, 1677, an Englishman, of the name of Richardson, came to Paris, and gave some very curious performances, which proved, according to his statement, his incombustibility. He was seen to roast a piece of meat on his tongue, light a piece of charcoal in his mouth by means of a pair of ballows, seize a bar of red-hot iron in his hand, or hold it between his teeth. This Englishman's servant published his master's secret, which may be found in the *Journal des Sciences*. In 1809, a Spaniard, of the name of Leonetto, gave performances at Paris. He also handled a bar of red-hot iron with impunity, passed it through his hair, or stepped upon it; drank boiling oil, plunged his fingers into melted lead, put some on his tongue, and ended his performance by licking a piece of red-hot iron. This extraordinary man attracted the attention of Professor Sementrici, who began carefully watching him. The professor remarked that the tongue of the incombustible was covered with a gray layer, and this discovery led him to try some experiments on himself. He discovered that rubbing in a solution of alum, evaporated to a spongy state, rendered the skin insensible to the action of red-hot iron. He also rubbed himself with soap, and found that even the hair did not burn, when in that state. Satisfied with these investigations, the physician rubbed his tongue with soap and a solution of alum, and the red-hot iron produced no sensation on him. The tongue, when thus prepared, could also receive boiling oil, which grew cold, and could then be swallowed. M. Sementrici also detected that the melted lead Leonetto employed was only Arct's metal, fusible at the temperature of boiling water.—*Memoirs of Robert-Houdin*.

AN AMERICAN BULL.—A Tennessee paper announces that "the inauguration of the Governor was celebrated by firing minute guns every half-hour."

TWO TWILIGHTS.

MORNING.

When moonlight fades from the forest glades
And morning stars begin to pale,
And silver sheen, with shadows between,
Folds over the sleeping vale ;

Ere the throistle wakes or the morning breaks,
When the owl skims over the field,
While the flowers weep in their balmy sleep
And their sweetest perfumes yield ;

Hazy twilight fleets through the dusky streets,
Into the woods, and over the seas,
On to the graves and deep blue waves,
And the leaves of leviathan trees.

It scatters the gloom of the sick man's room,
Touches his face with morning beams,
And his bright eyes shine with a light divine,
As tho' the moon shone into his dreams.

The mountain ridges, like thick-ribbed bridges,
Arch along the eastern sky ;
The wood tops glow in the plains below,
And the church spires loom on high,

Till it downward falls to the city walls,
And on to the waterfall rills ;
Then fairly flees from the flowers and trees
When the red sun kisses the hills.

EVENING.

With an orange ray from the dying day
And a silver beam of moon-pale light ;
With an azure hue from the cloudless blue
And the faintest gleam from the stars of night ;

Moon and sunlight meeting, shadows fleeting
Where the breezes on the waters play,
And the west woods cast their shadows last
In the depths of the tranquil bay ;

By the fountains of the purple mountains
Evening twilight, falling, lingers
Thro' long summer nights, when the starry lights
Have woke the midnight singers ;

And thick-leav'd boughs hear the whispered vows
That lovers breathe in twilight hours ;
And the silk-winged fly goes flitting by
To the rose and jessamine bowers.

The musical trills of the streamlet rills
Softly break on the lover's ear ;
And the night wind's sigh, as it passes by,
Fills his soul with mystic fear.

When the western glow has gone, and one by one
The stars have grown into light,
Twilight flees from the shade of the forest glade
And is lost in the shadow of night.

Oh glow of morning light, oh shade of falling night,
The day's beginning and its end ;
Oh sweet, still hours, all mystic powers
And deepest thoughts on thee attend ;

All powers that move the heart—joy, grief and love—
To thee their tenderest graces lend ;
All deepest mysteries, all heart histories,
In the two twilights meet and blend.

AVARICE.—An old beggarwoman named Margaret Kersbrum, when on her deathbed, at Munich, in Bavaria, supplicated her sister to bury with her an old bonnet which she always wore, on the plea that, having been the gift of her benefactress, she could not bear to part with it. She died soon after ; and her sister, taking the bonnet, determined to rip off a band that she thought might be of service to her, before consigning it to the grave, and which proved to be more useful than she anticipated, for it contained paper money worth over one hundred pounds

SOMNAMBULISM.

Persons have been known to commit murder while in a state of somnambulism, or sleep-walking, and also during the half-unconscious condition between sleeping and waking. A person has been suddenly roused by a frightful dream, and while under its influence has been known to take away human life. Suicide has been committed under analogous circumstances. A person apparently well had gone to bed without manifesting the slightest tendency to self-destruction ; he awoke suddenly and destroyed himself. An old lady residing in London awoke in the middle of the night, went down stairs and threw herself into a cistern of water, when she was found drowned. It is supposed that the suicide was the result of certain mental impressions conjured up in the mind during a dream.

Dr. Pagan refers to the following interesting case to prove, that murder may be committed by a person when under the effects of a frightful vision :

Bernard Schedmaizig suddenly awoke at midnight. At the moment he saw a frightful phantom, or what his imagination represented as such—a fearful spectre. He twice called out "Who is that ?" and receiving no answer, and imagining that the phantom was advancing upon him, and having altogether lost his self-possession, he raised a hatchet which was beside him and attacked the spectre, and it was found, alas ! that he had murdered his wife.

A pedlar, who was in the habit of walking about the country armed with a swordstick, was awakened one evening while lying asleep on the high-road, by a man suddenly seizing him and shaking him by the shoulders. The man, who was walking by with some companions, had done this jocosely. The pedlar, suddenly aroused from his sleep, drew his sword and stabbed the man, who soon afterwards died from the effects of the wound. He was tried for manslaughter. His irresponsibility was strongly urged by his counsel on the ground that he could not have been conscious of his act in the half-waking state. He was, however, found guilty and subjected to imprisonment.

LIGHTNING BEETLES.—Some months since a lady presented me two living lightning beetles, which she had received from Cuba. I kept them in a glass, and exhibited them in a dark room to several of my friends, who were much astonished and delighted at being able to see to read by the light issuing from them. I nourished them with great care, feeding them with sugar, their favorite food, but they died in about ten days, and with their life also disappeared their light. I feel particularly grateful to these little insects, because during my excursions in St. Domingo they were frequently the means of saving my life. Often has dark night surrounded me in the midst of a desert forest, or on the mountains, when these little animals were my only guide, and by their welcome light I have discovered a path for my horse which has led me safely on my journey. Often have I felt grateful to a wise Providence for the creation of these little night illuminators, when all the lamps of heaven were shrouded with impenetrable darkness, and when, but for their light-giving presence, I should have wandered for hours in a dreary forest, or been precipitated from a mountain ridge down a fathomless abyss.

BEWARE OF AN ILL TEMPER.—Parents, whose children are the most sensitive and have the greatest docility, take heed to this ! Ye seek teachers for them at home, or masters at the public schools—men of competent erudition, of urbane habits, of unsullied morals, of cultivated tastes—and ye do well. Yet some such qualifications, at least, may be found by us every day in conjunction with unchristianlike propensities and contentious tempers. These last are not less teachable than Latin and Greek. It is easier to cross the bridge of indignation than that of science. A man's feelings and affections are as momentous to his happiness as a First Class. Our children's faces are like mirrors, with this difference, that the evil tempers which they reflect from other faces may remain, all life long, both there and upon the heart.



A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whisper'd courage,
And hid with friendly roar
The falt'ring words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
Her love, my life she'd bless?
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
For, sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That liasp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, carelessly,
While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty then,
And now I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know;
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

BYGONE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

"I WONDER, Edith," said my father, rising from his writing-table and coming to the window where I stood looking out at a few streaks of crimson cloud that marked the spot where shortly before the sun had sunk into the sea—"I wonder, Edith, what can have detained the boys to such an hour? It is now half-past seven, and Philip promised me that they would not be later than six. I wish they would try and be more punctual; but perhaps to-night they are not to blame, for the tide will be running strong against them all the way home, and Philip will have hard work to do—Charlie's arms are not good for much."

As my father said this I looked earnestly at his face, and saw from its expression that he was beginning to feel some anxiety; so, to divert his attention, I began to talk of other matters, and in a few minutes said:

"I think I had better get tea ready; I am sure they will be here before it is brought in, for they will hurry home when they see how dark it is growing." But I was wrong; for I made tea, waited some time before I sent it in, and at last my father and I sat down, each trying to hide from the other the anxiety that both felt, and that every moment grew stronger and stronger.

The table cleared, I offered to light the reading-lamp, but my father refused, saying he "would be disturbed when the boys came in," and again took up his station at the window.

I could not stay in the house—I felt impelled to run down to the water's edge, that I might catch a glimpse of the boat the moment it came in sight. For fear that my father should tell me to remain within doors and not expose myself to the night air, I slipped out by the garden door and ran quickly to the beach, where a sand-bank of considerable height prevented my being seen from the parlor window; but, indeed, the darkness was now almost sufficient to do that.

I looked all around me, but nothing was to be seen save the sea, which looked perfectly black from the great masses of cloud that since sunset had been driven from the west, and now stretched overhead like a funeral pall, veiling the stars and screening all heaven from the sight. I stood still with a beating heart, expecting every moment to hear the plash of the oars in the water and the well-known voice of the boys. I say "boys," for that was what we always called them, though they were now, at least one of them, past boyhood. My cousin Philip was twenty-two, and my brother Charlie eighteen. Philip's parents had died in one of the colonies when he was a child, and my father had brought him to live with us for the sake of the old friendship that had existed between him and his cousin, Philip's mother. When he was fourteen my father sent him to school, and from that time he had been but little with us, never except in the summer and Christmas vacations. How we did enjoy those times! and how we looked forward for months to the few weeks he would spend with us as the great happiness of the year; for in our very secluded home we knew nothing of what went on in the world, or of any mode of life but our own, and to Charlie and I, Philip appeared to know everything and to be the most experienced person possible. When he left school he went to live in Manchester with some of his father's relations who were in business there, and into whose employment he was taken. We had not seen him for nearly a year, when, a month before the day of which I am writing, he came to spend some weeks with us, his health

having been somewhat injured from very close application to business. My brother Charlie was, as I have already said, eighteen; but having always been very delicate he looked much younger than he really was, and never having been to school or in the society of boys of his own age, he was very quiet and reserved.

But to return to that dreary, dreary night, when I stood on the shore waiting to hear the voices that I loved so dearly, and hearing only the wailing of the wind as it swept over the sea. At length, borne on the wind from a distance, I heard a shout; I listened, and it came again nearer and clearer—Philip's voice! Then it came once more, but this time fainter and from a greater distance, as if the boat were being carried out to sea. My heart sank and I could scarcely stand; with one effort I gathered all my strength into one prolonged shout of "Phil! Phil!" and then again all was silent—but not for long: there came, clear and unmistakeable, the well-known cry of the coast-guards, which they always made when their boat neared the land. And now I was certain that the boys had got some of the guards of the station to which they were going to row them home. I clapped my hands and cried at the top of my voice, "Phil! Charlie! We are waiting for you—hurry home;" but my voice was borne back on the wind and could not reach them. However, it did not matter; I was sure they were coming and would be with us in a few minutes, so I ran hastily back to the house to tell my father the news. I found him standing in the now dark room, on the spot where, half an hour before, I had left him. I caught his hand, and in a few words told him that the boat was approaching land. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, fervently, and putting me from him, hurried towards the beach.

I followed him, and we soon gained the spot where I had before stood. A boat now hove in sight, but as it neared the land I saw—not the little fragile thing I expected to see, but the strong, well-built boat of the coast-guards, with several men in it. I called to them, but they were busy about something in the stern and did not hear me; then they moved from that part of the boat, and I saw a sight that to the day I die I shall never forget—our little boat, *The Fairy*, towed by the larger boat—oarless, rudderless, and with not a single person in it!

But as I gazed intently, what was that I saw lying in the bottom of the foremost boat? What were those two dark objects that lay there stiff and motionless? I stood paralysed with fear. The first boat touched the shore; one of the men jumped out, ran to my father, who was leaning almost insensible against a rock, and said hurriedly:

"Oh, sir, send fast for the doctor; the young gentlemen be's dead, I think; but maybe not, for they were only a minute in the water when we picked them up—their boat was capsized by the waves."

On hearing that there was still hope, my father's energy and strength returned. He hastened to assist the men who were lifting the boys from the boat, and called to me.

"Run up to the house, Edith, and tell Biddy to prepare and heat beds for them, and send Archie to the village for the doctor."

I did so, and then waited at the door till the men carrying the boys, and followed by my father, came up.

"The parlor is the warmest place, papa, they had better be brought in here."

I tried to speak calmly, but my voice trembled, and I almost gave up hope when I saw Charlie's face by the light of the fire. It was perfectly colorless, and his eyes were wide open, and staring with no meaning in them—those deep, gray, earnest eyes, that my father said were so like my dead mother's. He was laid on a couch, and then Philip was carried in.

I was afraid to go near him—afraid of seeing the same vacant stare in his eyes that I had seen in Charlie's. I felt that I could not live without him, that if he died I would die too. I must go near and see if he breathed—if I could do anything for him. I crept unobserved to the side of his sofa; I knelt down by him, and laid my face against his; I started, it was so cold and clammy. Then I leaned over him, to try and hear if he breathed. I thought I heard a faint sigh, and could see a slight quivering in his eyelids; I stood still listening intently, and for some minutes could neither see nor hear any-

thing—then, suddenly, his eyes opened, and he drew a long breath. Now my fears were over—I knew he would live.

"Phil," I whispered, "don't you know me? Won't you speak to me?" And I put my hand in his; he pressed it, and in a low broken voice said, "Edith! my darling," and then his eyes closed.

For a moment I forgot all else—Charlie, my father and everything but the fact that Philip lived, that I had not lost him; and, knowing that, I was happy.

The entrance of the doctor roused me. He went to the couch where Charlie was lying, from whose side my father had never stirred since they were brought in, and who still lay stiff and motionless as when we first saw them lying in the bottom of the boat.

From where I stood by Philip's sofa, I could scarcely hear the questions and remarks of the doctor; but I saw him shake his head and look pitying at my father, and then, in a low tone which seemed to pierce to every corner of the room, he said:

"Sir, I am afraid I can give you no hope for your son. Nothing that I could do would be of any use now."

My father sank on a chair, as if he had received a blow. He covered his face with his hands and groaned. "Oh, my Charlie! oh, my dear—dear boy!" and then he gave way entirely, and tears ran down his old withered cheeks.

I cannot dwell on that dreadful night, nor on the days that followed. My father never moved from the side of the bed where we laid all that was left of our dear Charlie, and Philip was, by the doctor's orders, confined to his room. We feared he should have some serious illness, and to ward that off great care was taken to prevent him catching cold. My father had not seen him since Charlie was drowned until the day of the funeral, when they walked side by side to the little village churchyard where Charlie was laid beside our mother.

When they came home and we three sat together in the parlor, my father suddenly turned to Philip, and with something of his old decision of manner, said,

"Philip, you must leave us; you cannot stay here; I could not bear it. Had it not been for you my boy would not have been drowned. You promised to take care of him and you did not keep your promise. I can no longer trust you, nor could I bear to see you here in the place of my lost boy. You must leave us and not come back."

"Oh, papa—papa! let him stay," broke from my lips; but Philip whispered to me,

"Hush, Edith; your father must have his own way."

Then, turning to him, he said,

"I am ready to go when you please, sir. I know had I not been here Charlie would not have gone out in a boat, and so far I am to blame; but further than that, thank God! I cannot reproach myself."

But in reply my father only repeated,

"You promised to take care of him and you broke your promise. You must go away."

"Very well," said Philip, in a low voice, and then there was a long silence.

I felt my tears choking me. I left the room and went into the garden. How everything I saw there reminded me of the happy days that were gone for ever! and how dark and dreary the future seemed when compared with that bright past. Charlie, my companion and playfellow as long as I could remember, dead; and Philip—how that thought made my heart ache—going away, never to come back. I sat down in the summer-house we had made long ago when we were children, and cried bitterly. How long I staid there I don't know; but on looking up I saw Philip standing at the entrance, very sad and pale. He sat down beside me and said,

"Edith, you heard what your father said; I have no choice—I must go; but some time, I cannot say when, I will come back, and, then, shall I find Edith here—and will she still be my Edith, as she is now? Oh, my darling! I have no one to love me but you—do not forget me."

"Philip! Philip!" I cried, "when you come you will find me here, and I shall always be yours as I am now."

Then we talked a long while, until I began to feel contented with the present and hopeful for the future.

As we went towards the house, I said,

"Will you write to me, Philip? Do you think papa would allow you?"

"I have already asked him and he said I might write once, but not again."

"Well, that is better than nothing—I must try and be content."

"And look forward to the future," said Philip, smiling, "and the present will be easier to endure. We must both try and do that, for I shall be as lonely in the crowded streets of Manchester as you will be here, with no companions but the rocks and the sea."

CHAPTER II.

THE next day Philip went away, and my father and I were all that remained of the merry household we had had but a week before.

From this time forward our life was so monotonous, every day so like the preceding, that I have nothing to write about it. My father never recovered the shock that Charlie's death had given him; he seemed quite broken down both in health and spirits, and from being energetic and cheerful, and apparently not much beyond middle age, he became quite a frail old man.

Reading aloud to him and writing his letters became my chief occupations, and kept me busy nearly all day; and besides, he disliked being left alone so much that it was only when he fell asleep after dinner, which he now frequently did, that I could slip out for a stroll on the rocks.

Philip's name was never mentioned between us. When the letter he was allowed to write came my father gave it to me without comment, and from that time I never heard anything of him for five long years. What a dark, dreary time that was! though now to look back at it, it seems far worse than I felt it to be at the time, for, with no events to mark any day in particular, year after year slipped on unnoticed until I was twenty-four. On that day, when my father was congratulating me, I ventured to make a request that I had long been anxious to make.

"Papa," I said, trying to steady my voice, "would you allow me to write to my cousin? It is so long since we heard of him; perhaps he is dead."

Though I said this I did not believe it myself, for the notion that Philip would die never entered my head. I was sure he would come for me some time, and that then I should never leave him. When I had made my request I stood still waiting to hear my father's reply. At length it came.

"You know, Edith, that I forbade you ever to mention your cousin Philip Gordon's name, and I wonder you can do so when you think of the loss he caused us to sustain; but for the sake of his poor mother and lest any harm should come to the lad, you may write to him and find out how he is getting on in the world—not following in his father's steps, I hope."

I scarcely waited to hear the end of the sentence before I left the parlor and ran up-stairs to my own room, where, in my desk, I kept the one solitary letter I had received shortly after he left us. I wrote my letter and then set off with it to the village post-office. I counted that in three days I would have an answer, for I felt certain he would write at once, and so, on the third day, regardless of the violent snow-storm that raged without, I set off to the post-office, my heart beating fast with anticipation. When I reached it I found the mail-car, detained by the snow, had not arrived. Mrs. Wilson, who kept the office, made me go into her little parlor and warm myself at the fire. I sat there listening impatiently for the trampling of the horse's feet, trying to attend and reply to the flow of gossip which the good woman poured into my ear. At length I heard the post-horn. I could not sit still, but went into the office and watched Mrs. Wilson, as, one by one, she drew from the bag the few letters that came to our quiet village, torturing me almost beyond endurance with the slowness and precision of her movements. At last they were all out, and there was nothing for me. I could not believe it—I was certain the letter had been overlooked.

"Mrs. Wilson," I said, trying to speak calmly, "are you sure you have taken everything from the bag? You might look again."

She did so, and this time I could not doubt—no letter had come!

I grew faint, and could scarcely stand. The good woman observed that I looked ill, and begged me to sit down, and she would bring me some of her cherry cordial, which, she affirmed, "would put me to rights in a minute." I thanked her, but said I would hurry home, before another snow-shower came on. I left the office, and walked quickly until I had reached the end of the village; but once out on the warren where no one could see me, I gave way to all the grief that was pent up in my heart. I flung myself on the ground, heedless of the snow which covered it, and which was drifting wildly in my face, carried hither and thither by the gusts of wind which swept fiercely from the sea.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" I cried aloud, "where are you? Why did you not write?" A passionate flood of tears choked my utterance, and I lay, I know not how long, sobbing as if my heart would break. At last I rose up to go home. It was almost dark—the snow had ceased falling; a clear, frosty sky was spread overhead, and a few stars had begun to show their trembling light. I looked up into that deep blue, starlit sky, and prayed that I might have patience to wait, and strength to endure whatever might come. Then I went into the house quiet and composed, and resumed my usual evening occupation of reading to my father.

For a week every day I went to the post-office, and every day the same answer, "No letter," struck like a knell on my longing heart. Then I gave up hope, and went no more.

Another dreary week passed, when, one evening, as I stood listlessly at my bedroom window, looking at the pale hues of the winter sunset, our old servant Biddy brought me in a letter, bearing the Manchester postmark. I tore it open, and out dropped my own letter, unopened—just as I had sent it. On the envelope was written, in a strange hand:

"No Mr. Gordon known here. Some years ago a gentleman of that name left this for Canada; since then nothing has been heard of him."

As I read these words a feeling of intense joy came over me—to know that Philip might yet be living—that I had not altogether lost him; but a moment after, when I thought of the wide ocean that lay between us, of the immense distance that separated us, my grief returned as strong as ever, and I almost gave up hope of ever seeing him again.

But I must hurry to the end of my story.

For some months I had seen a great change in my father, and I knew he could not live long. One morning in May, when I was dressing, Biddy tapped at my door, and said:

"Miss Edith, I have knocked twice at the master's door, and have got no answer; would you come and see if there is anything wrong?"

I at once crossed the landing and knocked at his bed-room door; then getting no answer, I opened it and entered the room. He lay in his bed quite still—his face hidden by the bed-clothes. I stepped forward and with trembling hands put aside the sheet; there he lay, looking more like himself than I had seen him look for months, with a calm happy smile on his lips, as if the angel of death had for a moment withdrawn the curtain of heaven and let him gaze on the faces of his dear ones, who were there waiting for him, before he himself had fallen asleep to wake no more on earth.

Now that my father was dead I was quite alone, and our income having died with him, I was considering what I should do to support myself and where I had better live, when I received a letter from a distant cousin, who was married and lived in Liverpool, inviting me to stay with her until matters were arranged and I had made my plans for the future. The letter was kindly expressed, and as I recollected having heard my father speak of her as a good, kind-hearted person, I wrote accepting the invitation, and began to make preparations for leaving the home where I had lived all my life, and which was endeared to me by the memories of other and happier days.

At last everything was arranged. Biddy, the old servant, who had lived in the house since I was born, was the next day to go home to her friends, and I was to start for Liverpool. Oh! how I hated the thought of living shut up in a town, and of exchanging the sea, the fresh air and the open sky, for the sights and sounds of a large business place like Liverpool:—But

there was no help for it, and I made up my mind to bear it as I could.

When it was too dark to do any more work, and tired with the bustle and excitement of the day, I sat down beside the fire in my father's arm-chair. I looked round the room on all the familiar furniture—on some pictures drawn by my mother when a school-girl—on the little chairs that were made for Charlie and me when we were children—on my father's books, that he took so much pride in, and many other things that all spoke to me of bygone days. I could not repress the tears that were falling fast, and in my heart I prayed that I might die too, and not live on now that all those I loved had left me. Thus I sat sad and lonely, when I heard a knock at the door—then Biddy's voice speaking to some one in the half-suspicious, half-polite tone she always used in addressing strangers. "Why, Lord bless me! that's not—" but I heard no more, for the stranger interrupted her to say something. I stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece for support. A quick, firm step crossed the hall—the parlor door opened:

"Edith!" said a voice that I had given up hope of ever hearing again. "Philip! my Philip!" I cried, as I sprang to him, and in a moment he had taken me in his arms, and there—no longer lonely—no longer unhappy—I rested content.

OUR YOUNG MINISTER.

BY MARTHA HAINES BUTT.

THE young minister had arrived. His reputation had preceded him—that is to say, he was known to have a handsome face, great talent, and was not wholly dependent upon his salary for a support. He had preached several times to the congregation to which he was "called" to take charge.

The church, of course, was always filled; it was quite impossible to get even a standing place. His bright eyes seemed to grow still more so as they were lighted up with the fire of eloquence. He was young in his profession, yet seemed old in knowledge. The pulpit was a meet place for him; he had not mistaken his calling. In a word, he had fulfilled his destiny.

Of course our young minister was very popular, for when has youth, talent and a handsome appearance ever been without its train of admirers? We rather suspect that many young girls did not attend church so much for the religious benefit they would receive, as to get a look at his bright eyes and criticize his immaculate necktie and admire the surplice he wore, which, to use their language, "was so becoming." Strange to say, many who had neglected going to church suddenly became very piously inclined, and desired an introduction to the young minister for the purpose of having a serious conversation with him, but upon what subject we are not at all at liberty even to "guess."

In the course of two or three weeks more the pastor became better acquainted with his congregation and commenced making calls. There is no telling what a great disappointment there was among some certain young ladies if they happened to be absent when he called; how they bit their fingers and wondered when he would come again?

It was a subject of much discussion who the young minister would finally marry. They happened to be sensible enough to know that ministers have hearts and eyes as well as other people. The congregation was searched over. Ada Glentwood was the most proper person, the older persons would say—she is so very exact in all things, so good, so attentive to her church duties; besides this, is so neat in her dress, ignores balls and parties, loves retirement, and is perfectly careless to everything going on in the fashionable world. What a capital minister's wife she would make! The spouse of the pastor who had just made his demise was a perfect pattern of excellence; yes, Ada Glentwood was the very person for the minister, and many, could they have acted as they wished, would have married the persons in question at once. But it is generally admitted that it takes two to make a bargain. The Rev. Joseph Macon (such was the pastor's name) could not pass a window without being

ogled by the girls. He was utterly unconscious of all this, however.

The invitations to dine, to take tea, were so numerous that he found it impossible to accept half of them without seriously interfering with his duties; hence, he made up his mind to comply with the many requests on special occasions.

It was the fifteenth birthday of Hon. Mr. Sanford. A grand dinner was given on the occasion. Being such a pillar of the church, the first to engage in any enterprise for the benefit of it, our young minister felt as if he must attend. Among the number invited and present was Miss Ada Glentwood; this fact was all-sufficient to confirm their suspicions. A young lady of so serious a turn of mind was just the person calculated to make a pastor's wife. Those who had predicted the marriage of the parties were present. But how suddenly did their eyes dilate when they heard him engage in a lively conversation with the younger and more "frivolous" portion of the guests.

Miss Gertrude Sanford, the daughter of the host, was present—a fine, elegant, highly-accomplished young lady—one who had seen much of the real refinements of life. He talked to her, it is true—nothing, though, more than gallantry or good manners would exact—Gertrude was so worldly-minded that he could never dream of her as a wife. She was wholly unfitted for that office. Their minds were perfectly at ease on this score. In vain did many of the sanctified set endeavor to throw out all their blandishments and fascinations; they could not reach the heart of the one for whom they were intended. Anxious mothers began to wax more so, and finally, feared that their daughters could make no impression whatever upon the young pastor. They concluded that so much piety gotten up for the occasion did not pay—and thought seriously of remaining home, instead of going through the hot, broiling sun to church on Sunday mornings, as they had been in the habit of doing. Rev. Mr. Macon had been seen several times walking home from church with Ada Glentwood; it was, therefore, a settled fact that they would be married.

In about a twelvemonth the people of the quiet little city of L— were astonished at the reception of the "wedding-cards" of our minister. But it was something not at all unexpected, for he had been paying some attention to Ada Glentwood, although not pointed enough for any one to presume that a marriage was so near at hand. Imagine the astonishment, when on opening the "cards," to find the name of Miss Gertrude Sanford. In the language of the gossiping world, "Who would have thought it?" And, for all we know, there was some shrieking among the young girls. No one would have imagined anything of the sort; it was kept so secret—Gertrude had been away for full a half year—all the courting and preparations were done so privately. What a march had been stolen upon them. It was a great surprise, but very far from being an agreeable one.

What a disappointment—what a wasting of smiles and fond looks. It was all a currency that didn't pay.

The wedding was a large one, although many did not attend (so Madame Rumor says) from dire disappointment. It was positively provoking in the extreme; but he would rue the day he did the deed—a gay, fashionable belle, like Gertrude Sanford, would lead him a dance.

The young minister had made his own choice—he was satisfied although the world did not approve of it. Mrs. Joseph Macon was willing to do all she deemed to be the duty of a pastor's wife, and the old gossips were forced to admit that she was not so bad after all. The youthful pair knew full well that their every action was scrutinized; hence, determined to act in such a way as to call forth no remarks; but this seemed to be a matter quite impossible.

No one had cause to complain in any way of the young minister—he went about discharging his duty, and thanking his Maker at the same time for permitting such a treasure as his wife to have crossed his path.

Norfolk, Va.

THE ICEBERG.

BY A. STEWART HARRISON.

"You've been a whaler, Ben?"

"Ay, sir, I have; many long years ago, tho'."

"Now, what do you think of as the most perilous of your enterprises?"

"D'you mean what I think most difficult—wonderful-like?" I nodded.

"Well, sir, I've been pitched out of a boat many a time; once, I recollect, that I was pitched out and got a touch with his tail as well. Lord bless you! it gave me a headache for a month, to say nothing of the ducking."

"Ever seen any ice?"

"I should say I had. There's a note-book in that corner drawer—no; that one under the further end—that's got something about ice in it. Ay! that's it, pictures and all. Why I drew these five-and-twenty year ago. Hardly seems like it, tho'. It's a rum story, it is—sort of Robinson Crusoe like. You've read that?"

"A good many times. Did you ever know anybody who hadn't?"

"I never knew a youngster that hadn't. I believe that book's been the cause of more boys going to sea than any that was ever written."

"Suppose we look over your note-book: I should like to see your story."

"Oh! it isn't written so that you could understand it; but I'll look at it, and tell you the story, if you like—but I must begin at the beginning, as they say. You know I once felt a kind of liking for a girl; call her Esther Thompson—I don't say that's her real name, but that'll do. She didn't care much for me, and I was only second mate then. I thought it was that, so I tried to get a first mate's berth as soon as I came home from a short voyage I'd agreed to go, to make up my time to the owners. She said she'd wait and not marry any one till I came back. With that I went off. When I came home I went there and she was gone they didn't know where. I soon learned that, about a month after I left, there had been a handsome sailor-fellow after her, and she seemed took with him rather much. I'd been gone about eight months. I talked to mother about it, and after a little I found that she thought Esther was not fairly done by, by this chap, Montague Fitzjames, as he called himself. In short, she was ruined, and had run away."

"I went nearly mad at this, and set out to find her, and after about three months I found her at Manchester. I didn't go into her place at first, but asked some questions about her in the neighborhood, and found she'd got a child—a boy—and was working at shirt making for a living, and was quite a decent woman. I knew she'd have died rather than be what some would have turned to in her case. So I went up and saw her. She was dreadfully thin, and her eyes bright and far back in her head. The baby was lying in a cradle by the fire—such a little bit it hardly kept the room warm."

"Esther," says I, "do you know me?"

"She looked up and saw me."

"Ben!" says she, and then fainted off dead in her chair."

"I took some water out of the basin, and sprinkled her face a bit; undid the top hooks of her gown, and took off her bit of velvet round the neck. She came to, and broke out:

"Oh! Ben, Ben! I've done wrong, I know it, but I've suffered the punishment. I've not seen him now for four months, come Wednesday, and the child's a month old to-morrow. Oh, Ben! I know I've done wrong! You must forgive me; he was such a handsome man and so fond of me. I know he didn't mean to wrong me."

"It was a queer notion of hers that I should forgive her 'cause he was such a handsome chap. I was rather, till the small-pox spoilt my phiz. I says to her:

"Esther, you've done wrong I know, but it's not for me to punish you. God has begun that, and there ain't wanting them as will be willing enough to help Him punish a woman, if they ain't willing to help Him any other way. I'm sorry for

you, Esther. I'm not going to blame you, I want you to go home again."

"No, no, Ben! I can't do that. Why all the girls of the place will mock me."

"Says I, 'I can't help it, Esther; but think of the old man and the old woman at home. I came home three months ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I saw them not two weeks back, and, if you'd have heard him ask if I'd found you, you'd go back.'

"I can't—they'll curse me! I know they will. I can't go back. Father was so looked up to like amongst them all. No, Ben! I can't go back."

"Esther, they won't curse you, I know. I found 'em just mad when I went to them first, but I went to the new curate, who was just come to the place instead of old Jenkins, and told him about it, and he came down to see them, and read them that chapter about the prodigal son and about the lost sheep, and talked to 'em, and old mother cried—I saw him wipe his eyes, too—so they won't curse you. Come, Esther, go back with me—do now."

"Back with you, Ben? No, not that. Why, they'd speak against me, Ben—say I was soon suited again."

"Go back, then, anyhow, will you? I tell you if you don't, you'll kill the old folks."

"She began to hesitate at this, so I left her to herself a bit, for I know enough of womankind to know that when they hesitate it's best to let 'em alone—let 'em seem to choose of themselves."

"Well, she agreed to go at last; then came another difficulty; she was a fortnight behind in rent. I told her I would lend her some money. I knew she would not take it as a gift, so I made her sign a paper for one pound, and she paid, and next day we came home. I took her to the old folks, and then left them all together. I was not one of the family, you know. After a day or two I went down, and then they were all gratitude to me. I took it all as matter-of-fact as possible, though I could have blubbered my eyes out. Then came another hitch; they had inquired, and no one would employ her. I hadn't thought of this, but I didn't say anything about it then; but when I left I went to the curate again."

"I don't know what made me take a fancy to him, for I was not a regular pious man, never could see it that way as some people do; I suppose we ain't made all alike; but one day I saw him pick up a child that had tumbled down in the road just outside the village; pull out his white handkerchief and wipe the mud off its knees and hands, then find a clean place to wipe its eyes with, give it a penny, I suppose, and then walk a little way with it back, holding his hand. I didn't know then he was the curate, for his clothes were not black, but a sort of reddish gray; no white choker either, but just a sailor's knot and the ends flying. Well, thinks I, when I heard who it was, that beats me—his white handkerchief too—he's the sort of Christian I like, so I went to hear him at church, and I liked him there too. Well, as I was saying, I went to him next day about eleven o'clock; he asked me in, and his wife was sitting there. She was a little gray-eyed woman, very pale and thin, more like a little girl than a woman, till you noticed her."

"Alice, dear, this is Mr. Stevens, that I told you about."

"I remember; I hope you found her, Mr. Stevens."

"Yes, ma'am, I have—I've come about her."

"Sit down, Ben," says he. I do like a fellow who calls you by your Christian name—seems more friendly than Mr. So I sat down. "Now, what can we do for you, eh?"

"I told him that nobody would employ her here, as she'd lost her character, and that her father and mother could not keep her, though she might live with them. So I asked him if he'd mind paying her to make shirts for a man in Liverpool I knew? He'd pay sixpence each for the making of the shirts, and I'd leave her my half-pay, for I made up my mind to go a long voyage, if he'd make it out so that it should seem as if she was earning more for the shirts than the sixpence, for I knew she'd never take the money of me. Well, he agreed to do it. 'For,' says I, 'I think we are all of us too much down on a woman when she goes wrong. What would it be,' says I, 'if people were to serve us men in the same way? A good many of us would have to oeg.'

"Ben," says he, "you're right there!" starting from his chair quite excited like; "you're right, man!" and he groaned as if he was in pain.

"My dear Walter," said his wife, and she put her hand on his shoulder. He sat down, trembling like.

"I meant no offence," says I, "none, sir. I—"

"No, Ben, I know it; but a random shot tells sometimes."

"I noticed that she'd let her hand slide down from his shoulder, and had caught hold of his hand with both hers. She was sitting just a little behind as he sat back in the easy chair. She thought I could not see in the shadow of the chair, but I could see, and she was holding his hand as hard as she could.

"No, Ben," says he; "but we're none of us better than we should be, and ought therefore to be less harsh than we are. I've no reason to complain though, thank God." He turned and looked back at her.

"I never saw such a change come over a woman's face before.

She opened her gray eyes and looked at him in a way that put me in mind of a flash of sheet lightning in the twilight in summer—when it's not quite dark, you know—and the light of it makes it seem as though day was come back again. I never saw such a look; it said as plain as words, she knew all and forgave him, and loved him enough to die for him. It did me good that look, and when I've been inclined to joke about women being censorious and fault-finding, I've thought of it. I think she must have had what some women would call 'good cause' to find fault from the way he spoke, but she didn't. So they agreed to give Esther my half-pay, so that she should think it came from the shirts.

"I went down to Esther just before I left to say 'good-bye,' and tell her about the work.

"Esther," says I, "I'm going a long voyage—perhaps four years—whaling. You know I went two or three voyages before. Now don't leave the old folks again, there's a good girl. You'll never find that—"

"I was going to say 'fellow,' but I didn't; for you can't do yourself more harm in a woman's eyes than to call her lover names.

"You'll never find Fitzjames, unless he comes back here, I know; so don't leave them."

"Ben," says she, and the tears were in her eyes, "you've been a friend to me. I'll never forget it. I know he'll come back—I'm sure of it, and if he don't I'll never marry another man. He never meant to do me a wrong like this, I know. He got into mischief through drink; he never meant me to come to this, I know."

"God bless you, Esther. Good-bye."

"She came up to me, put her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"Ben," says she, "you always seem like a brother to me—always did, and that's why I kiss you. You've been a good brother to me; I wish you'd never have tried to be more."

"Good-bye, Esther," and I kissed her for the first time in my life."

My friend, Ben Stevens, has a cough which obliges him to use his handkerchief now and then. The red and yellow Bandana was in vigorous action for a few seconds now.

"So I determined to go on a whaling-voyage, as that was the hardest life I knew, and hard work keeps a man from thinking of himself and his feelings. Taking in the foresail with a north-east gale blowing don't leave a fellow much time to look inside himself, neither does harpooning, when you like to do it like a man.

"Well, I went, you see, to Aberdeen, and shipped for mate in the Belle of Aberdeen, Captain Macaulay. We left in March and reached Cape Farewell about the middle of April, but as the wind fell dead as we left the harbor we got into the Spitzbergen drift, and were carried with it as far as 66° north; then we met with a regular northerly breeze that chilled you through to sniff it.

"Of course it froze us up, being early in the season, and there we were till nearly the end of May, the wind north the whole time.

"One morning, after breakfast, the captain says to me:

"Mr. Stevens, there's a little west in the wind this morning; it may go round south, so that we can get out of this perhaps if the ice breaks up with it."

"I was in the nest this morning," said Cummins, our second mate, "and it seemed to me that that shore-lane reached open water."

"Might be worth while to cut a bit to get into it, in case this don't get southerly," said the captain.

"Might be worth while to track it and see. We could get some game, perhaps, if we didn't find what we want about the lane," says I.

"That's true," says the captain. "We'll see how the wind is in an hour, and then get up a party to go."

"The wind shifted a little to the north'ard, so we got up the party; the captain, of course, couldn't leave the ship, so I was one, and he told me to take my pick of the men.

"I chose a fellow, I think," said Ben, reflectively, "the handsomest chap I ever set eyes on. His eyes seemed to dance when he smiled; and a jollier, more good-natured fellow I never knew. Lord, what songs he used to sing—anything—comic or love-songs! Why, to hear him sing 'My Pretty Jane,' in the fore-castle of a night, was a regular treat. I've heard many a one at the singing-gaffs at Liverpool that couldn't come near him. And dance! I never saw a fellow so smart on his legs. He used to do the Lancashire clog-dance in an old pair of cut-down sea-boots, and you'd hear the clatter in the ice hills like the muskets at a review. I quite loved the fellow—he did his work so easy—wanted no telling—saw your drift in a minute, and I don't think he missed the weather-easing once the whole voyage. Jack Sands, he called himself.

"There was another I took with me, 'Sleepy Sam,' they called him. I've known him to go fast asleep on the look-out, and the ship pitching no small way neither.

"We took a bag with some grub and our pannikins, in case we should have to spend the night out.

"It was not so mighty cold as you'd think in the daytime, for we were only just inside the winter ice-line, and with a south wind that would shift to the north'ard past us.

"Just as we were going over the side a lad we had on board wanted to go with us. He was the owner's son, and had been sent aboard to cure him of a desire to go to sea. There's as many gets the desire for life that way as gets cured. Captain said he couldn't go, but he begged so hard that I asked leave for him, and said I'd take care of him; so he came with us three.

"We traced the lane till night, and then got under the cliff, lit a bit of fire with the driftwood, pulled out the coffee and biscuits, and so did pretty well. We laid down round the fire, one keeping watch. I found it precious cold with only the blanket and my pea-jacket; and I was obliged to hug up the youngster, he felt so bad. I don't know but what both were warmer for it. In the morning we had some more coffee and some pork. It got light enough about eight bells to go on; and when we got into the wind it was dead south and felt as warm as summer. We got on and had some dinner and started again; we could see the water sky ahead, so pushed on. The lane was open nearly all the way; here and there we should have to cut a bit, but not much.

"About two o'clock we sighted the water itself. There was a good deal of surface-drift to the edge of the pack, but the thaw was going on fast; right ahead there was a biggish berg; so we left 'Sleepy Sam' at the bottom and climbed up—I and Sands and the boy.

"Can't get back to-night if we try for it," said Sands. "Anyhow we'd best stop, and make a long day of it to-morrow."

"I thought this was a good plan; so we went down again, expecting to find Sam.

"He was gone—clean gone! not a trace of him anywhere. We shouted and fired our guns, but could hear nothing in return.

"Must stay now," said the boy; "it's getting dark, and we shan't do any good stumbling over the hummocks to-night."

"So we stayed.

"Best get up on the berg again," said Sands. "He'll stand more chance of seeing us and we him."

"We got a few sticks and lit a fire again; and I said I'd watch for the first spell. Sands and the youngster lay down and I watched.

"I never knew rightly how it was, but I was waked up by falling right on my face. I crawled up and found that the berg

was adrift from the pack, and had risen at least ten feet higher and all on one side.

"Sands and the boy woke up as soon as I did, and, says Sands,

" 'She's adrift, Stevens!'

"He looked awful pale, he did; for we could see it was just morning. True enough she was adrift, and knocking about in the small ice in a way that made us hold on fast to anything to keep our feet.

"She kept slowly drifting to the east'ard along the edge of the pack, breaking it up as she went; so that there was no chance of our getting off it on to the main fast ice, to reach the ship.

"About an hour or two after she started, the youngster says to me,

" 'Mr. Stevens—'

" 'Drop the "Mr.",' says I; 'it don't sound natural.'

" 'Well, Stevens then; there's Sam.'

"True enough, there he was, running along the edge of the pack like a racehorse; but he soon stopped. We signalled him that it was no use, and motioned him to go back to the ship for help, though there was small chance of his finding his way there in time to do us any good.

"So he went back; and it made us feel queer, I can tell you, to see his back get smaller, till he was nothing but a little black mark the size of your finger on the ice; and then, worst of all, he went over a hummock that quite hid him.

"All this while, till nightfall, we were drifting to the east'ard; whether it was the current or the wind I can't tell, but away we went, jerking and shaking now and then fit to shake us off.

" 'Cheer up,' says I to the youngster; 'there's many a man been adrift before; it'll make something to tell the governor when you get home.'

" 'How are we to get home?' says he, quite mournful-like, almost crying; that 'home' of his didn't sound common-like when he said it.

" 'Oh!' says Sands; 'all right. Make ourselves jolly till we're taken off it; she'll lodge down against a bit there—look, Stevens.'

"He pointed out a bit of a bay, with a long piece of floe fast to the main, right athwart our bows as she was then going.

" 'We'd best get down there,' says I, 'so as to be ready.'

"So we got down on the nearest point, as we thought, ready. She squeezed up the small ice as she neared it, so that we were obliged to get up higher.

"But we could have reached the floe and got to the ship, when the youngster slipped down, and called out,

" 'Stevens,' says he, 'I'm gone!'

"And, sure enough, he would have gone slap down into the open water if his gun hadn't stuck in a crack.

"He was so badly bruised—for he'd slipped over a dozen blocks, that he couldn't walk.

" 'What's to be done now?'

" 'Done!' says Sands, quite savage. 'Why the devil didn't you keep your feet, you young fool?' and he picked him up, and we might almost have done it, when I sung out:

" 'Hold hard, Sands! she's adrift again!'

"She was too; the floe-piece had parted from the main and was going on before us, and it swung us round right into the stream again.

" 'There now,' says he, 'that's your damned clumsiness has done that job: we should have done it if it hadn't been for you, and I could do it now if I was by myself.'

"And I think he could, for the end of the piece was still touching the pack about a quarter of a mile off.

" 'Well,' says I, 'it's no use growling; he didn't mean to fall, I suppose.'

" 'Cause, you see, I never could see the good of blaming a fellow when he'd got to suffer for himself.

" 'All right,' says Sands, 'I was a little out, but it's all over. Let's make ourselves comfortable for the night—it's no use grumbling, Stevens, as you say.'

"So we got the grub and ate it. Of course we had no fire, and felt precious cold as the wind fell. We all went to sleep, and in the morning I woke first.

" 'Sands,' says I, 'here's a go.'

" 'We've got into the north current,' says he.

"So we had. There was not a bit of ice within a hundred yards of us; we could just see the blink in the distance.

" 'No getting back to the ship now, Sands.'

" 'No,' says he; 'ship must come to us; we're in for it—it's infernally cold, though; let's get round to the wind'ard.'

"We took the youngster's arm, for he could walk a little now, and got round to wind'ard. Here it was better—not quite so cold. We had breakfast; no fire again, tho', and sucking a bit of ice is a poor make-up for a cup of hot coffee, let alone the flavor, even.

" 'Now, says I, 'look here, boys; we're likely to be here for a goodish bit, we may as well see what we've got.'"

Here Ben took the note-book from the table and turned over the pages, muttering, "Lost fore-topsail sheet-block, "Monk sprained his ankle," "spoke the Mary Anne," "ice seen," "left ship," "adrift. "Oh! here, that's it."

"You see," said Ben, addressing me, "I always had to keep the log, and I used to keep a log of my own at the same time, till at last it got such a way with me that I felt as if I hadn't done my duty if there was no log kept—got to be a regular thing with me. Lord, sir! there's in that bottom cupboard the logs—'diaries' is printed on the back; I call 'em logs—of all I've done since I left the sea. I do it every day after tea, and can't quite be happy without it. I heard the minister say some poetry about that kind of thing—

'Use doth breed a habit in a man,'

I think it was.

"Now, this here, as I said, is the log of my voyage in the 'floating island,' as I called it in joke once to the missus. She said it was so good a name that it's always been called so since."

"Well," said I, "what had you got when you came to count up?"

"Three guns,—one was rifled—that was the boy's—fine handsome stock it had, too, very light, tho'; but, Lord! they let these only sons have anything. Two hatchets—short handles—the boy hadn't got one. Then there was three blankets and our clothes we'd got on. There was in the three bags about twelve pounds of fat pork, cooked, and about the same of biscuit. Sands had some tea, but Sleepy Sam had got all the coffee in his bag, so we'd none with us. I'd got a bit of lanyard in my jacket pocket. One large fish-hook—that was the queerest thing. Sands says to the boy:

" 'What's that in the corner of your bag?'

" 'Oh! it's a hook to catch shark with. Aunt Nelly gave it me.'

"Sure enough it was a big barbed hook with a cork on the end—he was a careful boy, that—and a bit of chain to it, about two feet.

"And what did you bring it here for?" says I. 'Expect to catch sharks?'

"Lord! how Sands laughed.

" 'No,' says the boy; 'only the captain said you'd most likely shoot some seals, so I thought that would stick into them to drag them along over the ice.'

"It wasn't such a bad notion, you see; so Sands gave over laughing. I think that was about all we'd got with us, and a poor look-out it was, too. There was food enough, on short allowance, to last us about five days. By that time, we thought, if we had got into what they call the Arctic cold-current, we should get down to about 61° or so and fall in with some whalers. So we made up our minds to it and set about getting a little to rights. The first point was to get a little warm, because the cold is not only unpleasant, but makes you eat more, if you've got it, and want more if you haven't.

"The wind still kept south, and soon we could see nothing but our own bit of ice all round. When we got to wind'ard it felt warm, so we took all the things round to wind'ard and cut a hole in the ice to put them in, with a small gutter leading from it so as to keep 'em from the wet. Then we cut a sort of platform level to stand on, but it was dreadful sloppy; the ice was melting as fast as it could—running down in streams from the top as the sun shone on it, and making the air quite damp.

"Next morning we resolved on a search of the 'island,' as we called it. Sands and I, with the two guns, went; the boy stayed on the platform to look out."

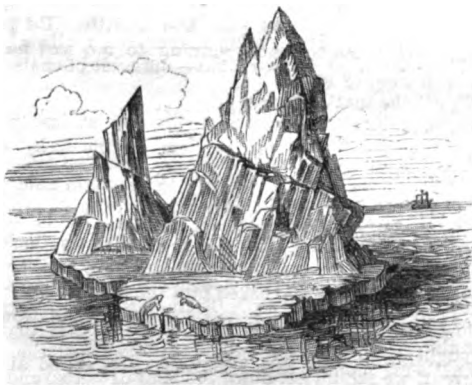


"THE BABY WAS LYING IN A CRADLE BY THE FIRE—SUCH A LITTLE BIT IT HARDLY KEPT THE ROOM WARM."

"How large was it, Stevens, altogether?"

"I should say about three times as big as a thousand ton vessel—of course of a different shape. Here's the sketch I made of it; it's as near as I could remember. You see there were two peaks and a bit of floe at the bottom. It wasn't so big, by a long chalk, as some I've seen, you know."

"Let's see—where was I? Oh, I know. Sands and I went down to the floe-piece, and says I to Sands, 'That'll break off soon; it can't stand the wash;' for it was only about six feet



through quite new ice. So we went round the base of the pyramid, keeping as close in as possible and holding on every step, for it was sloppy and slippery as possible.

"'Hist!' says Sands; 'listen.'"

"I listened, and heard something different to the plash of the waves—more splash and splutter-like."

"'Seals,' says Sands."


"And it was, too—three fine ones; they'd been regularly trapped like us. Their holes were up six or eight feet above them; they'd come through the holes and lay on the edges before the bit broke off the main pack and canted; so they slid down till they stopped where the berg began, in a place like the letter V. They stared at us, and we stared at them; but we soon gave over that, for we knocked 'em on the head."

"But the job was what to do with them; so Sands and I

went back and got the boy's hook; and with the bit of cord I'd got we got 'em all three on the platform where the boy was."

"It got dark by this time, and we put off skinning them and cutting them up till next day."

"Next day we cut 'em up and skinned 'em."

"I say, Stevens," says the youngster, "can't you make some shoes out of the skin with the hair downwards on the soles? they'd have a better hold on the ice, and you can cut them into strips crossways, like this— see;" and he scratched on the ice with his knife like this."

"We made them to go over the boot, and soon found we could walk about as easily again. The flesh we put in our 'ice-chest,' as Sands called it, for he laughed at everything now the boy was well."

"We made some oil, too, tho' it was a tedious job, for we'd only got three pannikins; however, we turned one into a lamp with some shreds of the cotton shirt Sands had. Of course we could get a light with our gun-flints and damp powder; and then boiled it down half a pint at a time, and made a hole in the ice to keep it in; for if the water melted, it only went to the bottom of the hole and settled, while the oil floated."

"Five days went on, and the biscuit was all gone; so was the pork. We had nothing but the seal beef, but there was enough of that to last a month."

"That same evening I says to Sands and the boy, 'Look here, now; suppose anything passes at night, we can't see it, and they can't see us. Suppose we take watch and watch to look out; for there's no knowing how long this game's to last.'"

"'Won't last long, says Sands, 'if it keeps this breeze from the south'ard; it's melting fast day and night, and there'll be nothing left in a week or two, when we get down into the sun; not much fear of crossing the line in this ship. I've left many a ship,' says he, 'but I never had a ship leave me like this seems to be going to.'"

"He was right enough; the whole thing would melt before we could get off it. It kept rising out of the water more and more; for the air was warmer than the water a good deal, and it melted it fast."

"'Look here, Stevens; suppose anything does see us, they'll give us as wide a berth as possible; you can't make 'em hear a mile off, you know.'"

"No," said I, "but we can make 'em see three miles off."

"So we set to work and made three lamps out of the skulls of the seals, and very good lamps they made, too; a bit of old shirt made the wick, and then we had to cut a track to each lamp. We put them as near as we could guess to the four points of the compass, and lighted them next night. It was a pretty sight to see the reflection on the water; the ice being white showed the light beautifully. The oil lasted about six hours in each, for we didn't have a big wick. The pannikin lamp we kept where we slept, and then had to go round to the others to see them all safe. We kept the wind off with blocks of ice.

"One night, it must have been on the twelfth out, the boy was on the look out, and came to me: 'Stevens,' says he, 'I see a sail, I think.' I didn't call out, 'cause of waking Sands; he seemed getting dull-like. I started up and looked where he pointed, and, sure enough, there she was, about half a mile to wind'ard; the wind had shifted a little to the east. I shouted and waked Sands. Poor fellow! he was nearly mad, screaming and shouting frightfully.

"I tell you what it is, Sands," says I, "you're doing yourself no good by this; we must make 'em see us if we're to do any good. Get some more of that shirt of yours for a bigger wick to this, and then go round to fetch the other lamps."

"He got a bit of the shirt, and we got the lamps together. It must have made 'em see I should have thought, but they didn't seem to; and after about half an hour they steered away from us.

"You see it was about the last thing to think of that any one should be on an iceberg so far south as we were, and a berg's a thing to steer clear of if you can.

"It gave us all a queer feeling when we lost sight of her. The boy and Sands cried. I saw it was no use being down-hearted about it, though I'm afraid I cursed the skipper of that vessel pretty much; so I made 'em take the lamps back to their places, and took the rest of the boy's watch myself.

"Poor youngster—he cried himself to sleep. You see we'd had twelve days of it, and not a dry rag on us since the first day. Our skins were quite sore and covered all over with little pimples; and round the waist and neck, where the clothes rubbed, there were quite sores. You try a poultice anywhere for twelve days, and see what it'll do for you. Poor Sands—he was worse than either of us.

"So we went on, day after day—plenty of food—seal beef.

"Some days we saw ships, some days none. It was weary work, but I kept 'em up to it; there's nothing like regular work to keep you from brooding over unpleasantness—nothing. Sometimes we got a shot at some birds, but more than half fell in the water.

"On the eighteenth day we were nearly thrown down by the breaking off of the small pointed piece you see in the sketch.

"It broke off and splashed into the water with an awful noise, and almost sunk, and then came up again, and shook us to pieces as it rubbed against our piece. Next day it separated and got farther off, and on the second day it was hull down, and we lost it at night.

"That was the twenty-first day, and the sun was hot—not warm, but hot. We got a few dry clothes by stretching them out to wind'ard on the ramrods, but they got sopped again at night.

"Sands gave up on this night—he couldn't take his watch, he was so bad. We must have got into warmer water, too, for instead of rising out of the water it began to sink—more one side than the other, too, so that the tracks were getting too slippery to be safe. Another thing I noticed was, that the whole affair turned round sometimes with the sun, sometimes the other way, and then again was quite still for a day at a time.

"On the twenty-fourth day—the boy was gone to light the lamps. Sands says to me, 'How long will he be gone?'

"A half an hour," says I.

"Stevens," says he.

"I told him to say Ben.

"Ben, then," says he, "I'm not going to last much longer. I feel it here, somehow—sort of warning."

"He did look awful bad, but I told him to cheer up; we might get taken off any time for we were just in the track now.

"No, no," says he, "it's all over with me, I feel it here," and he put his hand on his breast. Lord, what a hand it was to what I first knew it! Thin and lean, and the bones making the skin look shiny over them. Soft, too, as a woman's!

"There's a thing I want you to do, Ben, if you get off this at all."

"I told him I'd do anything for him I could.

"Now listen, Ben," says he, "for I ain't got much wind left."

"The voyage before last I came home with a lot of money, and made up my mind for a spree; so I went ashore, and got a flashy suit of clothes. Well, I didn't like the name of Sands, so I took another, and had a regular game. I'm very sorry now; but you see, when a fellow's been three years amongst the coolies it seems as though he ought to have a little freedom when he gets amongst white people again.

"Well, I went down to the seaside to a village I knew, and there I saw a girl at church. She seemed took with me, so I struck up an acquaintance with her for a lark. She took it quite serious, and was regularly in love with me, and I got at last to be in love with her. Well, I didn't mean no harm to the girl, I meant to marry her. I did, as true as God," says he. "Well, we went wrong, and one night she said I had been cruel to her, and got cross—and then told me we must be found out soon. I was savage at that and at her being cross—poor girl, she'd cause to be. So I said I'd never see her again, and went off in a huff.

"I meant to come back, I did, Ben. I swear it. Instead of that, I met a messmate of mine, and he got me drunk, and shipped me on a West India trader, and when I came to myself I was too far from shore to get back, so I sulked, and shirked duty. The captain says to me:

"My man, it's no use—you're here, and you'll be paid. You can't get back any quicker than with me; so do your work like a man, and we shall be back in a couple of months or so, at least."

"So I did my work. When we got to Kingston I took the fever, and was in the hospital near two months, and he left me there, paying me for the voyage out; and then I came home and heard that she'd gone away, nobody knew where.

"Well, I set to work to find her, and tried all ways till the money was gone, and then had to ship in the Belle of Aberdeen, for I'm pretty good at whaling, and knew I could get money; and I wished to go back and find her, and get married to her."

"Here he was took with spasms, so bad that I brought out my case-bottle of brandy and gave him a little. I'd just put in the cork, when the boy came running to me and fell down all of a heap close by me.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"He opened his mouth once or twice, and at last got out, 'A sail! It's close by—I can see 'em on the deck,' and he fainted right dead off.

"I told Sands.

"A sail!" says he, and tried to get up. Lord! he'd no more strength than a baby, and fell down directly, looking as dead as could be. I wanted to know more about him, so I gave him some more brandy, and asked him the girl's name.

"The sail," says the boy, for he'd come to, and would say nothing else. "Oh, the sail!"

"What's her name?" says I to Sands. He stared at me as if he didn't hear.

"The sail!" screamed the boy; "you'll miss it, and we shall die."

"I gave him some more brandy, and asked him again as loud as I could:

"What's her name? What's the girl's name?"

"Esther Th——," and he couldn't finish.

"I gave him all that was left now, and asked him again.

"Esther Thompson," says he.

"Esther Thompson! Then this was Fitzjames. This chap, sir, that I'd loved as if he'd been my brother, and loved him still—by G—d, sir!" said Ben, striking the table with his fist, "this chap was my greatest enemy—had been the seducer of Esther—and yet I couldn't hate him.

"The boy kept screaming, 'Sail! sail!' and I was half mad.

"Ben," says he, "do you know her?"

" 'Know her! She's all that's dear to me, you d—d villain.'

" 'No, no,' says he, quite strong again, 'not villain. I meant no harm to the girl. I meant—I swear I did—to marry her, and nobody would have known anything about it, if it hadn't been for that drink, Ben;' and all the while the boy kept crying, 'Sail! Sail!'

" 'If you ever see her again, tell her that I didn't mean to be a villain. I didn't mean to wrong her. Promise me that.'

" 'I saw he was going fast, and I promised him I'd tell her.'

" 'One more thing,' says he. 'Ben, here's something sewn in my flannel—cut it out.'

" 'I cut it out—it was half a sixpence, all crooked and bent.'

" 'She gave me that,' says he, looking at it as fond as if it was her, and kissing it. 'Give it her back, and tell her I meant to marry her.'

" 'I will,' says J, 'Sands, I will; and may God forgive you, as I do.'

" 'The boy kept on screaming; so, seeing Sands quiet, I went round to the other side to look at the sail. I was too late; she was out of all chance of making her hear or see.'

" 'When I came back Sands was gone; the bit of the sixpence was in his hand; I took it out, and took care of it, and then went to the boy. He was almost as dead as Sands. It was an awful sight to see them both lying so still—Sands quite dead, and the boy so near it that you could hardly believe he wasn't. Not a drop of brandy either—Sands had it all.'

(To be continued.)

A SURPRISING FUNERAL.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, who was for a short time governor of Jersey, thus relates the singular mode adopted for recovering possession of the little island of Sark:

" 'The island of Sark, joining to Guernsey and of that government, was in the time of Queen Mary surprised by the French, and could never have been recovered again by strong hand, having cattle and corn enough upon the place as will serve to defend it, and being every way so inaccessible that it might be held against the Grand Turk; yet by the industry of a gentleman of the Netherlands it was in this sort regained:—He anchored in the road with one ship, and pretended the death of his merchant, besought the French that they might bury their merchant in the burial-ground and chapel of that isle, offering a present to the French of such commodities as they had aboard. Whereto (with this condition, that they should not come on shore with any weapon, not so much as a knife) the French yielded. Then did the Flemings put a coffin into their boat—not filled with a dead carcase, but with swords, targets and harquebusses. The French received them at their landing, and searched every one of them so narrowly as they could not have a penknife, gave them leave to draw their coffin up the rocks with great difficulty. Some part of the French took the Flemish boat and rowed aboard their ship to fetch the commodities promised and what else they pleased; but, being entered, they were taken and bound. The Flemings on the land, when they had carried their coffin into the chapel, shut the door to them and taking their weapons out of the coffin, set upon the French. They run to the cliff and cry to their companions aboard the Fleming to come to their succor; but, finding the road charged with Flemings, yielded themselves and the place.'

THOUGHTS THAT ARE RATHER COOL.—Success is the great abolition of snobs. Critics are the brokers of the Literary Exchange. It is sweet sometimes to abuse one's relations—but bitter to hear them abused by others. There are bores in the best families—the oldest houses have their leaden spouts. The man who is wedded to money has a shrew for a wife. Wit does not shine with grossness: like an ill-made candle, the light is soon extinguished in its own grease. Fate must trouble itself about a number of foolish people, for no sooner does a fool get into troubles of his own making, than he puts it all down to fate!

MARRIAGE AND STYLE OF LIVING.

NUMBERS do and will remain unmarried, especially among our upper classes, from necessities artificially created or gratuitously supposed. Younger sons are constantly doomed to celibacy, not because a marrying income is unattainable by them, but because prejudice, custom, pride or laziness, forbids them to toil for its attainment. By inheritance, or by public employment, they possess perhaps just sufficient to permit them to enjoy the pleasures and amenities of a New York life; miscellaneous society stands them instead of a domestic circle—the club supplies the place of a home—vagrant and disreputable amours (or amours that ought to be disreputable) make them unambitious of and unfit for wives, and they prefer to rest satisfied with a pleasant rather than labor for a happy and worthy existence.

Others again possess an income amply sufficient for the support of a wife and family, and will not believe it to be so. Their ideas of the style and comfort in which it is necessary to live are forged on a conventional and unreasonable standard. They will not condescend to the fancied indignities, or they cannot endure the trivial privations of economy—they will not ask the woman of their choice to share with them any home less luxurious than she has been accustomed to, and they condemn her to live without love rather than expose her to live without a carriage. God only knows how many noble creatures have their happiness sacrificed to this miserable blunder—how many pine away existence in desolate and dreary singleness, and luxuries on which they are not dependent, and splendor which confers no joy, who would thankfully have dwelt in the humblest cottage, and been contented with the simplest dress, and have blest the one and embellished the other, if only the men to whom they have given their hearts had possessed far less pride and more true faith in woman's love and sense and capacity of self-abnegation.

A higher and more just conception of the materials which really make up the sum of human enjoyment—a sounder estimate of the relative value of earthly possessions—a more frequent habit of diving down through the conventional to the real—and a knowledge of how much refinement, how much comfort, how much serene content are compatible with the scantiest means, where there is sense and courage to face the fact and control the fancy—would in half a generation reduce the million and a quarter of spinsters we have spoken of to a few hundred thousands, and raise into the condition of honored, happy wives the vast majority of those "beautiful lay nuns," as they have been called, whose sad, unnatural, objectless existence, whose wasted powers of giving and receiving joy, it makes the heart bleed to witness.

LOOK OUT FOR THE WOMEN.—Young man, keep your eyes open when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face even? Flounces, boy, are no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. Another and a far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles and eats your sugar-candy. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! Keep your eye open, boy, when you are after the women. If the dear is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you will get particular rubs all over the house. If she blushes when found at domestic duties, be sure she is of the dishrag aristocracy—little breeding, and a great deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch. Boy, don't be hanging round like a sheep-thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day-time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough-pile, and ask for an article like a man.

THE current coin of life is plain sound sense. We drive a more substantial trade with that than with aught else.

EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

AMONG our readers there are in all probability many hundreds, to say the least, who are interested in a subject which deserves far more discussion than it popularly receives. We refer to "writing to print." A very casual examination of the three or four thousand newspapers and magazines and of the thousand books and brochures annually published in America must convince any one that the number of persons who are ambitious of literary distinction is truly enormous. What is the proportion, however, among them of those who realise what the responsibility of the literary calling really is, and who take serious pains to honestly and fairly educate themselves for it? It is so small, that if we take into comparison every business in the country, from day-labor to diplomacy, we shall not find one whose followers take so little trouble to qualify themselves for their work.

A young girl, who has seen nothing of life and who is uneducated, dreams trashy novels, trashy poetry, and is full of trashy, mock-romantic sentiment. A very natural desire to imitate—the same which impels a boy to play soldier—seizes on her. She reproduces, very weakly, the style, the characters, the stuff of her reading, in essays, sketches or novels; and friends, as ignorant as herself, call her a genius. Then the booksellers and editors are beset—the precious "gem of modern literature" is worried into type; it may possibly sell, for however weak a scribbler may be, there are always readers still weaker in abundance; and so the tyro becomes "a literary character." If a little money is only made, the scribbler is at once lifted above all realization of ignorance or weakness. The money, the money! It is there. The book sells—"I have conquered all things!"

It is indeed wonderful, when we consider it, that so many persons can send specimens of their first rude journeywork—their very beginnings—to the press and claim payment for them. No one dreams of paying the apprentice shoemaker for the first shoes which he spoils; but the scribbler must always be remunerated. As we write there lies before us a note in which the hope is expressed that the accompanying article may be found "worthy" a place, though it is confessedly "a first attempt," which the author, however, "almost beleaves" will be the last. We want no first attempts.

For the benefit of all who would write for fame or money, we will point out a few of the qualifications which *should* be mastered by every conscientious person desirous of filling the very responsible and influential post of a writer:

Grammar and spelling, perfect familiarity with a few good works on rhetoric and with the history of literature, are indispensable to all writers. The beginner should, for instance, carefully read such elementary books as the Poets and Poetry of Europe, Moir's Poetry of the Past Fifty Years, the works of Hallam and Gilfillan, and so far as possible follow out their instructions by mastering the original works treated of.

Pains should be taken to make the mind familiar with sterling classic reading. Every dribbling novel and weak-jointed romance, every bit of stuff and flimsiness, has a directly bad effect. You cannot read twenty paltry works, which have no better guarantee of merit than booksellers' puffs, without taking in and contracting faults and follies of tone and style which will possibly afflict you for years. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled.

Study two or three languages conscientiously and steadily. Be not annoyed at making slow progress; every student has such tremors. Be assured that if you persevere you will succeed. And, as fast as you can, read the classics of each language; get handbooks of its literature—use them, however, merely as handbooks—you need not believe what they tell you of works—simply get and read the books themselves.

Read with comprehension the History of Philosophy. Henry's (Harper's) will do for beginners. G. W. Lewis's Biographical History of Philosophy is an excellent work.

Finally read carefully and thoroughly the History of Art. For the beginners we recommend Mrs. Jameson, and the translations of such German works as those of Kugler and Waagen. Ruskin should be the last writer ever touched by the student. He is full of curious learning and rich material, but is bewildering and confusing—a gilded and rainbowed chaos—the leader of what the Germans call the Rhapsodist school.

When you begin to write, avoid the common folly of supposing that your every effort is worth printing. Write articles for practice—read and re-read them, and polish them into elegance. If you have by reading become familiar with vigorous, manly, spirited writers, you will acquire a clear, fresh, strong style in a short time—if your mind is crammed with sensation trash and new novels, you will, of course, form a flat, silly style. Among modern writers, Carlyle, De Quincey, Irving, Kingsley and Wilson may be cited as possessing strongly "formative" and improving influences. Coleridge and Hazlitt share with them this power, which is mani-

festated by some on the *thought* of the student, by others in his manner of expression. Macaulay should be studied, but with a full knowledge that he is in reality the most elegant of literary externalities—a very beautifully expressed bid for popularity, and little else—though still as such worthy of notice.

Whoever is unwilling to go through this study is unworthy the literary calling. Those who dread it may become very "successful" scribblers—they may "make money" and be, possibly, the sensation quacks of an hour. They may mount a popular hobby, catch a grotesque idea by chance and ride it into notoriety. But sooner or later they will find themselves written out, and degenerated into hacks and clique scribblers. They will not know to the end of life what it is to be young and vigorous in their art, ever able to strike out some new work in a new field, to forget age and care in the glorious impulse to create. Interest will die out—they will become human parrots, chattering books, and talking literary "shop-talk" after the real passion is totally extinct.

Is it not worth while, young reader—you who would fain be a writer—to prepare yourself *soundly* and thoroughly for the calling? Is it not worth while to have a well cultivated mind, whether you propose to write for the press or not? What we commend you to do may be effected by any one in a few years, even in the ordinary intervals of labor and in the time devoted by most young persons to reading trash and talking nonsense. Remember that where there's a will there's a way.

Among our American lady-writers, and especially lady magazinetists, one of the best known at the present day is ROSE TERRY.

Notwithstanding all that is said against compliments to the fair sex, we see no especial reason why the public should not know something *worth* knowing of the authors who have fascinated them, and therefore inform our own little hundred thousand that Miss Terry is a lady as attractive personally as poetically, and one as noted among friends for amiability and conversational talent as to the world for her descriptive and lyric talents. There—we've said it, and will abide the consequences. All of it brought to mind—and very pleasantly, too—by the following exquisite lyric, which we clip from the *Atlantic* for November:

GONE.

BY ROSE TERRY.

A silent, odor-laden air,
From heavy branches dropping balm;
A crowd of daisies, milky fair,
That sunward turn their faces calm,
So rapt, a bird alone may dare
To stir their rapture with its psalm.

So falls the perfect day of June,
To moonlit eve from dewy dawn;
With light winds rustling through the noon,
And conscious roses half-withdrawn
In blushing buds, that wake too soon,
And flaunt their hearts on every lawn.

The wide content of summer's bloom,
The peaceful glory of its prime—
Yet over all a brooding gloom,
A desolation born of time,
As distant storm-caps tower and loom
And shroud the sun with heights sublime.

For they are vanished from the trees,
And vanished from the thronging flowers,
Whose tender tones thrilled every breeze,
And sped with mirth the flying hours;
No form nor shape my sad eye sees,
No faithful spirit haunts these bowers.

Alone, alone, in sun or dew!
One fled to heaven, of earth afraid;
And one to earth, with eyes untrue
And lips of faltering passion, strayed;
Nor shall the strenuous years renew
On any bough these leaves that fade.

Long summer days shall come and go—
No summer brings the dead again;
I listen for that voice's flow,
And ache at heart with deepening pain;
And one fair face no more I know,
Still living sweet, but sweet in vain.

Our old friend, the New Orleans *Delta*, has a capital foreign correspondent—one "Gog"—who thus sketches the great English metropolis.

GAY LIFE IN LONDON.

The fog end of the season in London is generally great for equestrianism, and the place called Rotten Row teems with the beauty, rank and wealth of England. It is not at all an over calculation to estimate the number at six thousand who are winding in and out of the row. You may fairly say there are five times as many as ever

collected at the Bois de Boulogne on its most festive days. The horseflesh alone would be cheap at half a million pounds; and you may single out animals at every step that are worth from three to four hundred pounds apiece; but that would not be, perhaps, the *point de mire* of most men's gaze, when so much youthful beauty is in the saddle, doing the most witching things to get a gaze of admiration; risking a smart tap of the whip and a consequent dash, plunge and rear of the bit of full blood, which would send any John Gilpin on a voyage of discovery up and down the horse's back, from tail to mane and mane to tail again. At five o'clock the band plays in the gardens at Kensington, and the equestrians assemble round, while the mall in front is devoted to crinolines and their cavaliers, each lady trying to outvie the other in the magnificence of the costume that it is possible to wear on the promenade. Lace is, of course, the great thing to test wealth and spend the husband's dross upon, and so a mantle of the value of three or four hundred pounds is among the ordinary things; and recently a fair dame was disporting the ball lace of Marie Antoinette in open day promenade. So much for the luxury of lace. The parasol comes in for a share of this luxurious article, and I am told that a hundred pounds can be point-laced upon one very easily. There is a fashion arising of belting the waist with zones of gold and precious stones, fastenings which add a little to the value of the walking-dress—say three hundred pounds. So taking a fine lady at the value of her costume, jewelry, &c., it would not be a bad day's work to elope with one of the belles, independent of the prize in herself. Of course you could convert her wardrobe at once into homely silk and muslin, and make her, perhaps, a better and wiser woman by the process. The ride in Rotten Row, so called from its being once full of rocks and dangerous holes, though now the finest ride in the world, lasts till near seven, when the beaux and belles ride home in a sharp canter, to dress for dinner and the opera. An hour or two at the latter is sufficient enough to see friends and be seen, but three or four pass in succession, and the list in the next day's papers will inform you that they have not unfrequently accomplished five in the evening. This fills up the time till four o'clock in the morning, when home to sleep for a few hours, and then off at twelve to a picnic, the Crystal Palace, flower shops, races, aquatics and so forth.

We believe in delicacy; but there is such a thing as projecting it into the soil, and we think the same was pretty closely effected up in Catskill t'other day, when Michael McLaughlin of that region purchased a gallon and a half of whiskey, and, with the help of his wife, drank it. The next morning the lady was found dead in her bed, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was, "Died by the visitation of God."

Of all the names to call that stuff by! Talking of whiskey puts one in mind of getting married, which brings us to the following extract:

MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.

Marriage in Germany is preceded by the following forms and ceremonies: 1st, proposal; 2d, betrothal; 3d, a public dinner or supper of announcement; 4th, the protocolling or testimonials required by government, being—1st, a certificate of vaccination; 2d, a week day school ticket, in proof of regular attendance there; 3d, a certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher—4th, a certificate of confirmation; 5th, a conduct certificate; 6th, a service book; 7th, a *wanderbuch* (this refers to the compulsory travels of their *Handwerks burschen* or handicraftsmen); 8th, an apprentice ticket; 9th, a statement made and substantiated as to property, which if not satisfactory according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing; 10th, a permission from the parents; 11th, residence permission ticket; 12th, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13th, an examination ticket; 14th, a ticket of business, or occupation at the time. The higher classes have more difficulties than these. Thus a Bavarian officer cannot marry until he has provided £40 per annum for his future family.

Yea—that's a fact. This money down to insure married comfort is called the *caution*, and the way it bothers the poor young "military" lovers is a caution and no mistake. There's a song in which a lieutenant, after begging a young lady for her hand, asks also:

"Und dazu zehn-tausend Gulden."
"Ach wozu?"
"Du weisst es schon."

And so on. Meaning

"And ten thousand florins with it."
"Oh, what for?"
"Why, don't you know?"
"Ere I turn a hero-lover,"
"That's the sum which I must show."

But this isn't the worst either. We are sorry to be compelled to mention it—but it's a fact that after they are married the young couple actually woo the balmy in separate beds in the coldest weather! And that isn't all 'nother. Such beds as they are. Such miserable little wafer boxes of beds, about four feet long and nothing at all broad, with a pillow as big as the bolster and a feather bed to serve as blankets and counterpane, and very often as upper sheet. And that isn't all 'nother. They very often haven't any carpet on the floor. And that isn't all 'nother. For the floor is often made of tiles. And that isn't all—but it's enough. Vot a country, vot a beeples!

We take the following good lot from Wilkes his Spirit:

ODD VOLUMES FOR THE SHELVES OF YOUR BLIND DOOR.

DEAR SPIRIT—Having lately seen the list of rare works, furnished by Hood, to the Duke of Devonshire, for the blind door in his library, I send you a few odd volumes for the shelves of your own blind door, and as the cold weather is approaching, I send you also the list, as follows:

Blind-or, do you see? By Knight.
A Bull in a China Shop. By A. Pope.
A Pair o'Dice Lost. By a Blind Man.
Ham-let alone. By a Hungry Dog.
Pleasures of a Hump. By A. Camel.
Tom's son & C's sons. By Miss Spring—with some (if not some-er) Notes on the Fall of Adam Oldhouse. By Winter Green, Esq.
The Mule. A. Jackson.
A Treatise on the Cachalot. By the Prince of Whales.
Hogg's Tails, dried and smoked. By Bacon.
Appeals to Cassius. By Broken Notes.
Reflections of a Flirt. By A. Glass.
Effects of Sedentary Habits. By an Old Setter.
Essays on Improving the Breed of Merino Sheep. By A. Rambotham.
Diversions of Pale Ale; or, Effects of Taking a Horn. By Horne Tooke.
Description of the Cup, placed by order of Joseph in the mouth of Benjamin's sack. By Carl, Ben's son.
On the Partial Failure of the Total Eclipse. By U. Kant Comet.
Tom Hood, winked at. By his cousin Robin.
Anatomy of the Skeleton Skirt. Buonaparte.
The Present Era. Ann O. Dominy.
Sweepings of the Chicken Yard. By Henry Lord Brongham.
The above are quite rare; perhaps you would like them a little better done. When these you have read, dear, I will send you some more.

To which we add from a list furnished us by Our Own Spirit:

On the Purchase of Real Estate. By Buy-Yard Taylor.
Sartor Resartus re-Sartus. By the same.
Bill Yards: or, The Man of Curious Learning. By R. N. Stoddard.
The Eldrich Screech. By T. B. Aldrich.
Lord Lowe and his Times. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow.
My Uncle's Children. A Tale of the Pawniers. By F. S. Corners.
Viele schoene Blaetter. By the Authoress of "Following the Drum."
Vernon Semper Viret. By Mme. Octavia W. Le Vert.
Rachel Mourning for her Children. By Mme. A. de Barrera.
On Filial Ingratitude among Weasels as Illustrated in the Venus di Medicia. By J. Ruskin.

We find the following good one in the San Francisco Golden Era:

SMOKE.

My pipe I smoke—the pipe of peace—
To find from care a brief release;
Up with its chauging eddying forms
My thoughts are rising—spirit warms;
All fantastic shapes assuming,
Like a landscape grandly looming,
With airy towns and lakes afar,
Just like the smoke of my cigar.
Its silver folds of gossamer
Are calmly floating out—away,
When fresher airs will quickly stir
These magic shapes to brisker play;
And in this fickle, smoky strife,
I see the changing forms of life.
Here comes the purse-proud millionaire,
Moving and swelling like a wind,
When, lo! he melts away in air,
And leaves no lingering trace behind.
The conqueror comes, with pennons gay,
Rides on the clouds and sinks away;
And woman comes, in fairy form,
Dancing like elf on dewy morn,
And seems to fill each gorgeous scene
With her sweet presence, and the sheen
Of loving eyes each vista warms,
All crowded with angelic forms;
But ah! how frail and fickle, all
As changing as this smoky pall:
Sometimes assuming angel shapes—
Anon the form of Hecate takes;
Confiding now as maid can be,
Now claiming all of man's degree
The first to lead our race to sin—
And thus I fear hath ever been,
Since Venus sighed, or Eve was young,
Or Deborah ruled, or Sappho sung,
Or Pucelle stormed the English moat,
Or Bloomer wore her pants and coat.
My pipe is out, my dream is broke,
And fades away in shapeless smoke;
But, Mr. Era, hear my joking,
And don't forget I'm only smoking.
P. S.—But when I'm weary—in the vein,
Why then, perchance, I'll smoke again.

Only think :

In Burmah, when a young woman is taken ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her full value. It is stated that successful physicians have large families of females who have become their property in this manner.

Well, well! The idea of getting a belle for a bill—perhaps only for a pill! But to continue :

A SAGE BRUSH WEDDING.

Ministers of the gospel or justices of the peace are badly wanted out at Carson, U. T. The occasional correspondent of the *Bulletin* says : "A gent, belonging to one of the trains in camp here, inquired of me where he could find a minister, as he knew a couple that wanted to be made happy. The rogue did not tell me that he himself was to be the happy man. Well, there was no 'Reverend' in town. What was to be done? There was also not a justice to be found. There was a running to find a 'Gretna Green black smith' to weld the couple, but none could be found that could qualify. We are all in favor of 'annexation' here, so we found Mr. Proctor, the Recorder, to officiate, gave him a bottle of whiskey, and he left for the sage brush, 'to tie the parties tight.' Col. Titson went along to see the deed done in good shape. May the snapping of the 'conjugal lash'—I mean the lady's tongue—never disturb or wound the feelings of her loving spouse! She is a good-looking girl and he a good-looking fellow. May they be happy, and their domestic hearth be blessed by many a rosebud!"

Apropos of marriage, getting married "and such," we gather the following items :

WHAT A MAN!

A correspondent of the Lynn Bay State, writing from East Saugus, states that a lady of that village assures him that during a courtship of a year, and a wedded life of forty years (including the honeymoon) she was never kissed by her husband! This couple have half a dozen children, not one of whom was ever kissed by the husband and father! He is a kind, pleasant man, and never was known to strike one of the children. Send him to Barnum.

MARRIAGE ONE DAY AND SUICIDE THE NEXT.

The English papers contain an account of the singular suicide of Mr. Geo. H. Henchcliffe, a coroner of the city of London. The deceased, on the day previous to his death, was married to an estimable lady, and took quarters at the Queen's Hotel, Clifton. Nothing strange was observed in the manner of the bridegroom until he went to his wife's chamber, soon after she had retired for the night. Shortly afterwards he reappeared and asked to be shown to a separate room, but the house being full he proceeded to another tavern and slept for the night. It appears that he had gone into his wife's bedroom and told her that they could not be happy together, upon which she replied, "Good God, you had better leave the room," which he did. The brother of the wife was sent for, and found the husband quite low-spirited, and he finally committed suicide by jumping from the window of the hotel. It is stated that both husband and wife were of an extremely nervous character.

CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN TURKISH HAREMS.

Can it be believed? Credulity forbid! Late accounts from Syria state that thirty thousand Christian women had been sold into the harems of the Turks. The report will create a shudder of horror throughout the civilized world. The Druse monsters who have perpetrated these outrages should be exterminated, and the Turkish Government, which has not had the strength or disposition to arrest them, should be overthrown and a new one substituted that has both power and disposition to protect its subjects.

PETTICOATS AND PORTIONS.

In Brittany the peasant girls appear on fête days in red under petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and the yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, any young farmer who sees a face that pleases him has only to glance at the trimming of her petticoat to learn in an instant what amount of rent accompanies it.

An extraordinary instance of presence of mind has just been narrated to us. George is a beau, a buck—an elegant. Miss Caroline is a brilliant of the same water. Met at party—love at first sight. Band playing, Caroline admired the air—George offered to bring the music to her next day. Caroline requested him to come in the morning—didn't want her father to see him—didn't allow her to see beaux. End of Act I.

Next morning George called. Old gentleman in person came to door. Inquired, with savage phiz, of George, what he wanted? To which that young gentleman replied, with great P of M (presence of mind, you know),

"I called to say that the chimney-sweep sends word that he can't attend to your chimney this morning!"

Moral—Go it!

A celebrated writer says :

No woman can be a lady who can mortify or wound another person. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she

may be, she is really coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman.

Every word of it true. We commend this to all concerned, and with special emphasis, since it has been observed that among the "independent," self-willed, dashing, selfish damsels of the day, a certain recklessness of other's feelings and a disposition to say vexing things is rapidly on the increase. There is nothing more snobbish or more decidedly indicative of a woman's having under all her brilliancy an *ame de boue*. How often, after admiring some belle, we are amazed to find her, not long after introduction, firing some uncalled for volley of mustard-seed shot—some needle-arrow of sarcasm. That is enough. She is *vulgar*. You know what she is and what her habitual state of mind is at a glance. She's *low*. Birth and education and society and genius can't rub out that fact, or keep her from being (in the opinion of true ladies) far, far below the level of those who cultivate kindly feelings—the Gentle and the Beautiful.

We find the following fine lyric in the *Southern Shield* (Owensboro, Ky.) :

THE ITALIAN EXILE'S SONG.

He sat within a lonely room—a dark-eyed, careworn man—
His white hands clasped upon his brow, with fingers worn and wan;
But when the glowing sunset light streamed redly from the skies,
He raised to it right mournfully his dim and weary eyes,
Longingly, wistfully he gazed, he knew those longings vain,
And the deep anguish of his soul burst forth in this sad strain :

My Italy! my Italy! few years ago in thee,
I watched the golden sunset light fall on our olive tree,
Where my young wife watched for my step with loving word and smile—
Oh! fool to leave my happy home for stranger's gold to toil.
My sick and weary heart is filled with longings to be free—
Pining for thy bright flowers and skies—my sunny Italy.

Would that this were a fevered dream from which I might awake—
Oh! but to row my skiff once more across our mountain lake—
Oh, for one hour among the hills beneath the open sky,
Methinks to breathe that air again, I'd fain lie down and die;
Why did I leave my own fair land for these dark city walls,
Where scarcely through the heavy air a single sunbeam falls?

Daily I walk with weary steps the busy streets among,
Looking in vain for one kind face amid the hurrying throng.
The fair dames of the land sweep by with naughty lip and brow,
With cold, blue eyes and stately steps, and hearts like Alpine snow,
Oh for the clasp of thy dear hands, my angel one in mine,
To meet the look of glad surprise in those soft eyes of thine.

I dream of thee, each eventide, leaving one lonely cot,
Gazing adown the road for him who cometh not,
Turning with saddened heart away, how sadder still 'twould be
If thou could'st know how hopelessly I pine for home and thee—
A wanderer from the sunny south, beneath this chilly sky,
'Mid these cold hearts I can but dream vain dreams of home—and thee.
ANNIE.

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.

A spendthrift was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said the spendthrift, "to think what pains you are taking and what risk you run in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day!"

And lo! the thief vanished at once.

AFFECTATIONS OF SENTIMENTAL MISSES.

The *Chicago Journal*, in speaking of the *penchant* which possesses so many young ladies to affect sweet-ending cognomens, says that "that the names of girls in these latter days have a decided tendency to terminate in 'ie.' Taking up a couple of catalogues of ladies' schools the other day—pleasant reading by the way, those pages full of the names of school girls are—we found the following angels in 'ie': Essie, and Elsie, and Carrie, and Kittie, and Katie, and Fannie, and Annie, and Millie, and Mollie, and Minnie, and Lizzie, and Libbie, and Lottie, and Lucie, and Laurie, and Lillie, and Addie, and Nellie, and Hattie and Jennie. Whether blossoming out of the dear old-fashioned names into foreign posies is the result of European tours, or whether Shakespeare is wrong about the sweetness of roses, we can only exclaim 'Y, girls!'"

STRICTLY TRUE.

An eccentric American was lately visiting an English nobleman at his seat in the South of England. Our fellow-countryman had a habit of saying "How very appropriate!" by way of commendation to almost everything he approved of, whether apropos or no,

The statuary around the grounds received this favorable notice so frequently that the host became nettled and determined to *non plus* his guest. So stopping before the family burying-ground he pointed to a figure on horseback, and said,

"How do you like the statue of General Jackson?"

"How very appropriate!" was the quick answer.

"How do you make that out?"

"Oh! General Jackson was apt to be found among dead Englishmen," was the ready reply.

The host subsided.

That extraordinary genius, D. L. C., who flits, in the *Mobile Register*, over all conceivable topics, taking in Hindu pantheons and the opera, Confucius and Madame Le Vert, high art and rollicking fun all at a breath, and all with a grace and ease equalled by few writers of the day, writes in her last the following brave, healthy and well-worded things on female physical culture:

I have often said, and it is constantly becoming more apparent, that a greater love for physical culture is springing up, not only in our own country, but throughout the world. With the revival of the Olympic games in Greece we have the establishment of many valuable institutions for the promotion of health in our great cities. A gentleman's house is now hardly complete without a gymnasium for his daughters. That such a change has been greatly needed, in fact absolutely required, is proved, not only by certain fearful statistics that Miss Catherine Beecher sets before us, but by actual observation within the sphere of one's own acquaintance. I speak here of ladies particularly, because our boys are already too much enraptured with the regatta and other salutary arrangements, and are in danger, as recent investigations in London have proved, of relieving Atropos of her duties by slipping the overtaxed threads of their own existence. It is often erroneously assumed that the evils resulting from a neglect of proper exercise are confined to the higher classes of society; that Antoinette at Madame Chegary's, and Antonina, performing her *role* as a woman in society, with its round of languid drives, walks, dinners and assemblies, its waiting-maids and *sonnes*, are victims of an unhappy circumstance of fortune, and walk hand in hand with Death on the White Horse from their infancy. Very true; yet perhaps it is among the so-called working classes that a physical decline is most apparent.

The employments of young women are almost invariably such as give play to but one set of muscles, or, more unhappy still, to no muscles at all, except those that are necessarily perfectly developed in every human being. Of this latter class I may mention teaching, as little better than an assassination. Ladies, for many hours each day in crowded rooms, often imperfectly ventilated, return, wearied and without energy, to quiet and gladly avail themselves of an armchair and a book, after a meal better fitted for the digestive apparatus of an Amal than of a delicate woman. Thus, day after day, with little variation, the years roll on and the life is made up. The teacher becomes, perhaps, in time the mother of fretful and unruly children; she herself experiences the horrors of undue nervous excitement at all hours, dies at middle-age, after years of suffering, or lingers through a complaining, querulous and premature old age. The result is equally deplorable if we look at our stores, where the employees are young girls, sometimes not more than fourteen years old. Here the lower limbs are unduly exercised—unduly and unhealthily; the muscles of the legs are strained by long standing, and the delicate structure of ankle and instep weakened, often irreparably. At the same time the chest and its all-important functions are wholly disregarded. The breast is contracted, the shoulders pressed forward almost upon the lungs, the waist would be the horror of the sculptor, and the whole beauty, grace and significance of the female form are lost in the appalling lines of deformity and disease. To other evils still more appalling it is needless here to revert; enough has surely been said to prove the necessity of a revolution; and of this revolution the tocsin has already sounded—but the subject should be more universally appreciated and acted upon. Mr. Hlasko's Gymnasium in Philadelphia, admirably as it is conducted and invaluable as have been already its benefits, cannot extend its influence over the country. If mothers would wake to the importance of the subject a reform would soon be worked, a vast deal of misery prevented, and fifty years would convince any unbeliever of the propriety of prompt measures.

One hour each day of free exercise, in an appropriate dress, would soon bring the roses to many a pallid cheek, supersede rouge and put dyspepsia *hors de combat*; nervous disorders would flee as mist before the morn, and headaches and vertigoes, *ennui* and the "blues" be sealed up in corner stones with melancholy literature, to amaze, stultify awe and horrify generations yet to come.

People (and they of the most refined classes and unquestionable position) begin at last to consider the old-fashioned "tom-boy" a much vilified and highly artistic institution. Young ladies who have propensities for sliding down hayricks and rosewood balusters, climbing out of garret windows, playing ball with Freddy and Billy, delighting in the watering-place bowling saloon and catching fish before breakfast, are already demi heroized. The girl who isn't afraid of a pistol, and, if occasion required, could shoot an Indian; who pulls a good rein and looks out for the Derby and Captain Porter, who walks a reasonable distance every day of her rosy life, and keeps her blood warm by cold baths all winter long, is at last discovered to be the same creature who warms papa's slippers, mixes his punch—and don't mind tasting it herself either—who helps the youngsters with their lessons; wheedles the account-book and the housekeeping out of mamma's hands; is well "up" on turkey and truffles; knows Burgundy from London Dock Port; can tell at a glance whether a book was written by Solomon or alzac; don't know a doctor even "by sight;" forgets to distress

her spouse by symptoms of euthanasia at the altar, and finally walks through matrimony without stumbling over the first milestones into a "dark abyss," commonly called an "early grave." Oh, ladies! do learn the use of your dainty little fists and feet. I would submit, and so would all honorable gentlemen, your devout admirers, to be pomeeled, thumped, thwacked, bastinadoed, punched, poked and peppered with small-shot from you, if no worthier target could be found, and a single one of you could thereby be relieved of those heavy eyes and smothered sighs.

We have heard much of hock, and many of us, no doubt, have tasted it; it is made at a village called Hocheim, in Germany, from which it derives its name. The following epitaph may be seen on a tombstone there:

This grave holds Gaspar Schink, who came to dine
And taste the noblest vintage of the Rhine;
Three nights he sat and thirty bottles drank,
Then lifeless by the board of Bacchus sank,
One only comfort have we in the case—
The trump will raise him in the proper place.

When you go to Paris keep awake! That's all. If you don't you'll find out why. It's a lively spot, but expensive. For one of the reasons read the following lively revelation:

PARIS INTRIGANTES.

I need not tell you that Paris is the rendezvous for all the handsome *intrigantes* the world produces, and that feminine intrigues, backed by beauty, are deep, dangerous and successful. One of these modern Circes, who lives in grand style on the Champs Elysées, keeps carriages and domestics and has a box among respectable people at the opera, has invented, it appears, a singular device for maintaining her aristocratic establishment. One of her friends encountered this lady the other evening at the opera, where they were seated side by side, and where an incident, which might not have been accidental, provoked a conversation. The play over, our friend offered his arm, which was accepted, but only after a certain resistance, as was proper for a person of quality, it being further understood that so soon as they found the lady's *valet de pied* at the door and a carriage, he was to go no further. But it rained, there was no carriage to be had and the lady was obliged to accept a seat in the carriage of our friend. They entered the carriage after a new hesitation on the part of the lady, the valet mounted to the box with the coachman and the carriage rolled away towards the Champs Elysées.

The acquaintance so unexpectedly commenced ripened as the home of the lady drew near, so that by the time the door was reached the basis of a close alliance between *la belle France* and Young America was laid down. The parties separated with an appointment to meet the next afternoon. Our friend noticed that the lady entered the house and that the valet did not follow her. He said to him, "You do not lodge in the same house as your mistress?" "No; I live a long way from here," replied the valet. "In the Rue St. Jacques, and at this hour I am afraid I shall have to walk all the way home through the rain." And the poor fellow sighed at the prospect before him. Our friend was moved with sympathy, told him to mount again to the box and directed the coachman to drive him home. And it is here that we see how benevolence is recompensed. Before separating, the valet approached to the window of the carriage and made to our friend a speech nearly as follows: "Sir, I am for fair play, and one good turn deserves another. You have done me a service and I wish to do you one. You are expected at our house to-morrow at two o'clock, and I am going to tell you what will take place there precisely at three o'clock. You will hear the front door bell ring violently, which will throw madame into a great fright. You will, no doubt, ask her what the matter is, and she will reply that it is nothing. It is only a constable who has come to seize her furniture; but then she will faint, and you, to bring her to and to stop the disagreeable scene, will pay the bill. As you are a rich young man and have a carriage of your own, the waiting-maid will whisper to you that it is only eleven hundred and seventy-four francs. If you brought madame home in a hired carriage, it would not have been but five hundred and twenty-eight francs and some centimes. For gentlemen on foot the sum is but two hundred and eleven francs. If you pay, as it is probable you will, and as all your predecessors have done, you will place the money in my hands, for it is I that am the constable, thanks to a red wig, a black coat and blue spectacles. You can scarcely imagine, sir, how much a red wig, a black coat and blue glasses can give one the air of a constable. I see by your expression that you do not believe what I have told you. So you had better come to-morrow at two o'clock, and if the programme is not executed point for point as I have detailed it to you, you may break your cane over my back. I wish you a good evening, sir."

I need hardly say that our friend thanked the valet for his information and was faithful to his appointment. At three o'clock, sure enough, the front door bell rang violently. The lady showed great alarm. When asked what the matter was, she replied that it was nothing. The false constable appeared in a menacing attitude at the threshold. Madame fainted, and the chambermaid, who came in, in great haste, informed our friend that her mistress was brutally persecuted for the miserable sum of eleven hundred and seventy-four francs. Our friend declares that he never gave utterance to a heartier laugh in his life, and slipping a Napoleon in the hands of the false constable, he hurried out of the house and came to tell me the story, in order that it might be published for the enlightenment of his contemporaries.

That young lady was "one of the sardines." Decidedly, so called from Sarah Dean. Precisely.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS—COURSE OF EDUCATION.



1. Miss Lucinda de Hobbs arrives in New York with Papa de Hobbs, and is introduced to Mrs. Bongtong, the Principal of the Bongtong establishment. They are mutually delighted. In the foreground of the picture is seen the tutelary deity of such establishments—Cupid, emblematical of love for your schoolmates—love for your (music) masters, and love of dress.



2. Miss Lucinda de Hobbs experiences the first lesson in "love" from her schoolmates. Julia says, "O my! what a fright!" Anna-Maria exclaims, "Did you ever see such a dress?" Elizabeth-Mary cries out, "Isn't she a dowdy?" and the brilliant Emmeline asks through her nose, "if she doesn't come from down East." Lucinda de Hobbs weeps with a peculiar and touching "gushingness."



3. Lucinda de Hobbs receives her first lesson in needlework. Seated quietly, studying her lessons, she is suddenly called, and, rising up, in obedience to the summons, she finds that she is strongly attached to her chair. Her efforts to walk off with her seat behind her are greeted with shouts of laughter by her affectionate schoolmates. O woman! gentlest and best of—&c., &c.



4. Miss Lucinda de Hobbs takes her first lessons in vocal music. St. Julian de Mortimer, one of Bryant's minstrels, returning home rather late and full of love, is overcome before Madame Bongtong's mansion, and involuntarily falls into music. Lucinda being wakeful, hears the dulcet strain of that passionate love song, "Dixie's Land," and believing herself the object of that delicate attention, approaches the window, and responds with a sigh. She determines at once to learn to sing.



5. She studies with a fashionable Professor, elegantly got up, fascinating in manner, and with a voice as mellow as an Italian sunset, and as wheedling as a New England pumpkin pie. She does love music! yes she does. She dotes on it, and O! what a love of a man Signor Sostenuto is! It is needless to say she improves, for the picture represents her stage of advancement at the fifth lesson.



6. Miss Lucinda de Hobbs, having been initiated, through music, into a love of the fine arts, directs her earnest attention to the art of painting. She despises the pre-Raphaelite school, looking upon Nature as all very well for cows and dairy maids. She adopts the French (cosmetique) school, and colors her own portrait in the highest style of art. She lays on the warm tints with a liberal hand.



7. As a natural consequence upon the acquirement of the accomplishment of painting, she practices diligently the art of *drawing*. She does not follow the usual routine of that study; the lines are merely strings to her bow—her perspective, a first rate establishment. In short, her genius converts the mechanical idea of copying houses and trees into the sublime thought of drawing—attention.



8. Among the fine arts Lucinda de Hobbs very justly classes the art of dress. She does not, however, visit museums or galleries to study the exploded classic draping, but like a sensible girl, she goes at once to the modern depots of millinery taste, and consults the elegantly got up Narcissuses, who, for a small compensation, devote the mighty forces of their exorbitant brains in woman's service. Lucinda enjoys those moments of intellectual relaxation when, gazing into the eyes of Narcissus, she handles the delicate textures which he so daintily displays. Moments of meameric intoxication!!



9. Madame Bongtong's establishment contains all the modern educational improvements, and among others a gymnasium. Madame Bongtong's circular states that her system embraces not only the greatest and most earnest care of the intellectual and moral, but also of the physical training of her pupils. Consequently, after the studies of the morning, the dear girls, with faces beaming with the new intelligence each day imparts (ahem!), and anxious to develop their tender muscles into rounded beauty, retire and clothe themselves for exercise in the gymnasium. Our drawing shows the kind of healthful exercise they indulge in.



10. The study of Belles-Lettres is one of the most important branches of study for the perfecting of female style and taste. Lucinda de Hobbs, anxious to do justice to the advantages so liberally afforded her by the generosity of her father, pays particular attention to this branch of education. Her keen appreciation of the fine arts naturally leads her to select the illustrated Belles-Lettres, and her first compositions on this subject were given to the public (post-office) about the 14th of February. They were considered precocious productions.



11. Miss Lucinda de Hobbs, finding that her various studies are financially exhausting in their tendency, and her sphere of action being too circumscribed for any brilliant speculative operation, she determines to try the fascinations of her fashionable education upon her dear old father. The old gentleman rushes blindly on to his fate; hardly recognizes his own child in the brilliantly got up young lady, who lays her head affectionately upon his bosom, and her hand upon his pocket, and the poor old fellow goes home elated in heart and depleted in purse.



12. She graduates. Lucinda de Hobbs graduates, but not, alas! with honor. Narcissus, from "Hangup and Spreadem's" dry goods store, has imparted to her, in confidential moments, the mystery of his birth, his blighted heart and the indignities which a too cruel Fate has heaped on his devoted head. She pitied and they loved; and sustained by the mental, moral and physical training of Madame Bongtong's establishment, she elopes with her moire antique and mousseline-de laine lover, and thus exemplifies the beauties of a fashionable education.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR DECEMBER.

THINGS SEEN AND TALKED ABOUT.

By an illustration in another part of the *GAZETTE*, our lady readers will observe that the popular house of EDWARD LAMBERT & Co., 581 Broadway, have added a cloak department to their retail establishment, and they will also see that they have determined to secure at once the high reputation in this line which they sustain in the other branches of their large wholesale and retail trade. It is a house where ladies particularly like to do their shopping, because they always find the latest and most desirable styles in dress goods, at a lower price than can be found elsewhere. And here we may remark, *en passant*, that country ladies coming to town, to do shopping, will, as a general rule, find the large establishments much the best, and really

the cheapest places in which to make their purchases. Nothing is made by hunting up little stores in out-of-the-way localities, but frequently much lost, as they buy from the large stores themselves, and sell as high as the merchant of a small country town. During this month a great advantage is offered by Lambert & Co. to their retail customers, that of selling off the entire balance of their wholesale stock at retail prices; this affords a chance which seldom offers for excellent dress goods at two-thirds the usual cost.

But it is to the cloaks of this house that we desire to call particular attention. One of the most novel is the "Garibaldi," a paletot of heavy velvet beaver, with a round cape, which falls in folds, exactly like that of an ancient English coachman. The only ornaments are large flat buttons of the same color. The sleeves are wide, with *revers* fastened back with buttons. This cloak is very handsome,



BONNET MARTELLI-NOTM N.
Vol. VII., No. 6-36



CLOAK. E. LAMBERT & CO. PAGE 565.



BONNET. SIMMONS. PAGE 565.

made in black beaver, bound with black velvet, headed with white silk cord.

Another, in gray velvet beaver, is called the "Belle of New York." It is a remarkably stylish garment, with the "Riche-lieu" cape and deep pointed sleeve, rounded up in the centre of the front, so as to display the black velvet lining and ruche of white satin which forms the border. The edge of the cloak is finished with a binding of black velvet and white satin cord.

A very rich cloak in black velvet struck us as being particularly adapted to ladies of ample *embonpoint*, the effect being to reduce the apparent breadth across the shoulders. It has three seams in the back, the side pieces forming a deep, square, open sleeve. It has a crochet collar, and is called the "Dowager." The seams are sometimes corded with colors—white, green, violet or Magenta—and the cloak lined with quilted silk of the same color.

This cloak will be found illustrated in another part of this number. The very nicest opera cloaking we have ever seen is the new white cloth found at this establishment. It is a yard and a half wide, and is made up plain, with a simple decoration of white cord and tassels.

At the excellent mourning establishment of Mrs. JACKSON, 551 Broadway, we find some very handsome and graceful cloaks, in beaver cloth, and the heavy ottoman velour, which is so appropriate for the styles now in vogue. The sleeves of the cloaks here are very deeply pointed, and the capes pointed on the shoulder and back, and ornamented with the usual neatness and taste visible at this house. The dress goods are in great variety, and very handsome this season; we notice particularly the velour and empress cloths. In mourning silks no other house attempts to compete with this. A fine chance offers now for ladies who want the pretty black and white check silk which is so desirable, and can in so many ways be made useful. A large quantity is offered very low.

For Christmas and New Year's toilettes some very pretty and choice articles in lace and embroidery may be found at the fashionable lace house of E. WILLIAMS & Co. Elegant barbes and coiffures, handkerchiefs, in the new and exquisite styles and shapes, the Marie Antoinette and other novelties in capes, all of which are suitable for presents and can be obtained at this establishment, in the finest qualities and at lower prices than where these goods are not a *specialité*.

In trimming laces, especially blondes, pusher laces, &c., the excellent establishment of S. & J. GOULDING, 325 Broadway, takes the lead as a wholesale house. Its novelties are always far in advance of the trade, a long experience and unusual facilities abroad enabling them to anticipate the popular taste. Whatever is particularly novel, elegant or *recherché* in flowers, ribbons, fancy coiffures, feathers, or millinery goods of any description may be always found here, together with a great variety of head-dresses, fichus and garniture for evening dresses. Milliners and dealers in fancy goods at a distance will find this a good and reliable house, prompt and honorable in attending to all orders.

The French millinery establishment of Madame R. HARRIS & Son, 929 Broadway, now make a *specialité* of most exquisite Parisian flowers for garniture and head-dresses. During a late visit to the French capital, Madame Harris made arrangements to become the branch house of the celebrated Duteis, the great artist in flowers to the Empress Eugenie, and whose perfect and natural creations are the passion and delight of the *Parisiennes*. Head-dresses are also received exclusively from another distinguished *artiste*, whose striking originality is the theme of universal admiration. These novelties will be very *apropos* for New Year's Day and the holiday *fêtes*.

For winter bonnets we refer to the illustrations on the first page, from the elegant ateliers of Madame MARTELLI-NOTMAN, of 106 Clinton place, and Mrs. WM. SIMMONS, 637 Broadway. Mrs. Simmons is distinguished for the elaborate beauty of her styles and the fine taste displayed in her arrangement of trimmings and combinations in colors. Her taste is for rare shades of color, rich laces, and those charming accessories which give the air *distingué* to her novel creations.

Madame Notman has also the right of a pupil of one of the most distinguished Parisian artists (Herbault) to a peculiar delicacy of taste and marvellous fancy. Her bonnets do not seem to be the work of vulgar flesh and blood fingers, armed with

common needles and thread, but the growth of a charming thought crystallized into the loveliest essence, and that essence in the form of an enchanting bonnet. Her winter reception bonnets will be found to possess extraordinary attractions.

In Canal street we direct attention to the establishment of Mrs. MULCHINOCK, at No 350 of that locality, and Miss DALY, of 433. Mrs. Mulchinock displays great taste in her elegant bonnets of single colored velvet, ornamented with barbes and lace coiffures.

Miss Daly has also remarkably pretty and tasteful styles, consisting of black or single-colored velvet, ornamented with an edge of fine gold cord, with gold military cord and tassels around the crown. We notice also some very handsome head-dresses, with bridal veil and coiffures, ready-made at this establishment.

We refer lady-readers to the diagram of patterns from Madame DEMONEST's *Magasin des Modes*, 473 Broadway. This establishment is constantly supplied with all the latest Parisian styles, in addition to the many novelties which originate among its own fine corps of artists. A request from a large French pattern house was recently received for an exchange of ideas, which will, of course, be complied with.

Madame R. HARRIS & Son have transferred their choice fur house to 729 Broadway, formerly occupied as the millinery establishment, before this was removed to 729 Broadway. We mention this circumstance for the sake of reminding our lady-readers that they have the opportunity of selecting here the latest French styles in sable, mink and ermine furs, selected by Madame Harris in Paris, and that only genuine skins of the very finest quality are used. We notice, especially, fine sets in sable and mink, including the pelerine cape, which is so fashionable. There are also beautiful little ermine muffs, elegantly finished, such as are now the rage among ladies of the highest *ton*.

Mrs. CRIPPS, of Canal street, has added this season to her elegant millinery establishment a cloak department, which is supplied with all the latest and most desirable styles, made up in the best fabrics and with the taste and skill which is characteristic of this well-known house.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

THERE is a pretty idea current somewhere that, in a spiritual existence, the clothing worn is as much a part of the body as the color on the cheek, the light in the eye or the lustre of the hair. That each garment is an outgrowth of the interior quality—its tints, hues and texture symbolical of the spirit within. We do not know why this may not be true; to a certain extent it is true indeed, notwithstanding all that is said of the absolutism and tyranny of Fashion; for does not the very slavish obedience to her decrees speak for the natural tendency to servility and degradation of some souls?

We find, also, that Fashion is charged with many sins for which she is not responsible. Does any lady appear in an unbecoming color, fabric or style of garment, people do not place the fault of taste to her account, but to that of Fashion. They say, "Poor thing, how she looks in that horrid fright;" but then it is the fashion, so it will not do to say anything. That may be true, but it is not the fashion for her unless it is becoming to her. Fashion always endorses sufficient variety to suit all her votaries, and if they do not avail themselves of what is particularly adapted to their general tone, height, figure and complexion, then it is their own fault and not that of Fashion.

Par exemple. The other day, walking down Broadway were two ladies, both richly dressed, and to have been well and tastefully dressed would have only been obliged to change their outer garments with each other. One was tall—considerably above the average height—and slender; the other, a round short figure, with an apple-face the picture of good-nature. Doubtless she had an intense admiration for the stately, as all little women have, for she carried on her plump shoulders the magnificent proportions of an imposing Arab cloak, which hung long and baggy, like the skin of a giraffe on a well-fed kitten. The slim person of the tall lady, on the contrary, was encased in a deep tight-fitting street basque or pardessus, which gave her

a terribly gaunt lean look, like Hamlet's Ghost or the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet.

Such crimes as these are not the fault of Fashion, but the want of quick perception and cultivated taste on the part of the wearers. The tight-fitting coat and Arab cloak were both equally within the limits of fashion, but one required the rounded outlines of a well-developed female form not above the medium height to show it to advantage, while the ample folds and Roman dignity of the other would be in keeping with the cold and imperious bearing of a republican queen.

The great national faults of our style of dress are, a want of adaptation and artistic harmony.

There is also another, and that is the desire to get as much in quantity as possible for the money, and a tendency to use cheap imitations to produce real effects, something which they never accomplish.

The rapidity with which everything new and pretty is caught, copied and reproduced in common and inelegant materials, makes constant change inevitable, and tasks the ingenuity of those who desire to make fashion exclusive. It is in vain that they search the records of court costumes or try to revive the bygone glories of the classic antique; in a week the train may be seen flapping limp from the skirt of an ambitious shilling calico, and the toga itself, in all the first freshness of an eighteen-penny delaine.

We do not object, either, to this democracy of fashion, but we object to its want of propriety and fitness.

A neat calico dress is a very good thing; we have seen ladies whose manners fitted them for any court receive visitors with the utmost grace and politeness in a nice calico dress and linen collar; and there was probably no doubt that their dress was not everything that the occasion required—its simplicity and absence of pretension offending no delicate appreciation of order and harmony. But if flounces had been added to the quiet skirt and cotton lace to the sleeves, and a tawdry head-dress to the smoothly-combed hair, the "shilling calico" would have provoked both contempt and ridicule.

The rules of the toilette can therefore be reduced to one word—fitness. Fitness of form, of color, of proportion; fitness to time, place, condition and occupation, and whatever offends against this delicate intellectual perception, whether sanctioned by custom or not, must be considered as a crime against good taste and a truly artistic conception of the beautiful.

Extremes meet, and an era of remarkable development in one respect is sure to be followed by an era quite as remarkable in an exactly opposite direction. Just now we are in the midst of an age of gilt and show, which will be succeeded by a season of the sternest, severest simplicity. Indeed, it is only in this way that the followers of fashion can be confined to a "charmed circle." The masses love show and color; they do not appreciate fine effects or the grand accessory of details. Should dark blue be considered handsome for a street dress, the bonnet would be just as likely to be green, the shawl red and the gloves tan color. In fact we saw an illustration of this the other day; the lady wore one of the new French cloaks, black corded and lined with purple, and it was very handsome indeed; but, to our horror, she wore with it a Napoleon blue silk dress, a green velvet bonnet, and, occasionally raising her dress, displayed a very red and yellow Balmoral skirt.

The moral of this is, therefore, that those ladies who are compelled to limit their supply of dresses and bonnets should generally select those neutral tints which can be worn with any toilette, and indulge very sparingly in those glaring and decided colors which require uniformity, or the happiest contrasts to produce harmony.

The winter styles have now made their appearance on the promenade as well as in the drawing-rooms of the *élite*, and can be spoken of with entire confidence. Black and the new Havanne brown are the most stylish winter colors for street wear, but for carriage and other more dressy occasions of course greater latitude is permitted.

A robe of Havanne velour cloth or rep silk, a cloak like the elegant illustration which we present from the house of EDWARD LAMBERT & Co., a hat of Havanne velvet decorated with black lace scarf or barbes, with ermine or sable muff, would form an unexceptionable promenade toilette, and would be generally becoming.

The novel fabrics of the season are mostly confined to cloaks, the changes in dress goods being in design only. One of the most striking of these novelties consists simply of soft lambs'-wool worn into a canvas ground and cut off short. It has a beautifully raised appearance, and represents figures—such as spots, stripes and diamond blocks, on what seems to be a bed of the whitest, softest moss. The effect is charming in light colors, which are of course only intended for evening and opera wear.

Another rich fabric consists of a thick, closely-woven ground, spotted with fine silk plush in two colors, the interior one bright and enclosed in the other, which is dark, like a brilliant little bird in its nest. The effect is of a darkly-bright character, shifting and changing in the light, and exceedingly attractive. One of the cloaks made up from these goods was of black, changing purple, with black velvet hood, and black and gold cord and tassels. Another was of Havanne, changing red, with hood of tartan plaid velvet and gilt, mixed with fancy-colored silks, cord and tassels.

For opera cloaks, a fine white cloth has superseded to a great extent the white merino which has been used so long. This cloth cloaking is very handsome, and is not improved by adding a colored bordering. Thick dead-white cord and tassels are the necessary and proper decoration.

The furors which was created two years ago for fur cloaks has entirely died out; they are only exceptionally worn, and the style is scarcely now in the market. The cause of the decline is their great cost and their real uselessness, our winters not being sufficiently cold to render them bearable except on occasional days. They do not, therefore, obviate the necessity for a cloak of cloth or velvet, or even for other furs, and, finally, require a great deal of extra care and trouble to retain them in proper order. The leading styles in furs, then, this season, is the large cape, which is somewhat deeper than formerly, and the half cape or pelerine. The victorine, with its long ends, and the muff and cuffs which offer nothing new in size or shape.

Dark furs still retain their place in popular favor, and of course sable takes the lead, it not being subject to the competition or fluctuation in price which is the case with other furs. Mink is the most popular fur, and has appreciated in price in an extraordinary manner during the past few years. This season, however, mink fur is reduced in price nearly twenty-five per cent. from last, the result of the enormous quantity secured and the short European demand. Stone marten, which used to be a very popular fur, is now almost discarded, the sales being restricted almost entirely to one or two sections. Fitch, being one of the dark furs, is rather more in vogue, but its sales are confined principally to people from the country. Chinchilla is now only used for children, together with mixed squirrel, the gray squirrel being more in favor for misses' wear, and very much affected by Quaker ladies on account of its color. The fashionable fur garment for children is a talma with sleeves, which serves as a cloak.

The size of the winter bonnets remains the same; but the latest styles are remarkable for a certain elegant simplicity which is very much admired. Royal and Lyons velvet are the principal materials used, although we have noticed some very stylish models in pique and quilted silk. Very little trimming is used, and that principally lace, in the form of barbes or scarfs. The inside decorations are also very simple; examples may be found in the styles for the month.

Very full descriptions of evening dresses will be found in our account of the ball, the toilettes for which exhausted ingenuity, and may therefore serve as indications for the present season. Tarletane, tulle and other thin fabrics seem to be worn altogether by young ladies, with flowers for ornaments; if jewels are worn, it should only be in the form of pearls. Lace over silk, moiré antique and velvet are the fabrics for married ladies, with the costliest jewels which means will afford for ornaments.

Gored dresses have as yet only found a very small degree of favor; the effort to introduce them has been made with an amount of perseverance worthy of a more successful result; but as yet the attempt may be considered a failure. As a wrapper, with plaits in the back and puffed demi leg-of-mutton sleeves, the style has a look of novelty and refreshing simpli-



GLASSWARE. COLLAMORE. PAGE 565.

city which commends it to notice and favor ; but for full dress purposes it finds no favor in any eyes.

A new style of skirt is said to be meeting with great favor in Paris. It supports the dress without springs of any kind, relying for this purpose simply on the harmonious and skilful disposition of the plaited muslin of which it is composed. The Multiplied Skirt, or *Jupon Multiple*, as it is called, supports a series of volants, tapered and grouped like a fan, which are moved at will by means of metallic eyelets.

The only novelty about this skirt is the fan-like grouping. Muslin skirts with a multiplicity of volants have been worn by both French and American ladies for a long time, to effectually disguise and give the requisite circumference to a small

hoop ; but they are too costly and too much trouble to be worn generally or to take the place of hooped skirts.

We notice that some journals have of late been exceedingly severe on the style of open morning wrappers which display the white tucked or embroidered skirt, characterizing such an exhibition as "vulgar," "indecent," and the like. We cannot for our part see any cause or foundation in truth for these unseemly attacks and inferences. The open wrapper is both graceful and convenient, and the exhibition of a small portion of an ornamented white skirt, which cannot properly be called an "undergarment," is not more indelicate certainly than the display of a shirt-bosom on the part of a gentleman. We think the morning wrapper, so pretty and becoming, will survive such inuendoes.

Dressing for opera, evening concerts and the like, is becoming decidedly too democratic. We do not approve of full evening



DRESSING ROBE. MUNROE. PAGE 568.



BOY'S ZOUAVE SUITE. MUNROE PAGE 568.

dress, that is to say *corsage décolleté* and short sleeves, for public occasions of this kind; but style, elegance and variety of color form the proper foreground to the lights, music and artistic effects, and are the natural and harmonious accompaniments to such a picture. Whenever it is possible, therefore, ladies, especially those who occupy boxes in the dress-circles, should make it a point of being carefully and appropriately dressed; it will serve also as a significant hint to gentlemen, who will possibly then think it worth while to exchange the business-coat for one more suitable, and adopt gloves at least, if not white gloves.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

MORNING DRESS.—Skirt of gray silk, with a broad band of Solferino velvet, edged on both sides with narrow black guipure lace, the lower edge reaching within an inch of the bottom of the skirt. Full skirt of embroidered muslin, alternating in narrow puffs, the sleeve finished with pendant bands. Turkish *veste* of Solferino velvet, ornamented with gold and Solferino braid and tassels. Net for the hair of gray silk, spotted with gold beads, with deep border of Solferino silk, mixed with beads of gold and jet.

PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of Havanne velour cloth, embroidered with a minute green and red leaf. "Garibaldi" cloak of heavy velvet beaver, sable muff and victorine, and bonnet of royal Havanne velvet, with Lyons velvet curtain, and *tresse* on one side of the same color. The *tresse* of velvet confines the folds of a rich black lace *barbe*, which is the only ornament on the outside. Inside a full *ruche* of blonde, with a short *bandeau* composed of a *tresse* of velvet, ornamented with the segments of a fine gold chain, and a small full blown white rose in its leaves.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of violet, *moiré antique*, and "Dowager" velvet cloak, the seams corded with violet silk, and a *revers* of violet quilted silk turned back on the deep square sides, which form the sleeves. The shoulders finished with an elegant *crochet cape*. Charming hat consisting of a centre and crown of violet velvet, with broad band round the front, terminating in a scarf of black velvet edged with deep rich white blonde. *Tresse* of blonde on the side confining the folds of the scarf, over which is laid a little sheaf of golden wheat. Curtain of white lace and blonde; inside trimming blonde *ruche*, with violet velvet *bandeau*, blonde lace fan and golden wheat. The gloves should be a pale straw color, and a delicate ermine muff completes a very elegant *toilette*.

OPERA DRESS.—Robe of the new color called "sunshine," a sort of light tan, which looks like stone color dashed with gold powder. Short flowing sleeves open to the shoulder, over long graduated puffed undersleeves of tulle, with narrow open insertion, and cerise ribbon between. Small Swiss jacket of Havanne velvet, laced with gold cord over a puffed *chemisette*, which reaches to the throat, and is finished with a standing edge of lace. Gold and enamel bracelets and breastpin. Opera cloak of fine white cloth, lined with white silk, and ornamented only with white cord and tassels.

Dress undersleeves are now made with an infinite number of small puffs, some in three pyramids, the points of which extend up on the arm, while others spread out fan-shaped, closing at the wrist.

The most fashionable cloaks are "*Le Petit Gentilhomme*" for young ladies, and the "Dowager" for their mammas; the Dowager is an elegant garment, and will be found illustrated in another part of this number. The "Garibaldi" is also a great favorite for its warmth and distinguished novelty of appearance.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

MORNING robe of cashmere, *broché* in roses, with their leaves. A *revers* of the same, edged with a narrow rose-fluted ribbon, forms the border, the ribbon extending round the bottom of the skirt. Underskirt flounced with delicate embroidery to the waist, with vest to match. A flounce forming a frill length-

wise on the *chemisette*, which is finished with a *ruching* at the throat. Solferino net, with *ruched silk edge*, and tassels.

Fig. 2. Evening dress of pink tulle, with two skirts of doubled *crêpe*, strapped with purple satin ribbon, low Grecian *corsage*, and short, fan-shaped sleeve; flowers for the hair, and *garniture* for the robe of purple rhododendrons.

Fig. 3. Robe of green silk, with small figure, *broché* in the same color; skirt with five narrow flounces, edged with ribbon *ruching*; round body, with *pelerine cape*, and floating waist ribbon, *broché* in the same colors, and edged with velvet. Small bishop sleeves, with a full seam on the front, covered with a *ruching*, wrist finished with a frill, edged with *ruched ribbon*. Hat of purple velvet, with a wreath of purple berries in their leaves, across the front.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

CLOAK. PAGE 561.

THE elegant cloak which we present as the style for December is from the hands of the artist who presides over this department in the establishment of Edward Lambert & Co., 581 Broadway. It is made of fine black beaver cloth, with a superb finish, and has three seams in the back, the side pieces forming deep square sleeves, which are taken up in plaits on the arm, and elegantly ornamented. Round the bottom of the cloak are five rows of white silk stitching, which gives a very novel and distinguished effect. The shoulders are finished with a rich *crochet cape*, and exhibit a style particularly suited to ladies with a tendency to *embonpoint*, as it takes away from the apparent breadth.

BONNETS. PAGE 561.

No. 1 is from the elegant atelier of Madame Martelli-Notman, 106 Clinton Place. It consists of black Lyons and fuschia uncut velvet. The crown, curtain and folds upon the extreme front are composed of fuschia uncut velvet, the folds strapped across with flat bows of black velvet, in the centre of each of which is a jewel. The head-piece over the crown consists of black velvet, upon one side of which is placed a magnificent *monture* of fuschia velvet leaves and fancy *marabout*. Inside trimming, *bandeau* of fuschia velvet leaves and flowers, with gold centres and edges. Strings, black and fuschia.

No. 2 is from the tasteful hands of Mrs. Wm. Simmons, 637 Broadway. It is one of the latest Parisian styles, and remarkable for its rich and elegant simplicity. It consists entirely of rich black velvet, ornamented only with costly black thread lace, disposed with velvet, so as to form a large *rosette* on one side, and passing across the crown is tastefully arranged into a graceful drapery on the other. The inside trimming is a *bandeau* of Marguerites fringed with gold, and a bunch of crab apples with gold edge. Wide Marguerite strings.

GLASSWARE.

COLLAMORE & Co., of 479 Broadway, have got up some exquisite articles in glassware. The new wine decanter, which is antique in its shape, is novel in its application to this purpose. Its appearance is handsome, light and solid, and its convenience in handling can hardly be excelled. We have rarely seen a decanter in more perfect taste.

The fountain champagne glass is a very great improvement on the ordinary fountain glasses. It is not so broad nor so shallow, but is vastly more convenient and elegant, while still retaining that peculiar quality which sends the wine for ever sparkling up to the brim.

The glass lemonade or custard cup is both elegant and convenient in form, and differs in its rounded outline from those lately in use, which it has entirely superseded in fashionable houses.

The Rhine wine glass is one of the most exquisitely delicate pieces of work that we can remember to have seen. It is graceful in form, with a stem so delicate as hardly to be perceptible, and yet most pleasant to the touch.

All these articles are of the purest glass, and represent the newest fashions now in vogue.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 SUPERB TOILETTES OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK, AT THE GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET, BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE CITIZENS, OCT. 13, 1860.—SEE PAGE 568.

SUPERB TOILETTES OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK, AT THE GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FORTYEIGHTH STREET, BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE CITIZENS, OCT. 13, 1860.—SEE PAGE 568.



GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' FASHIONS.

MUNROE & Co., 507 Broadway, furnish two beautiful articles of dress appropriate for the present season. For gentlemen they have produced an elegant and *recherché* dressing robe or gown. The material of which it is composed is mixed brown cashmere of the finest quality, faced with red silk and lined with red serge. It is edged all round with delicate blue cloth, while a rich yellow silk cord runs all around where the edging joins the cashmere. The pockets are also elegantly ornamented with the blue edging and cord. The dressing robe is fastened by a heavy yellow silk cord and tassel. The style of cut is designed to afford the most perfect ease to every motion of the body, while still preserving the air of distinguished style. This garment will be extensively patronised.

For children their latest fashion is the boy's Zouave suit, which is certainly at once the most comfortable and handsome dress that we have seen. The jacket is in the Zouave style, and is made of the finest blue cloth. It has a delicate edging of mixed gold cord. The pants are full, and are fastened above the ankle with a draw-string. They are also made of the finest blue cloth, and the delicate mixed gold cord runs down each outside seam. A belt, intended for the waist, of striped gold, is fastened by a buckle of exquisite workmanship and of eighteen carat gold. This dress affords perfect freedom to every motion of the child, and combines warmth and comfort with elegance. It is a truly sensible and seasonable suit, and cannot fail to meet with general approval.

DIAGRAM OF BOY'S RENFREW COAT.

THE Renfrew Coat is one of Madame DEMOREST's most admired patterns for a boy's over-garment. It consists of a plain sack, with Zouave jacket front, loose sleeves with pointed cuffs, circular cape, and belt with broad-pointed ends, which are suspended from the front of the waist.

- No. 1 is the front of the sack.
- No. 2—Back of sack.
- No. 3—Circular cape.
- No. 4 Sleeve.
- No. 5—Cuff (inside of sleeve).
- No. 6—Below the sleeve, and in a line with the belt, Zouave jacket front, which extends only to the shoulder of the sack.
- No. 7—The belt.

EPAULETTE WAIST.

THIS is a very novel and pretty waist pattern, with points extending from the shoulders and forming a polka to the corsage.

- No. 1—Front.
- No. 2—Sidepiece.
- No. 3—Back.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ENLARGING DIAGRAM.

TAK~~E~~ one or more sheets of paper of convenient size, fold or rule them into squares of one and a quarter inches, each corresponding to diagram (the squares of which are a quarter of an inch only), mark with a pencil lines on the paper from square to square, as in diagram, and cut out with scissors. This, if done with care, will take about one hour, and the operator will be in possession of perfect-fitting, full-sized patterns.

THE PRINCE'S BALL.

At the time our last issue went to press the Prince's Ball was still in *futuro*, and though the subject has been well-nigh exhausted in the daily and weekly journals, yet, for the benefit of distant lady-readers and our duty, as faithful chroniclers of the world of fashion, requires from us a condensed account of that brilliant event in our social history.

On the night of the 12th of October, three thousand hearts, big and little, fluttered beneath silk vests and lace bodices, at

the honor in store for them of making one of the very *crème-de-la-crème* of the three thousand selected out of the upper ten to do honor to the Baron Renfrew, Prince of Wales. To be sure the ball was not finally so exclusive as it was intended to be. At the last moment it was discovered, with dismay, that all the male representatives of New York were fat, pursy old gentlemen, good on 'Change, but not "lady's change," and that the figure they would cut, though broad, would not be light "on the fantastic," &c. So, in the dilemma, Brown, of Grace Church, was summoned, and five hundred tickets distributed to young men, in the abundance of whose hair and the lightness of whose heels consist their principal stock-in-trade.

The Academy of Music was, of course, decorated in a manner brilliant beyond description. The floral display was truly magnificent. Countless flower-pots, with their odorous freight, in endless variety, filled up the great part of the space known as the dress circle. We cannot possibly enumerate all the plants and flowers we saw. There was a cosmopolitan gathering of the brightest and most beautiful from all quarters of the globe. There was no corner of the earth—unless it be the frozen regions of the north—that had not its representative in the clusters that shone from the eighty or one hundred large, handsome vases which ornamented the proscenium, independently of the myriad of flower-pots of a more homely kind.

THE TOILETTES.

The ladies of New York are already celebrated for the taste and costliness of their dress, and the toilettes at the most *recherché* ball ever attempted in New York were, therefore, certain to be distinguished by a beauty and splendor only rivalled by the glories of fairyland.

Of rich velvets and *moire* antiques of lace and jewels, of gold and tinsel, of ribbons and flowers, column after column might be written, especially if it were possible to go into the minutiae and describe the gloves embroidered with gold and trimmed with costliest blonde, ribbons and flowers. Handkerchiefs with tiny centre of cambric and fifty dollars worth of cobweb lace, jewelled bouquet holders filled with freshest exotics, and tiny slippers holding delicate feet encased in the shimmer of hose. Fabulous stories are told of the immense sums paid to dress-makers and milliners on this occasion—one hundred and fifty dollars for the simple making of a dress, the material of which cost one thousand five hundred dollars; three thousand dollars for the lace flounces and garniture of a single dress; two thousand dollars for a robe of gold tissue, imported direct from Paris; five hundred dollars for a white silk, embroidered with silver, designed to represent the spray of a fountain. To these many more might be added, and if the exact figures could in every case be ascertained, would without doubt furnish a degree of magnificence and aggregate cost very rarely equalled.

Two sisters, Mrs. Henry Duncan, of Mississippi, and Mrs. William B. Duncan, made a very effective contrast. The former lady, towards whom the Prince of Wales displayed a marked and particular courtesy, wore a robe of white tulle, trimmed with Solferino *marguerites*, the petals of each flower of gold. A wreath of the same splendid ornaments, and large diamond stars, glittering "in a night of hair," completed this brilliant costume. Mrs. Duncan, of New York, was exquisitely dressed in white *moire*, dotted with parti-colored roses and trimmed with costly lace, looped up with roses of bright pink. She wore a diamond tiara and necklace.

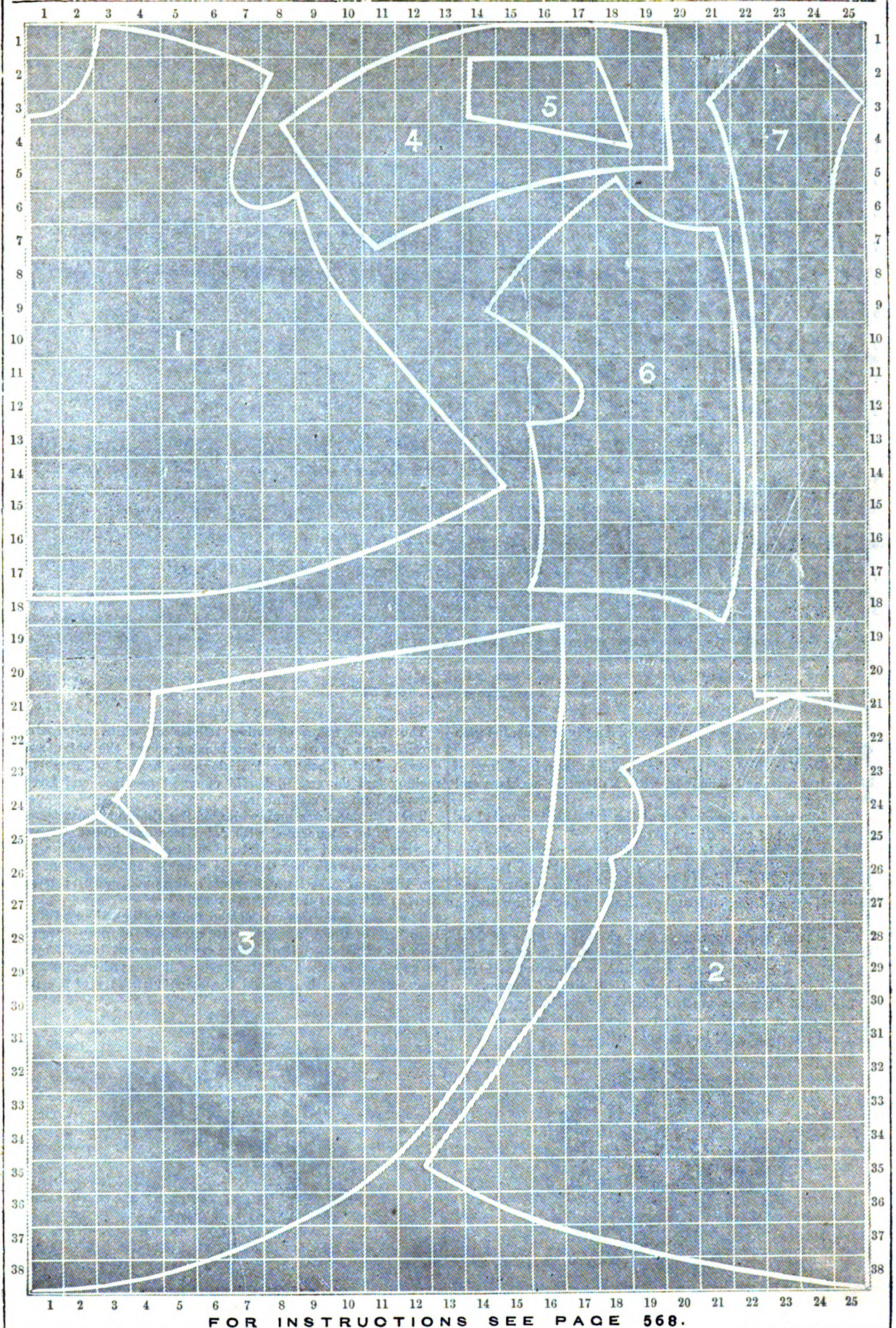
Mrs. Robert B. Minturn was distinguished by a waving head-dress of ostrich feathers, with diamonds and pearls *ad libitum*.

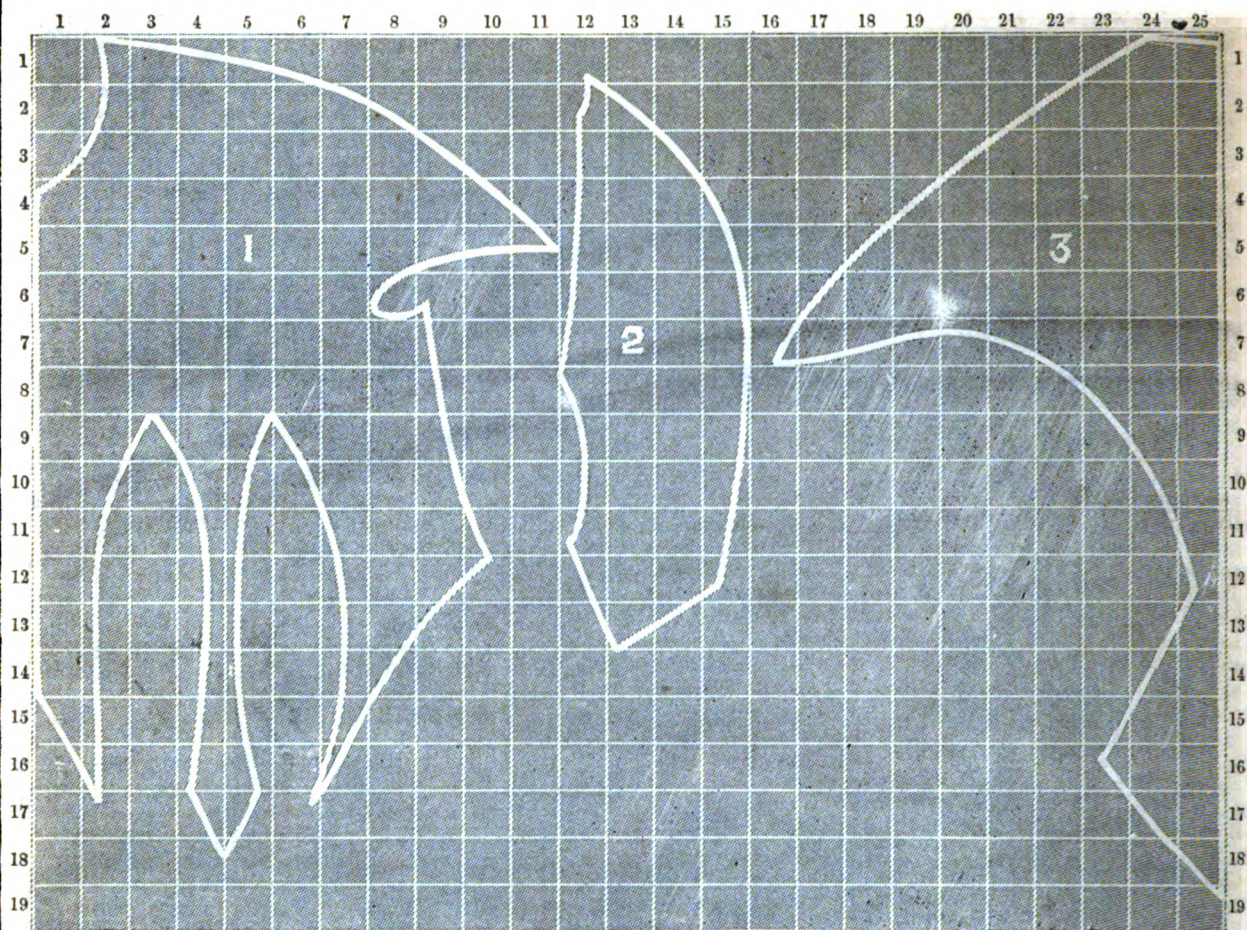
Mrs. Colonel Meinell wore a robe of white satin, flounced with point lace, with a berthe of white illusion, knots of diamonds on the shoulders and corsage looped together with a golden cord.

Mrs. Dr. Alexander Mott wore a white silk, trimmed with quillings of shaded violet, extending up the left side of the skirt to the corsage. A wreath of violets formed a becoming head-dress.

Mrs. Colonel Scott wore a lace dress of white and gold, with a veil of the same, with ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. John Schermerhorn appeared in a robe of delicate *velours epingle* of a peculiarly soft and beryl-like green, looped with pearls; and a wreath of green leaves intermixed with pearls.





EPAULETTE WAIST. PAGE 568.

Mrs. Joseph Strong wore a white silk florally ornamented with cherry-colored flowers.

Mrs. Dr. Van Buren wore a robe of white silk, a head-dress of blue velvet roses and diamonds, with a diamond necklace and stomacher.

The following are descriptions of the toilettes illustrated on pp. 563-7, and of the Prince's partners:

The first dress, which is only partially seen, consisted of rich green velvet, with wide tulle sleeves, trimmed with lace and ribbon ruching. The necklace consisted of large pearls, and the head-dress of diamonds and pearls and superb white ostrich feathers.

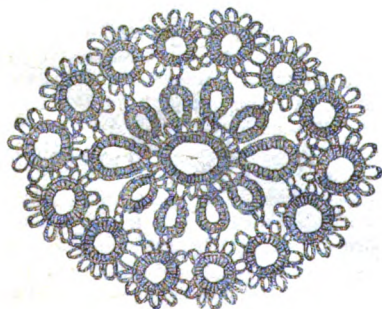
The second figure represents the elegant costume of Mrs. Gould Hoyt—one of the Prince's partners. The robe was of pink glacé silk, with a tulle over-skirt, ornamented with medallions of exquisite Honiton lace. Head-dress of flowers.

The third dress was much admired for its simple elegance. It consisted of very rich white rep silk, with berthe of point lace and wreath of gold leaves and berries.

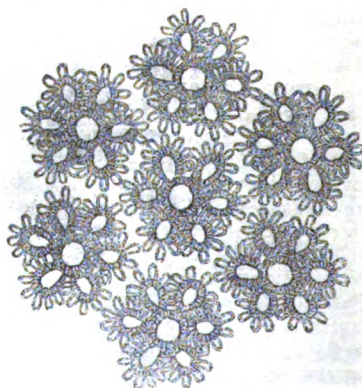
The fourth was a charming toilette of white tulle, with several rows of narrow ribbon ruching round the skirt, and elegant black Chantilly lace flounces, headed with ribbon ruching and flowers. Splendid diamond necklace and head-dress of diamonds and flowers.

The fifth dress was pure white, of the thinnest, most transparent tulle, ornamented with point lace and Magenta roses. A scarf of broad white ribbon, striped and brocaded with Magenta, was worn over the right shoulder and crossed under the left arm. Pearl necklace with diamond pendant; head-dress of diamonds and Magenta roses.

The sixth dress was one of the most costly and exquisitely beautiful of those present. It consisted of deep elegant flounces of *point appliqué* over very transparent tulle, looped up at intervals with lovely bouquets of flowers; the ornaments were superb, and heightened the splendid beauty of the fair



TATTING. FIG. 17.



TATTING. FIG. 18.

wearer. A diamond crescent glittered on the white forehead, and large, magnificent emeralds formed the pendant to a costly necklace of pearls.

The seventh figure represents a robe of dark magnificent green velvet, ornamented with superb flounces and bertha of point lace. The necklace was diamonds and pearls, and the head-dress a sort of turban composed of velvet flowers and ostrich feathers.

The eighth illustration gives a correct idea of the superb costume of Mrs. John Day of this city. It was of rich black velvet, with a little pointed antique vest of magnificent point lace, with lace talma to match. The head-dress was ostrich feathers with diamond ornaments.

Fig. 9 Dress of white tulle with black lace flounces finished down each side of the front with bows of ribbon. Straps of ribbon ruched ornamented the front part of the dress, and were continued round the bottom of the skirt. Diamond ornaments.

Fig. 10. Gives a correct illustration of Miss Mason, who had the honor of waltzing with the Prince. Her dress was of tulle, gaily ornamented with pink ribbons; and head-dress of camellias, curiously arranged on the front and back part of the head.

Fig. 11. This exquisite toilette was worn by the brilliant young authoress, Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Norfolk, Va. The robe was of white Turkish silk, with an over-skirt of tulle, made in deep puffings, edged with narrow point Venice lace and looped with mauve *Imperatrice* ribbon. Clusters of brown velvet heartsease, with golden centres, ornamented the skirts and corsage; and a rich set of pearls gave an added charm to the striking and intellectual loveliness of her person.

Fig. 12. Lace tunic looped up with flowers over a skirt of tulle. Swiss jacket of red satin surmounted by folds of tulle. Necklace of large pearls; head-dress of flowers.

Fig. 13. Charming robe of white tulle embroidered with silver stars. Head-dress, wreath of silver leaves.

Fig. 14. Magnificent flounces of *point d'Angleterre* and black Chantilly lace, with elegant lace mantle over white silk. Ornaments, diamonds and pearls; head-dress of flowers.

THE WHOLE ART OF TATTING—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THERE is no branch of ornamental work in which such great improvements have been made during the last few years as in tatting; in which formerly a mere simple edging, consisting of a series of scallops, with or without loops at the edge, was all that was ever attempted; whilst now, not only many various edgings of complicated forms, but collars, sleeves, infants' caps and many other ornamental articles are made entirely in tatting.

The implements employed are, a shuttle and a pin, the latter joined by a fine chain to a ring which is slipped on the thumb. For this, which is generally too thick, and, being made of brass—not very nice in warm weather—we substitute a thick rug needle, suspended to the thumb by a loop of silk braid.

The shuttle is represented on an enlarged scale in the engraving. It is generally made of ivory or bone; but for very fine tatting a netting-needle will be found more convenient. The space between the sides of the shuttle is greatly exaggerated in the engraving for the sake of showing it with clearness. The points almost touch in the best shuttles, although, being flexible, the thread slips between them. The end of the thread is slipped through the hole seen in the shaft and tied; and then the thread is wound round until the sides are quite filled up.

Fig. 1 is the shuttle; it is then ready for working by a process shown in the engraving.

Fig. 2 shows the way the hands are held before any stitch is formed. The end of thread is held between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and the shuttle in the right. Pass the thread round the extended fingers of the left hand and bring it up again between the finger and thumb (some people do not pass it round the little finger; we do, and think it an improvement). There is a space between the fore and middle fingers.

Fig. 3. Drop the thread in a loop in front of the left hand and pass the shuttle down between the fingers.

Fig. 4. Draw the shuttle through with a slight jerk, which throws the knot or loop on the circle of thread, and bring out the shuttle so that the thread from it to the left hand is in a straight line.

Fig. 5. Still keeping the thread so, contract the fingers and work up the loop close to the thumb.

Fig. 7 shows the stitch of figure 6 also, which is made by throwing the thread lightly over the finger of the left hand and passing the shuttle up between the fingers and under the bar. Draw it out as before, holding the thread tight and even, and working up the loop to the thumb.

Fig. 8 shows the hands ready to recommence the first stitch, the two being worked alternately.

Fig. 9. shows the drawing up of the loop; and figure 6, to which we return, the loop drawn up into the form of a small scallop, either a circle, semi-circle or a deep dent. (Fig. 11.)

Fig. 10 shows the needle and braid chain, suspended from the thumb by a loop of braid.

Hitherto, no use has been made of the pin. Its use is to make the small picots or loops which ornament the edges of some of the patterns. In figures 12 and 13 we see the effects produced in tatting with or without the pin. Both are what is called the trefoil or shamrock pattern; three loops, all drawn quite close and worked as close to each other as possible.

They have each about 12 double stitches (one each way); in figure 12 they are done quite plain. In figure 13, after 4 stitches, the point of the pin is held parallel with, and close above, the top of the loops; and before the next stitch is begun, the thread stretched round the fingers is laid over the pin. The double stitch is then worked as usual, and the thread passed over again before the next, making a picot each time. The pin is not removed until just before the loop is drawn up, when a picot is found for every time the thread has passed over it.

Fig. 14 shows a succession of large plain loops of the old-fashioned sort.

Fig. 15. The loops here are irregular; one of 10 double stitches being followed by another of 20, both drawn up pretty closely, and then one of 26 is not drawn up nearly so much, and is afterwards made into the form seen by means of a needle and thread.

Fig. 16 shows a succession of shamrocks, which may be made into a collar, cuff or any other article. For the sake of distinctness they are engraved detached; but, in working, you join them wherever they touch. For instance, when doing the second join it to the first by the two loops which are so close together; thus, instead of making a fresh picot at those places, draw the circle of thread sufficiently through the opposite picot for the shuttle to pass through it, which done, tighten it by stretching over the fingers again, and proceeding with the next stitch, reckoning this join as a picot. In this way do one row, and when making the second row join the loops not only to each other but to those of the first row.

Fig. 17. This is a very beautiful medallion, a succession of which would make an exquisite collar. Begin in the centre with a large loop of 20 double stitches, with a picot after every stitch. Without breaking off your thread, but just carrying it through one of the picots, work the loops surrounding it, beginning with a large one at the point of the oval; 7 double, picot, 2 double, picot, 2 double, picot, 7 double. Draw it up tightly, carry the thread through one picot of the centre and to the next, when do a small one 5 double, picot, 5 double. Draw it up and pass to the next, which make the same. There are 2 large and 8 small loops in the round. Fasten off the thread and do the small rings which encircle it, each of which must be done separately (the thread cut between it and the next), and each joined as it is worked to the picots of the inner round and to the last ring.

Fig. 18. A cluster of stars, each having for a centre a ring of 12 double, with a picot every second stitch. They are to be joined wherever practicable to those surrounding them.

We have spoken of double stitches, to make it clearer to the reader that we mean one stitch in each direction; but, in fact, these make one only combined; and are properly, therefore, but one stitch.

The size of the loops depends on the cotton employed. Ten stitches in No. 8 cotton will make a very different loop to the same stitches in No. 30. Evans's Tatting Cotton has been made expressly for this work, which requires great strength and smoothness combined, and it should be employed for all articles of underlinen; but for collars and cuffs the Boar's Head Cotton is better, No. 16, 20 or 24.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 13.

Fig. 12.

